

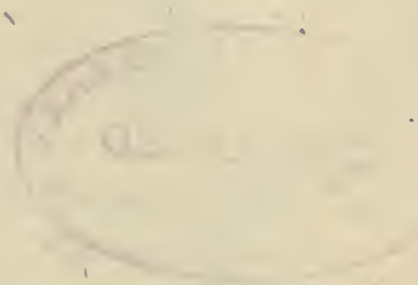




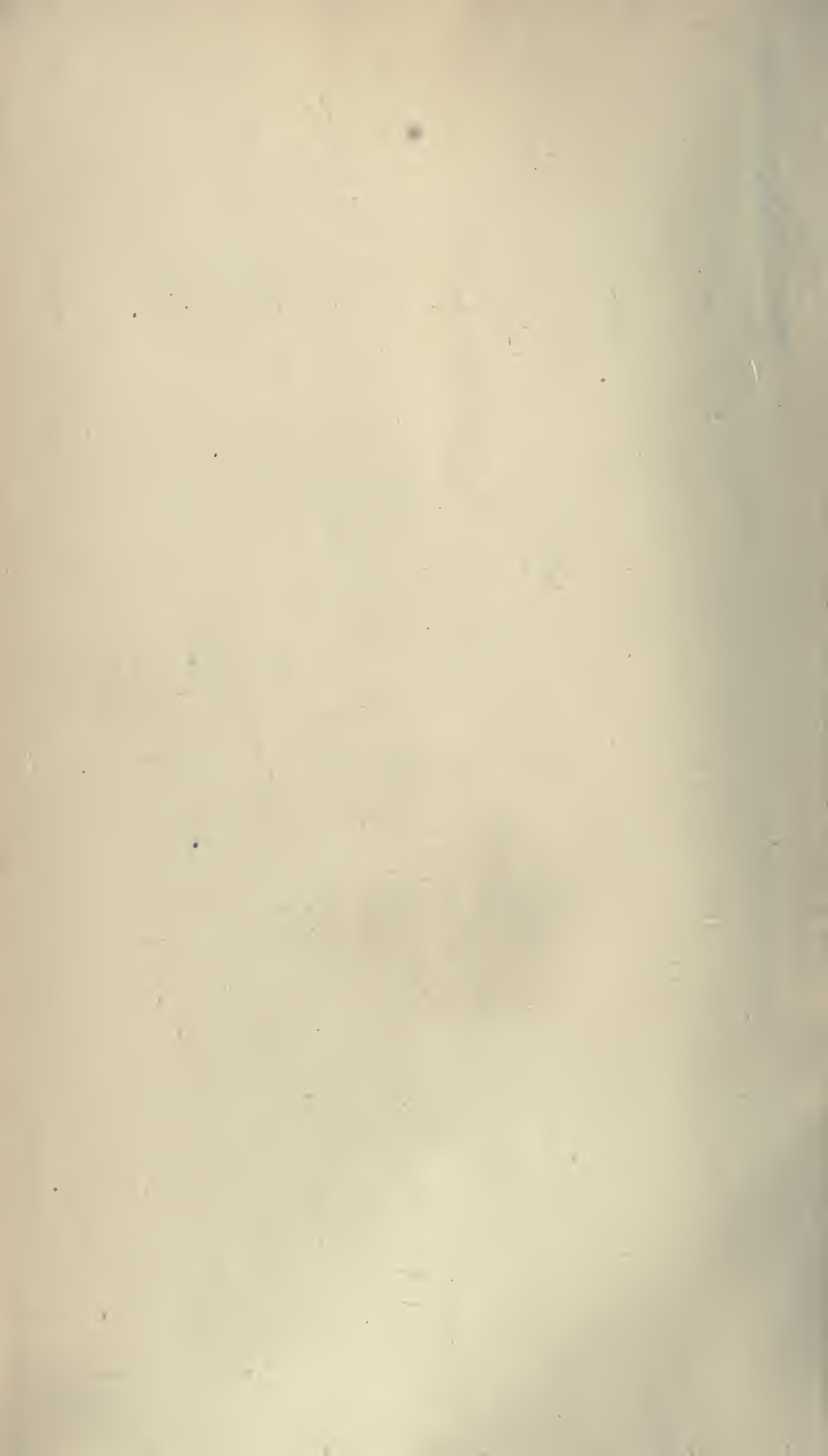
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LIVING AGE.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

"These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away."

"Made up of every creature's best."

"Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

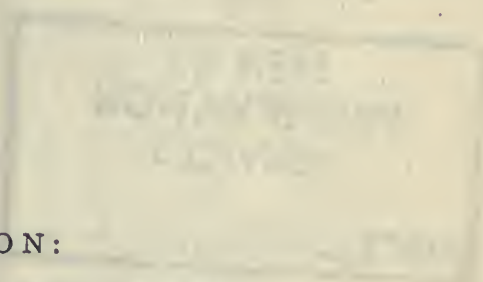
FIFTH SERIES, VOLUME VII.

FROM THE BEGINNING, VOL. CXXII.

JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER.

1874.

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JESUS ONLY.

"And when the voice was past, Jesus was found alone." — ST. LUKE ix. 36.

THE vision fades away, —
The brilliant radiance from heaven is gone ;
The angel visitants no longer stay,
Silent the Voice — Jesus is found alone.

In strange and sad amaze
The three disciples watch, with longings vain,
While the cloud-chariot floats beyond their
gaze ;
Yes, these must go — He only will remain.

"Oh, linger, leave us not,
Celestial Brothers ! heaven has seemed so near
While ye were with us — earth was all for-
got !"
See, they have vanished ; He alone is here.

"He only — He, our own,
Our loving Lord, is ever at our side.
What though the messengers of heaven are
gone !
Let all depart, if He may still abide !"

Such surely was their thought
Who stood beside Him on that wondrous eve.
So would *we* feel ; Jesus, forsake us not,
When those unutterably dear must leave !

For all their priceless love,
All the deep joy their presence could impart,
Foretaste together of the bliss above,
We thank Thee, Lord, though with a breaking
heart !

Nor murmur we to-day
That he who gave should claim his own again ;
Long from their native heaven they could
not stay,
The servants go, — the Master will remain.

Jesus is found alone —
Enough for blessedness in earth or heaven !
Yet to our weakness hath His love made
known,
More than Himself shall in the end be given.

"Not lost, but gone before,"
Are our beloved ones ; the faithful Word
Tells of a meeting-place to part no more ;
"So shall *we* be forever with the Lord !"
Sunday Magazine. H. L. L.

THE WILD BEE.

I COME at morn, when dewdrops bright
Are twinkling on the grasses,
And woo the balmy breeze in flight
That o'er the heather passes.

I swarm with many lithesome wings,
That join me, through my ramble,
In seeking for the honeyed things
Of heath and hawthorn bramble.

And languidly amidst the sedge,
When noontide is most stilly,
I loll beside the water's edge,
And climb into the lily.

I fly throughout the clover crops
Before the evening closes,
Or swoon amid the amber drops
That swell the pink moss-roses.

At times I take a longer route,
In cooling autumn weather,
And gently murmur round about
The purple-tinted heather.

To Poesy I am a friend ;
I go with Fancy linking,
And all my airy knowledge lend,
To aid him in his thinking.

Deem not these little eyes are dim
To every sense of duty ;
We owe a certain debt to him
Who clad this earth in beauty.

And therefore I am never sad,
A burden homeward bringing,
But help to make the summer glad
In my own way of singing.

When idlers seek my honeyed wine,
In wantonness to drink it,
I sparkle from the columbine,
Like some forbidden trinket ;

But never sting a friend — not one —
It is a sweet delusion,
That I may look at children run,
And smile at their confusion.

If I were man, with all his tact
And power of foreseeing,
I would not do a single act
To hurt a human being.

And thus my little life is fixed,
Till tranquilly it closes,
For wisely have I chosen 'twixt
The thorns and the roses.

Chambers' Journal.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
RECENT WORKS ON THE BUILDINGS OF
ROME.*

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

OF all the various forms of homage which the world has paid to the city which was once deemed to be its mistress, none is really more speaking than the countless multitudes of books of which Rome has been the subject. If we say that works on Roman topography have been growing for the conventional term of a thousand years, we are some centuries within the mark. We might almost venture to add another half millennium of formal and distinct descriptions of Rome, as distinguished from notices in the works of historians, poets, and professed geographers. Modern scholars still edit and comment on the topographical writings of the fourth and fifth centuries, which describe Rome as it stood when the line of the Western Cæsars, reigning in Italy at least if not in Rome, was still unbroken.† And the series goes on, through the middle ages, through the Renaissance, till we reach those great works of modern German research which have worked out every detail, both of the surviving remains and of the lost buildings, of the Eternal City. We can still track out our way round the walls of Rome by the guidance of the anonymous pilgrim from Einsiedlen in the eighth century.‡ We pause not unwillingly in the history

* 1. "Die Ruinen Roms und der Campagna." Von Dr. Franz Reber. Leipzig, 1863.

2. "Rome and the Campagna, an Historical and Topographical Description of the Site, Buildings, and Neighbourhood of Ancient Rome." By Robert Burn, M. A. Cambridge and London, 1871.

3. "Rome." By Francis Wey, with an Introduction by W. W. Story. London, 1872.

† "Die Regionen der Stadt Rom." Von L. Preller. Jena, 1846.

"Codex Urbis Romæ Topographicus." Edidit Carolus Ludovicus Ulrichs. Wirceburgi, 1871.

"Topographie der Stadt Rom im Alterthum." Von H. Jordan. Zweiter Band. Berlin, 1871.

The first volume of this last work has not yet appeared. Among the three the student will find several recensions of the text and abundant commentaries on the early and mediæval topographers of Rome.

‡ The Itinerarium Einsidlense is printed by Ulrichs, p. 58, and the latter part by Jordan, p. 646. The former text is specially valuable, as it contains the inscriptions, many of them now lost or defaced, which were copied by the pilgrim.

of the First Crusade, when the monk of Malmesbury stops his narrative to describe the topography of Rome, to tell us how the Romans, once the lords of the world, were now the lowest of mankind, who did nothing but sell all that was righteous and sacred for gold.* The chain never breaks; we have pictures of Rome in every age; but unluckily the picture drawn in each age sets before us less than the picture drawn in the age just before it. Archbishop Hildebert of Tours, whose verses William of Malmesbury copies, sang of Rome, when the marks of the sack of Robert Wiscard were still fresh upon her, as a city already ruined.† But the worst ruin had not come in his day. We may forgive the Norman and the Saracen; we may forgive the contending Roman barons; but we cannot forgive the havoc wrought by Popes and Popes' nephews in the boasted days of the Renaissance. When we look at what they have done, we may be thankful that there are still some things, heathen and Christian, which have lived through four ages of relentless destruction and disfigurement. For Rome as the monumental city, as the museum of art and history, the evil day was, not when the Goth or the Vandal or the Norman entered her gates, but when Popes came back from their place of happy banishment to destroy their city piecemeal. We may rejoice that their day is over. New causes of destruction may arise, as the capital of new-born Italy spreads itself once more over hills which have become almost as desolate as they were when the first settlers raised their huts on the Palatine. As new streets arise, there is danger that many

* William of Malmesbury (*Gesta Regum* iv. 351.) thus begins his account of Rome: "De Roma, quæ quondam domina orbis terrarum, nunc ad comparisonem antiquitatis videtur oppidum exiguum, et de Romanis, olim rerum dominis genteque togata, qui nunc sunt hominum inertissimi, auro trutinantes justitiam, pretio venditantes canonum regulam."

† The verses of Hildebert begin thus:

"Par tibi Roma nihil, cum sis prope tota ruina;
Quam magni fueris integra, fracta doces."

Presently after we read:

"Non tamen aut fieri par stanti machina muro,
Aut restaurari sola ruina potest."

relics of old Rome, many ruined fragments, many foundations which have to be looked for beneath the earth, may be swept away or hopelessly hidden. But the main source of evil is dried up; there is no fear of columns being pounded into lime, no fear of perfect or nearly perfect buildings being used as quarries; perhaps even there is less danger of that subtler form of destruction which cloaks itself under the garb of restoration. All has become, if not wholly safe, at least safer than it was, now that the power which so long boasted itself that it could do mischief is happily banished beyond the bounds of the ancient Rome, shut up in a modern palace in a suburb which formed no part of the city either of Servius or of Aurelian.

Of the general antiquities of Rome, of its early topography and early history, and of the light which modern researches have thrown upon them, I do not mean to speak here at any length. The history of Rome is indeed written in her monuments, and new pages of that history, above all in its earliest chapters, are almost daily brought to light. We can now see many things in a new light through the great works of digging which are still going on in various parts of the city, above all on the spot which was the cradle of Rome and on the spot which was the centre of her full-grown life, on the Palatine Hill and in the Roman Forum. But the pages of history which are thus brought to light are pages which need the greatest caution in reading. They are oracles which tell their own tale, but which tell it only to inquirers who draw near in the spirit of sound criticism, not in that of blind belief or hasty conjecture. Of all the works of men's hands in the Eternal City, two classes speak to the mind with a deeper interest than any others. The first are the small remains of primitive times, the still-abiding relics of the days when the Ramnes of the Palatine and the Titienses of the Capitol lived each on their separate hills, as distinct and hostile tribes. These relics speak of the first birth of Rome; next to them, almost beyond them from the point of view of universal history, come, in

deep and enthralling interest, the memorials of Rome's second birth, of the day when with a new faith she put on a new life. Between these two periods of birth and of revival, the time of mere dominion, the time of the Republic and of the earlier Empire, has but a secondary charm. Its proudest monuments yield in interest, as historical memorials, alike to the foundations of the primæval *Roma Quadrata* and to the churches reared in all the zeal of newly-won victory out of the spoils of the temples of decaying heathendom. The purely artistic student naturally looks on them with other eyes. The stones of the primitive fortress can hardly claim the name of works of art at all. And the basilicas, built with columns brought from other buildings, columns often of unequal proportions, and crowned with capitals of different orders, are apt to be looked on simply as signs of the depth of degradation into which art had fallen. Of these two propositions the truth of the former cannot be denied; the latter is true or false according to the way in which the history of art is looked at. The fortresses of primæval days from which, if we only read them aright, we may learn such precious lessons of primæval history, are hardly to be called works of architecture; they are simply works of construction. They are simply the putting together of stones, sometimes in a ruder, sometimes in a more workmanlike fashion, to serve a practical need. There is no system of decoration, no ornament of any kind, upon them. Indeed among the scanty remains which we have of primæval work at Rome we could not look for any system of decoration. There is not so much as a gateway of the primæval fortress left to us, and in no age should we ask for much of architectural detail in the mouth of a sewer or in the roof of an underground well-house.* Had Rome never risen higher than the other cities

* All scholars seem now agreed that the lower story of the building which bears the name — mediæval only, but still perhaps traditional — of the Mamertine Prison, was at first simply a well-house or *tullianum*, and that, when it was afterwards used as a prison, the true meaning of its name was forgotten, and it was connected with the legendary King Servius Tullius.

of Latium, she might have been as rich in remains of these early times as some of the other cities of Latium still are. Still in the early remains of Rome, scanty as they are, in these abiding relics of a time when the names and deeds of men are still legendary, we can see clear signs of two stages in the art of construction. We can see a stage when the greatest of all constructive inventions was still unknown, and another stage when it was already familiar. We can see in Rome, as in Latium, in Greece, in Ireland, and in Central America, works of the time when men were still striving after the great invention of the arch. We can see works which are clearly due to a stage when men were still trying various experiments, when they were making various attempts to bring stones so as to overlap and support one another, but when the perfect arch, with its stones poised in mid-air by a law of mutual mechanical support, had not yet rewarded the efforts of those who were feeling their way towards it. The roof of the Tullianum is no true vault, any more than the roof of New Grange or of the Treasury at Mykênê. In some of the passages connected with it the roof has real mutually supporting *voussoirs*; but the shape of the *voussoirs* is still polygonal; the most perfect form of the arch had not yet been lighted on. In the Cloaca Maxima we find the round arch in its simplest form, but in a form perfect as regards its construction. This great invention, which was independently made over and over again in times and places far apart from one another, was also made at Rome, or at all events somewhere in Central Italy. The round arch, the great invention of Roman art, the very embodiment of Roman strength and massiveness, the constructive expression of the boundaries which were never to yield, of the dominion which was never to pass away, came into being in a work characteristically Roman. The beginning of Roman architecture is to be found, not in a palace or in a temple, but in those vast drains which were said to form an underground city, rivalling in extent the city which they bore aloft.

What Rome began in her sewers, she carried out in her gateways, in her aqueducts, in her baths and her amphitheatres. Other nations invented the round arch as well as Rome; in Rome alone it found an abiding home. It was only in Rome, and in the lands which learned their arts from Rome, that it became the great constructive feature, used on a scale which, whatever we say of the Roman architects, stamps the Roman builders as the greatest that the world ever saw. But it was not till, in common belief, the might, the glory, and the art of Rome had passed away, that Rome, working in her own style in the use of her own great constructive invention, learned to produce, not only mighty works of building, but consistent works of architecture.

In this way the two turning points in the history of Rome, her birth and her new birth, the days of her native infancy and the days when she rose to a new life at the hands of her Christian teachers and her Teutonic conquerors, are brought into the closest connection with one another. From the point of view of the unity of history, the course of the architecture of Rome strikingly answers to the course of the literature of Rome. Her architecture and her literature alike are, during the time of Rome's greatest outward glory, during the ages which purists mark out by the invidious name "classical," almost wholly of an imitative kind. As men followed Greek models in literature and clothed Roman words and thoughts in the borrowed metres of Greece, so men followed Greek models in art also. They clothed a Roman body in a Greek dress, and masked the true Roman construction under a borrowed system of Greek ornamental detail. In both cases the true national life was simply overshadowed; it was never wholly trampled out. While philosophy and rhetoric, epic and lyric poetry, were almost wholly imitative, law and satire and, to some extent, history remained national. So too in architecture. If we stand in the Forum and admire the exotic grace of the columns of the temple of Vespasian and of the Great

Twin Brethren, the eye rests also on the gigantic vaults of the Basilica of Constantine. We may even catch a distinct glimpse of the huge arcaded mass of the Flavian Amphitheatre, nor do we wholly turn away from the arch of Severus and the small fragments of the disfigured arcades of the Tabularium. All these are Roman works; Greek decorative elements are to be traced in all of them; but what stands out in all its boldness, in all its dignity, is the true native art of Rome. That is the art which used the round arch as its constructive feature, and which could therefore bridge over and bind together distant spaces which were altogether beyond the reach of the Greek system of the column and entablature. When we see the Roman system of construction carried out on the mightiest scale, when, in such a pile as Caracalla's Baths, we see Roman art preparing itself to influence the world as purely Greek art never could do, it is not amiss to remember that at the same moment men like Ulpian and Paulus were building up that great fabric of purely Roman Law which was in the like sort to influence the world, to be the source of the jurisprudence of modern Europe, and to win for Rome a wider dominion than was ever won for her by the arms of Julius and Trajan. At last the two great elements of revolution drew nigh. New nations were knocking at the gates of Rome, asking, not to wipe out her name or to destroy her power, but rather to be themselves admitted to bear the one and to wield the other. A new creed, born in one of her distant provinces, was making its way, in the teeth of all opposition, to become the creed of the Roman Empire and of all lands which bowed to Roman rule, whether as subjects or as disciples. Diocletian might be the persecutor of the Church and Constantine might be her nursing-father; but both alike were men of the same period; each had a share in the same work. Each alike marks a stage in the change by which the chief magistrate of the Roman Commonwealth grew, first into the despotic sovereign girt with the trappings of eastern royalty, and then into the foreign King who came to be anointed as Cæsar and Augustus with the rites of a creed of which the first bearers of those names had never heard. Under the line of Emperors from Diocletian to Theodosius the real influence of Rome was not ending, but beginning. And it was in these days too that the architecture of

Rome fittingly cast off its great fetters, and stood forth in a form which was to be the root of the later architecture of all Europe. The construction which first showed itself in the Great Sewer, at last won for itself a consistent form of decoration in the palace of Diocletian and in the churches of Constantine.

The history of Roman architecture, as a whole, is still to be written, because the history of Rome itself, as a whole, is still to be written. Writers who deal with the architecture of Rome, or with anything else that belongs to Rome, from any of those special points of view which are implied in the words "classical," "mediæval," and "modern," are often doing admirable service within their own special range, but they are not grappling with the subject as a whole. I have now to speak only of the buildings of Rome, and not of any of the other aspects of Roman history; but the same law applies to all. I have put at the head of this article the names of three books published within the last twelve years, of which the first two are of a very different character from the third. The volumes of Professor Reber and Mr. Burn are of the utmost value to the student of Roman topography and history in every way that has to do with the buildings of classical and pagan Rome. But there they stop. Alongside of sound and scholar-like books like these one would hardly have ventured to mention a book like that of M. Wey, which does not aspire to anything higher than pleasant gossiping talk, save for one thing only. M. Wey, in his unsystematic rambles, has in one sense bridged over the gap better than the careful research of the German and the English scholar. He has at least dealt with Pagan temples and Christian churches in one volume as parts of one subject. In architectural matters, as well as in other matters, we have to fight against the superstition that Rome came to an end in 476. This superstition, as applied to art, naturally demands that a wide line should be drawn between the heathen basilica which Maxentius reared and of which Constantine took the credit, and the Christian basilica which Constantine reared in readiness for the crowning of his Teutonic successor. From my point of view, we can no more draw any wide line in matters of architecture than we can in matters of law or language or religion. The story is one, without a break, almost without a halting place. The former

part of the tale is imperfect without the latter; the latter part is unintelligible without the former. Rome invented the round arch at an early stage of her history. She has used it down to our own day in every stage of her history. But it was in that stage of her history which is marked by the reigns of Diocletian and Constantine that she first made the round arch the leading feature of an independent and harmonious style of architecture. This aspect of Roman history, like every other, should be written as one story, and as yet it has not been written as one story. I still long to see the history of the genuine Roman buildings of Rome, from the first strivings after the arch in the roof of the Tullianum to the church of the third Otto and the house of Crescentius, traced out as one single volume of the history of art, the later pages of which must not be unkindly torn away from the earlier.

The many works, chiefly the result of German scholarship, by which the topography and early history of Rome have been so largely illustrated during the last forty years deal of course largely with the buildings of all dates; but their object is hardly to supply a connected history of architecture at Rome. But the minute and splendidly illustrated volume of Professor Reber is specially devoted to the buildings of the city, and it deals elaborately with their architectural detail. In Mr. Burn's book also, the buildings occupy, though not an exclusive, yet a prominent, place, and they are largely illustrated by engravings. And both the German and the English writer give us also an introduction specially devoted to a sketch of the origin and growth of Roman architecture down to the point at which they unluckily stop. Both books give the result of real research and sound scholarship, but of course the work of Professor Reber, as specially devoted to the buildings, treats their details in a more elaborate and technical way. And if Professor Reber is a little too believing as to the traditions of early times, it is a fault which does little damage in a work which by its nature is almost wholly concerned with the remains of the historical ages. Our only complaint is that so diligent an inquirer and so clear an expositor did not go on further. It would surely not have been a task unworthy of his powers to have given the same skill with which he has traced out the buildings of earlier times to trace out the first estate of the head church of

Rome and Christendom. The same power which can call up the Flavian Amphitheatre in its ancient form might also call up the mighty pile of the old Saint Peter's, when the crowning place of the Cæsars had not been swept away for the gratification of papal vanity. The narrow prejudices which once looked on such buildings as these as worthless and barbarous, unworthy of a glance or a thought from the eye or the mind of taste, have surely passed away along with the kindred prejudice which once looked with the same contempt on the wonders of mediæval skill in our own and in other northern lands. The early Christian buildings of Rome and Ravenna are indeed far from lacking their votaries; they have been in many quarters carefully studied and illustrated, and their history has been carefully traced out. What is needed is to put them thoroughly in their true relation with regard to the buildings which went before them and to the buildings which followed them. The steps by which the arrangements of the earliest churches grew out of the arrangements of pagan buildings have been already often traced out; but it is no less needful to show the steps by which both the system of construction and the architectural detail of the so-called classical period changed into the construction and the detail of what the classical purist is tempted to look on as the barbarous Romanesque. In architecture, as in everything else, the works of the true Middle Age, the time when two worlds stood side by side, is the time which, in the view of universal history, has an interest beyond all other times. But with regard to architecture, just as with regard to other things, it is exactly the period which is least studied and least understood. It is neglected because of that very transitional character which gives it its highest interest. There is a classical school and there is a mediæval school; each studies the works of its own favourite class in the most minute detail; but the intermediate period, the period whose works tie together the works on each side of it into one unbroken series, is looked on by both parties as lying out of its range. The classical purist looks on a basilican church as something hopelessly barbarous—something put together out of fragments ruthlessly plundered from buildings of a better age. He sees a sign of degraded taste in the greatest step in advance which architecture ever took since the arch itself was

brought to perfection, in that bold stroke of genius by which Diocletian's architect at Spalato first called into being a consistent round-arched style. On the other hand there is, or was a few years back, a school which looked on the old Saint John's and the old Saint Peter's as buildings only half escaped from paganism, and which professed itself grieved to see an Ionic or Corinthian capital placed, even in an architectural treatise, side by side with what it was pleased to call "the sacred details of Christian art." By these "sacred details" were meant the details of the architecture of England, France, and Germany from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries. Between two such sets of narrow prejudices as these, the buildings of the intermediate time, the time when the true Roman construction was throwing off its incongruous Grecian mask, have, for the most part, fared but badly. A small special school gave itself to their study, but they have been cast aside by the two larger schools on either side of it.

I have more than once, in different ways, tried to set forth the seeming paradox that the architecture of the so-called "classic" days of Rome is really a transition from the Grecian, the pure style of the entablature, to the Romanesque, the fully developed style of the round arch. The case is perfectly plain. The Greek architecture works its main constructive features, the column and the entablature, into its main ornamental features. The Romanesque architecture also works its main constructive features, the round arch and the piers or columns on which it rests, into its main ornamental features. The classical Roman, coming between the two, does not follow this universal law of all good architecture. Sometimes, as in most of the temples, it simply imitates Greek forms; in other buildings it commonly uses the round arch as the principal constructive feature, but masks it, as far as it can, under a system of decoration borrowed from the Greek construction. This inconsistency marks the classical Roman style as an imperfect and transitional style. The difficulty in accepting this doctrine comes from two causes. Till men have learned to take wide views of history as a whole, it is hard for them to believe that the time of the seeming decline of Rome was really the time of her new birth. It is hard for them to believe that the time of Diocletian and Constantine was, in architecture or in anything else, an advance on the

time of Augustus or Trajan. And this belief is strengthened by the fact that, in the subsidiary arts, in painting, sculpture, and the like, the later time really was a time of decline. But when we once take in the position which the age of Diocletian and Constantine holds in universal history, we shall at once see that it is exactly the age in which great architectural developments were to be looked for. It is certain, as the ornaments of the arch of Constantine prove, that in Constantine's day the mere art of sculpture had gone down not a little since the days of Trajan. It is certain also that the bricks of the age of Constantine are not so closely and regularly fitted together as the bricks of the age of Nero. But there is no absurdity in holding that, while the arts of the sculptor and of the bricklayer went down, the art of the architect might go up. If we allow that the chief merit of architecture is consistency, that the constructive and the decorative system should go hand in hand, architecture was certainly advancing, while the subsidiary arts were decaying. Through the whole "classical" period construction and decoration were kept asunder: the construction was Roman; the decoration was Greek. It was only in buildings which needed little or no decoration that the inconsistency is avoided. In an amphitheatre the Greek elements are so secondary that they do not force themselves on the eye; the half columns have sunk into something like the pilasters of a Romanesque building, and the general effect is that of a consistent round-arched style. In some amphitheatres, and in bridges and aqueducts, the Greek ornamental features vanish altogether, and we see the Roman construction standing out in all its grand and simple majesty. Buildings of this kind are the direct parents of the plainer and more massive forms of Romanesque, such as we see in many of the great churches of Germany. But such a style as this is essentially plain, essentially massive, and there are places where buildings are wanted which are at once lighter and more enriched. The beginnings of a light and ornamental round-arched style showed themselves when the arch was first allowed to spring directly from the capital of the column. We now have for the first time a pure and consistent round-arched style, better suited for the inside of a church or hall or other large building than the massive arches of the amphitheatre and the aqueduct. And when the column and arch were once es-

established as the main constructive features, they naturally supplied a new system of decoration. As arched buildings had once been inconsistently decorated with ornamental columns and entablatures, they could now be consistently decorated with ornamental arcades. We see the beginning of this system as early as the church of Saint Apollinaris at Classis; and from thence, diverging at one time into the wilder and ruder forms of Lorsch and Earls Barton, it grows into the endless decorative arcades of Pisa and Lucca, and into the more moderate use of the same kind of enrichment in the Romanesque of Normandy and England. Thus it was that Romanesque grew up. Change the form of the arch, devise a system of mouldings and other ornaments which suit the new form of arch, and Romanesque changes into Gothic. The hall of Spalato is thus the true beginning of every later form of good and consistent architecture. It is the immediate parent of Durham and Pisa; it is the more distant parent of Westminster and Amiens.

On the whole, the course of the earlier stages of this long history can be nowhere so well studied as in Rome. Ravenna has its own charm and its own lesson. It has a perfectly unique collection of buildings of an age of which there are few buildings elsewhere. In the later forms of Romanesque Rome is far less rich than Pisa and Lucca, or than Milan and Pavia; and of Gothic, even of Italian Gothic, there is at Rome all but an absolute lack. But nowhere else can we find the same store of pagan and early Christian buildings standing side by side. Nowhere therefore can we so well trace out the steps by which the inconsistent classical Roman style was improved into the consistent Romanesque. We start from the very beginning. We have seen in Rome the invention—one of the many independent inventions—of the arch itself. But, as far as we can see, Rome failed to make the most of her own invention. If we had any perfect buildings of the time of the Kings and of the early Republic, we should be better able to follow out our subject. But, as far as we can see, the charm of Greek art, the exquisite loveliness of Greek forms, cut short all native effort in this as in other ways. Rome, in her most brilliant days, failed to form a native architecture, just as she failed to form a native literature. We gaze with admiration on the exquisite examples which Rome has to show of

the transplanted art of Greece; we call up before our eyes the full splendour of the vast expanse of colonnades, the ranges of temples and palaces and basilicas, which covered the hills and valleys of Rome. Imagination fails as it strives to conceive the spreading forest of marble which gathered round the soaring column from which the sculptured form of Trajan looked down on his mighty works. And yet, if we could see them in their splendour, an eye accustomed to other forms of art might perhaps grow weary of the endless repetition of one idea. We might feel that we had had more than enough of the stiff forms of the Grecian portico; we might weary of horizontal lines, of flat roofs, however rich with bronze or gilding. We might long to see the unvaried outline broken by the spreading cupolas of Byzantium, by the tall campaniles of mediæval Italy, or by the heaven-piercing spires of Germany and England. We might feel too that, after all, the splendours of Rome were not Roman, that the conqueror had simply decked himself out in the borrowed plumies of conquered Hellas. In such a mood, we might turn away from the Temple of the Capitoline Jupiter, from the vast Julian Basilica at its foot, to those works in which somewhat of a Roman spirit showed itself beneath the mask and varnish of the foreign system of ornament. A plain arch of brick, even if put together with the utmost skill of the days of Nero, is in itself a far less beautiful object than a fluted column crowned by a Corinthian capital. But on the soil of Rome the arch of brick is native, and the Corinthian capital is foreign. A day was to come when the foreign form of beauty was to be pressed into the service of the native form of construction; but that day was still far distant. The two forms still stood side by side, either standing wholly apart or else welded into one whole by a process of union much like that which was delighted in by the mythical Etruscan tyrant.* We might mark, as we still mark, with more of wonder than of pleasure, the attempt of

* I need hardly quote the description of the Virgilian Mezentius:

“Mortua quinetiam jungebat corpora vivis.”

Certainly nothing can be more truly living than the grand conception of the really Roman part of the Pantheon, while the Greek portico had become something very nearly dead, with the unfluted columns, the disproportionate pediment, and the frieze where—undoubtedly very much for the convenience of historians—the name of a living man took the place once allotted to the sculptured forms of gods and heroes.

Agrippa to tie on a would-be Grecian portico to a truly Roman body. And when we see that the classic architect knew no better way of lighting so great and splendid a pile than by making a hole in the top which left its pavement to be drenched by every passing shower, we might turn to the ranges of windows in some despised early Christian church, and think that, in one respect at least, the builders of the days of Constantine and Theodosius had made some improvements on the arts of the days of Augustus. From such an incongruous union of two utterly distinct principles of building we might turn with satisfaction to those buildings where the real Roman spirit prevails, more truly Roman sometimes in their decay, when the Greek casing has been picked away from them, than they could ever have been in the days of their perfection. The Baths of Caracalla, the Temple of Venus and Rome, the Basilica of Maxentius or of Constantine, as they now stand ruined, show only their Roman features. They amaze us by the display of the constructive powers of the arch on the very grandest scale. In the days of their glory, features of Greek decoration, beautiful no doubt in themselves, but out of place as the mask of such a noble reality, must have marred the vast and simple majesty of the true Roman building. As it is we see in them links in a chain which takes in the Cloaca Maxima at one end and the naves of Mainz and Speyer at the other; when they were perfect, their exotic features might have made them as inharmonious as the Pantheon. We can admire the theatre of Marcellus, we can almost forgive the purpose of the Flavian Amphitheatre, when we see how completely the Roman element has triumphed over the Greek. So, in one feature especially Roman, one for which the habits and the arts of other nations could supply no parallel, in the triumphal arches, we see the native Roman forms stand forth as the leading feature of the structure, while the Greek features, the columns added simply for ornament, gradually lose their importance. In the arches of Severus and Constantine the columns have lost much of the importance which they have in the arches of Drusus and Titus. But the most consistent work of the kind is really the despised arch of Gallienus, where the round arch boldly spans the way, and where the Greek element has shrunk up into a shallow pilaster which has almost to be

looked for. We are told that the Janus Quadrifrons was once adorned with detached columns; but they are gone and we do not miss them. The old Latin deity might be well satisfied with the four bold arches and the vault which were the creation of his own land; he needed not the further enrichment of features borrowed from the temples of the deities of another mythology. In all these examples, and in many more—wherever, in short, use came first and decoration second—the Roman forms hold an undoubted supremacy, and sometimes they have banished the foreign element altogether. But it was a higher achievement to lay hold on the noblest feature of the foreign style, to press it into the service of the native construction, to teach the columns of Greece to bear the arches of Rome. What the entablature was in the Greek system the arch was in the Roman, and no greater step in the history of art was ever taken than when it was found that the column which had given so much grace and beauty to the one construction could be made to give equal grace and beauty to the other. At the bidding of Diocletian consistent round-arched architecture first showed itself. The restorer and organizer of the Empire might fittingly be also the restorer and organizer of the building art. The Emperor who handed on the legacy of Rome to so many ages might well be also the creator of a type of building which contained in itself the germ of every good and consistent building which was to follow it.

It is at this point that our guides fail us, that they hand us over to other guides, and that they leave us to bridge the chasm which yawns between them for ourselves. Chasm in truth there is none; all is true and genuine growth, step by step, though the battle was long and hard, longer and harder in Rome itself than it was elsewhere. At Ravenna the triumph of the arched system, with the arches resting on columns, seems to have been complete from the moment that the city became an Imperial dwelling-place. Nowhere in the buildings of Placidia or Theodoric do we see the columns still supporting the entablature. Nowhere at Ravenna are the horizontal lines of the outside of the Grecian temple transferred to the inside of the Christian church. But the triumph of the new style was perhaps less thorough because it was so speedy. Nowhere at Ravenna does the arch rest, as it does at Spalato, at once on the abacus of the column. An interme-

diate member, which is not without its constructive use, but which is artistically a survival, though no more than a survival, of the broken entablature, is thrust in between them.* At Rome, on the other hand, the two modes of construction went on side by side, and the entablature remained in occasional use to divide the nave and aisles of Roman churches, after the northern architects had exchanged the round arch itself for the more aspiring pointed forms. Of the three greatest churches of Rome, the first in rank, the church of Saint John Lateran, the true metropolitan church of Rome, the Mother Church of the City and of the World, used the arch in all its perfection in that long range of columns which papal barbarism has so diligently laboured to destroy. But in the Liberian Basilica on the Esquiline the entablature—save again where triple-crowned destroyers have cut through its long unbroken line—reigns as supreme as the arch does in the Lateran. In the Vatican Basilica both forms were used; but the entablature had the precedence. It was used in the main rows of columns which divided the nave from the main aisles, while the arcade was used only to divide the main aisles from the secondary aisles beyond them. It was between the long horizontal lines of the elder form of art, lines suggesting the days of Augustus rather than the days of Diocletian, that Charles and Henry and Frederick marched to receive the crown which Diocletian rather than Augustus had bequeathed to them. And, as if to make the balance equal, the church of the brother Apostle, standing beyond the walls of Leo no less than beyond the walls of Servius and Aurelian, the great basilica of Saint Paul, modern as it is in its actual fabric, preserves, better than any other, the form of a great church with arches resting on the columns, the memory in short of what the patriarchal church itself once was. In the lesser churches the arched form is by far the most common, but the entablature keeps possession of a minority which is by no means contemptible. And at last it appears again, by a kind of dying effort, in the work of Honorius the Fourth in the basilica of Saint Lawrence, a work distant only by a few years from the last finish of Pisa, from the first beginnings of Salisbury. That the struggle at Rome

should have been thus long and hard is in no way wonderful. Of the pagan buildings of Ravenna nothing remains but a few inscribed stones and such like, and the columns which are used up again in the churches. Not a single temple or other building is standing, even in ruins. They most likely perished early. The position of Ravenna was more like that of the New Rome than that of the Old. The city sprang at once, in Christian times, from the rank of a naval station to that of an abode of Emperors. But at Rome, where the stores of earlier buildings were so endless, where paganism held its ground so long, and where so many of the pagan temples were spared till a very late time, the older mode of building was not likely to be forsaken all at once. The churches had either been basilicas or were built after the model of the basilicas. And in the basilicas, the rows of columns which divided the building, the beginning of nave and aisles, certainly supported, down at least to the days of Diocletian and Constantine, not arches, but a straight entablature. Saint Mary on the Esquiline therefore, in its long horizontal lines, simply claved to the existing fashion; the arches of Saint John Lateran and of Saint Paul were an innovation which had to fight its way against received practice.

But the transition may be traced, not only in the construction and arrangement of buildings, but in their ornamental details. Classical purism allows of only a very few forms of capital. There are the three Greek orders in their pure state, and at Rome it would be hard to shut out their Roman modifications. The peculiar Roman or Composite capital, the union of Ionic and Corinthian forms, may perhaps be admitted by straining a point. But there toleration ends. Yet one may surely say that, though the Greek forms are among the loveliest creations of human skill, yet, if men are confined in this way to three or four models, they are sure to weary of their sameness. The Corinthian capital is as beautiful an arrangement of foliage as can be devised; but it is hard to be forbidden either to attempt other arrangements of foliage or to seek for ornament in other forms besides foliage. The later Roman builders clearly thought so; they brought in various varieties, which it is easy to call corruptions, but which it is just as easy to call developments. Among the vast stores of capitals which are to be found among the buildings of Rome, there are many which,

* The Ravenna *stilt* may be compared with the stilt between the column and the entablature in Egyptian architecture. In the Saracenic styles it became a great feature with both round and pointed arches.

though they follow the general type of the Ionic or the Corinthian order, do not rigidly follow the types of those orders which are laid down by technical rules. Professor Reber has given some examples of this departure from rigid technical exactness even in the Colosseum itself. The forms used in the Colosseum are certainly not improvements; the point is that there should be varieties of any kind. But I must speak in a different tone of certain capitals, to my mind of singular splendour and singular interest, which lie neglected among the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. The artist has been so far from confining himself to one prescribed pattern, either of volute or of acanthus-leaves, that he has ventured to employ vigorously carved human or divine figures as parts of the enrichment of his capitals. And among the stores of fragments which lie in the lower gallery of the Tabularium, there are a number of capitals which go even further, capitals of which the volute is formed by the introduction of various animal figures. If it be true that the volute took its origin from a ram's horn, such a change is something like going back again to the beginning. In these capitals, some at least of which, if not "classical," are certainly pagan, we get the beginning of that lavish employment of animal figures in Romanesque capitals of which we have many examples in England and Normandy, but the best forms of which are certainly to be found in some of the German and Italian buildings. At Wetzlar and at Gelnhausen, at Milan, Monza, and Pavia, we may see how ingeniously the volute can be made out of various arrangements of the heads of men, lions, bulls, and the primitive ram himself, and how, in the noblest type of all, it is formed by the bird of Cæsar bowing his head and folding his wings, as if in the presence of his master. Such forms as these may be grotesque, fanciful, barbarous, according to technical rules; I venture to see in them perfectly lawful efforts of artistic and inventive skill. And at any rate, here we have the beginning of them, in Roman buildings early in the third century. And there is another building which I have always looked on with especial interest, the small range of columns, the remains of the Temple of the Dii Consentes, immediately below the *clivus* of the Capitol. Here is a work of pagan reaction, a temple consecrated to the old Gods of Rome after some of the earliest Christian churches were already built. As a mon-

ument of the religious and artistic history of Rome, it has the same kind of interest which we feel when we find, even and anon at home, a church built or adorned after the elder fashion during the reaction under Philip and Mary. This temple was the work of a devout and zealous pagan, Prætextatus the friend of Julian, though it was built, not during the reign of his patron, but in the tolerant days of Valentinian. This building, as a pagan building, as part of the buildings of the Forum, comes within Professor Reber's ken. We have to thank him for illustrating its remarkable capitals, in which we find neither human nor animal forms, but, by an equal departure from the ideal precision of any known order, the place of the figures of Hercules and Bacchus in the capitals of Caracalla is supplied by armour and weapons in the form of a trophy. Both Professor Reber and Mr. Burn note these steps in architectural development. Why do they not go on to notice the next step, when we find capitals of the same anomalous kind used up again in the Laurentian Basilica? From thence another easy step leads us to the use of the same forms in the churches of Lucca, and one more step leads us to the western portal of Wetzlar and to the Imperial palace at Gelnhausen.

The complaint then which I have to make is that we have excellent works illustrating the pagan antiquities of Rome, and excellent works illustrating the Christian antiquities of Rome, but that we have no book, as far as I know, which clearly and scientifically traces out the connection between the two, and which sets them forth as being both alike members of one unbroken series. In M. Wey's book I can at least turn from a picture of the Temple of Saturn to a picture of the church of Saint Clement, even though either may be picturesquely mixed up with a picture of a peasant or a buffalo. Professor Reber and Mr. Burn give me all that I can want up to a certain point; only then they stop, without any reason that I can see for stopping.

I have two more remarks to make on the connection between the Pagan and the early Christian buildings of Rome. The exclusive votaries of classical antiquity sometimes raise a not unnatural outcry at the barbarism of Popes, Emperors, and Exarchs — the memory of Theodoric forbids us to add Kings — in building their churches out of the spoils of older buildings. But what were they to do? They naturally looked on the question in a

wholly different way from that in which it is natural for us to look at it. They had no antiquarian feeling about the matter ; such feelings at least were far stronger in the breast of the Goth than they were in the breast of the Roman. The feeling of a Bishop or of a zealous Emperor or magistrate would rather be that with which Jehu or Josiah brake down the house of Baal. The temples were standing useless ; churches were needed for the worship of the new faith ; the arrangements of the temples seldom allowed of their being turned into churches as they stood, while they supplied an endless store of columns which could be easily carried off and set up again in a new building. The act cannot fairly be blamed ; in a wider view of history and art it can hardly be regretted.

Besides this objection from outside, which may make some minds turn away from the study of the early Christian buildings at Rome, there is another remark, an admission it may be called, to be made from within. There can be no doubt that the form which was chosen for the early churches, though it fostered art in many ways, checked it, in the West at least, in one way. The arch is the parent of the vault ; the vault is the parent of the cupola ; and to have brought these three forms to perfection is the glory of Roman art. But for some ages the continuity of Roman art in this respect is to be looked for in the New Rome and not in the Old. The type of church which was adopted at Constantinople allowed the highest development of the art of vaulting, and sent it in its perfect form back again into the Western lands where it had first begun. Saint Mark is the child of Saint Sophia, and Saint Front at Périgueux is the child of Saint Mark. But the oblong basilican type of the Roman churches had no place for the cupola, and the one objection to the use of the column as a support for the arch is that it makes it hardly possible to cover the building with a vault. The vault and the dome were therefore used in the West only in the exceptional class of round buildings, and in the apses of the basilican churches. The basilican churches had only wooden roofs, and their naves could be made no wider than was, consistent with being covered with a wooden roof. Sometimes, as in the basilica which bears the name of Saint Cross in Jerusalem, where an ancient building of great width has been turned into a church, the single body of the old structure is divided

by longitudinal ranges of columns in the new. In short, at the very moment when the arch won its greatest triumph, both of construction and of decoration, architecture, as far as the roof was concerned, fell back on the principle of the entablature. The practice of vaulting large spaces, such as we see in the Baths of Caracalla and the basilica of Maxentius, went altogether out of use, till a distant approach to the boldness of the old Roman construction came in again in the great German minsters of the twelfth century.

It is the round-arched buildings, and especially the early type of them, which form the main wealth of the Christian architecture of Rome. The later Romanesque gave Rome one boon only, but that was a precious one. Rome now gained, what she had never had either in Pagan or in early Christian times, something to break the monotony of her horizontal lines. The pagan temple was all glorious without ; the Christian basilica was all glorious within ; but neither of them had anything in its external outline to lead the eye or the mind upward. That lack was supplied by the tall narrow bell-towers which add so much to the picturesqueness of many a view in Rome, and which are the only mediæval works which at all enter into the general artistic aspect of the city. Of the sham Gothic of Italy Rome has happily but little to show. The sprawling arches of Rome's one Gothic church by the Pantheon show that we are on the way to the time of utter destruction. They are the pioneers of the havoc of the Renaissance. Rome was now at last to be truly sacked by the barbarians. We may pass by the ravage wrought on the temples at the foot of the Capitol, on the Colosseum, on the stately columns of Nerva's Forum. One who has followed the line of argument of this article will perhaps rather be inclined to mourn over the destroyed and disfigured churches of the early days of Roman Christianity. Then it was that the fury of the destroyer was let loose on the venerable piles which Constantine had reared and where Theodoric had made his offerings. Pope after Pope had the pleasure of writing up his name, of recording his "munificence," on the holy places which he laid waste. The disfigurement of Saint John Lateran, the destruction of Saint Peter's, may stand on record as the great exploits of papal rule in Rome. Men enter the modern Vatican Basilica and wonder why the building seems so

much smaller than it really is. We may be sure that no man wondered on that score in the ancient building, as no man now wonders in the restored church of Saint Paul. No wonder that the building looks small when three arches have taken the place of twenty-four intercolumniations; the vastness of the parts takes away from the vastness of the whole. In this mood we turn from the boasted glory of the Renaissance to try and call up to our minds the likeness of the nobler pile which has passed away. That dreary and forsaken apse, that front which it needs some faith to believe to be part of a church at all, may pass away from our thoughts. They have sprung up on ground which no part of the old basilica ever covered. We turn from the work of the Borghese to the portal of ancient times, when the one imperial tomb which Rome still holds was not yet thrust down out of sight and out of mind.* We enter, and, as the eye hurries along the few yawning arches of the nave, we long for the days when it might have rested step by step along the endless ranges of its columns. And even the majesty of the dome cannot make us forget that on its site once stood the altar, not as now, standing alone and forlorn, with its huge baldacchino further to lessen the effect of size and dignity, but standing in its place, canopied by the apse blazing with mosaics, with the throne of the Patriarch rising in fitting dignity among his presbyters, the throne from which a worthier Leo than the Medicean destroyer came down on the great Christmas feast, first to place the crown of Rome on the head of the Frankish Patrician, and then, as a subject before his sovereign, to adore the majesty of the Frankish Cæsar.† We turn from the church of the Emperors to the special church of the Popes, to their own forsaken home on the Lateran, to the patriarchal church, disfigured indeed, but not, like its successful rival, wholly destroyed. We strive to call up the pile as it stood when its columns, its arches, were still untouched, not only before the destroyers of later times had hidden the marble columns beneath dull stuccoed masses of stone, but even before Northern forms which have no

true abiding place on Italian soil had thrust themselves into the windows both of its apse and of its clerestory. We picture it as it was when Hildebrand arose from the patriarchal throne of the world, from the throne which his successors have swept away as an useless thing,* to declare the King of Germany and Italy deposed from both his kingdoms. We picture it as it was when Urban sat in the midst of his assembled Council, and called Anselm of Canterbury, as himself the Pope of another world, to take his seat beside him in the circle of which the destroyers have left no trace behind.† So we might go through all the buildings, great and small, of which any portion has been spared to us. Everywhere there is the same destruction, mutilation, or concealment of the ancient features, the same thrusting in of incongruous modern devices, the same fulsome glorification of the doers of the havoc. Still, in the vast extent of the city, enough is left for us to trace out all the leading features of the various forms which were taken by the early Christian buildings, and to connect them with the buildings of the pagan city which form the models out of which they grew by healthy and natural development. The historical associations of these buildings are surely not inferior to those of their pagan predecessors. As marking a stage in the history of art, we must look on them as links in the chain, as the central members which mark the great turning-point in a series. That series, as we have seen, begins with the arch of the Great Sewer; it goes on, obscured for awhile, but never wholly broken, under the influence of a foreign taste. Through the buildings of Rome and Spalato and Ravenna and Lucca it leads us to the final perfection of round-arched architecture, both in its lighter and more graceful form at Pisa, and in its more massive and majestic variety at Caen and Peterborough and Ely and Durham.

* The fact has been once or twice lately brought into notice that in the cloister of Saint John Lateran, the patriarchal chair of the Bishop of Rome may be seen, cast out among other disused fragments. A paltry altar fills its place in the apse, and the whole ancient arrangement, which may be traced in one or two of the smaller churches of Rome, is utterly destroyed.

† Eadmer, *Hist. Nov.* p. 52, Selden. "Cum vero ad concilium venturum esset, et episcopis qui de Italia et Gallia venerant suas sedes ex consuetudine vendicantibus, nemo existeret qui se vel audisse vel vidisse archiepiscopum Cantuariensem Romano concilio ante hæc interfuisse diceret, vel scire quo tunc in loco sedere deberet, ex præcepto Papæ in corona sedes illi posita est, qui locus non obscuri honoris in tali conventu solet haberi."

* The tomb of Otto the Second, which stood in front of the old Saint Peter's, is thrust down into the crypt of the modern church. To be sure several tombs of Popes have shared the same fate.

† Einhard, 801: "Post quas laudes ab eodem pontifice more antiquorum principum adoratus est."

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THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER.

CHAPTER XVI.

DICK BROWN got up very early next morning, with the same sense of exhilaration and light-heartedness which had moved him on the previous night. To be sure he had no particular reason for it, but what of that? People are seldom so truly happy as when they are happy without any cause. He was early in his habits, and his heart was too gay to be anything but restless. He got up though it was not much past five o'clock, and took his turn at the pump in the yard, which formed the entire toilet arrangements of the tramps' lodging-house, and then strolled down with his hands in his pockets and his ruddy countenance shining afresh from these ablutions, to where the river shone blue in the morning sunshine at the foot of Coffin Lane. Dick had passed through Windsor more than once in the course of his checkered existence. He had been here with his tribe—those curious unenjoying slaves of pleasure who are to be found wherever there is merrymaking, little as their share may be in the mirth—on the 4th of June, the great *fête* day of Eton, and on the occasion of reviews in the great Park, and royal visits; so the place was moderately familiar to him, as so many places were all over the country. He strolled along the raised path by the water-side, with a friendly feeling for the still river, sparkling in the still sunshine, without boat or voice to break its quiet, which he thought to himself had "brought him luck," a new friend, and perhaps a long succession of odd jobs. Dick and his mother did very fairly on the whole in their wandering life. The shillings and sixpences which they picked up in one way or another kept them going, and it was very rare when they felt want. But the boy's mind was different from his fate; he was no adventurer—and though habit had made the road and his nomadic outdoor life familiar to him, yet he had never taken to it quite kindly. The thing of all others that filled him with envy was one of those little tidy houses or pretty cottages which abound in every English village, or even on the skirts of a small town, with a little flower-garden full of flowers, and pictures on the walls inside. The lad had said to himself times without number, that there indeed was something to make life sweet—a settled home, a

certain place where he should rest every night and wake every morning. There was no way in his power by which he could attain to that glorious conclusion; but he thus secured what is the next best thing to success in this world, a distinct conception of what he wanted, an ideal which was possible and might be carried out. He sat down upon the bank, swinging his feet over the mass of gravel which the workmen, beginning their morning work, were fishing up out of the river, and contemplating the scene before him, which, but for them, would have been noiseless as midnight. The irregular wooden buildings which flanked the rafts opposite looked picturesque in the morning light, and the soft water rippled up to the edge of the planks, reflecting everything,—pointed roof and lattice window, and the wonderful assembly of boats. It was not hot so early in the morning; and even had it been hot, the very sight of that placid river, sweeping in subdued silvery tints, cooled down from all the pictorial warmth and purple glory of the evening, must have cooled and refreshed the landscape. The clump of elm-trees on the Brocas extended all their twinkling leaflets to the light; lower down, a line of white houses, with knots of shrubs and stunted trees before each, attracted Dick's attention. Already lines of white clothes put up to dry betrayed at once the occupation and the industry of the inhabitants. If only his mother was of that profession, or could adopt it, Dick thought to himself,—how sweet it would be to live there, with the river at hand and the green meadow-grass between—to live there forever and ever, instead of wandering and tramping about the dusty roads!

There was no dust anywhere on that clear fresh morning. The boy made no comment to himself upon the still beauty of the scene. He knew nothing of the charm of reflection and shadow, the soft tones of the morning brightness, the cool green of the grass; he could not have told why they were beautiful, but he felt it somehow, and all the sweetness of the early calm. The great cart-horse standing meditative on the water's edge, with its heads and limbs relieved against the light sky; the rustling of the gravel as it was shovelled up, all wet and shining, upon the bank; the sound of the workmen's operations in the heavy boat from which they were working,—gave a welcome sense of "company" and fellowship to the friendly boy; and for the rest, his soul was bathed in the sweetness of the

morning. After a while he went higher up the stream and bathed more than his soul—his body too, which was much the better for the bath; and then came back again along the Brocas, having crossed in the punt by which some early workmen went to their occupation, pondering many things in his mind. If a fellow could get settled work now here—a fellow who was not so fortunate as to have a mother who could take in washing! Dick extended his arms as he walked, and stretched himself, and felt able for a man's work, though he was only sixteen—hard work, not light—a good long day, from six in the morning till six at night; what did he care how hard the work was, so long as he was off the road, and had some little nook or corner of his own—he did not even mind how tiny—to creep into, and identify as his, absolutely his, and not another's? The cottages facing to the Brocas were too fine and too grand for his aspirations. Short of the ambitious way of taking in washing, he saw no royal road to such comfort and splendour; but homelier places no doubt might be had. What schemes were buzzing in his young head as he walked back towards Coffin Lane! He had brought out a hunch of bread with him, which his mother had put aside last night, and which served for breakfast, and satisfied him fully. He wanted no delicacies of a spread table, and dreams of hot coffee did not enter his mind. On winter mornings, doubtless, it was tempting when it was to be had in the street, and pennies were forthcoming; but it would have been sheer extravagance on such a day as this. The bread was quite enough for all Dick's need; but his mind was busy with projects ambitious and fanciful. He went back to the lodging-house to find his mother taking the cup of weak tea without milk which was her breakfast; and, as it was still too early to go to his appointment to Val, begged her to come out with him that he might talk with her; there was no accommodation for private talk in the tramps' lodging-house, although most of the inmates by this time were gone upon their vagrant course. Dick took his mother out by the riverside again, and led her to a grassy bank above the gravel-heap and the workmen, where the white houses on the Brocas, and the waving lines of clean linen put out to dry, were full in sight. He began the conversation cunningly, with this practical illustration of his discourse before his eyes.

"Mother," said Dick, "did you never think as you'd like to try staying still in one place and getting a little bit of a home?"

"No, Dick," said the woman, hastily; "don't ask me—I couldn't do it. It would kill me if I were made to try."

"No one ain't a-going to make you," said Dick, soothingly; "but look here, mother—now tell me, didn't you ever try?"

"Oh yes, I've tried—tried hard enough—till I was nigh dead of it——"

"I can't remember, mother."

"It was before your time," she said, with a sigh and uneasy movement—"before you were born."

Dick did not put any further questions. He had never asked anything about his father. A tramp's life has its lessons as well as a lord's, and Dick was aware that it was not always expedient to inquire into the life, either public or private, of your predecessors. He had not the least notion that there had been anything particular about his father, but took it for granted that he must have been such a one as Joe or Jack, in rough coat and knotted handkerchief, a wanderer like the rest. He accepted the facts of existence as they stood without making any difficulties, and therefore he did not attempt to "worrit" his mother by further reference to the past, which evidently did "worrit" her. "Well, never mind that," he said; "you shan't never be forced to anything if I can help it. But if so be as I got work, and it was for my good to stay in a place—supposing it might be here?"

"Here's different," said his mother, dreamily.

"That's just what I think," cried Dick, too wise to ask why; "it's a kind of a place where a body feels free like, where you can be gone to-morrow if you please—the forest handy and Ascot handy, and barges as will give you a lift the moment as you feel it the right thing to go. That's just what I wanted to ask you, mother. If I got a spell of work along of that young swell as I'm going to see, or anything steady, mightn't we try? If you felt on the go any day, you might just take the road again and no harm done; or if you felt as you could sit still and make yourself comfortable in the house——"

"I could never sit still and make myself comfortable," she said; "I can't be happy out of the air, Dick—I can't breathe; and sitting still was never my

way — nor you couldn't do it neither," she added, looking in his face.

"Oh, couldn't I though!" said Dick, with a laugh. "Mother, you don't know much about me. I am not one to grumble, I hope — but if you'll believe me, the thing I'd be proudest of, would be to be bound prentis and learn a trade."

"Dick!"

"I thought you'd be surprised. I know I'm too old now, and I know it's no good wishing," said the boy. "Many and many's the time I've lain awake of nights thinking of it; but I saw as it wasn't to be done nohow, and never spoke. I've give up that free and full, mother, and never bothered you about what couldn't be; so you won't mind if I bother a bit now. If I could get a long spell of work, mother dear! There's them men at the gravel, and there's a deal of lads like me employed about the rafts; and down at Eton they're wanted in every corner, for the fives-courts and the rackets, and all them things. Now supposing as this young swell has took a fancy to me, like I have to him — and supposing as I get work — let's say-supposing, for it may never come to nothing, — wouldn't you stay with me a bit, mother, and try and make a home?"

"I'd like to see the gentleman, Dick," said his mother, ignoring his appeal.

"The gentleman!" said the boy, a little disappointed. And then he added, cheerily — "Well, mother dear, you shall see the gentleman, partickler if you'll stay here a bit, and I have regular work, and we get a bit of an 'ome."

"He would never come to your home, lad — not the likes of him."

"You think a deal of him, mother. He mightn't come to Coffin Lane; I daresay as the gentlemen in college don't let young swells go a-visiting there. But you take my word, you'll see him; for he's taken a fancy to me, I tell you. There's the quarter afore ten chiming. I must be off now, mother; and if anything comes in the way you'll not go against me? not when I've set my heart on it, like this?"

"I'll stay — a bit — to please you, Dick," said the woman. And the lad sprang up and hastened away with a light heart. This was so much gained. He went quickly down, walking on through the narrow High Street of Eton to the great red house in which his new friend was. Grinder's was an institution in the place, the most important of all the Eton boarding-houses, though

only a dame's, not a master's house. The elegant young Grinder, who was Val's tutor, was but a younger branch of his exalted family, and had no immediate share in the grandeurs of the establishment, which was managed by a dominie or dame, a lay member of the Eton community, who taught nothing, but only superintended the meals and morals of his great houseful of boys. Such personages have no place in Eton proper — the Eton of the Reformation period, so to speak — but they were very important in Val's time. Young Brown went to a side door, and asked for Mr. Ross with a little timidity. He was deeply conscious of the fact that he was nothing but "a cad" — not a kind of visitor whom either dame or tutor would permit "one of the gentlemen" to receive; and, indeed, I think Dick would have been sent ignominiously away but for his frank and open countenance, and the careful washing, both in the river and out of it, which he had that morning given himself. He was told to wait; and he waited, noting, with curious eyes, the work of the great house which went on under his eyes, and asking himself how he would like to be in the place of the young curly-headed footman who was flying about through the passages, up-stairs and down, on a hundred errands; or the other aproned functionary who was visible in a dark closet at a distance, cleaning knives with serious persistence, as if life depended on it. Dick decided that he would not like this mode of making his livelihood. He shrank even from the thought — I cannot tell why, for he had no sense of pride, and knew no reason why he should not have taken service in Grinder's, where the servants, as well as the other inmates, lived on the fat of the land, and wanted for nothing; but somehow his fancy was not attracted by such a prospect. He watched the cleaner of knives, and the curly-headed footman in his livery, with interest; but not as he watched the lads on the river, whose life was spent in launching boats and withdrawing them from the water in continual succession. He had no pride; and the livery and the living were infinitely more comfortable than anything he had ever known. "His mind did not go with it," he said to himself; and that was all it was necessary to say.

While he was thus meditating, Valentine Ross, in correct Eton costume — black coat, high hat, and white necktie — fresh from his tutor, with books under

his arm, came in, and spied him where he stood waiting. Val's face lightened up into pleased recognition, — more readily than Dick's did, who was slow to recognize in this solemn garb the figure which he had seen in undress dripping from the waters. "Hollo, Brown!" said Val; "I am glad you have kept your time. Come up-stairs and I'll give you what I promised you." Dick followed his patron up-stairs, and through a long passage to Val's room. "Come in," said Val, rummaging in a drawer of his bureau for the half-crown with which he meant to present his assistant of last night. Dick entered timidly, withdrawing his cap from his head. The room was quite small, the bed folded up, as is usual at Eton. The bureau, or writing-desk with drawers, adorned by a red-velvet shelf on the top, stood in one corner, and a set of bookshelves similarly decorated in another; a heterogeneous collection of pictures, hung as closely as possible, the accumulation of two years, covered the walls; some little carved brackets of stained wood held little plaster figures, not badly modelled, in which an Italian image-seller drove a brisk trade among the boys. A blue and black coat, in bright stripes (need I add that Val — august distinction — was in the Twenty-Two?), topped by a cap of utterly different but equally bright hues — the colours of the house — hung on the door; a fine piece of colour, if perhaps somewhat violent in contrast. The window was full of bright geraniums, which grew in a box outside, and garlanded with the yellow canariensis and wreaths of sweet-peas. Dick looked round upon all these treasures, his heart throbbing with admiration, and something that would have been envy had it been possible to hope or wish for anything so beautiful and delightful for himself; but as this was not possible, the boy's heart swelled with pleasure that his young patron should possess it, which was next best. "Wait a moment," cried Val, finding, as he pursued his search, a note laid upon his bureau, which had been brought in in his absence; and Dick stood breathless, gazing round him, glad of the delay which gave him time to take in every detail of this school-boy palace into his mind. The note was about some momentous piece of business, — the domestic economy of that one of "the boats" in which Val rowed number seven, with hopes of being stroke when Jones left next Election. He bent his brows over it, and seizing paper and pen,

wrote a hasty answer, for such important business cannot wait. Dick, watching his movements, felt with genuine gratification that here was another commission for him. But his patron's next step made his countenance fall, and filled his soul with wonder. Val opened his door, and with stentorian voice shouted "Lower boy!" into the long passage. There was a momentary pause, and then steps were heard in all directions up and down, rattling over the bare boards, and about half-a-dozen young gentlemen in a lump came tumbling into the room. Val inspected them with lofty calm, and held out his note to the last comer, over the heads of the others. "Take this to Benton at Guerre's," he said, with admirable brevity; and immediately the messenger departed, the little crowd melted away, and the two boys were again alone.

"I say, I mustn't keep you here," said Val; "my dame mightn't like it. Here's your half-crown. Have you got anything to do yet? I think you're a handy fellow, and I shouldn't mind saying a word for you if I had the chance. What kind of place do you want?"

"I don't mind what it is," said Dick. "I'd like a place at the rafts awful, if I was good enough; or anything, sir. I don't mind, as long as I can make enough to keep me — and mother; that's all I care."

"Was that your mother?" said Val. "Do you work for her too?"

"Well, sir, you see she can make a deal in our old way. She is a great one with the cards when she likes, but she won't never do it except when we're hard up and she's forced; for she says she has to tell the things she sees, and they always comes true: but what I want is to stay in one place, and get a bit of an 'ome together — and she ain't good for gentlemen's washing or that sort, worse luck," said Dick, regretfully. "So you see, sir, if she stays still to please me, I'll have to work for her, and good reason. She's been a good mother to me, never going on the loose, nor that, like other women do. I don't grudge my work."

Val did not understand the curious tingling that ran through his veins. He was not consciously thinking of his own mother, but yet it was something like sympathy that penetrated his sensitive mind. "I wish I could help you," he said, doubtfully. "I'd speak to the people at the rafts, but I don't know if they'd mind me. I'll tell you what, though," he added, with sudden excitement. "I can

do better than that — I'll get Lichen to speak to them! They might not care for me — but they'll mind what Lichen says."

Dick received reverentially and gratefully, but without understanding the full grandeur of the idea, this splendid promise — for how should the young tramp have known, what I am sure the reader must divine, that Lichen was that Olympian demigod and king among men, the Captain of the Boats? If Lichen had asked the Queen for anything, I wonder if her Majesty would have had the courage to refuse him? but at all events nobody about the river dared to deny him. To be spoken to by Lichen was, to an ordinary mortal, distinction enough to last him half his (Eton) days. Dick did not see the magnificence of the prospect that thus opened to him, but Val knew all that was implied in it, and his countenance brightened all over. "I don't think they can refuse Lichen anything," he said. "Look here, Brown; meet us at the rafts after six, and I'll tell you what is done. I wish your mother would tell me my fortune. Lots of fellows would go to her if they knew; but then the masters wouldn't like it, and there might be a row."

"Bless you, sir, mother wouldn't — not for the Bank of England," cried Dick. "She might tell *you* yours, if I was to ask her. Thank you kindly, sir; I'll be there as sure as life. It's what I should like most."

"If Lichen speaks for you, you'll get it," said Val; "and I know Harry wants boys. You're a good boy, ain't you?" he added, looking at him closely — "you look it. And mind, if we recommend you, and you're found out to be rowdy or bad after, and disgrace us, Lichen will give you such a licking! Or for that matter, I'll do it myself."

"I'm not afraid," said Dick. "I ain't rowdy; and if I get a fixed place and a chance of making a home, you just try me, and see if I'll lose my work for the sake of pleasure. I ain't that sort."

"I don't believe you are," said Val; "only it's right I should warn you; for Lichen ain't a fellow to stand any nonsense, and no more am I. Do you think that's pretty? I'm doing it, but I haven't the time."

This was said in respect to a piece of wood-carving, which Valentine had begun in the beginning of the year, and which lay there, like many another enterprise commenced, gathering dust but

approaching no nearer to completion. Dick surveyed it with glowing eyes.

"I saw some like it in a shop as I came down. Oh, how I should like to try! I've cut things myself out of a bit of wood with an old knife, and sold them at the fair."

"And you think you could do this without any lessons?" said Val, laughing; "just take and try it. I wonder what old Fullady would say! there are the saws and things. But look here, you'll have to go, for it's time for eleven o'clock school. Take the whole concern with you, quick, and I'll give you five bob if you can finish it. Remember after six at the rafts to-night."

Thus saying, the young patron pushed his *protégé* before him out of the room, laden with the wood-carving, and rushed off himself with a pile of books under his arm. All the boys in the house seemed flooding out, and all the boys in Eton to be pouring in different directions, one stream intersecting another, as Dick issued forth, filled with delight and hope. He had not a corner to which he could take the precious bit of work he had been intrusted with — nothing but the common room of the tramps' lodging-house. Oh for a "home," not so grand as Val's little palace, but anything that would afford protection and quiet — a place to decorate and pet like a child! This feeling grew tenfold stronger in Dick's heart as he sat wistfully on the river's bank, and looked across at the rafts in which were sublime possibilities of work and wages. How he longed for the evening! How he counted the moments as the day glowed through its mid hours, and the sun descended the western sky, and the hour known in these regions as "after six" began to come down softly on Eton and the world!

CHAPTER XVII.

DICK's mother sat upon the bank where he had left her, with her hands clasping her knees, and her abstract eyes gazing across the river into the distance, seeing scarcely anything before her, but seeing much which was not before her nor could be. A tramp has no room to sit in, no domestic duties to do, even were she disposed to do them; and to sit thus in a silent musing, or without even musing at all, in mere empty leisure, beaten upon by wind and sun, was as characteristic of her wandering life as were the long fatigues of the road along

which at other times she would plod for hours, or the noisy tumult of race-course or fair through which she often carried her serious face and abstract eyes—a figure always remarkable and never having any visible connection with the scene in which she was. But this day she was as she had not been for years. The heart which fulfilled its ordinary pulsations in her breast calmly and dully on most occasions, like something far off and scarcely belonging to her, was now throbbing high with an emotion which influenced every nerve and fibre of her frame. It had never stilled since last night when she heard Val's name sounding clear through the sunny air, and saw the tall well-formed boy, with his wet jersey clinging to his shoulders, moving swiftly away from her, a vision, but more substantial than any other vision. Her old heart, the heart of her youth, had leaped back into life at that moment; and instead of the muffled beating of the familiar machine which had simply kept her alive all these years, a something full of independent life, full of passion, and eagerness, and quick-coming fancies, and hope, and fear, had suddenly come to life within her bosom. I don't know if her thoughts were very articulate. They could scarcely have been so, uneducated, untrained, undisciplined soul as she was—a creature ruled by impulses, and with no hand to control her; but as she sat there, and saw her placid Dick go happily off, to meet the other lad who was to him “a young swell,” able to advance and help him, one to whom he had taken a sudden fancy, he could not tell why,—the strangeness of the situation roused her to an excitement which she was incapable of subduing. “It mayn't be him after all—it mayn't be him after all,” she said to herself, watching Dick till he disappeared into the distance. She would have given all she had (it was not much) to go with him, and look face to face upon the other. It seemed to her that she must know at the first glance whether it was *him* or not. But, indeed, she had no doubt that it was *him*. For I do not attempt to make any pretence at deceiving the well-informed and quick-sighted reader, who knows as well as I do who this woman was. She had carried on her wandering life, the life which she had chosen, for the last eight years, exposed to all the vicissitudes of people in her condition, sometimes in want, often miserable, pursuing in her wild freedom a routine as mechanically fixed as that of

the most rigid conventional life, and bound, had she known it, by as unyielding a lacework of custom as any that could have affected the life of the Honourable Mrs. Richard Ross, the wife of the Secretary of Legation. But she did not know this, poor soul; and besides, all possibility of that other existence, all hold upon it or thought of it, had disappeared out of her horizon for sixteen years.

Sixteen years! a large slice out of a woman's life who had not yet done more than pass the half-way milestone of human existence. She had never possessed so much even of the merest rudimentary education as to know what the position of Richard Ross's wife meant, except that it involved living in a house, wearing good clothes, and being surrounded by people of whom she was frightened, who did not understand her, and whom she could not understand. Since her flight back into her natural condition, the slow years had brought to her maturing mind thoughts which she understood as little. She was not more educated, more clever, nor indeed more clear in her confused fancies, than when she gave back one of her boys, driven thereto by a wild sense of justice, into his father's keeping; but many strange things had seemed to pass before her dreamy eyes since then,—things she could not fathom, vague visions of what might have been right, of what was wrong. These had come to little practical result, except in so far that she had carefully preserved her boy Dick from contact with the evil around—had trained him in her way to truth and goodness and some strange sense of honour—had got him even a little education, the faculties of reading and writing, which were to herself a huge distinction among her tribe; and, by keeping him in her own dreamy and silent but pure companionship, had preserved the lad from moral harm. She had, however, a material to work upon which had saved her much trouble. The boy was, to begin with, of a character as incomprehensible to her as were the other vague and strange influences which had shaped her shipwrecked life. He was good, gentle, more advanced than herself, his teacher, in the higher things which she tried to teach him, getting by instinct to conclusions which only painfully and dimly had forced themselves upon her, not subject to the temptations which she expected to move him, not lawless, nor violent, nor hard to control,

but full of reason and sense and steady trustworthiness from his cradle. She had by this time got over the surprise with which she had slowly come to recognize in Dick a being totally different from herself. She was no analyst of character, and she had accepted the fact with dumb wonder which did not know how to put itself into words. Even now there awaited her many lesser surprises, as Dick, going on from step to step in life, did things which it never would have occurred to her to do, and showed himself totally impervious to those temptations against which it had been necessary for her to struggle. His last declaration to her was as surprising as anything that went before it. The nomad's son, who had been "on the tramp" all his life, whose existence had been spent "on the road," alternating between the noisy excitement of those scenes of amusement which youth generally loves, and that dull semi-hibernation of the winter which gives the tramp so keen a zest for the new start of spring,—was it the boy so bred who had spoken to her of a "home," of steady work, and the commonplace existence of a man who had learned a trade? She wondered with a depth of vague surprise which it would be impossible to put into words—for she herself had no words to express what she meant. Had it not happened to chime in with the longing in her own mind to stay here and see the other boy, whose momentary contact had filled her with such excitement, I don't know how she would have received Dick's strange proposal; but in her other agitation it had passed without more than an additional but temporary shock of that surprise which Dick constantly gave her; and she did not count the cost of the concession she had made to him, the tacit agreement she had come under to live under a commonplace roof, and confine herself to indoor life during this flush of midsummer weather, for the longing that she had to know something, if only as a distant spectator, of the life and being of that other boy.

After a while she roused herself and went over in the ferry-boat to the other side of the river, where were "the rafts" to which Dick looked with so much anxiety and hope. Everything was very still at the rafts at that sunny hour before mid-day, when Eton, shut up in its schoolrooms, did its construing drowsily, and dreamed of the delights of "after twelve" without being able to rush forth and anticipate them. The attendants on

the rafts, lightly-clad, softly-stepping figures, in noiseless boating shoes and such imitation of boating costume as their means could afford, were lounging about with nothing to do, seated on the rails drawling in dreary Berkshire speech, or arranging their boats in readiness for the approaching rush. Dick's mother approached along the road, without attracting any special observation, and got into conversation with one or two of these men with the ease which attends social intercourse on these levels of life. "If there is a new hand wanted, my lad is dreadful anxious to come," she said. "Old Harry's looking for a new lad," answered the man she addressed. And so the talk began.

"There was a kind of an accident on the river last night," she said, after a while; "one of the gentlemen got his boat upset, and my lad brought it down——"

"Lord bless you, call that a haccident?" said her informant; "half-a-dozen of 'em swamps every night. They don't mind, nor nobody else."

"The name of this one was—Ross, I think," she said, very slowly; "maybe you'll know him?"

"I know him well enough—he's in the Victory; not half a bad fellow in his way, but awful sharp, and not a bit of patience. I seed him come in dripping wet. He's free with his money, and I daresay he'd pay your lad handsome. If I were you, I'd speak to old Harry himself about the place; and if you say you've a friend or two among them young swells, better luck."

"Is this one what you call a swell?" said the woman.

"Why, he's Mr. Ross, ain't he? that's Eton for honourable," said one of the men.

"*He* aint Mr. Ross," said an older and better-informed person, with some contempt. The older attendants at the rafts were walking peerages, and knew everybody's pedigree. "His father was Mister Ross, if you please. He used to be at college in my time; a nice light-haired sort of a lad, not good for much, but with heaps of friends. Not half the pluck of this one: this one's as dark as you, missis, a kind of a foreign-looking blade, and as wilful as the old gentleman himself. But I like that sort better than the quiet ones; the quiet ones does just as much mischief on the sly."

"They're a rare lot, them lads are," said the other—"shouting at a man

like's he was the dust under their feet. Ain't we their fellow-creatures all the same? It ain't much you makes at the rafts, missis, even if you gains a lot in the season. For after all, look how short the season is — you may say just the summer half. It's too cold in March, and it's too cold in October — nothing to speak of but the summer half. You makes a good deal while it lasts, I don't say nothing to the contrary — but what's that to good steady work all round the year?"

"Maybe her lad isn't one for steady work," said another. "It is work, I can tell you is this, as long as it lasts; from early morning to lockup, never a moment to draw your breath, but school-hours, and holidays, and half-holidays without end. Then there's the regular boating gents as come and go, not constant like the Eton gentlemen. They give a deal of trouble — they do; and as particular with their boats as if they were babies, I tell you what, missis, if you want him to have an easy place, I wouldn't send him here."

"He's not one that's afraid of work," said the woman, "and it's what he's set his heart on. I wonder if you could tell me now where this Mr. Ross comes from? — if he's west-country now, down Devonshire way?"

"Bless you, no," said the older man, who was great in genealogies; "he's from the north, he is — Scotland or thereabouts. His grandfather came with him when he first came to college — Lord something or other. About as like a lord as I am. But the nobility ain't much to look at," added this functionary, with whom familiarity had bred contempt. "They're a poor lot them Scotch and Irish lords. Give me a good railway man, or that sort; they're the ones for spending their money. Lord — I can't think on the old un's name."

"Was it — Eskside?"

"You're a nice sort of body to know about the haristocracy," said the man; "in course it was Eskside. Now, missis, if you knowed, what was the good of coming asking me, taking a fellow in?"

"I didn't know," said the woman, humbly; "I only wanted to know. In my young days, long ago, I knew — a family of that name."

"Ay, ay, in your young days. You were a handsome lass then, I'll be bound," said the old man, with a grin.

"Look here," said one of the others — "here's old Harry coming, if you like to

speak to him about your lad. Speak up and don't be frightened. He ain't at all a bad sort, and if you tell him as the boy's spry and handy, and don't mind a hard day's work — speak up! only don't say I told you." And the benevolent adviser disappeared hastily, and began to pull about some old gigs which were ranged on the rafts, as if much too busily occupied to spare a word. The woman went up to the master with a heart beating so strongly that she could scarcely hear her own voice. On any other occasion she would have been shy and reluctant. Asking favours was not in her way — she did not know how to do it. She could not feign or compliment, or do anything to ingratiate herself with a patron. But her internal agitation was so strong that she was quite uplifted beyond all sense of the effort which would have been so trying to her on any other occasion. She went up to him sustained by her excitement, which at the same time blunted her feelings, and made her almost unaware of the very words she uttered.

"Master," she said, going straight to the point, as the excited mind naturally does — "I have a boy that is very anxious for work. He is a good lad, and very kind to me. We've been tramping about the country — nothing better, for all my folks was in that way; but he don't take after me and my folks. He thinks steady work is better, and to stay still in one place."

"He is in the right of it there," was the reply.

"Maybe he is in the right," she said; "I'm not the one to say, for I'm fond of my freedom and moving about. But, master, you'll have one in your place that is not afraid of hard work if you'll have my son."

"Who is your son? do I know him?" said the master, who was a man with a mobile and clean-shaven countenance, like an actor, with a twinkling eye and a suave manner, the father of an athletic band of river worthies who were regarded generally with much admiration by "the college gentlemen," to whom their prowess was well known, — "who is your son?"

The woman grew sick and giddy with the tumult of feeling in her. The words were simple enough in straightforward meaning; but they bore another sense, which made her heart flutter, and took the very light from her eyes. "Who was her son?" It was all she could do to keep from betraying herself, from claim-

ing some one else as her son, very different from Dick. If she had done so, she would have been simply treated as a mad woman: as it was, the bystanders, used to tramps of a very different class, looked at her with instant suspicion, half disposed to attribute her giddiness and faltering to a common enough cause. She mastered herself without fully knowing either the risk she had run or the look directed to her. "You don't know him," she said. "We came here but last night. One of the college gentlemen was to speak for him. He's a good hard-working lad, if you'll take my word for it, that knows him best."

"Well, missis, it's true as you know him best; but I don't know as we can take his mother's word for it. Mothers ain't always to be trusted to tell what they know," said the master, good-humouredly. "I'll speak to you another time, for here they are coming. Look sharp, lads."

"All right, sir; here you are."

The tide was coming in—a tide of boys—who immediately flooded the place, pouring up-stairs into the dressing-rooms to change their school garments for boating dress, and gradually occupying the rafts in a moving restless crowd. The woman stood, jostled by the living stream, watching wistfully, while boat after boat shot out into the water,—gigs, with a laughing, restless crew—out-riggers, each with a silent inmate, bent on work and practice; for all the school races had yet to be rowed. She stood gazing, with a heart that fluttered wildly, upon all those unknown young faces and animated moving figures. One of them was bound to her by the closest tie that can unite two human creatures; and yet, poor soul, she did not know him, nor had he the slightest clue to find her out—to think of her as anyhow connected with himself. Her heart grew sick as she gazed and gazed, pausing now upon one face, now upon another. There was one of whom she caught a passing glimpse, as he pushed off into the stream in one of the long-winged dragon-fly boats, who excited her most of all. She could not see him clearly, only a glimpse of him between the crowding figures about;—an oval face, with dark clouds of curling hair pushed from his forehead. There came a ringing in her ears, a dimness in her eyes. Women in her class do not faint except at the most tremendous emergencies. If they did, they would probably be set down as intoxicated, and summarily dealt with. She caught at the

wooden railing, and held herself upright by it, shutting her eyes to concentrate her strength. And by-and-by the bewildering sick emotion passed; was it *him* whom she had seen?

After this she crossed the river again in the ferry-boat, though it was a halfpenny each time, and she felt the expenditure to be extravagant, and walked about on the other bank till she found Dick, who naturally adopted the same means of finding her, neither of them thinking of any return "home,"—a place which did not exist in their consciousness. Then they went and bought something in an eating-shop, and brought it out to a quiet corner opposite the "Brocas clump," and there ate their dinner, with the river flowing at their feet, and the skiffs of "the gentlemen" darting by. It was, or rather looked, a poetic meal, and few people passed in sight without a momentary envy of the humble picnic; but to Dick Brown and his mother there was nothing out of the way in it, and she tied up the fragments for supper in a spotted cotton handkerchief when they had finished. It was natural for them to eat out of doors, as well as to do everything else out of doors. Dick told her of his good luck, how kind Valentine had been, and gave her the half-crown he had received, and an account of all that was to be done for him. "If they don't mind him, they're sure to mind the other gentleman," said devout Dick, who believed in Val's power with a fervent and unquestioned faith. After a while he went across to the rafts, and hung about there ready for any odd job, and making himself conspicuous in eager anxiety to please the master. His mother stayed still, with the fragments of their meal tied up in the handkerchief, on the same grassy bank where they dined, watching the boats as they came and went. She did not understand how it was that they all dropped off one by one, and as suddenly reappeared again when the hour for dinner and the hour of "three o'clock school" passed. But she had nothing to do to call her from that musing and silence to which she had become habituated, and remained there the entire afternoon doing nothing but gaze. At last, however, she made a great effort, and roused herself. The unknown boy after whom she yearned could not be identified among all these strange faces; and there was something which could be done for good Dick, the boy who had always been good to her. She did for Dick what no

one could have expected her to do ; she went and looked for a lodging where they could establish themselves. After a while she found two small rooms in a house facing the river,—one in which Dick could sleep, the other a room with a fire-place, where his hot meals, which he no doubt would insist upon, could be cooked, and where, in a corner, she herself could sleep when the day was over. She had a little stock of reserve money on her person, a few shillings saved, and something more, which was the remnant of a sum she had carried about with her for years, and which I believe she intended “to bury her,” according to the curious pride which is common among the poor. But as for the moment there was no question of burying her, she felt justified in breaking in upon this little hoard to please her boy by such forlorn attempts at comfort as were in her power. She ventured to buy a few necessities, and to make provision as well as she knew how for the night—the first night which she would have passed for years under a roof which she could call her own. One of the chief reasons that reconciled her to this step was, that the room faced the river, and that not Dick alone, but the other whom she did not know, could be watched from the window. Should she get to know him, perhaps to speak to him, that other?—to watch him every summer evening in his boat, floating up and down—to distinguish his voice in the crowd, and his step? But for this hope she could not, I think, have made so great a sacrifice for Dick alone—a sacrifice she had not been able to make when the doing of it would have been still more important than now. Perhaps it was because she was growing older, and the individual had faded somewhat from her consciousness ; but the change bewildered even herself. She did it notwithstanding, and of her free will.

From The Contemporary Review.

LETTERS FROM ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

TO THE AUTHOR OF “ORION” ON LITERARY AND GENERAL TOPICS.

IV.

WITH how fine a temper, and how generous a spirit Miss E. B. Barrett bore all the objections made to her new theory of English Rhymes, has only been slightly

shown in the previous instalment of these papers. Provoking as some of the strictures must have been to one who had not accidentally fallen into what would be commonly regarded as lyrical heresies, but who had systematically intended, and laboured to do, the very things most demurred to—she passes them over in the note about to be given, with only a remote reference ; playfully speaking of her dog “Flush,” then touching upon the “Dead Pan,” then turning to other objects of literary interest, with a nobly expressed admiration of Miss Martineau :—

Saturday night (no other date).

Never in the world was another such a dog as my Flush ! Just now, because after reading your note, I laid it down thoughtfully without taking anything else up, he threw himself into my arms, as much as to say—“Now it’s *my* turn. You’re not busy at all now.” He understands everything, and would not disturb me for the world. Do not tell Miss Mitford—but her Flush (whom she brought to see me) is not to be compared to mine !—quite animal and dog-natural, and incapable of my Flushie’s hypercynical refinements. There is not such a dog in the world as he is, I must say again—and never was, except the one Plato swore by. I talk to him just as I should do to the “reasoning animal on two legs”—the only difference being that he has four super-erogatorily.

I am very glad to hear of Miss Martineau and “Orion.” She has a fine enthusiasm and understanding, or rather understanding and enthusiasm, for poetry,—which shows a wonderful and beautiful proportion of faculties, considering what she is otherwise. I do not say so because she fancied my “Pan”—which you may not think worthy of such praise—and which she very probably was pleased with on account of its association with her favourite poet Schiller—such associations affecting the mind beyond its cognizance. My “Pan” takes the reverse of Schiller’s argument in his famous “Gods of Greece,” and argues it out.

No,—nobody has said that “the paper was the work of a private friend,” [alluding, probably, to some critique I had written about her poetry] but everybody with any sense must have thought it.

Ever and truly yours,
E. B. B.

Oh—do not put me in despair about “times and seasons.” The book must and *shall* come out this season.

The next is a fragment found in the same envelope, the first leaf having gone astray :—

Fragment.

Think of my stupidity about Leigh Hunt’s poem of “Godiva” ! The volume I lent has

just returned, and most assuredly there is no such poem in it. His late republication may contain it—and that also I have lent. You shall have it in time.

I hear rumours of greatness in respect of a Mr. Patmore's new volume of poems just advertised. They are said to be "only second to Tennyson's by coming secondly"—which, however, makes a difference! Tell me, if you see them, what you think of them. He is said to be quite a young man—that is, a very young man.

Oh, no—I promise to try not to kill myself [with over-work] but I am very busy and anxious, and can't help being both.

We now come to the question of Versification—an Art quite fixed and final if we keep to the old classic system of counting feet, or syllables,—and 'a most eel-like subject, chameleon-like, lustrous, dove's-breast-like, chromatic sprite and sylphid, when, boldly diverging from the old, well-known tracks and measurements, poets take to the spiritual guidance of "airy voices" dictating euphonious accents, pauses, beats of time, wavy lilts and pulsations, often not amenable to any laws except those of musical utterance and emotion. These varied measures, numbers, utterances, when an attempt is made to force them within the confines of special laws, are very apt, in many instances, to find their spirit evaporate, and nothing but a *caput mortuum* remaining in its place. Perhaps the greatest difficulty in forming a settled judgment of these new forms of versification arises from the fact that one good ear will frequently be found to differ from another good ear, with regard to the effect of the same rhythmic music. In short, one can *read it* musically, and another cannot. One is delighted with it—the other denounces it. A remarkable instance of this will appear in the next of Miss Barrett's letters which I am about to give. It will be found interesting, as well as curious, from a peculiar circumstance. In the previous instalment of this series, a note is mentioned which had been addressed to Miss Barrett's cousin, Mr. John Kenyon,—shown to her,—lent to me, and returned—referring admiringly to her bold experiments in novel rhymes. This note, which I had fancied to have been written by Landor, I have since found was written by Mr. Browning. The Letter I am now about to give has special reference to Mr. Browning's poetry. It will thus be discovered that two poets who had never seen each other at this time, were already intimate in imagination and intellectual sympathy;—

that one appreciated the other completely, while the other (viz., Miss Barrett) took a sweeping exception to a special phase of the genius she so well estimated in all other respects. And in this exception she was, as I considered, only justified in certain respects.

The note begins with an amusing reference to something *outré* which had been written to Miss Barrett by somebody, whose name I was endeavouring to guess; then touches briefly on the poems of Mr. Trench, and passes on to Mr. Browning with a striking commentary:—

May 1st, 1843.

Your over-subtlety, my dear Mr. Horne, has ruined you! Suspecting me of man-traps and spring-guns, you shoot yourself with the hypothesis of a spring-gun—which takes its place at once among "remarkable accidents."

For—I stated the bare fact when I said "a man." Man it was—no woman it was!—man it was, and man it ought to be. Yes, and it wasn't Leigh Hunt either, I make oath to you! I wish it *had* been Leigh Hunt.

No man would have ventured to say such a thing? Ventured!—why, you are quite innocent, Mr. Horne. I won't tell you the name; but I affirm to you that those words, as I quoted them, were written by a man, and to me. And, by no means in jest or lightness of heart, as a woman would have written them—nor in arch-mock at the infirmities of our nature, as Leigh Hunt might have written them, but in grave naïveté,—in sincere earnestness, and without the consciousness of saying anything out of the way. [My last guess was that it came from America.] Now, I wouldn't tell you the name for the world.

At the end of your last note you attempt an impossible application of a quotation which won't be applied in such a manner for two separate reasons. "I prythee do not mock me."

You are quite right. "Anybody can be severe." As to Mr. Trench, I have only such knowledge of him as extracts in your article and other reviews can give; and although he has probably more faculty than many who are facile and copious, he seems to be dry and limited, and without impulse in the use of it,—and meets, I should think, with liberal justice at your hands. Browning, however, stands high with me. I want very much to know what you mean by his worst fault, which you have not touched upon? Will you tell me in confidence, and I will promise never to divulge it, if you make a condition of secrecy? Mr. Browning knows thoroughly what a poet's true work is;—he is learned, not only in profane learning, but in the conduct of his genius; he is original in common things; his very obscurities have an oracular nobleness about them which pleases me.

I cannot help pausing an instant to remind the reader that the above critique

was written in 1843, when only a very special class had made similar discoveries, and that the writer had never seen the poet; so that we may fairly regard this as a striking proof of her genius in discerning, and her generosity in the full admission of what she recognized. Miss Barrett thus continues:—

His passion burns the paper. But I will guess at the worst fault—at least, I will tell you what has always seemed to me the worst fault—a want of *harmony*. I mean in the two senses—spiritual and physical. There is a want of softening power in thoughts and in feelings, as well as words; everything is trenchant—black and white, without intermediate colours—nothing is tender; there is little room in all this passion, for pathos. And the verse—the lyrics—where is the ear? Inspired spirits should not speak so harshly; and, in good sooth, they seldom do. What?—from “Paracelsus” down to the “Bells and Pomegranates”—a whole band of angels—white-robed and crowned angel-thoughts, with palms in their hands—and *no music!*

The too sweeping assertion of the last words I distinctly remember contesting in my next note. Admitting all the fair critic had said as to the frequent obscurities of meaning, and involutions, or harshness of style, I reminded her that almost any schoolboy—without selecting Lord Macaulay’s model one—who had some natural faculty and a good scholastic drilling, could write “smooth verses,” and where this was not done by those who were evidently masters of the Art of Poetry, there was a reason for it. Nobody should regard it as attributable to carelessness, or even indifference. On the other hand, the lady was referred to several striking instances of rhythmic music, and particularly among the “Bells and Pomegranates.” It was difficult to resist a dancing emotion as one read how all the children and townspeople went dancing after the “Pied Piper of Hamelin,” while every horseman must have accompanied the riders in the ride with “the good news” to Ghent. I was so impressed with this at the time—and never having known what could be done in that way, as I subsequently experienced in the Australian bush—that I remember asking the poet if he could “tighten his girths while at full speed,” as I had felt while doing this, with his poem, that I had more than once just lost my balance. In short, I only partially agreed with the fair critic about the music. And this question directly brings us to Versification; but, as the mere syn-

opsis of such an Essay would occupy several pages, and, so far, interrupt the course of the Letters, it has been considered advisable to postpone the discussion till the close of these papers. We will therefore do no more at present than touch upon the question of Versification with reference chiefly to Miss Barrett, and incidentally to the Laureate and one or two other poets, commencing, of necessity, with Chaucer.

It has been seen that Miss Barrett was a true admirer and student of the Father of English Poetry; but from the influence of early habit, it seems probable that his admirable variations of the euphony of heroic couplets, so as to correct the monotony of their ten-syllable regularity, and systematic pauses, were not especially noticed by her, unless, in some cases, as objectionable. The method adopted by Chaucer to obtain variety of harmony in this measure was not, however, so much with respect to the position of pauses and accents in the line, as in the rhythmical embodiment of an eleventh syllable. He also, on special occasions, breaks up the couplet-system, by ending a poetical paragraph with the first word of the rhyme and a full stop. And then takes it up again, with its proper rhyme in the first line of the next poetical division or paragraph. Two or three examples of the former will make the principle clear enough:—

He mote be dedde—a king as well as a page,
&c.—*The Knight’s Tale*.

I speake of many an hundred year ago, &c.
Wife of Bath’s Tale.

Thy temple in Delphos wol I barfote seke, &c.
The Franklin’s Tale.

At Orliaunce in studie a booke he seie, &c.
Ibid.

Where was your pitie, O people mercilesse,
&c.—*Lamentation of Mary Magdaleine*.

Her nose directed straight, and even as line,
&c.—*The Court of Love*.

With these, and similar variations, the poems of Chaucer abound. Read in accordance with the early training of most of us, the reader will exclaim—“It won’t come in!” Of course it will not; but the foregoing lines will all be found perfectly harmonious if the words which cause the difficulty are treated like *a turn* in music, so that they come “trippingly” off the tongue. Thus, “as well as,” being read *as well’s*—“many an,” *man’y’n*,—“temple in,” *templ’in*,—“studie a,” *studi’a*,—“pitie, O people,” *piti-o’-peopl*,—

"even as," *ev'nas*, &c. For such explanations, to all those who do not in the least need them, the writer begs to tender every proper apology. The desire to make this matter perfectly clear must be his excuse. These *harmonious variations** were dropped by nearly all the poets during many years after Chaucer.

In *lyrical* verse, and more especially in the octo-syllabic measure, the first great innovator — not precisely the discoverer, but certainly the first great master — was Coleridge. In the "Vision of Pierce Ploughman," in Lidgate's and several other old English and Scottish Ballads, similar musical variations occur, but apparently without intention, and by happy inspiration, though not with the numerous forms of variety introduced by Coleridge. It is said that he once exclaimed with glee — "They all think they are reading eight syllables, — and every now and then they read nine, eleven, and thirteen, without being aware of it."

But to take a general and broad view of English versification, I find the following Letters from Leigh Hunt carefully fastened to the Letter from Miss Barrett upon the same subject. Although they bear no date of the year upon them, the allusions show that they were written mainly in comment, with a mild infusion of controversy, on a certain paragraph in my Introduction to the volume of "Chaucer Modernized," and also in reply to some comments I had made upon the versification of his "Legend of Florence." Differing with Mr. Leigh Hunt so widely on certain points of theology and social ethics as did Miss Barrett (which will be displayed fully and "argued out" in one

of her future Letters), I yet feel sure she would have been highly gratified had she known that her views on the Art of English Poetry had been so specially conserved for so many years, even in literary entombment, with one of the most accomplished and elegant of the *illuminati* (using the term in its best sense) of his time.

Kensington, November 24.

MY DEAR HORNE, — I should have written by return of post, but had something to finish by tea-time which I could not delay.

The English prosodists have generally proceeded, I believe, upon the assumption that their heroic measure is a particular mode of iambics, with a variation of spondees, trochees, &c. I therefore, if I distinctly see the drift of it, doubt whether your paragraph can stand exactly as it does; but it is impossible for us now to exchange talk on this subject by letter, and as I am coming to Montague Street, to-morrow (Wednesday), would it not be as well for us to have our Bosterisms out at once *vivâ voce*? For then, you see, we can have as many as we please in a good long chat, and so do what we can with this perplexing matter finally; for in truth, it is a *very* perplexing one, and has scratched the fingers of everybody that has approached it. I will also bring you another book, expressly on the subject — at least comprising it.

The "Ancient Mariner" did much, no doubt, in the poetical circles in which it was almost exclusively known [How sad is this record of neglect of living genius, which thus incidentally drops from the pen of one of the poet's contemporaries!], and Coleridge, I should say, is unquestionably the great modern master of lyrical harmony. But what the Percy Reliques achieved in the *gross*, was a general simplification of the poetic style, and the return to faith in nature and passion. We will have a good set-to upon these matters to-morrow, if you think fit; and you shall have, in the course of a good plump half-hour, all I have to say about them.

Ever heartily,
LEIGH HUNT.

Unfortunately, something prevented the proposed conversation, but here is another note on the same subject written during the same month: —

Kensington, November.

MY DEAR HORNE, — This is merely one or two more marginalia which, on recollection, I intended to have scribbled. The fact is, that as to "spectacle" [to which, apparently, I had demurred, as being too harsh a word in a certain line] it *is* "harsh," uttered by a harsh man; but what if Chaucer had said it, thou Horne! To this I suppose you will say, "Impossible." Well, but suppose you find it in him some day? or something equivalent? [The logic of this is exquisite, and so like

* As a somewhat extreme illustration, I hope the following anecdote will be pardoned. "I notice," said Tennyson (this was long before he became Poet Laureate), "that you have a number of lines in 'Orion' which are not amenable to the usual scanning." "True; but they can all be scanned by the same number of beats of time." "Well; how then do you scan — mind, I don't object to it — but how do you scan — The long, grey, horizontal wall of the dead-calm sea?"

Now, as this was the only instance of such a line, the engineer fancied he was about to be "hoist with his own petard;" however, he proposed to do it thus —

The | long | grey | hori | zont'l | wall | o' the | dead |
calm | sea.

It could easily be put into an Alexandrine line: and, by a different arrangement of the beats of time, the line might even be brought into eight beats: —

Thé | lōng | grey | hōri | zōnt'l | wāll-o' the | deā-d-calm
| sēa.

The poet smiled, and apparently accepted the scanning — at any rate, the first one. Some of the variations, however, subsequently introduced by Leigh Hunt in his beautiful play of "The Legend of Florence," would have to be tried, like those of Beaumont and Fletcher, by yet more unorthodox principles of harmony.

Leigh Hunt in a case of friendly controversy, where the shades of the earnest and the humorous continually ran into each other.]

This is nothing. But now as to —

The poet now refers to several very remarkable lines in his "Legend of Florence," but this examination must be deferred for the reasons previously given.

To come at once to our own time. The peculiar variety which we have been discussing scarcely ever occurs in any of Miss Barrett's earlier poems; but latterly it is to be found: —

Or, as noon and night
Had clapped together, and utterly struck out
The intermediate time, undoing themselves
In the act. *Aurora Leigh.* Book III.

Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get.
Ibid.

So, happy and unafraid of solitude, &c.—*Ibid.*
Except in fable and figure: forests chant, &c.
Ibid.

To a pure white line of flame more luminous
Because of obliteration, more intense
The intimate presence carrying in itself.
Ibid., Book IX.

It is possible that some readers may not have been prepared for this; and still less for the same Chaucerian variation (which many persons may have fancied rough, and antiquated, merely from having been trained to a regular syllabic mode of reading) to be found continually, and, of course, gracefully, adopted by the Laureate. Here are three or four illustrations taken quite at random, or quite as much so as usual with such takings: —

He crept into the shadow: at last he said, &c.
Enoch Arden.

How merry they are down yonder in the wood,
&c. — *Ibid.*

Had rioted his life out, and made an end.
Aylmer's Field.

Strike thro' a finer element than her own?
Ibid.

Which rolling o'er the palaces of the proud,
&c. — *Ibid.*

And oxen from the city and goodly sheep, &c.
Trans. Iliad.

Sat glorying; many a fire before them blazed.
*Ibid.**

* In the above specimen of a translation from the Iliad — truly a model for all future translators — those who like to have as close a translation of a great poet's words as can be poetically given, will feel surprised at the Laureate's preference for —

"And championing golden grain, the horses stood
Hard by their chariots, waiting for the dawn,"
instead of his more literal —

The "Experiments" (in versification) published by the Laureate at the end of the volume containing "Enoch Arden" and "Aylmer's Field," should be studied by all who take an interest in the progress of English poetry in these respects. The experiment entitled "Boädicéa" will be regarded as a success after a second reading, and the poem on "Milton" (in *alcaics*) at once. Somehow, it seems to be precisely the right kind of measure to adopt with regard to Milton. The "Hendecasyllabics," will require more readings than may be consonant with an admission of success in a metre of Catullus. Still, there are some lines which at least render the cause quite hopeful. Canon Kingsley's "Andromeda" is also a meritorious experiment.

The variations derived from the octo-syllabic measure of the old Ballads, as brought to perfection by Coleridge, and carried, into other perfections, I submit, by Tennyson, and lastly by Swinburne, have now been, more or less, adopted by lyrical poets in general, — by some as conscious students and followers, by others from the almost unconscious influence which leading spirits invariably exercise upon contemporaries of less originality and power. In the variation upon the octo-syllabic measure we may observe several who have been very successful, more especially among poetesses — from Jean Ingelow, "Sadie," and Miss Rossetti, to the last graceful appearances in the lyrical form, of Jeanie Morison (Mrs. Campbell, of Ballochyle), and Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer.

In the previous instalment of these papers it was remarked that all young poets have commenced their songs in a bird-like manner. They have scarcely ever had any more thought of the classical terms and technicalities, and the various laws of the Art, than the bird on the bough, who "warbles away," with no

"And eating hoary grain and pulse, the steeds
Stood by their cars, waiting the thronéd morn."

The first is of the usual sort, and has nothing of the close truth of the description of the dry *mealy* corn, together with the green herbage. Also the word "chariots" instead of "cars," has lost us the grand suggestion of the embattled host looking upward to Eos on her Throne, an hour or so afterwards! The very same kind of error is committed by Mr. Gladstone, who prefers giving the common-place "*sharp-tipped lance*," to the original "*copper-tipped*." (See *Con. Rev.*, Feb., 1874.) For what possible reason, of a good kind, should we not have that piece of insight into the arms and armourer's work of the Homeric age? Besides, the very fact of the lances being tipped with copper, will account for many a man's life being saved by the point turning before it had passed through his shield or breast-plates.

idea of such things as crotchets and quavers, *appoggiaturas* and the *nachschlag* — the trochaic or the iambic rhythm — the dactylic, anapæstic, or amphibrachic rhythm. The illustration is of course only figurative, and rather one-sided, but true in spirit. The poetesses who have appeared during the last few years — commencing with Jean Ingelow, and closing (for the present) with Jeanie Morison and Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer, are all instances of this, more especially the two last-named ladies, who run most gracefully into several melodious measures, as by a spontaneous impulse. But while we are admiring this simplicity and artless ease, we must be yet more impressed with the force of poetical idiosyncrasy which shall enable those who have passed through the *curriculum* of studies for the Art, with all its laws and technicalities — like Canon Kingsley, Robert Buchanan, and George MacDonald — to return to nature and first principles in the charming and bird-like freedom of their Songs for Children — thus happily superseding the horrid barefaced depravities and vulgar doggrels of the very great majority of our early Nursery Songs and Rhymes.

It has been previously stated in these papers, that the work entitled "A New Spirit of the Age" — being critiques on the writings of contemporaries in 1844 — was edited, and partly written, by the transcriber of these Letters; and that he was assisted by the contributions of three or four eminent authors. The principal, and most valuable of these, was Miss E. B. Barrett. One of the critiques, and certainly one of the best, was mainly written by that lady. It was forwarded in two Letters, which were carefully transcribed. As the second edition of the work has been out of print these thirty years in England (though I am aware that at least three "unauthorized" editions were subsequently printed in America), I venture to think the readers of the present day will not be indisposed to welcome a few extracts from Miss Barrett's Letters containing her contributions, — now for the first time acknowledged, — and in especial those just alluded to, which are almost exclusively devoted to a review of the writings of Walter Savage Landor.

It was preceded by a few biographical and other remarks, founded upon communications forwarded to me by Mr. Landor. The spirit of a Greek epigram written by him on Napoleon the First

(and which we will subsequently transcribe) will be understood by the following interesting episode in the author's private history: —

"Mr. Landor went to Paris in the beginning of the century, where he witnessed the ceremony of Napoleon being made Consul for life, amidst the acclamations of multitudes. He subsequently saw the dethroned and deserted Emperor pass through Tours, on his way to embark, as he intended, for America. Napoleon was attended only by a single servant, and descended at the Prefecture, unrecognized by anybody excepting Landor. The people of Tours were most hostile to Napoleon; as a republican politician, Landor had always felt a hatred towards him, and now he had but to point one finger at him, and it would have done what all the musquetry, artillery and 'infernal machines' of twenty years of wars and passions had failed to do. The tigers of the populace would have torn him to pieces. Need it be said that Landor was too noble a man to avail himself of such an opportunity. He held his breath, and let the hero pass. Possibly this hatred on the part of Landor, like that of many other excessively self-willed men, was as much owing to exasperation at the commanding successes of Napoleon, as at his falling off from pure republican principles. However, Landor's great hatred, and yet 'greater' forbearance are hereby recorded."

The remark having been made by me that, as a general rule, the originality of a man — say and do what he may — is necessarily in itself an argument and reason against his rapid popularity, Miss Barrett's Letter proceeds as follows: —

In the case of Mr. Landor, however, other causes than the originality of his faculty opposed his favour with the public. He has [the date of this letter is 1844, Landor being then alive] the most select audience, perhaps — the fittest, the fewest — of any distinguished author of the day; and this of his choice. "Give me," he said in one of his prefaces, "ten accomplished men for readers, and I am content." And the event does not by any means, so far as we could desire, outstrip the modesty, or despair, or disdain, of this aspiration.

In reply to an adverse criticism in a certain quarterly journal, he offered the critic "three hot penny rolls" for his luncheon, if he could write anything as good. This was not exactly the way to

make friends with the tribe. Miss Barrett thus continues,—

He writes criticism for critics, and poetry for poets; his drama, when he is dramatic, will suppose neither pit nor gallery, nor critics, nor laws. He is not a publican among poets—he does not sell his Amreeta cups upon the highway. He delivers them rather with the dignity of a giver to ticketed persons; analyzing their flavour and fragrance with a learned delicacy, and an appeal to the esoteric. His very spelling of English is uncommon and theoretic. And as if poetry were not, in English, a sufficiently unpopular dead language, he has had recourse to writing poetry in Latin; with dissertations on the Latin tongue, to fence it out doubly from the populace. *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.*

In a private note to me, in acknowledging the reception of a copy of my one-act tragedy ("The Death of Marlowe") he wrote,—“I had *redd* it before with greater pleasure than,” &c.; but nobody must imagine from this that he favoured the adoption of a phonetic system of spelling, rational as such a system would be. As to the word “*redd*,” its adoption would really be an advantage.

Mr. Landor is classical in the highest sense. His conceptions stand out clearly cut and fine, in a magnitude and nobility as far as possible removed from the small and sickly vagueness common to this century of letters. If he seems obscure at times it is from no infirmity or inadequacy of thought or word, but from extreme concentration and involution in brevity; for a short string can be tied in a knot as well as a long one. He can be tender, as the strong can best be; and his pathos, when it comes, is profound. His descriptions are full and startling; his thoughts self-produced and bold; and he has the art of taking a commonplace under a new aspect, and of leaving the Roman brick, marble. In marble, indeed, he seems to work; for there is an angularity in the workmanship, whether of prose or verse, which the very exquisiteness of the polish renders more conspicuous. You may complain, too, of hearing the chisel; but after all you applaud the work—it is a work well done. The elaboration produces no sense of heaviness; the severity of the outline does not militate against beauty; if it is cold, it is also noble; if not impulsive, it is suggestive. As a writer of Latin poems he ranks with our most successful scholars and poets; having less harmony and majesty than Milton had—when he aspired to that species of “Life in Death”—but more variety and freedom of utterance. Mr. Landor’s English prose writings possess most of the characteristics of his poetry, only they are more perfect in their class. His “Pericles and Aspasia” and “Pentameron” are books for the world and for all time, whenever the world and time shall

come to their senses about them; complete in beauty of sentiment and subtlety of criticism. His general style is highly scholastic and elegant; his sentences have *articulations*, if such an expression may be permitted, of very excellent proportions. And, abounding in striking images and thoughts, he is remarkable for making clear ground there, and for lifting them, like statues to pedestals, where they may be seen most distinctly, and strike with the most enduring, though often the most gradual, impression. This is the case, both in his prose works and his poetry. It is more conspicuously true of some of his smaller poems, which for quiet classic grace and tenderness, and exquisite care in their polish, may best be compared with beautiful cameos and vases of the antique.

There are two of Landor’s works which are probably known to less than half-a-dozen people of the present day. One of them is entitled “Poems from the Arabic and Persian.” They are as full of ornate fancy, grace, and tenderness, as the originals from which they appeared to be translated, and were accompanied by a number of erudite critical notes, likely to cause much searching among Oriental scholars. And the search, after all, was certain to be in vain, as no such poems really existed in the Arabic or Persian. The other *brochure* was “A Satire upon Satirists,” a copy of which Mr. Landor sent to me. It was a scathing piece of heroic verse, and a brief extract may, perhaps, be given at the close of this series.

Allusion having been made to Landor with reference to “Napoleon the First,” an extract from one of Miss Barrett’s private Letters will prove interesting in the shape of a fragment of literary vengeance which the poet bequeathed to the Conqueror:—

Your [Life of] “Napoleon” touched me very much; and what I estimated was that we are not suffered in this, as in some other animated narratives, to be separated from our higher feelings without our consciousness. I like the tone of thought distinguishable through, and from, the cannonading,—the half sarcasm dropped, as unaware, among the pseudo glories which are the subjects of description. “The dead say nothing.” There are fine things, too, more than I can count, particularly with the book out of sight. The Duke d’Enghien’s death has haunted me, with the concluding words on human power—that “effluence of mortality already beginning to decay.” The book’s fault is its inequality of style; in fact, that you didn’t write it all; and I am consistent enough not to complain of that. Did you ever see Mr. Landor’s epigram upon Napoleon? He was so kind as to give it to

me, the only evening I ever spent in his company, — and here it is : —

Τίς ποτε, Ναπόλεον, τὰ σὰ πρῶτα καὶ ὕστατα
γράψει
Ἔργα; Χρῶνος τέκνων αἵματι τερπόμενος.

Receiving this epigram while on a visit with a mutual lady-friend in the country, I requested her the next time she called on Miss Barrett to hand her the following paraphrastic translation, —

Napoleon ! thy deeds beyond compeers,

Who shall write, thrillingly ? —

The Father of Years !

And — with the blood of children — willingly.

Feeling that there was another side to the question, I requested the same lady to hand also another epigram to the fair secluded classic, —

Holy Alliance ! — Time can scarcely tell

To heaven or hell,

What blood and treasure sank into the void

Of hushed-up night,

For " Divine Right," —

Which that one man destroyed !

This subject naturally leads to recollections of the first great French Revolution, — to Carlyle's wonderfully graphic work on that subject, — and to several Letters from Miss Barrett concerning Carlyle, which were printed in the critical work previously mentioned. But the following Letter was *not* printed, having arrived some days too late. The references to theological dogmas are characterized by the writer's usual independence of thought, and force of expression : —

It is impossible to part from this subject without touching upon a point of it we have already glanced at by an illustration, when we said that his object was to discover the sun, and not to specify the landscape. He is, in fact, somewhat indefinite in his ideas of "faith" and "truth." In his ardour for the quality of belief, he is apt to separate it from its objects; and although in the remarks on tolerance in his "Hero Worship" he guards himself strongly from an imputation of latitudinarianism, yet we cannot say but that he sometimes overleaps his own fences, and sets us wondering whither he would be speeding. This is the occasion of some disquiet to such of his readers as discern with any clearness that the *truth itself* is a more excellent thing than our *belief* in the truth; and that, *à priori*, *our belief does not make the truth*. But it is the effect, more or less, of every abstract consideration that we are inclined to hold the object of abstraction some moments longer in its state of separation and analysis than is at all necessary or desirable. And, after all, the

right way of viewing the matter is that Mr. Carlyle intends to teach us something, and not everything; and to direct us to a particular instrument, and not to direct us in its specific application. It would be a strange reproach to offer to the morning star, that it does not shine in the evening.

For the rest, we may congratulate Mr. Carlyle and the dawning time. We have observed that individual genius is the means of popular advancement. A man of genius gives a thought to the multitude, and the multitude spread it out as far as it will go, until another man of genius brings another thought, which attaches itself to the first, because all truth is assimilative, and perhaps even reducible to that monadity of which Parmenides discoursed. Mr. Carlyle is gradually amassing a greater reputation than might have been looked for at the hands of this Polytechnic age, and has the satisfaction of witnessing with his living eyes the outspread of his thought among nations. That this Thought — the ideas of this prose poet, should make way with sufficient rapidity for him to live to see the progress, as a fact full of hope for the coming age; even as the other fact, of its first channel furrowing America (and it is a fact that Carlyle was generally read there before he was truly recognized in his own land), is replete with favourable promise for that great country, and indicative of a noble love of truth in it passing the love of dollars.

The following *fragment* of a Letter was not intended for the work previously mentioned, but might very well have been included in it — although I should have proposed here and there to interpolate an adverse word : —

FRAGMENT.

I have been reading Carlyle's "Past and Present." There is nothing new in it, even of Carlyleism — but almost everything true. But tell me, why should he call the English people a silent people, whose epics are in *action*, and whose Shakespeare and Milton are mere accidents of their condition? Is that true? Is not this contrary — most extremely, to truth? [Indeed, I do think it very true.] This English people — has it not a nobler, a fuller, a more abounding and various literature than all the peoples of the earth, "past or present," dead or living, all except one — the Greek people? It is "fact," and not "sham," that our literature is the fullest, and noblest, and most suggestive — do you not think so? I wish I knew Mr. Carlyle, to look in his face, and say, "We are a most singing people — a most eloquent and speechful people — we are none of us silent, except the undertaker's mutes."

Most truly and loquaciously yours,

E. B. BARRETT.

Had I been challenged so stoutly — nay, charged home, at the point of the

pen — in our present day, I should certainly have taken side with Thomas Carlyle. By a “singing people” must be meant either poets or vocalists, and in both cases, especially the former, the men of genius have always been exceptions. We all know how Shakespeare and Milton were regarded in their own day; and if such men now lived, we see clearly how they would be treated by managers of theatres, and by nearly every living publisher — for the good business-reason that “they wouldn’t sell.” Meantime a noble Duke the other day gave £2,000 for a bull! To keep up our breed. Most cattle-spirited and praiseworthy, of course. The epics in action, alluded to by Carlyle, would find their audience in the sedulous readers of Abyssinian wars, and Ashantee wars, — not to speak of the insatiate and inexhaustible readers of the deeds of the “hero” of the late Tichborne wars! For speechful eloquence, are not Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Bright remarkable *exceptions* among English people; — Mr. Gladstone also, standing upon a waggon for a couple of hours without his hat — and allowed by twenty thousand people to stand thus uncovered — on a pitiless windy day pouring out “speech” like any “Christom child” — who shall say that such things, because they are the common property of England, are the common capacities of the English people? As to “silence,” even among each other, does not everybody know this at home and abroad?

With reference to Miss Barrett’s claiming for us so full, and noble, and varied a general literature, it is no doubt a just eulogy, although one might demur to the term “suggestive,” as it would seem far more applicable to the literature of Germany. Yet, again, the *exceptions* among us are undoubted, even in the face of German idealities, — one striking instance of which, among many that could be adduced, will be manifest when I place before the reader Miss Barrett’s suggestions for the lyrical drama of “Psyche,” previously mentioned.

R. H. HORNE.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
A ROSE IN JUNE.

CHAPTER X.

MR. INCLEDON was a man of whom people said that any girl might be glad to

marry him; and considering marriage from an abstract point of view, as one naturally does when it does not concern one’s self, this was entirely true. In position, in character, in appearance, and in principles he was everything that could be desired: a good man, just, and never consciously unkind; nay, capable of generosity when it was worth his while and he had sufficient inducement to be generous. A man well educated, who had been much about the world, and had learned the toleration which comes by experience; whose opinions were worth hearing on almost every subject; who had read a great deal, and thought a little, and was as much superior to the ordinary young man of society in mind and judgment as he was in wealth. That this kind of man often fails to captivate a foolish girl, when her partner in a valse, brainless, beardless, and penniless, succeeds without any trouble in doing so, is one of those mysteries of nature which nobody can penetrate, but which happens too often to be doubted. Even in this particular, however, Mr. Incledon had his advantages. He was not one of those who, either by contempt for the occupations of youth or by the gravity natural to maturer years, allow themselves to be pushed aside from the lighter part of life — he still danced, though not with the absolute devotion of twenty, and retained his place on the side of youth, not permitting himself to be shelved. More than once, indeed, the young officers from the garrison near, and the young scions of the county families, had looked on with puzzled noncomprehension, when they found themselves altogether distanced in effect and popularity by a mature personage whom they would gladly have called an old fogie had they dared. These young gentlemen of course consoled their vanity by railing against the mercenary character of women who preferred wealth to everything. But it was not only his wealth upon which Mr. Incledon stood. No girl who married him need have felt herself withdrawn to the grave circle in which her elders had their place. He was able to hold his own in every pursuit with men ten years his juniors, and did so. Then, too, he had almost a romantic side to his character; for a man so well off does not put off marrying for so long without a reason, and though nobody knew of any previous story, any “entanglement,” which would have restrained him, various picturesque suggestions were afloat; and even failing these, the object of his

choice might have laid the flattering unction to her soul that his long waiting had been for the realization of some perfect ideal which he found only in her.

This model of a marriageable man took his way from the White House in a state of mind less easily described than most of his mental processes. He was not excited to speak of, for an interview between a lover of thirty-five and the mother of the lady is not generally exciting; but he was a little doubtful of his own perfect judiciousness in the step he had just taken. I can no more tell you why he had set his heart on Rose than I can say why she felt no answering inclination towards him—for there were many other girls in the neighbourhood who would in many ways have been more suitable to a man of his tastes and position. But Rose was the one woman in the world for him, by sheer caprice of nature; just as reasonable, and no more so, as that other caprice which made him, with all his advantages and recommendations, not the man for her. If ever a man was in a position to make a deliberate choice, such as men are commonly supposed to make in matrimony, Mr. Incledon was the man; yet he chose just as much and as little as the rest of us do. He saw Rose, and some power which he knew nothing of decided the question at once for him. He had not been thinking of marriage, but then he made up his mind to marry; and whereas he had on various occasions weighed the qualities and the charms of this one and the other, he never asked himself a question about her, nor compared her with any other woman, nor considered whether she was suited for him, or anything else about her. This was how he exercised that inestimable privilege of choice which women sometimes envy. But having once received this conviction into his mind, he had never wavered in his determination to win her. The question in his mind now was, not whether his selection was the best he could have made, but whether it was wise of him to have entrusted his cause to the mother rather than to have spoken to Rose herself. He had remained in the background during those dreary months of sorrow. He had sent flowers and game and messages of enquiry; but he did not thrust himself upon the notice of the women, till their change of residence gave token that they must have begun to rouse themselves for fresh encounter with the world. When he was on his way to the White House he

had fully persuaded himself that to speak to the mother first was the most delicate and the most wise thing he could do. For one thing, he could say so much more to her than he could to Rose; he could assure her of his goodwill and of his desire to be of use to the family should he become a member of it. Mr. Incledon did not wish to bribe Mrs. Damerel to be on his side. He had indeed a reasonable assurance that no such bribe was necessary, and that a man like himself must always have a reasonable mother on his side. This he was perfectly aware of, as indeed any one in his senses would have been. But as soon as he had made his declaration to Mrs. Damerel, and had left the White House behind, his thoughts began to torment him with doubts of the wisdom of this proceeding. He saw very well that there was no clinging of enthusiastic love, no absolute devotedness of union, between this mother and daughter, and he began to wonder whether he might not have done better had he run all the risks and broached the subject to Rose herself, shy and liable to be startled as she was. It was perhaps possible that his own avowal, which must have had a certain degree of emotion in it, would have found better acceptance with her than the passionless statement of his attentions which Mrs. Damerel would probably make. For it never dawned upon Mr. Incledon's imagination that Mrs. Damerel would support his suit not with calmness, but passionately—more passionately, perhaps, than would have been possible to himself. He could not have divined any reason why she should do so, and naturally he had not the least idea of the tremendous weapons she was about to employ in his favour. I don't think, for very pride and shame, that he would have sanctioned the use of them had he known.

It happened, however, by chance that as he walked home in the wintry twilight he met Mrs. Wodehouse and her friend Mrs. Musgrove, who were going the same way as he was, on their way to see the Northcotes, who had lately come to the neighbourhood. He could not but join them so far in their walk, nor could he avoid the conversation which was inevitable. Mrs. Wodehouse indeed was very eager for it, and began almost before he could draw breath.

"Did you see Mrs. Damerel after all?" she asked. "You remember I met you when you were on your way?"

"Yes; she was good enough to see me," said Mr. Incledon.

"And how do you think she is looking? I hear such different accounts; some people say very ill, some just as usual. I have not seen her myself," said Mrs. Wodehouse, slightly drawing herself up, "except in church."

"How was that?" he said, half amused. "I thought you had always been great friends."

Upon this he saw Mrs. Musgrove give a little jerk to her friend's cloak, in warning, and perceived that Mrs. Wodehouse wavered between a desire to tell a grievance and the more prudent habit of self-restraint.

"Oh!" she said, with a little hesitation; "yes, of course we were always good friends. I had a great admiration for our late good Rector, Mr. Incledon. What a man he was! Not to say a word against the new one, who is very nice, he will never be equal to Mr. Damerel. What a fine mind he had, and a style, I am told, equal to the very finest preachers! We must never hope to hear such sermons in our little parish again. Mrs. Damerel is a very good woman, and I feel for her deeply; but the attraction in that house, as I am sure you must have felt, was not her, but him."

"I have always had a great regard for Mrs. Damerel," said Mr. Incledon.

"Oh, yes, yes! I am sure—a good wife and an excellent mother and all that; but not the fine mind, not the intellectual conversation, one used to have with the dear Rector," said good Mrs. Wodehouse, who had about as much intellect as would lie on a sixpence; and then she added, "Perhaps I am prejudiced; I never can get over a slight which I am sure she showed to my son."

"Ah! what was that?"

Mrs. Musgrove once more pulled her friend's cloak, and there was a great deal more eagerness and interest than the occasion deserved in Mr. Incledon's tone.

"Oh, nothing of any consequence! What do you say, dear?—a mistake? Well, I don't think it was a mistake. They thought Edward was going to—; yes, *that* was a mistake, if you please. I am sure he had many other things in his mind a great deal more important. But they thought—; and though common civility demanded something different, and I took the trouble to write a note and ask it, I do think—; but, however, after the words I had with her to-day, I

no longer blame Rose. Poor child! I am always very sorry for poor Rose."

"Why should you be sorry for Miss Damerel? Was she one of those who slighted your son? I hope Mr. Edward Wodehouse is quite well."

"He is very well, I thank you, and getting on so satisfactorily; nothing could be more pleasant. Oh, you must not think Edward cared! He has seen a great deal of the world, and he did not come home to let himself be put down by the family of a country clergyman. That is not at all what I meant; I am sorry for Rose, however, because of a great many things. She ought to go out as a governess or companion, or something of that sort, poor child! Mrs. Damerel may try, but I am sure they never can get on as they are doing. I hear that all they have to depend on is about a hundred and fifty a year. A family can never live upon that, not with their habits, Mr. Incledon; and therefore, I think I may well say *poor* Rose!"

"I don't think Miss Damerel will ever require to make such a sacrifice," he said, hurriedly.

"Well, I only hope you are right," said Mrs. Wodehouse. "Of course you know a great deal more about business matters than I do, and perhaps their money is at higher interest than we think for; but if I were Rose I almost think I should see it to be my duty. Here we are at Mrs. Northcote's, dear. Mr. Incledon, I am afraid we must say goodbye."

Mr. Incledon went home very hot and fast after this conversation. It warmed him in the misty cold evening, and seemed to put so many weapons into his hand. Rose, his Rose, go out as a governess or companion! He looked at the shadow of his own great house standing out against the frosty sky, and laughed to himself as he crossed the park. She a dependant, who might to-morrow if she pleased be virtual mistress of Whitton and all its wealth! He would have liked to have said to these women, "In three months Rose will be the great lady of the parish, and lay down the law to you and the Green, and all your gossiping society." He would even, in a rare fit of generosity, have liked to tell them, on the spot, that this blessedness was in Rose's power, to give her honour in their eyes whether she accepted him or not; which was a very generous impulse indeed, and one which few men would have been equal

to — though indeed as a matter of fact Mr. Incledon did not carry it out. But he went into the lonely house where everything pleasant and luxurious, except the one crowning luxury of some one to share it with, awaited him, in a glow of energy and eagerness, resolved to go back again to-morrow and plead his cause with Rose herself, and win her, not prudentially through her mother, but by his own warmth of love and eloquence. Poor Rose in June! In the wintry setting of the White House she was not much like the Rector's flower-maiden, in all her delicate perfection of bloom, "queen rose of the rosebud garden," impersonation of all the warmth, and sweetness, and fragrance, and exquisite simple profusion of summer and nature. Mr. Incledon's heart swelled full of love and pity as he thought of the contrast — not with passion but soft tenderness, and a delicious sense of what it was in his power to do for her, and to restore her to. He strayed over the rooms which he had once shown to her, with a natural pride in their beauty, and in all the delicate treasures he had accumulated there, until he came to the little inner room with its grey-green hangings, in which hung the Perugino, which, since Rose had seen it, he had always called his Raphael. He seemed to see her too, standing there looking at it, a creature partaking something of that soft divinity, an enthusiast with sweet soul and looks congenial to that heavenly art. I do not know that his mind was of a poetical turn by nature; but there are moments when life makes a poet of the dullest, and on this evening the lonely quiet house within the parks and woods of Whitton, where there had been neither love, nor anything worth calling life, for years, except in the cheery company of the servants' hall, suddenly got itself lighted up with ethereal lights of tender imagination and feeling. The illumination did not show outwardly, or it might have alarmed the Green, which was still unaware that the queen of the house had passed by there, and the place lighted itself up in prospect of her coming.

After dinner, however, Mr. Incledon descended from these regions of fancy, and took a step which seemed to himself a very clever as well as prudent, and at the same time a very friendly one. He had not forgotten, any more than the others had, that summer evening on the lawn at the Rectory, when young Wodehouse had strayed down the hill with

Rose out of sight of the seniors of the party, and though all his active apprehensions on that score had been calmed down by Edward's departure, yet he was too wise not to perceive that there was something in Mrs. Wodehouse's disjointed talk more than met the eye at the first glance. Mr. Incledon had a friend who was one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and upon whom he could rely to do him a service; a friend whom he had never asked for anything — for what was official patronage to the master of Whitton? He wrote him a long and charming letter, which, if I had only room for it, or if it had anything to do except incidentally with this simple history, would give the reader a much better idea of his abilities and social charm than anything I can show of him here. In it he discussed the politics of the moment, and that gossip on a dignified scale about ministers and high officials of state which is half history — and he touched upon social events in a light and amusing strain, with the half cynicism which lends salt to correspondence; and he told his friend half gaily, half seriously, that he was beginning to feel somewhat solitary, and that dreams of marrying, and marrying soon, were stealing into his mind. And he told him about his Perugino ("which I fondly hope may turn out an early Raphael"), and which it would delight him to show to a brother connoisseur. "And, by-the-bye," he added, after all this, "I have a favour to ask of you which I have kept like a lady's postscript. I want you to extend the ægis of your protection over a fine young fellow in whom I am considerably interested. His name is Wodehouse, and his ship is at present on that detestable slave trade service which costs us so much money and does so little good. He has been a long time in the service, and I hear he is a very promising young officer. I should consider it a personal favour if you could do something for him; and (N.B.) it would be a still greater service to combine promotion with as distant a post as possible. His friends are anxious to keep him out of the way for private reasons — the old 'entanglement' business, which, of course, you will understand; but I think it hard that this sentence of banishment should be conjoined with such a disagreeable service. Give him a gun-boat and send him to look for the North-west passage, or anywhere else where my lords have a whim for exploring! I never thought to have paid such a tribute to your official dig-

nity as to come, hat in hand, for a place, like the rest of the world. But no man, I suppose, can always resist the common impulse of his kind; and I am happy in the persuasion that to you I will not plead in vain."

I am afraid that nothing could have been more disingenuous than this letter. How it worked, the reader will see hereafter; but, in the meantime, I cannot defend Mr. Incledon. He acted, I suppose, on the old and time-honoured sentiment that any stratagem is allowable in love and war, and consoled himself for the possible wrong he might be doing (only a possible wrong, for Wodehouse might be kept for years cruising after slaves for anything Mr. Incledon knew) by the unquestionable benefit which would accompany it. "A young fellow living by his wits will find a gunboat of infinitely more service to him than a foolish love affair which never could come to anything," his rival said to himself.

And after having sealed this letter, he returned into his fairyland. He left the library where he had written it, and went to the drawing-room which he rarely used, but which was warm with a cheerful fire and lighted with soft wax-lights for his pleasure should he care to enter. He paused at the door a moment and looked at it. The wonders of upholstery in this carefully decorated room, every scrap of furniture in which had cost its master thought, would afford pages of description to a fashionable American novelist, or to the refined chronicles of the *Family Herald*; but I am not sufficiently learned to do them justice. The master of the house, however, looked at the vacant room with its softly burning lights, its luxurious vacant seats, its closely drawn curtains, the books on the tables which no one ever opened, the pictures on the walls which nobody looked at (except on great occasions), with a curious sense at once of desolation and of happiness. How dismal its silence was! not a sound but the dropping of the ashes from the fire, or the movement of the burning fuel; and he himself a ghost looking into a room which might be inhabited by ghosts for aught he knew. Here and there, indeed, a group of chairs had been arranged by accident so as to look as if they were occupied, as if one unseen being might be whispering to another, noiselessly smiling, and pointing at the solitary. But no, there was a pleasanter interpretation to be given to that soft, luxurious, brightly-coloured vacan-

cy; it was all prepared and waiting, ready for the gentle mistress who was to come.

How different from the low-roofed drawing-room at the White House, with the fireplace at one end of the long room, with the damp of ages in the old walls, with draughts from every door and window, and an indifferent lamp giving all the light that they could afford! Mr. Incledon, perhaps, thought of that, too, with an increased sense of the advantages he had to offer; but lightly, not knowing all the discomforts of it. He went back to his library after this inspection, and the lights burned on, and the ghosts, if there were any, had the full enjoyment of it till the servants came to extinguish the candles and shut up everything for the night.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Rose went up the creaking stairs to bed on that memorable night her feelings were like those of some one who has just been overtaken by one of the great catastrophes of nature—a hurricane or an earthquake—and who, though escaped for the moment, hears the tempest gathering in another quarter, and knows that this is but the first flash of its wrath, and that he has yet worse encounters to meet. I am of Mr. Incledon's opinion—or rather of the doubt fast ripening into an opinion in his mind—that he had made a mistake, and that possibly if he had taken Rose herself "with the tear in her eye," and pressed his suit at first hand, he might have succeeded better; but such might-bes are always doubtful to affirm and impossible to prove. She sat down for a while in her cold room, where the draughts were playing freely about, and where there was no fire—to think; but as for thinking, that was an impossible operation in face of the continued gleams of fancy which kept showing now one scene to her, now another; and of the ringing echo of her mother's words which kept sounding through and through the stillness. Self-indulgence—choosing her own pleasure rather than her duty—what she liked instead of what was right. Rose was far too much confused to make out how it was that these reproaches seemed to her instinct so inappropriate to the question; she only felt it vaguely, and cried a little at the thought of the selfishness attributed to her; for there is no opprobrious word that cuts so deeply into the breast of a romantic, innocent girl. She sat there pensive till all her fac-

ulties got absorbed in the dreary sense of cold and bodily discomfort, and then she rose and said her prayers, and untwisted her pretty hair and brushed it out, and went to bed, feeling as if she would have to watch through the long dark hours till morning, though the darkness and loneliness frightened her, and she dreaded the night. But Rose was asleep in half an hour, though the tears were not dry on her eyelashes, and I think slept all the long night through which she had been afraid of, and woke only when the first grey of daylight revealed the cold room and a cold morning dimly to her sight — slept longer than usual, for emotion tires the young. Poor child! she was a little ashamed of herself when she found how soundly she had slept.

"Mamma would not let me call you," said Agatha, coming into her room; "she said you were very tired last night; but do please come down now and make haste. There is such a basket of flowers in the hall from Whitton, the man says. Where's Whitton! Isn't it Mr. Incledon's place? But make haste, Rose, for breakfast, now that you are awake."

So she had no time to think just then, but had to hurry down-stairs, where her mother met her with something of a wistful look, and kissed her with a kind of murmured half apology. "I am afraid I frightened you last night, Rose."

"Oh, no, not frightened," the girl said, taking refuge among the children, before whom certainly nothing could be said; and then Agatha and Patty surged into the conversation, and all gravity or deeper meaning was taken out of it. Indeed, her mother was so cheerful that Rose would almost have hoped she was to hear no more of it, had it not been for the cluster of flowers which stood on the table, and the heaped-up bunches of beautiful purple grapes which filled a pretty Tuscan basket, and gave dignity to the bread and butter. This was a sign of the times which was very alarming; and I do not know why it was, unless it might be by reason of her youth, that those delicate and lovely things — fit offerings for a lover — never moved her to any thought of what it was she was rejecting, or tempted her to consider Mr. Incledon's proposal as one which involved many delightful things along with himself, who was not delightful. This idea, oddly enough, did not find any place in her mind, though she was as much subject to the influence of all that was lovely and pleasant as any girl could be.

The morning passed, however, without any further words on the subject, and her heart had begun to beat easier and her excitement to calm down, when Mrs. Damerel suddenly came to her, after the children's lessons, which was now their mother's chief occupation. She came upon her quite unexpectedly, when Rose, moved by their noiseless presence in the room, and unable to keep her hands off them any longer, had just commenced in the course of her other arrangements (for Rose had to be a kind of upper housemaid, and make the drawing-room habitable after the rough and ready operation which Mary Jane called "tidying") to make a pretty group upon a table in the window of Mr. Incledon's flowers. Certainly they made the place look prettier and pleasanter than it had ever done yet, especially as one stray gleam of sunshine, somewhat pale, like the girl herself, but cheery, had come glancing in to light up the long, low, quaint room and caress the flowers. "Ah, Rose, they have done you good already!" said her mother; "you look more like yourself than I have seen you for many a day."

Rose took her hands from the last flower-pot as if it had burnt her, and stood aside, so angry and vexed to have been found at this occupation that she could have cried.

"My dear," said her mother, going up to her, "I do not know that Mr. Incledon will be here to-day; but if he comes I must give him an answer. Have you reflected upon what I said to you? I need not tell you again how important it is, or how much you have in your power."

Rose clasped her hands together in self-support — one hand held fast by the other, as if that slender grasp had been something worth clinging to. "Oh! what can I say?" she cried; "I — told you; what more can I say?"

"You told me! Then, Rose, everything that I said to you last night goes for nothing, though you must know the truth of it far, far better than my words could say. Is it to be the same thing over again — always over again? Self, first and last, the only consideration? Everything to please yourself; nothing from higher motives? God forgive you, Rose!"

"Oh, hush, hush! it is unkind — it is cruel. I would die for you if that would do any good!" cried Rose.

"These are easy words to say; for dying would do no good, neither would it be asked from you," said Mrs. Damerel, impatiently. "Rose, I do not ask this in

ordinary obedience, as a mother may command a child. It is not a child but a woman who must make such a decision; but it is my duty to show you your duty, and what is best for yourself as well as for others. No one—neither man nor woman, nor girl nor boy—can escape from duty to others; and when it is neglected some one must pay the penalty. But you—you are happier than most. You can, if you please, save your family.”

“We are not starving, mamma,” said Rose, with trembling lips; “we have enough to live upon—and I could work—I would do anything——”

“What would your work do, Rose? If you could teach—and I don’t think you could teach—you might earn enough for your own dress; that would be all. Oh, my dear! listen to me. The little work a girl can do is nothing. She can make a sacrifice of her own inclination—of her fancy; but as for work, she has nothing in her power.”

“Then I wish there were no girls!” cried Rose, as many a poor girl has done before her, “if we can do nothing but be a burden—if there is no work for us, no use for us, but only to sell ourselves. Oh, mamma, mamma! do you know what you are asking me to do?”

“I know a great deal better than you do, or you would not repeat to me this vulgar nonsense about selling yourself. Am I likely to bid you sell yourself? Listen to me, Rose. I want you to be happy, and so you would be—nay, never shake your head at me—you would be happy with a man who loves you, for you would learn to love him. Die for us! I have heard such words from the lips of people who would not give up a morsel of their own will—not a whim, not an hour’s comfort——”

“But I—I am not like that,” cried Rose, stung to the heart. “I would give up anything—everything—for the children and you!”

“Except what you are asked to give up; except the only thing which you can give up. Again I say, Rose, I have known such cases. They are not rare in this world.”

“Oh, mamma, mamma!”

“You think I am cruel. If you knew my life, you would not think so; you would understand my fear and horror of this amiable self-seeking which looks so natural. Rose,” said her mother, dropping into a softer tone, “I have something more to say to you—perhaps some-

thing that will weigh more with you than anything I can say. Your father had set his heart on this. He spoke to me of it on his death-bed. God knows! perhaps he saw then what a dreary struggle I should have, and how little had been done to help us through. One of the last things he said to me was, ‘Inclendon will look after the boys.’”

“Papa said that?” said Rose, putting out her hands to find a prop. Her limbs seemed to refuse to support her. She was unprepared for this new unseen antagonist. “Papa? How did he know?”

The mother was trembling and pale, too, overwhelmed by the recollection as well as by her anxiety to conquer. She made no direct answer to Rose’s question, but took her hand within both of hers, and continued with her eyes full of tears: “You would like to please *him*, Rose—it was almost the last thing he said—to please him, and to rescue me from anxieties I can see no end to, and to secure Bertie’s future. Oh, Rose! you should thank God that you can do so much for those you love. And you would be happy, too. You are young, and love begets love. He would do everything that man could do to please you. He is a good man, with a kind heart; you would get to love him; and, my dear, you would be happy too.”

“Mamma,” said Rose, with her head bent down and some silent tears dropping upon Mr. Inclendon’s flowers—a flush of colour came over her downcast face, and then it grew pale again; her voice sounded so low that her mother stooped towards her to hear what she said—“mamma, I should like to tell you something.”

Mrs. Damerel made an involuntary movement—a slight instinctive withdrawal from the confidence. Did she guess what it was? If she did so, she made up her mind at the same time not to know it. “What is it, dear?” she said, tenderly, but quickly. “Oh, Rose! do you think I don’t understand your objections? But, my darling, surely you may trust your mother, who loves you more than all the world. You will not reject it—I know you will not reject it. There is no blessing that is not promised to those that deny themselves. He will not hurry nor press you, dear. Rose, say I may give him a kind answer when he comes?”

Rose’s head was swimming, her heart throbbing in her ears and her throat. The girl was not equal to such a strain.

To have the living and the dead both uniting against her—both appealing to her in the several names of love and duty against love—was more than she could bear. She had sunk into the nearest chair, unable to stand, and she no longer felt strong enough, even had her mother been willing to hear it, to make that confession which had been on her lips. At what seemed to be the extremity of human endurance she suddenly saw one last resource in which she might still find safety, and grasped at it, scarcely aware what she did. "May I see Mr. Incledon myself if he comes?" she gasped, almost under her breath.

"Surely, dear," said her mother, surprised; "of course that would be the best;—if you are able for it, if you will think well before you decide, if you will promise to do nothing hastily. Oh, Rose! do not break my heart!"

"It is more likely to be my own that I will break," said the girl, with a shadow of a smile passing over her face. "Mamma, will you be very kind, and say no more? I will think, think—everything that you say; but let me speak to him myself, if he comes."

Mrs. Damerel looked at her very earnestly, half suspicious, half sympathetic. She went up to her softly and put her arms round her, and pressed the girl's drooping head against her breast. "God bless you, my darling!" she said, with her eyes full of tears; and, kissing her hastily, went out of the room, leaving Rose alone with her thoughts.

If I were to tell you what these thoughts were, and all the confusion of them, I should require a year to do it. Rose had no heart to stand up and fight for herself all alone against the world. Her young frame ached and trembled from head to foot with the unwonted strain. If there had been indeed any one—any one—to struggle for; but how was she to stand alone and battle for herself? Everything combined against her; every motive, every influence. She sat in a vague trance of pain, and, instead of thinking over what had been said, only saw visions gleaming before her of the love which was a vision, nothing more, and which she was called upon to resign. A vision!—that was all; a dream, perhaps, without any foundation. It seemed to disperse like a mist, as the world melted and dissolved around her—the world which she had known—showing a new world, a dreamy, undiscovered country, forming out of darker

vapours before her. She sat thus till the stir of the children in the house warned her that they had come in from their daily walk to the early dinner. She listened to their voices and noisy steps and laughter with the strangest feeling that she was herself a dreamer, having nothing in common with the fresh real life where all the voices rang out so clearly, where people said what they meant with spontaneous outcries and laughter, and there was no concealed meaning and nothing beneath the sunny surface; but when she heard her mother's softer tones speaking to the children, Rose got up hurriedly, and fled to the shelter of her room. If anything more were said to her she thought she must die. Happily Mrs. Damerel did not know that it was her voice, and not the noise of the children, which was too much for poor Rose's overstrained nerves. She sent word by Agatha that Rose must lie down for an hour and try to rest; and that quiet was the best thing for her headache, which, of course, was the plea the girl put forth to excuse her flight and seclusion. Agatha, for her part, was very sorry and distressed that Rose should miss her dinner, and wanted much to bring something upstairs for her, which was at once the kindest and most practical suggestion of all.

ALFRED B. STREET.

THAT it should be possible for a series of extracts from the works of one eminent American to be attributed, with little danger of contradiction, to another, is only one more illustration of the too well known fact, that what is most excellent, is not always most widely known, nor most highly esteemed.

The British Quarterly Review, in an extended notice of the Life and Writings of Thoreau, quotes as proof and illustration of his poetic genius, numerous gems of description which certainly establish the claims of their author to the character of a true poet, but which, many of them, were really written, not by Thoreau, but by Alfred B. Street, who has been called the "Herrick" and the "Teniers" of American poets.

Why his poems have been too generally forgotten while he is still only on the threshold of a respected and venerated old age, might be hard to tell. Probably lines and couplets from his writings, em-

bodily some delicately discriminating and suggestive description, some pregnant epithet, linger in the minds of many who have forgotten or who never knew the name of their author.

As is so often the case the longer and more ambitious poems of this writer are of much less value than the shorter and less pretentious ones, though all embody more or fewer of those exquisite mosaics of descriptive touch, which constitute the principal charm of his works.

That his merits were not overlooked by the highest authorities of the past or passing generation, some of their criticism on his works will best show; the extracts which they give in support of their opinions, have an intrinsic and abiding beauty which will be at least equally appreciated now.

Alfred B. Street was born in the village, now city, of Poughkeepsie, Dutchess County, N. Y., well known as one of the most beautiful in the State, situated on the side and summit of a slope that swells up from the Hudson. From College Hill there is a prospect of almost matchless beauty. A scene of rural and sylvan loveliness expands from every point at its base; the roofs and steeples of the busy village rise from the foliage in which it seems embosomed; the river stretches league upon league with its gleaming curves beyond; to the west is a range of splendid mountains ending at the south in the misty peaks of the Highlands; whilst at the north, dim outlines sketched upon the distant sky, proclaim the domes of the soaring Catskills. It was among these scenes that our author passed his days of childhood; here his young eye first drank in the glories of Nature, and "the foundations of his mind were laid."

When, however, at the age of fourteen, he removed with his family to Monticello, he was immediately surrounded with scenes in striking contrast with those of his former life. Sullivan County had been organized only a score of years, and was scarcely yet rescued from the wilderness. Monticello, its county town, was surrounded by fields which only a short time before were parts of the wild forest, which still hemmed them in on every side. These forests were threaded with bright streams and scattered with broad lakes, while here and there the untiring axe of the settler, during the last quarter of a century, had been employed in opening the way for the industry and enterprise of man. Secluded as Sullivan County is in the southwesternmost nook of the State,

it would be difficult to find within its bounds another region of such sylvan beauty and wild grandeur. The eye is filled with images that make their own enduring places in the mind, storing it with rich and unfading pictures. Among these scenes, as might be supposed, Mr. Street ranged with a ceaseless delight, probably heightened by the strong contrast they afforded in their startling picturesqueness to the soft, quiet beauty of those of Dutchess. Instead of the smooth meadowy ascent, he saw the broken hillside blackened with fire, or just growing green with its first crop. Instead of the yellow corn-field stretching as far as the eye could see, he beheld the clearing spotted with stumps, with the thin rye growing between; instead of the comfortable farm-house peeping from its orchards, he saw the log-cabin stooping amid the half-cleared trees; the dark ravine took the place of the mossy dell, and the wild lake of the sail-spotted and far-stretching river.

Thus communing with nature, Mr. Street embodied the impressions made upon him in language, and in that form most appropriate in giving vent to deep enthusiastic feeling and high thought—the form of verse. Poem after poem was written by him, and being published in those best vehicles of communication with the public, the periodicals, soon attracted attention. Secluded from mankind, and surrounded with nature in her most impressive features, his thought took the direction of that which he saw most, and thus description became the characteristic of his verse. Equally cut off from books, his poetry found its origin in his own study of natural scenes, and in the thoughts that rose in his own bosom. The leaves and flowers were his words; the fields and hillsides were his pages; and the whole volume of Nature his treasury of knowledge. This, while it may have made him less artistic, was the means of that originality and unlikeness to any one else which are to be found in his pages.

But while thus employing his leisure, Mr. Street was engaged in studying his profession of law in the office of his father, and in due time was admitted to the bar. After practising for a few years at Monticello, in 1839 he removed to Albany, where he has continued to reside until the present time.

The Foreign Quarterly Review, one of the most distinguished of the English publications, in an article which bears

severely upon nearly every other American poet except Bryant, Longfellow, Halleck, and Emerson, speaks in the following manner of Mr. Street :

"He is a descriptive poet, and at the head of his class. His pictures of American scenery are full of *gusto* and freshness ; sometimes too wild and diffuse, but always true and beautiful. The opening of a piece called the 'Settler' is very striking.

His echoing axe the settler swung
Amid the sea-like solitude,
And rushing, thundering down were flung
The Titans of the wood ;
Loud shrieked the eagle, as he dashed
From out his mossy nest, which crashed
With its supporting bough,
*And the first sunlight, leaping, flashed
On the wolf's haunt below.*

His poems are very unequal, and none of them can be cited as being complete in its kind. He runs into a false luxuriance in the ardor of his love of nature, and in the wastefulness of a lively, but not large imagination ; and like Browne, the author of the 'Pastorals,' he continually sacrifices general truth to particular details, making un-likenesses by the crowding and closeness of his touches. Yet with all his faults his poems cannot be read without pleasure."

The Westminster Review also noticed the poems in the following manner :

"It is long since we met with a volume of poetry from which we have derived so much un-mixed pleasure as from the collection now before us.

"Right eloquently does he discourse of Nature, her changeful features and her varied moods, as exhibited in his own 'America with her rich green forest-robe ;' and many are the glowing pictures we would gladly transfer to our pages, did our limits permit, in proof of the poet's assertion that 'Nature is man's best teacher.' But we must only quote

A FOREST WALK.

A lovely sky, a cloudless sun,
A wind that breathes of leaves and flowers,
O'er hill, through dale, my steps have won
To the cool forest's shadowy bowers ;
One of the paths, all round that wind
Traced by the browsing herds, I choose,
And sights and sounds of human kind,
In Nature's lone recesses lose ;
The beech displays its marbled bark
The spruce its green tent stretches wide,
While scowls the hemlock, grim and dark,
The maple's scalloped dome beside.

All weave on high a verdant roof
That keeps the very sun aloof,
Making a twilight soft and green
Within the columned, vaulted scene.

Sweet forest odors have their birth
From the clothed boughs and teeming earth ;
Where pine-cones dropped, leaves piled and
dead,

Long tufts of grass and stars of fern
With many a wild-flower's fairy urn
A thick, elastic carpet spread ;
Here, with its mossy pall, the trunk
Resolving into soil, is sunk ;
There, wrenched but lately from its throne,
By some fierce whirlwind circling past,
Its huge roots massed with earth and stone,
One of the woodland kings is cast.

Above, the forest tops are bright
With the broad blaze of sunny light ;
But now a fitful air-gust parts
The screening branches, and a glow
Of dazzling, startling radiance darts
Down the dark stems, and breaks below ;
The mingled shadows off are rolled,
The sylvan floor is bathed in gold ;

Low sprouts and herbs, before unseen,
Display their shades of brown and green ;
Tints brighten o'er the velvet moss,
Gleams twinkle on the laurel's gloss ;
The robin, brooding in her nest,
Chirps, as the quick ray strikes her breast,
And as my shadow prints the ground,
I see the rabbit upward bound,
With pointed ears an instant look,
Then scamper to the darkest nook,
Where, with crouched limb and staring eye,
He watches while I saunter by.

A narrow vista carpeted
With rich green grass invites my tread ;
Here, showers the light in golden dots,
There, sleeps the shade in ebon spots,
So blended that the very air
Seems network as I enter there.
The partridge, whose deep rolling drum
Afar has sounded on my ear,
Ceasing its beatings as I come,
Whirrs to the sheltering branches near ;
The little milk snake glides away,
The brindled marmot dives from day ;
And now, between the boughs, a space
Of the blue laughing sky I trace ;
On each side shrinks the bowery shade ;
Before me spreads an emerald glade ;
The sunshine steeps its grass and moss,
That couch my footsteps as I cross ;
Merrily hums the tawny bee,
The glittering humming-bird I see ;
Floats the bright butterfly along,
The insect-choir is loud in song ;
A spot of light and life, it seems
A fairy haunt for fancy dreams.

Here stretched, the pleasant turf I press
In luxury of idleness ;

Sun-streaks, and glancing wings, and sky
 Spotted with cloud-shapes, charm my eye ;
 While murmuring grass, and waving trees
 Their leaf-harps sounding to the breeze,
 And water tones that tinkle near
 Blend their sweet music to my ear ;
 And by the changing shades alone,
 The passage of the hours is known."

A complete and beautiful edition of Mr. Street's poems, in a large octavo volume of more than three hundred pages, was published by Messrs. Clark & Austin of the city of New York. The following criticism of it appeared in the Democratic Review, and we cannot better impart to the general reader an idea of Mr. Street's mental characteristics, than by transferring it, beautifully written as it is, to our pages. It was originally published anonymously, but is understood to be from the fine and graphic pen of H. T. Tuckerman, and was republished in "A Sketch of American Literature," by Mr. Tuckerman, appended to Shaw's "Complete Manual of English Literature :"

"God has arrayed this continent with a sublime and characteristic beauty, that should endear its mountains and streams to the American heart; and whoever depicts the natural glory of America, touches a chord which should yield responses of admiration and loyalty. In this point of view alone, then, we deem the minstrel who ardently sings of forest and sky, river and highland, as eminently worthy of respectful greeting. This merit we confidently claim for the author of these poems. That he is deficient occasionally in high finish—that there is repetition and monotony in his strain—that there are redundant epithets, and a lack of variety in his effusions, we confess, at the outset, is undeniable; and having frankly granted all this to the critics, we feel at liberty to utter his just praise with equal sincerity. Street has an eye for Nature in all her moods. He has not roamed the woodlands in vain, nor have the changeful seasons passed him by without leaving vivid and lasting impressions. These his verse records with unusual fidelity and genuine emotion. We have wandered with him on a summer's afternoon, in the neighbourhood of his present residence, and stretched ourselves upon the greensward beneath the leafy trees, and can therefore testify that he observes, *con amore*, the play of shadows, the twinkle of swaying herbage in the sunshine, and all the phenomena that make the outward world so rich in meaning to the attentive gaze.

He is a true Flemish painter, seizing upon objects in all their verisimilitude. As we read him, wild flowers peer up from among brown leaves; the drum of the partridge, the ripple of waters, the flickering of autumn light, the sting of sleety snow, the cry of the panther, the roar of the winds, the melody of birds, and the odor of crushed pine-boughs, are present to our senses. In a foreign land, his poems would transport us at once to home. He is no second-hand limner, content to furnish insipid copies, but draws from reality. His pictures have the freshness of originals. They are graphic, detailed, never untrue, and often vigorous; he is essentially an American poet. His range is limited; but he has had the good sense not to wander from his sphere, candidly acknowledging that the heart of man has not furnished him the food for meditation, which inspires a higher class of poets. He is emphatically an observer. In England we notice that these qualities have been recognized; his 'Lost Hunter' was finely illustrated in a recent London periodical—thus affording the best evidence of the picturesque fertility of his muse. Many of his pieces, also, glow with patriotism. His 'Gray Forest Eagle' is a noble lyric, full of spirit; his forest scenes are minutely, and, at the same time, elaborately true; his Indian legends and descriptions of the seasons have a native zest which we have rarely encountered. Without the classic elegance of Thomson, he excels him in graphic power. There is nothing metaphysical in his turn of mind, or highly artistic in his style; but there is an honest directness and cordial faithfulness about him, that strikes us as remarkably appropriate and manly. Delicacy, sentiment, ideal enthusiasm, are not his by nature; but clear, bold, genial insight and feeling he possesses to a rare degree; and on these grounds we welcome his poems, and earnestly advise our readers to peruse them attentively, for they worthily depict the phases of Nature, as she displays herself in this land, in all her solemn magnificence and serene beauty."

We extract also a portion of an elaborate and exquisite criticism upon the same volume, which appeared in a late number of the American Review, written by its editor, George H. Colton.

"The rhymed pieces are of different degrees of excellence. There are quite too many careless lines, and here and there is an accent misplaced, or a heavy

word forced into light service ; but the rhythm in general runs with an equable and easy strength, the more worthy of regard because so evidently unartificial ; and there is often — not in the simply narrative pieces, like ‘The Frontier Inroad’ or ‘Morannah,’ but in the frequent minute pictures of Nature — a heedless but delicate movement of the measure, a lingering of expression corresponding with some dreamy abandonment of thought to the objects dwelt upon, or a rippling lapse of language where the author’s mind seemed conscious of playing with them — caught, as it were, from the flitting of birds among leafy boughs, from the subtle wanderings of the bee, and the quiet brawling of woodland brooks over leaves and pebbles.

“Some liquid lines from ‘The Willewemoc in Summer’ are an example, at once, of Mr. Street’s sweetness of versification, in any of the usual rhyming measures, and still more of his minute picturing of Nature.

Bubbling within some basin green
So fringed with fern the woodcock’s bill
Scarce penetrates the leafy screen,
Leaps into life the infant rill.

Now pebbly shallows, where the deer
Just bathes his crossing hoof, and now
Broad hollowed creeks that, deep and clear,
Would whelm him to his antlered brow ;
Here the smooth silver sleeps so still
The ear might catch the faintest trill,
The bee’s low hum — the whirr of wings,
And the sweet songs of grass-hid things.

Blue sky, pearl cloud and golden beam
Beguile my steps this summer day,
Beside the lone and lovely stream,
And mid its sylvan scenes to stray ;
The moss, too delicate and soft
To bear the tripping bird aloft,
Slopes its green velvet to the sedge,
Tufting the mirrored water’s edge,
Where the slow eddies wrinkling creep
Mid swaying grass in stillness deep.

“Still more exquisite — exquisite in every sense of the word — unquestionable *poetry* — is ‘The Callikoon in Autumn.’ The last verse in particular is of the finest order.

Sleep-like the silence, by the lapse
Of waters only broke,
And the woodpecker’s fitful taps
Upon the hollow oak ;
And, mingling with the insect hum,
The beatings of the partridge drum,
With now and then a croak,

As, on his flapping wing, the crow
O’er passes, heavily and slow.

All steeped in that delicious charm
Peculiar to our land,
That comes, ere Winter’s frosty arm
Knits Nature’s icy band ;
The purple, rich and glimmering smoke
That forms the Indian Summer’s cloak,
When, by soft breezes fanned,
For a few precious days he broods
Amidst the gladdened fields and woods.

See, on this edge of forest lawn,
Where sleeps the clouded beam,
A doe has led her spotted fawn
To gambol by the stream ;
Beside yon mullein’s braided stalk
They hear the gurgling voices talk ;
While, like a wandering gleam,
The yellow-bird dives here and there,
A feathered vessel of the air.

“So also of a short piece called ‘Midsummer ;’ if an ethereal and dreamy ‘landscape’ by Cole or Durand is a *painting*, why not this a *poem* ?

An August day ! a dreamy haze
Films air and mingles with the skies ;
Sweetly the rich dark sunshine plays,
Bronzing each object where it lies.
Outlines are melted in the gauze
That Nature veils ; the fitful breeze
From the thick pine low murmuring draws,
Then dies in flutterings through the trees.

“Another piece of a different style, but equally vivid and felicitous, is the prelude to a scene of ‘Skating.’ It is impossible not to admire it in every line. It is, by the way, an example almost faultless of measuring the melody by accents, not by syllables.

The thaw came on with its southern wind,
And misty, drizzly rain ;
The hill-side showed its russet dress,
Dark runnels seamed the plain ;
The snow-drifts melted off like breath,
The forest dropped its load,
The lake, instead of its mantle white,
A liquid mirror showed ;
It seemed, so soft was the brooding fog,
So fanning was the breeze,
You’d meet with violets in the grass,
And blossoms on the trees.

“In the use of language, more especially in his blank verse, Mr. Street is simple yet rich, and usually very felicitous. This is peculiarly the case in his choice of appellatives, which he selects and applies with an aptness of descriptive beauty not surpassed, if equalled, by any poet among us — certainly by none except Bryant. What is more remarkable — quite worthy of note amid the deluge

of diluted phraseology bestowed on us by most modern writers — is the almost exclusive use, in his poems, of Saxon words. We make, by no means, that loud objection to Latinisms which many feel called upon to set forth. In some kinds of verse, and in many kinds of prose, they are of great advantage, mellowing the diction, enlarging and enriching the power of expression. Unquestionably they have added much to the compass of the English language. This is more, however, for the wants of philosophy than of poetry — unless it be philosophical poetry. For in our language nearly all the strongest and most picturesque words, verbs, nouns, adjectives, are of one and two syllables only; but, also, nearly all such words are of Saxon origin. Descriptive poetry, therefore, to be of any force or felicity, must employ them; and it was this, no doubt, that led Mr. Street — unconsciously it may be — to choose them so exclusively. For the same reason, Byron, who in power of description is hardly equalled by any other English poet, used them to a greater extent, we believe, than any other 'moulder of verse' since Chaucer, unless we may except Scott in his narrative verse; Wordsworth, on the other hand, whose most descriptive passages have always a philosophical cast, makes constant draft on Latinized words, losing as much in vigour as he gains in melody and compass. In all Mr. Street's poems the reader will be surprised to find scarcely a single page with more than three or four words of other than Saxon derivation. This extraordinary keeping to one only of the three sources of our language — for the Norman-French forms a third — is owing, in great part, to the fact that his poetry is almost purely descriptive; yet not wholly to this, for any page of Thomson's 'Seasons,' or Cowper's 'Task,' will be found to have four times as many. It is certain, at least, that the use of such language has added immensely to the simplicity, strength, and picturesque effectiveness of Mr. Street's blank verse; and, as a general consideration of style, we recommend the point to the attention of all writers, whose diction is yet unformed, though we hold it a matter of far less importance in prose than in poetry.

"It will not be difficult to make good all we have said, by choice extracts, except for the difficulty of choosing. What, for example, could be finer in its way

than some passages from 'A September Stroll'?

The thread-like gossamer is waving past,
Borne on the wind's light wing, and to yon
branch

Tangled and trembling, clings like snowy silk.
The thistle-down, high lifted, through the rich
Bright blue, quick float, like gliding stars, and
then

Touching the sunshine, flash and seem to melt
Within the dazzling brilliance.

That aspen, to the wind's soft-fingered touch,
Flutters with all its dangling leaves, as though
Beating with myriad pulses.

"Besides this observation, keen as the Indian hunter's, of all Nature's slight and simple effects in quiet places, Mr. Street has a most gentle and contemplative eye for the changes which she silently throws over the traces where men have once been. For instance, in 'The Old Bridge' and 'The Forsaken Road.' So of a passage in 'The Ambush,' which sinks into the mind like the falling of twilight over an old ruin.

Old winding roads are frequent in the woods,
By the surveyor opened years ago,
When through the depths he led his trampling
band,

Startling the crouched deer from the under-
brush,

With unknown shouts and axe-blows. Left
again

To solitude, soon Nature touches in
Picturesque graces. Hiding, here, in moss
The wheel-track — blocking up the vista,
there,

In bushes — darkening with her soft cool tints
The notches on the trees, and hatchet-cuts
Upon the stooping limbs — across the trail
Twisting, in wreaths, the pine's enormous
roots,

And twining, like a bower, the leaves above.
Now skirts she the faint path with fringes deep
Of thicket, where the checkered partridge
hides

Its downy brood, and whence, with drooping
wing,

It limps to lure away the hunter's foot,
Approaching its low cradle; now she coats
The hollow stripped by the surveyor's band
To pitch their tents at night, with pleasant
grass,

So that the doe, its slim fawn by its side,
Amidst the fire-flies in the twilight feeds;
And now she hurls some hemlock o'er the
track,

Splitting the trunk that in the frost and rain
Asunder falls, and melts into a strip
Of umber dust.

"As the painter of landscapes, however, can never rank among the greatest

of painters, so the merely descriptive poet can never stand with the highest in his art. It needs a higher power of the mind, the transforming, the creative. Mr. Street endeavours only the pictures of external things. He rarely or never idealizes Nature; but Nature unidealized never brings a man into the loftier regions of poetry. For the greatest and highest use of material Nature, to the poet, is that she be made an exhaustless storehouse of imagery; that through her multitude of objects, aspects, influences, subtle sources of contrast and comparison, he should illustrate the universe of the unseen and spiritual. This is to be ποιητής — *Maker*, CREATOR. It is that strange power of

Imagination bodying forth
The forms of things unknown.

It is to interpret, '*idealize*' Nature.

"This is what Mr. Street never attempts. He never gives wing to his imagination. He presents to us only what nature shows to him—nothing farther. Or, if he makes the attempt, striking out into broader and sublimer fields, he is not successful. He is not at home, indeed, when describing the grander features of Nature herself, but only as he is picturing her more minute and delicate lineaments. He can give the tracery of a leaf, or the gauze wings of a droning beetle, better than the breaking up of a world in the Deluge, or the majesty of great mountains—

Throning Eternity in icy halls.

A remarkable example of this is the first piece, 'Nature.' Through the first part, where he is describing the Creation, the Deluge, the sublime scenery in parts of the world with which his senses are not actually familiar, his imagination does not sustain itself, and his verse is comparatively lame and infelicitous. But when he comes to the quiet scenes in America, which he has seen and felt, he has such passages as these, passages which, in their way, Cowper, Thomson, Wordsworth or Bryant never excelled.

"Thus of Spring:—

In the moist hollows and by streamlet-sides
The grass stands thickly. Sunny banks have
burst

Into blue sheets of scented violets.
The woodland warbles, and the noisy swamp
Has deepened in its tones.

"And of Summer:—

O'er the branch-sheltered stream, the laurel
hangs
Its gorgeous clusters, and the basswood
breathes,
From its pearl-blossoms, fragrance.

But now the wind stirs fresher; darting round
The spider tightens its frail web; dead leaves
Whirl in quick eddies from the mounds; the
snail

Creeps to its twisted fortress, and the bird
Crouches amid its feathers. Wafted up,
The stealing cloud with soft gray blinds the
sky,

And in its vapory mantle onward steps
The summer shower; over the shivering grass
It merrily dances, rings its tinkling bells
Upon the dimpling stream, and, moving on,
It treads upon the leaves with pattering feet
And softly murmured music.

"Again in Autumn:—

The beech-nut falling from its opened burr
Gives a sharp rattle, and the locust's song
Rising and swelling shrill, then pausing short,
Rings like a trumpet. Distant woods and hills
Are full of echoes, and all sounds that strike
Upon the hollow air let loose their tongues.
The ripples, creeping through the matted
grass,

Drip on the ear, and the far partridge-drum
Rolls like low thunder. The last butterfly,
Like a winged violet, floating in the meek
Pink-coloured sunshine, sinks his velvet feet
Within the pillared mullein's delicate down,
And shuts and opens his unruffled fans.
Lazily wings the crow, with solemn croak,
From tree-top on to tree-top. Feebly chirps
The grasshopper, and the spider's tiny clock
Ticks from its crevice.

"How exquisite are these pictures! with what an appreciation, like the minute stealing in of light among leaves does he touch upon every delicate feature! And then, in how subtle an alembic of the mind must such language have been crystallized. The '*curiosa felicitas*' cannot be so exhibited except by genius.

"Mr. Street has published too much; he should have taken a lesson from Mr. Bryant. He constantly repeats himself, too, both in subjects and expression. His volume, therefore, appears monotonous and tiresome to the reader; without retrenchment it can hardly become popular. But we shall watch with much interest to see what he can do in other and higher spheres. Meanwhile, however, we give him the right hand of fellowship and gentle regard, for he has filled a part at least, of one great department of the field of poetry, with as exquisite a sense, with as fine a touch, with as loving and faithful an eye, heart and pen, as any one to whom Nature has

ever whispered familiar words in solitary places.

"In addition to the above, we quote a few felicities of thought and expression from the volume before mentioned.

A fresh damp sweetness fills the scene,
From dripping leaf and moistened earth ;
The odor of the wintergreen
Floats on the airs that now have birth.

The whizzing of the humming-bird's swift
wings
Spanning gray glimmering circles round its
shape.

When the strawberry ripe and red,
Is nestling at the roots of the deep grass.

The trees seem fusing in a blaze
Of gold-dust sparkling in the air.

Merrily hums the tawny bee.

The wind that shows its forest search
By the sweet fragrance of the birch.

The moving shades
Have wheeled their slow half circles, pointing
now
To the sunshiny East.

A landscape frequent in the land
Which Freedom with her gifts to bless,
Grasping the axe when sheathing brand,
Hewed from the boundless wilderness.

And the faint sunshine winks with drowsiness.

Where, grasping with its knotted wreath
Of roots the mound-like trunk beneath,
In brown, wet fragments spread,
A young usurping sapling reigned ;
Nature, Mezentius-like, had chained
The living with the dead.

Within the clefts of bushes, and beneath
The thickets, raven darkness frowned, but still
The leaves upon the edges of the trees
Preserved their shapes.

A purple haze,
Blurring hill-outlines, glazing dusky nooks,
And making all things shimmer to the eye.

The sunshine twinkles round me, and the wind
Touches my brow with delicate downy kiss.

Through the dark leaves the low descending
sun
Glow like a spot of splendour from the shade
Of Rembrandt's canvas.

Listen — a murmuring sound arises up ;
'Tis the commune of Nature — the low talk
She holds perpetually with herself.

"We end our notice with selecting from

the volume a poem in a vein somewhat different from Mr. Street's usual descriptive efforts.

THE HARMONY OF THE UNIVERSE.

God made the world in perfect harmony.
Earth, air, and water, in its order each,
With its innumerable links, compose
But one unbroken chain ; the human soul
The clasp that binds it to His mighty arm.

A sympathy throughout each order reigns —
A touch upon one link is felt by all
Its kindred, and the influence ceaseth not
Forever. The massed atoms of the earth,
Jarred by the rending of its quivering breast,
Carry the movement in succession through
To the extremest bounds, so that the foot,
Tracking the regions of eternal frost,
Unknowing, treads upon a soil that throbs
With the Equator's earthquake.

The tall oak,
Thundering its fall in Appalachian woods,
Though the stern echo on the ear is lost,
Displaces with its groan the rings of air,
Until the swift and subtle messengers
Bear, each from each, the undulations on
To the rich palace of eternal Spring
That smiles upon the Ganges. Yea, on pass
The quick vibrations through the airy realms,
Not lost, until with Time's last gasp they die.

The craggy iceberg, rocking o'er the surge,
Telling its pathway by its crashing bolts,
Strikes its keen teeth within the shuddering
bark

When night frowns black. Down, headlong,
shoots the wreck ;

Lost is the vortex in the dashing waves,
And the wild scene heaves wildly as before ;
But every particle that whirled and foamed
Above the groaning, plunging mass, hath
urged

Its fellow, and the motion thus bequeathed
Lives in the ripple, edging flowery slopes
With melting lace-work ; or with dimples
rings

Smooth basins where the hanging orange-
branch

Showers fragrant snow, and then it ruffles on
Until it sinks upon Eternity.

Thus naught is lost in that harmonious chain,
That, changing momentarily, is perfect still.
God, whose drawn breaths are ages, with those
breaths

Renews their lustre. So 'twill ever be,
Till, with one wave of his majestic arm,
He snaps the clasp away, and drops the chain
Again in chaos, shattered by its fall."

In 1842, appeared "The Burning of Schenectady and other Poems" from the pen of Mr. Street.

William Gilmore Simms in the Magazine he established, "The Southern and

Western Monthly Magazine and Review," thus remarks :

"It is not, however, in the epic or the dramatic, but in the descriptive that Mr. Street excels. He is not even contemplative — solely descriptive, and as nice and as elaborate in details as any of the Flemish Masters. His delineations are as close and correct as if Nature herself had employed him as her chief secretary.

"Here is a spirited picture of the guard-room revel.

Circling a table flagon-strewed
The soldiers sat in jocund mood ;
Around the fort the tempest howls ;
Thick, solid-seeming darkness scowls :
But what reck they ! with song and shout
Merrily speeds the festive scene,
Loud laughter greets the tawny scout,
As, startling, when, more shrill and keen
Swell on the air the furious gale,
He mutters of the morning's trail.
One, the most reckless of the band,

Viewing the scout with scornful eyes,
Fierce smites the table with his hand,

And swinging high his goblet, cries —

"Fill, comrades, fill, the wine is bright,
We'll drink the soldier's life to-night !
Sing, comrades, sing, the wind shall be
The chorus to our harmony !

This talk forbear — no trails we fear !

Thy boding's naught, no foe is near !

A guardian kind is Winter old !

He rears his barriers white and cold ;

His frozen forests fill the track

Between us and fierce Frontenac !

Hark to the blast, how wild its sweep !

He shouts his chorus strong and deep ;

How beats the snow ! we envy not

This bitter night, the sentry's lot !

Our comrades at the gates must feel

The driving sleet like points of steel !

Fill, and let thanks to fortune flow

For wine and fire, not blast and snow !

Fill, till the brim is beaming bright !

We'll drink — the soldier's life ! — to-night !

"We note several pieces of exquisite description. Nice bits of scenery occur in frequent pages — glimpses of wood and water, rude mountain and cultivated valley, slips of prospect such as a painter's eye would seize upon and fasten in autumnal tints upon the intelligible canvas. Occasionally, too, our author moralizes well upon the things he describes, with a pure spirit and that gentle solemnity which soothes and satisfies, without chilling or oppressing, the heart."

In 1849, *Frontenac*, a long narrative poem from the pen of Mr. Street was published by Richard Bentley, London, and subsequently ushered to the American public by the then publishing firm of

Baker and Scribner, since Scribner, Wel-
ford & Co.

Of this poem "The Britannia," a London periodical, thus speaks.

"Mr. Street is one of the writers of whom his country has reason to be proud. His originality is not less striking than his talent. In dealing with the romance of North American life, at a period when the red man waged war with the European settler, he has skilfully preserved that distinctive reality in ideas, habits, and action characteristic of the Indian Tribes, while he has constructed a poem of singular power and beauty. In this respect 'Frontenac' is entirely different from 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' which presents us only with ideal portraiture. Mr. Street has collected all his materials from Nature. They are stamped with that impress of truth which is at once visible even to the inexperienced eye, and, like a great artist, he has exercised his imagination only in forming them into the most attractive, picturesque, and beautiful combinations.

"We can best give an idea of Mr. Street's production by saying that it resembles one of Cooper's Indian romances thrown into sweet and varied verse. The frequent change of metre is not we think advantageous to the effect of the poem as a whole, and the reader uninitiated in the pronunciation of Indian proper names may find the frequent recurrence a stumbling block as he reads ; but the rapidity of the narrative, the exciting incidents of strife and peril which give it life and animation, and the exquisite beauty of the descriptive passages must fascinate the mind of every class of readers, while the more refined taste will dwell with delight on the lovely images and poetic ideas with which the verse is thickly studded."

Thus speaks Duyckinck's "Literary World" published some years ago.

"When Europeans first penetrated the valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk, they found a confederacy of Red men, who, by the power of *union*, bore sway over all the surrounding tribes. The Ho-de-no-son-ne, once consisting of *nine* united nations, for a time, according to Algonquin tradition, were known as the Eight Tribes. At the period of the Dutch discovery, they called themselves the Five Nations, *Akonoshioni* ; or, as more correctly written, Ho-de-no-son-ne. Ordinarily, when speaking of themselves, they used the term *Ongwe Honwee*, a generic word, equivalent to *Indian*, and which

applied to the whole red race, just as we, appropriating the name of the continent, call ourselves Americans. Subsequently, and within our written history, another tribe, the Tuskaroras, was adopted into the Union, and the confederacy became known as the Six Nations. The polity which regulated these United Red Men is hardly known. So far as ascertained, the number of tribes might be increased or diminished, according to circumstances. The power of war and peace was given up by each member of the Confederacy: votes were given by tribes. The singular bond of the *totem*, or family name and device, ran through all the nations, Algonquins as well as Iroquois. It bore some analogy to coats of arms. Descent was by the female side. The son of a chief could not succeed him. His brother, or, in default of a brother, the male child of his daughter, was the heir-apparent; and his claims were submitted to a council for approval, without which he was not inducted into office. Married women among them retained their name or *totem*, as well as their property. Matrons might take part in council. There were Council Fires or Deliberative Assemblies in each tribe, and a Grand Council of the Confederacy made up of delegates from the *tribes* composing it, as our Senate consists of representatives of the States. Over all presided the *Atotarho* or "Convener of the Council;" an office, in some respects, not unlike that of President of our Republic. This system was democratic in practice. The independence of the individual tribes was jealously guarded. All warriors were volunteers, without pay or resource from the public. The people were trained to war as the business of life. Hunting was merely foraging. 'The thirst for glory,' says Mr. Schoolcraft, 'the strife for personal distinction filled their ranks, and led them through desert paths to the St. Lawrence, the Illinois, the Atlantic seaboard, and the southern Alleghanies. They conquered wherever they went. They subdued nations in their immediate vicinity. They exterminated others. They adopted the fragments of subjugated tribes into their confederacy, sank the national homes of the conquered into oblivion, and thus repaired the losses of war.'

"Of the great deeds of this noble race sings our poet. Mr. Street has, in Frontenac, attempted only the metrical romance, and a capital one he has written.

He has been most happy in the choice of his subject.

"Street has a peculiar power to see, and to describe in words and rhythm, visible nature. He paints to the eye of mind as Cole and Durand paint to the bodily sight, the woods and waters, the sunny glades and solemn caverns, the distant landscape, and the group just by. Besides, like Cole and Durand, his heart adores his *native* land. He studies and loves our America. His images, his heroes, his similes, his story, all are American; and therefore I love him, and want to make you and all true readers of native books, love him too. Even as the bold leaguers, whose successors we are, painted on some barked tree or whitened doe-skin, the brave deeds of their sires and comrades, and by their Ho-no-we-na-to, or hereditary Keeper of the Records, kept alive perpetual tradition from father to son, so has the author of Frontenac recorded one chapter of the history of the 'United People,' and married it to verse, which I would fain wish immortal. I hail this pale-faced Ho-no-we-na-to, who has filled his mind with the lore of the Iroquois, and whose diction might have been the utterance of a Ho-de-noson-ne soul. Hear him:

As Thurenserah viewed the lovely sky,
It looked, to his wild fancy-shaping eye,
Like holy HAH-WEN-NE-YO'S* bosom bright
With his thick-crowded deeds, one glow of
light—

And his rich belt of wampum broadly bound
White as his pure and mighty thoughts, around.

"What an image! The broad expanse of starry sky, belted with constellations, to the untutored Indian's mind, suggested the broad chest of the mighty brave, whose thick-crowded deeds could scarce find room to be emblazoned there in glory. The milky way was the rich belt of wampum, white as *His* pure thoughts.

"Again: the ATOTARHO is appealing to his warriors, who, overawed by the accounts they receive of the Frenchman's artillery, hesitate to resist:—

Have you forgot that here is burning

The pure Ho-de-noson-ne fire?

Rather than, from its splendor turning,

Leave it to Yon-non-de-yoh's spurning,

Around it, glad, should all expire!

See! its smoke streams before your eye

Like HAH-WEN-NE-YOH'S scalp-lock high!

"The Atotarho, Thurenserah (*Anglice*,

'The Dawn of Day'), the hero of the romance, is a heroine — LUCILLE, the daughter of Sa-ha-wee, Priestess of the Sacred Fire of the Onondagas, who had been carried a captive to France, and wedded there Frontenac; this Lucille becomes Atotarho of the Iroquois, and after performing all chivalrous and gallant acts, according to Indian warfare, at last overcome, is about to be burnt at the stake with Indian torments, a prisoner. The sacred fane has been destroyed and the fire gone out, when her sex is discovered, and her mother avows herself in the priestess, and the wife of the conqueror, the long-lost and long-renowned *Sa-ha-wee*. Here we have the romance. The interest of the story is well sustained, and the improbabilities are so artfully carried out, of our modern notions of what would be likely, into olden Ho-de-no-son-ne days, that no one but an Iroquois has any right to say aught against them. The versification is varied; not always perfect, nor even carefully conducted — but full of substance, needing the *file*, yet worthy of that toil which, in another edition, the rhyme-builders ought to bestow.

"As for instance: —

Now by smooth banks, where, stretched beneath the shade

The Indian Hunter gazed with curious eye,
Now catching glimpses of some grassy glade,
Rich with the sunshine of the open sky;
Now by the vista of some creek, where stood
The moose mid-leg, and tossing high his crown

Hazy with gnats, and *vanishing* in the wood,
Waking to showers of white the shallows brown.

Thus on they passed by day.

Alter the words italicized into *he vanished*, and both sound and sense are improved, for it was the moose and not the gnats that vanished. Now you see how hard I have striven to find fault, and after all my quotation draws a picture beautiful as Durand can paint. The word-pictures of Street are marvels. Listen — he is looking over the battlements of Québec.

The lower city's chimneys rose

Along the marge in long array,
Whilst, in its calm and smooth repose

Like air the broad curved river lay.

A brigantine was creeping round,
With its one sail, Cape Diamond's bound;
By Orleans' Island a bateau
Was like a lazy spider, slow
Crawling. The boatmen, spots of red,
Pushing their poles of glimmering thread.

"But here is a graver strain: —

LIVING AGE. VOL. VII. 316

HYMN TO THE DEITY. — AN IROQUOIS HYMN.

Mighty, mighty HAH-WEN-NE-YO, spirit pure
and mighty, hear us!

We thine own Ho-de-no-son-ne, wilt thou be
forever near us,

Keep the sacred flame still burning! guide
our chase, our planting cherish!

Make our warriors' hearts yet taller! let our
foes before us perish!

Kindly watch our waving harvests! Make
each Sachem's wisdom deeper!

Of our old men, of our women, of our children
be the keeper!

Mighty, holy Hah-wen-ne-yo! Spirit pure
and mighty, hear us —

We thine own Ho-do-no-son-ne, wilt thou be
forever near us!

Yah-hah! forever near us! Wilt thou be for-
ever near us!

"A single stanza from the description of
Cayuga Lake:

Sweet sylvan lake! beside thee now,
Villages point their spires to Heaven,
Rich meadows wave, broad grain-fields bow,
The axe resounds, the plough is driven;
Down verdant points come herds to drink, —
Flocks strew, like spots of snow, thy brink;
The frequent farm-house meets the sight,
'Mid falling harvests scythes are bright,
The watch dog's bark comes faint from far,
Shakes on the ear the saw-mill's jar;

The steamer, like a darting bird,
Parts the rich emerald of thy wave,
And the gay song and laugh are heard —
But all is o'er the Indian's grave.

Pause, white man! check thy onward stride!
Cease o'er the flood thy prow to guide!
Until is given one sigh sincere

For those who once were monarchs here,
And prayer is made, beseeching God
To spare us his avenging rod
For all the wrongs upon the head
Of the poor helpless savage shed;
Who, strong when we were weak, did not
Trample us down upon the spot,
But weak when we were strong, were cast
Like leaves upon the rushing blast."

The following is from "The Albion."

"There is something in a name, and
Mr. Street has chosen one that has this
recommendation. It is peculiar and yet
euphonious, begetting some curiosity in
those not well read in Canadian story to
learn who or what Frontenac might be.

"The scenes are laid in the castle and
city of Quebec; in the deep forests of
the then uncleared wilderness, and on
the waters of the Canadian rivers and
lakes; these afford ample scope for de-
scription, which is evidently Mr. Street's
forte. The poem contains not fewer
than seven thousand lines, mainly in the
octosyllabic metre, but pleasingly varied.

"Mr. Street must surely have made per-

sonal acquaintance with that most picturesque city, Quebec, for he writes of it with much unction.

In the rich pomp of dying day,
Quebec, the rock-throned monarch,
glowed —

Castle and spire and dwelling gray,
The batteries rude that niched their way
Along the cliff, beneath the play
Of the deep yellow light, were gay,
And the curved flood below that lay

In flashing glory flowed ;
Beyond, the sweet and mellow smile
Beamed upon Orleans' lovely isle ;
Until the downward view

Was closed by mountain-tops that, reared
Against the burnished sky, appeared
In misty, dreamy hue.

Reared on the cliff, at the very brink
Whence a pebble dropped would sink
Fourscore feet to the slope below,
The Castle of St. Louis caught
Dancing hues of delicate pink,
With which the clouds o'erhead were
fraught

From the rich sunset's streaming glow.

"The funeral of Frontenac takes place in the Recollets' Church, and the concluding passage entitled 'Mass for the dead' is extremely musical.

Sunset again o'er Quebec
Spread like a gorgeous pall ;
Again does its rich, glowing loveliness deck
River, and castle, and wall.
Follows the twilight haze,
And now the star-gemmed night ;
And out bursts the Recollets' Church in a
blaze

Of glittering, spangling light.
Crowds in the spacious pile
Are thronging the aisles and nave
With soldiers from altar to porch, in file
All motionless, mute and grave.
Censers are swinging around,
Wax-lights are shedding their glare,
And, rolling majestic its volume of sound,
The organ oppresses the air.
The saint within its niche,
Pillar and picture and cross,
And the roof in its soaring and stately pitch,
Are gleaming in golden gloss.
The chorister's sorrowing strain
Sounds shrill as the winter breeze,
Then low and soothing, as when complain
Soft airs in the summer trees.
The taper-starred altar before,
Deep mantled with mourning black,
With sabre and plume on the pall spread
o'er,

Is the coffin of Frontenac.
Around it the nobles are bowed,
And near are the guards in their grief,
While the sweet-breathing incense is wreath-
ing its cloud
Over the motionless chief.

But the organ and singers have ceased,
Leaving a void in air,
And the long-drawn chant of the blazoned
priest
Rises in supplianee there.
Again the deep organ shakes
The walls with its mighty tone,
And through it again the sweet melody
breaks
Like a sorrowful spirit's moan.

"The author is an observer and must be a lover of Nature. How condensed and striking, is the following description of the *bursting forth* of a Canadian Spring.

'Twas May! the Spring, with magic bloom,
Leaped up from Winter's frozen tomb.
Day lit the river's icy mail ;

The bland, warm rain at evening sank ;
Ice fragments dashed in midnight's gale ;
The moose at morn the ripples drank.

The yacht, that stood with naked mast
In the locked shallows motionless
When sunset fell, went curtsying past
As breathed the morning's light caress.

"Are not the above lines excellent? The four that we have italicized contain a volume of suggestions, and are alone sufficient to stamp Mr. Street a man of genius.

"If Edwin Landseer desired to paint the portrait of a moose deer, could he find any more graphic sketch than the following?

'Twas one of June's delicious eves ;
Sweetly the sunset rays were streaming,
Here, tangled in the forest leaves,
There on the Cataragin * gleaming.
A broad glade lay beside the flood
Where tall dropped trees and bushes stood
A cove its semi-circle bent
Within, and through the sylvan space,
Where lay the light in splintered trace,
A moose, slow grazing, went ;
Twisting his long, curved, flexile lip
Now the striped moose-wood's leaves to strip,
And now his maned neck, short and strong,
Stooping, between his fore-limbs long,
Stretched widely out, to crop the plant
And tall, rich grass that clothed the haunt.
On moved he to the basin's edge,
Moving the sword-flag, rush, and sedge,
And, wading short way from the shore,
Where spread the water-lilies o'er
A pavement green with globes of gold,
Commenced his favourite feast to hold.

So still the scene — the river's lapse
Along its course gave hollow sound,
With some raised wavelet's lazy slaps
On log and stone around ;
And the crisp noise the moose's cropping
Made, with the water lightly dropping

* Iroquois name for the River St. Lawrence.

From some lithe, speckled lily stem
 Entangled in his antlers wide,
 Thus scattering many a sparkling gem
 Within the gold-cups at his side.
 Sudden he raised his head on high,
 Spread his great nostrils, fixed his eye,
 Reared half his giant ear-flaps, stood,
 Between his teeth a half-chewed root,
 And sidelong on the neighbouring wood
 Made startled glances shoot.
 Resuming then his stem, once more,
 He bent, as from suspicion free,
 His bearded throat the lilies o'er,
 And cropped them quietly.

"Another extract.

The summer sun was sinking bright
 Behind the woods of Isle Perrot ;
 Back, Lake St. Louis gleamed the light
 In rich and mingled glow ;
 The slanting radiance at Lachine
 Shone on an animated scene.
 Beside the beach upon the swell
 Scores of canoes were lightly dancing,
 With many a long bateau, where fell
 The sun on pole and drag-rope glancing.
 Throngs were upon the gravelly beach,
 Bustling with haste, and loud in speech ;
 Some were placing in rocking bateaus
 Cannon and mortars and piles of grenades ;
 Some were refitting their arrows and bows,
 Others were scanning their muskets and
 blades ;
 Some were kindling their bivouac fire ;
 Others were blending
 Their voices in song ;
 While others, contending
 With utterance strong,
 Scarce kept from blows in their reckless ire."

In a Dutch work entitled "*De Kerk School en Witsenschap in de Vereenigde Staten Van Nord-Amerika*," by D. Buddingh, a distinguished scholar and antiquarian of the Netherlands, is the following, translated by Mr. E. B. O'Callaghan.

"We here pass by the poets James G. Percival, J. G. C. Brainard, John Pierpont, Willis and others, in order to make close acquaintance with the poets Alfred B. Street, and Henry W. Longfellow, already named above by us as the Minstrel of the Night."

After a biography of Mr. Street, in which Mr. Buddingh remarks, "His reputation as a poet even extended to England, when he, in 1846, published a volume in large octavo in New York, in which were 'The Lost Hunter,' and his wood-picture, 'The Gray Forest Eagle,' surpassing his descriptions of the Seasons (which remind us of Thomson), and his Indian Legends.

"Street's great merit as a poet consists in his rare gift of nature-painting. Passing by the earlier poem, 'American

Forest Spring,' we select as an instance of his nature-painting, his 'Forest Walk.' We have not space here for any other than this poem of Street whose love for Nature made him her original and striking delineator."

In a large, closely printed, double-column octavo volume entitled, "*Bildersaal der Welt Literatur, von Dr. Johannes Scherr*," embracing a selection of translations by various writers, from the poets of the Indian, Chinese, Hebrew, Arabian, Persian, and Turkish ; Greek and Roman ; Provençal, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and French, English, Scotch, German and Dutch, Icelandic, Swedish, Norwegian and Danish ; Bohemian, Servian, Polish and Russian ; Hungarian and Romaic, America is represented. We have Percival's "Eagle," Bryant's "Thanatopsis," Longfellow's "Excelsior," Street's "Settler," Irving's "Falls of the Passaic," and Drake's "American Flag."

Philareté Chasles, late Professor in the College of France, and one of the most distinguished French authors and critics, in his "Anglo-American Literature and Manners," and in a chapter, "Of some Anglo-American Poets," speaks thus :

"The only names which we can single out from this forest of versifiers are Street, Halleck, Bryant, Longfellow, and Emerson."

The following notice occurs in the "Hand-Book of American Literature," published by W. & R. Chambers, London and Edinburgh. "Alfred B. Street has published descriptive poems highly commended for their graphic power. In *Frontenac*, a tale of the Iroquois, the author has added a narrative interest to his descriptive passages, of which several are clearly written with picturesque effect."

In Vapereau's "Dictionnaire Universel des Contemporains," published at Paris, in Mr. Street's biography, M. Vapereau in speaking of his works remarks, "Where is found an undeniable power of description, a vivid appreciation of nature, and a manner of thought entirely American."

In "The Poets and Poetry of America," Mr. Griswold says, "Mr. Street describes with remarkable fidelity and minuteness, and while reading his poems one may easily fancy himself in the forest, on the open plain, or by the side of the shining river."

In "Allibone's Dictionary of Authors" it is said of Mr. Street, "In 1843-44 (succeeding General John A. Dix,) he

was the editor of 'The Northern Light.' Perhaps it would be correct to say that his rank among American poets is the same as that generally assigned to Dryden among English poets."

In "The Crayon," an art journal, is found the following:

"The soft brown moss, in which the vivid green of the new shoots comes like spangles, is more grateful to the feet than the clay of the road, and so I penetrate the grove.

Here sprouts the fresh young wintergreen,
There swells a mossy mound;
Though in the hollows drifts are piled
The wandering wind is sweet and mild,
And buds are bursting round.

Where its long rings unwinds the fern,
The violet, nestling low,
Casts back the white lid of its urn
Its purple streaks to show.

Amid the creeping-pine which spreads
Its thick and verdant wreath,
The scauberry's downy spangle sheds
Its rich, delicious breath.
(Street's 'American Forest Spring.')

That was in Street's locality.

"Also the poets know what an increase of effect they gain in describing the motion of such objects by applying a humanizing verb, as, for example, in Shakespeare:

But look! The morn in russet mantle clad
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

"As vivid as the bolt itself, is this in Byron.

From peak to peak the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder.

"And in the epithet used by Street there is a close approximation to the effect of a rain-cloud traversing the fields.

And in its vapory mantle onward *steps*
The summer shower."

Also, in another article.

"Our American Street has plied his pencil-pen upon (winter) scenes with admirable care for detail. We can select but one or two sturdy bits.

Yon rustic bridge
Bristles with icicles; beneath it stand
The cattle-group long pausing while they drink
From the ice-hollowed pools, *that skim in sheets*
Of delicate glass, and shivering as the air
Cuts with keen stinging edge;

"Take another.

The morning rises up
And lo, the dazzling picture! every tree

Seems carved from steel, the silent hills are
helmed

And the broad fields have breastplates. Over
all

The sunshine flashes in a keen, white blaze
Of splendor searing eye-sight. Go abroad!
The branches *yield crisp cracklings, now and*
then

Sending a shower of rattling diamonds down
On the mailed earth, as freshens the light wind.
The hemlock is a *stooping bower of ice*,
And the oak seems as if a fairy's wand
Away had swept its skeleton frame, and placed
A polished structure *trembling* o'er with tints
Of rainbow beauty there. But soon the sun
Melts the enchantments like a charm away.

"We hold that Thomson, in as many lines, never wrote so many apt expressions of natural effects."

"The Crayon" also published three essays on "The Landscape Element in American Poetry," assigning to Bryant, Street, and Lowell in each essay, their place as the exponent and representative of this distinctive school of our literature. Extended specimens are given of their poetry, bringing out their picturesque qualities and pictorial beauties.

Mr. Street has delivered manifold poems before the literary societies of the Colleges of New York and elsewhere, Geneva, Yale, Union, Hamilton, &c.; is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa, of Cambridge Art Union, and has received the distinction of an honorary membership of the Literary Society of Nuremberg, the "*Literarische Verein*," of which Mr. Longfellow is likewise a recipient.

From Fraser's Magazine.

SHAKESPEARE'S SON-IN-LAW.

A STUDY OF OLD STRATFORD.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON in the seventeenth century must have presented a very perfect type of the small midland towns which ranked in size and importance between the villages and the larger boroughs. Grouped about a fair and stately church and an old Guild-house were three or four streets of low, half-timber houses, sparingly intermixed with a few of larger size, such as the College where Combe lived, and the ever memorable New Place, environed by well-wooded gardens and gently sloping towards the river, which then, as to-day, crept lazily through the many arches of the old bridge, now "making sweet music to the enamelled stones" of the shallows,

now heavy and stagnant in the deep pools under the shadow of the elms and willows. Imagine this, with a foreground of rich meadow land, dank and moist as Cuyp's river banks, streaked with tall hedgerows and backed by the undulating banks, which do duty for hills in this part of England, and you have a picture of Stratford as it must have appeared in the time of Shakespeare. The fertility of this middle-most valley of England is unrivalled. Dry and matter-of-fact Speed, who knew the district well, and was a frequent visitor at Warwick, hard by, is almost betrayed into poetry when he comes to describe "the meandering pastures, with their green mantles so embroidered with flowers, that from Edgehill we behold another Eden." In our day, Hugh Miller, rambling by the Avon on a hot day in June, descants with enthusiasm upon the rich aquatic vegetation, and declares that he had seen nothing in living nature which so well enabled him to realize the luxuriant semitropical life of the period of the coal-measures. But the beauty of the landscape is very treacherous. Built or bordering upon low alluvial soil, near the point where the great red sandstone district of central England begins to be overlaid by the lias, the town is very liable to floods, which year after year leave behind them a plentiful crop of fevers and agues. In the autumn months it often happens that the quiet little river, swollen by hundreds of tiny confluents from the high grounds, spreads itself along the valley into the semblance of a huge mere, and the scene from Stratford Bridge is

A flat malarian world of reed and rush.

The whole neighbourhood was formerly very unhealthy. If we may depend upon the entries of burials in the parish register, the death rate during the last twenty-five years of the sixteenth century must have greatly exceeded that of a modern manufacturing town; and in the very year of Shakespeare's birth, the plague is estimated to have carried off one-seventh of the inhabitants. Even in these days of improved drainage the rate is high. Out of one hundred and eighty-eight deaths from natural causes in 1868, sixty-six were registered as caused by zymotic diseases. The neighbourhood of Stratford has always given employment to a number of doctors, and in the time of Elizabeth there is reason to believe that this little town or its immedi-

ate vicinity possessed two physicians, besides several apothecaries, and a number of the irregular practitioners who always abound in aguish districts. During the first quarter of the seventeenth century the most noted of the Stratford doctors was John Hall, who had the luck to immortalize his name by marrying the eldest daughter of Shakespeare. The register of Stratford, under the date of 1607, has the following entry among the marriages:

John Hall, gentleman, and Susanna Shaxpere.

This is the first, and well-nigh the only contemporary notice of Hall. Who he was, and whence he came, the reasons which induced him to settle at Stratford, and, indeed, almost everything connected with his personal history, are all hidden in that singular obscurity which seems to envelop all the surroundings of Shakespeare. With the exception of a few brief notices in the Corporation Records relating to his holding the office of Bailiff, we hear nothing more of him until after his death, when one of his many manuscript case-books came into the hands of Dr. Cooke, of Warwick, who translated it from the professional Latin, and published it in 1659 under the title of *Select Observations upon English Bodies of Eminent Persons in Desperate Diseases*. This singular book, little known and strangely neglected, is of great interest to investigators of Shakespeare's life and times. Nearly all the "eminent English bodies," of whose patching up and physicking it is the record, were those of Shakespeare's friends and neighbour's, and it is the only source from which we may get a glimpse, however slight, of the people among whom his last years were spent. To these last days, indeed, these doleful pages are in some sort the epilogue, for we find here most of the friends and contemporaries of his youth in the sere and yellow leaf journeying peacefully, but for the most part painfully, to the grave, under the pilotage of Dr. Hall. Among his patients we have "Mrs. Hall, of Stratford (my wife), being miserably tormented with the cholic;" Elizabeth Hall ("my only daughter, vexed with tortura oris"); Mrs. Green (most likely the wife of the Town Clerk, who was a relative of the poet); Mrs. Combe (the wife of the Combe to whom Shakespeare left his sword); Mrs. Sadler (his early friend, and god-mother of his daughter Judith); Esquire Underhill (perhaps the former proprietor of New

Place), who in these days was miserably tormented by the "running gout," as became an aged justice; and Alderman Tyler, the person whose name was erased from the will, treated for a thoroughly aldermanic complaint, "exceeding heat of tongue." A Mrs. Nash also, probably the wife of Shakespeare's friend, and mother of the Nash who married Hall's daughter, appears in these pages, and several other members of the Combe and Underhill families. The book is nothing more than an ordinary case-book of the period; but in the word or two descriptive of the individual which Hall affixes to each case we are often able to discover the bent of his own mind, and in some measure to reconstruct the society of the neighbourhood. There is abundant evidence that his practice lay amongst the best families of the district, and he was often sent for to attend patients living at a great distance. At Compton Wyniatates he was in frequent attendance upon the Marquis of Northampton, and even attended him when residing at Ludlow as Warden of the Welsh Marches. At Warwick his principal patients were "Baronet Puckering," son of Elizabeth's Speaker, of the same name, "very learned, much given to study, of a rare and lean constitution, yet withal phlegmatic," and Lord Brook, the famous friend of Sir Philip Sydney, who appears to have been a confirmed invalid during his latter years of retirement at Warwick. At Clifford, near Stratford, lived the Rainsfords, who are frequently mentioned in this book, notably "my lady Rainsford, beautiful, and of a gallant structure of body." There can be little doubt that Shakespeare would be a frequenter of this house, as Sir Henry Rainsford is said by Aubrey to have been a great friend to poetry and poets. Drayton mentions in one of his letters to Drummond of Hawthornden, that he is accustomed to spend three months of every summer at Clifford, and again alludes to it in the *Polyolbion* as —

... dear Clifford's seat, the place of health
and sport,
Which many a time hath been the muse's
quiet port.

Another patient of great consideration with Hall was Esquire Beaufou, of Guy's Cliff, "whose name I have always cause to honour." His worst illness was caused by "eating great quantity of cream at the end of his supper, about the age of seventy." His wife, the Lady

Beaufou, was "godly and honest, being of a noble extract." At Walcot, in Oxfordshire, he had a good patient in Lady Jenkinson, who was probably the widow of the Sir Anthony Jenkinson who was twice sent by Elizabeth as ambassador to Russia. Other patients residing in or near Stratford were Mrs. Harvey, "very religious;" the Lady Johnson, "fair, pious, chaste;" Mr. Drayton, "an excellent poet," treated for a tertian, and dosed with a pleasant mixture, which "wrought both upwards and downwards;" Mistress Woodward, "a maid, very witty and well-bred, yet gibbous;" Mr. Fortescue, "catholic, a great drinker, of a very good habit of body, sanguine, very fat;" Mr. Trap, the Puritan curate of Stratford, "for his piety and learning second to none."

The case of George Quiney is one of the most interesting in the book. He was the son of Shakespeare's old friend Richard, the writer of the one extant letter addressed to Shakespeare (asking for the loan of "xxlb."), and the brother of Thomas, who married the poet's second daughter. In 1624 he was curate of Stratford, and became Dr. Hall's patient for "grievous cough and gentle fever, being very weak"—in other words, he appears to have been in the last stage of a galloping consumption. The medical men of our day let us off with a few doses *per diem*, and a pill or a potion at night, but in Quiney's time the doctor was a tyrant from whom no hour, or even meal, was free. This unhappy young man was physicked indeed. In the morning he took a warm emulsion fasting; followed after breakfast by a hydromel, and at night by another emulsion and pills. At dinner they put saffron into his sauce, "because profitable for the brest," and musk into his wine, "to corroborate the heart." His head was shaved, and an "emplaster" of twenty-eight ingredients applied to it; and besides all this, he was dosed with small messes of myrrh and tragacanth made into a paste and taken "lying on the back, to the end it may dissolve itself." Under this treatment the patient ultimately died, and Hall dismisses him with the remark that "he was a man of good wit, expert in tongues, and very learned," which proves at any rate that there was one man of culture amongst the Stratford townsmen. From this specimen it will be seen that our doctor's practice was of the heroic type. Nature, according to his theory, was not a friend

to be gently entreated and coaxed, but an enemy to be fiercely wrestled with and conquered. In common with most practitioners of his time, he had some very nasty and coarse medicines. He often gave "juyce of goose-dung" and frog-spawn water as tonics, and one of his favourite cataplasms was, "R., a swallow's nest, straw, sticks, dung, and all." Powdered human skull and even human fat are strongly recommended, and he frequently prescribes a restorative made from snails and earth-worms. Medicine at this period was in a state of transition, and the old remedies, based for the most part upon the doctrine of sympathies and correspondences, still held their own against the new and better practice which acknowledged no authority but experiment and observation. In turning over the pages of this book we cannot fail to be struck by the great prevalence of fevers and agues. Many varieties are mentioned by Hall, such as "the malign spotted fever," "erratic fever," the "ungaric fever," the "new fever," and tertians and quotidians of many kinds; and as a result of these, probably, we continually meet with cases of "hypochondriac melancholy." If the cases in this book are to be taken as fairly representative, it follows that the popular ideal of the land of Shakespeare must be considerably modified. Stratford was no bucolic paradise of red-faced yokels, but a town of lean and melancholy invalids: a very nursery of Hamlets, Timons, and Jacques', scarcely ever free from —

. . . burning fevers, agues pale and faint;
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood;
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd
despair.

It is, perhaps, worth notice that no great poet has so frequently employed images derived from these diseases. The physicist of the future who, upon some advanced stage of Mr. Buckle's thesis, will expound to our grandsons the various causes which led up to that most wonderful of all phenomena, SHAKESPEARE, will no doubt have much to say about the influence of locality in producing the morbid melancholy which, in place and out of place, seems to pervade every page of his writings. There is little doubt that Hall would be Shakespeare's attendant during his last illness, although we have no account of it in this book, the entries in which unfortunately do not commence till 1617, the year after his death, although it is by no means cer-

tain that Shakespeare's case would have been given, as the doctor is very chary of recording his failures. But who was Shakespeare's apothecary or surgeon? A pocket-book of Hall's is said to have once been in the possession of Malone, in which there was a statement that his name was Nason, but in another place corrected to Court. Now among Hall's patients we find both "John Nason of Stratford, Barber," and "Mrs. Grace Court, wife to my apothecary." In those days the lancet had scarcely been divorced from the razor, so probably both names are correct, Court being the apothecary, and Nason acting as surgeon or blood-letter. We are told by Ward, afterwards Vicar of Stratford, and also at the same time practising as a physician — a not uncommon conjunction of offices in the seventeenth century — that Shakespeare died of a fever, contracted at a merry meeting with his friends Drayton and Ben Jonson.* In that year (1616) we find from the entries in the Parish Register that the fever was unusually active in Stratford, and it is probable, therefore, that we may acquit the feasting of any share in the poet's death. In the autumn of 1632 the fever again became terribly busy, in Hall's words, "killing almost all that it did infect," and the doctor himself nearly fell a victim to it. From the way in which his disorder was treated, in the first instance by himself, and afterwards, as he grew worse, by a friendly physician from Warwick — and which was, in fact, the routine practice of the period — we may gather a pretty accurate idea of the last hours in this world of that bright but saddened and world-worn spirit — inhabiter of that most eminent of all "eminent English bodies," which seventeen years before had lain burning and tossing in the same house, probably in the same room. The battle commenced in the usual manner, by bleeding: "8 oz. from the liver-vein;" and was followed up by active cathartics. Afterwards, at frequent intervals, they gave him a strong decoction of hartshorn, the effects of which naturally made him, as he says, "much macerated and weakened, so that I could not turn myself in bed;" and between the doses of hartshorn he took an electuary, of which the principal ingredient was the famous powder of gems, then much in vogue, and

* *Diary of the Rev. John Ward, Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon.* Edited by Severn. London, 1839. Dr. Ward, like Hall, left behind him a number of MS. case-books.

composed of jacinths, smardines, rubies, leaf-gold, and red coral. At night he swallowed potions of diascordium and syrup of poppies, and in the morning more cathartics to drive away the little life still left. The heart gradually sinking, a plaster of musk and aromatics was applied to the breast; and then, the poor weakened brain wandering, and the troubled spirit ready to pass the threshold, a pigeon was cut open, and its raw flesh applied warm to the soles of his feet, in the expectation that the vital magnetism of the bird would draw away the humours from the head. And then! In Shakespeare's case, we know how it ended; but Dr. Hall, who must have had the constitution of a horse, recovered.

The book entirely corroborates the well-known and persistent Stratford tradition that the immediate descendants of Shakespeare were Puritans, and therefore inclined to hold the writings of their illustrious relative in little respect. Dr. Hall was certainly a Puritan of a very pronounced type. The word "bodies" upon his title-page seems to imply a reservation as to souls which savours of this school, and the book abounds in the pious phrases which at that time were certain shibboleths of the sect. Cooke, the editor, tells us that "he was in great fame for his skill far and near; and this I take to be a great sign of his ability, that such who spare not for cost, and they who have more than ordinary understanding, nay, such as hated him for his religion, often made use of him." When Dowdall visited Stratford in 1693, the earliest pilgrim who has left an account of his visit, he made friends with the parish clerk, who was then upwards of eighty years old. While viewing the church, the old man pointed to Shakespeare's tomb, and said emphatically, "He was the best of his family"! This has always seemed to us the most expressive testimony, and, from the old town gossip's point of view, speaks volumes, plainly telling of a bright period of generous living at the New Place, too soon followed by a time of darkness, when cakes and ale were not.

John Hall died in November 1635. By his nuncupative will, made on the day of his death, he left his "study of books"—and amongst these, unless they had undergone a similar sifting to that bestowed upon Don Quixote's, would be the priceless Shakespeare Library—to his son-in-law Nash, "to dispose of them as you see good," and, in striking contrast

to the indifference displayed by his great father-in-law, exhibits a laudable anxiety for his literary progeny. "As for my manuscripts, I would have given them to Mr. Boles if he had been here, but forasmuch as he is not here present, you may, son Nash, burn them or do with them what you please." Such is the wondrous diversity of human nature, *Macbeth* and *Othello* are dismissed without a word to the tender mercies of ignorant players, and still more ignorant printers, or, for the matter of that, to the chances of utter oblivion; but Dr. Hall upon his bed of death, is troubled about his poor little case-books. The way in which the present book came to be published is detailed by Cooke in an address to the reader prefixed to the first edition, but omitted in the succeeding impressions. At the beginning of the Civil Wars, probably in 1642, Cooke, then quite a young man, was acting as surgeon to the Roundhead troop who were keeping the bridge at Stratford, and quartered with him was "a mate allied to the gentleman who wrote the observations." This young man invited Cooke to New Place to see the books left by Dr. Hall. Mrs. Hall showed him the books, and then said "she had some [other] books left by one that professed physic with her husband, for some money. I told her that if I liked them I would give her the money again." Mrs. Hall then "brought them forth, amongst which there was this, with another of the author's, both intended for the press. I being acquainted with Mr. Hall's hand, told her that one or two of them were her husband's, and showed them to her. She denied, I affirmed, till I perceived she began to be offended, and at last I returned her the money." This is the only scrap of intelligence, save the inscription upon her monument, which time has left us about Shakespeare's daughter, and it must be allowed that it does not show her in a pleasant light. Mistress Hall was certainly wise in a worldly sense, as well as "wise to salvation." We may, perhaps, however, derive from the incident a consolatory inference. The tradition mongers have always delighted to rack our imagination with visions of the burning of Shakespeare's manuscripts at the hands of a Puritanic and unsympathetic kindred. The fair bargainer of the above scene was not the woman to dispose of her father's manuscripts—if there were any—without a proper consideration, and the probability seems to be that Heminge and Condell would get them all.

But we must not be led into doing injustice to Mrs. Hall. It is quite possible that Cooke may have been mistaken in the inference which he evidently intends us to draw. We know that it is quite possible for even the largest-hearted and most sympathetic of women to be a dead hand at a bargain, and after all there is no crime in desiring to change a number of musty little manuscripts into current coin of the realm. Mrs. Hall's tombstone in Stratford Church asks us —

To weepe with her that wept with all
That wept, yet set herselfe to chere
Them up with comforts cordiall ;

which could hardly have been said of a narrow-minded woman.

We have endeavoured in vain to discover some trace of Hall's parentage or extraction. His name does not occur upon the Register of the College of Physicians, or upon those of the Universities, and, as Cooke tells us that he was a good French scholar and had travelled, it is probable that his degree was from Leyden or Paris. There was a John Hall who practised at Maidstone about 1565, and published a translation of Lanfranc's famous *Ars Chirurgica*. This Hall also published some poetry of a religious cast, and was a very decided Puritan. Is it possible that our Dr. Hall could have been a son or nephew of his? There is certainly a curious intellectual relationship in the style of the two men.

It is amusing, how the real state of affairs at Stratford, during the last years of Shakespeare's life, differed from that which has been pictured for us by the sentimental biographers who have surrounded the poet in his retirement with troops of admiring worshippers. The truth seems to be that Stratford was a perfect hotbed of religious and domestic strife. The municipal government was in the hands of a narrow Puritan majority, who administered the local affairs in the spirit of a Scottish Kirk session, pretending to a strict control over the personal morals of the inhabitants. In 1602 we learn from the town records, published from the originals by Mr. Halliwell, that amongst other attempts at reformation they passed a resolution that "no plays should be played in the chamber," and that any of the council who shall "give leave or license thereto" should forfeit ten shillings; and again in 1612, when their illustrious townsman was in the very zenith of his fame, they repeated the resolution in still stronger

terms, with an exordium on "the inconveniences of plays being very seriously considered of, and their unlawfulness," and increasing the penalty to ten pounds. Stratford also in those days was greatly troubled and excited about the enclosures. Combe and Mannering, two of the largest landowners, wished to enclose a part of the common-field, and the small owners and the townsmen generally, having probably certain rights at stake, resisted vigorously. A portion of Shakespeare's estate would be injuriously affected by the change; and almost the only morsel of information left to us about his private life, except the will and the legal documents relating to his property, has reference to this agitation. It is a memorandum in the handwriting of the Town Clerk, to the effect that "Mr. Shakespeare told Mr. J. Greene that he was not able to beare the enclosing of Welcombe," and is dated September 1, 1615, a few months only before his death. In the same year an application to restrain the enclosers was made to Lord Chief Justice Coke, at Warwick Assizes, and some idea of the temper of the townsmen may be obtained from the order of the Court, which censures Combe and his friends, and declares that the order is taken "for preventynge of tumults, whereof in this very towne of late, upon these occasions, there had been lyke to have been an evill begynninge of some great mischief."

This was Arcadian Stratford.

C. ELLIOT BROWNE.

From Chambers' Journal.

COLOUR IN ANIMALS.

THE variety of colouring in animal life is one of the marvels of nature, only now beginning to be studied scientifically. It is vain to say that an animal is beautiful, either in symmetry or diversity of colour, in order to please the human eye. Fishes in the depths of the Indian seas, where no human eye can see them, possess the most gorgeous tints. One thing is remarkable: birds, fishes, and insects alone possess the metallic colouring; whilst plants and zoophytes are without reflecting shades. The mollusca take a middle path with their hue of mother-of-pearl. What is the reason of these arrangements in the animal kingdom? It is a question which cannot be satisfactorily answered; but some observations

have been made which throw light on the subject. One is, that among animals, the part of the body turned towards the earth is always paler than that which is uppermost. The action of light is here apparent. Fishes which live on the side, as the sole and turbot, have the left side, which answers to the back, of a dark tint; whilst the other side is white. It may be noticed that birds which fly, as it were, bathed in light do not offer the strong contrast of tone between the upper and lower side. Beetles, wasps, and flies have the metallic colouring of blue and green, possess rings equally dark all round the body; and the wings of many butterflies are as beautifully feathered below as above.

On the other hand, mollusca which live in an almost closed shell, like the oyster, are nearly colourless; the larvæ of insects found in the ground or in wood have the same whiteness, as well as all intestinal worms shut up in obscurity. Some insects whose life is spent in darkness keep this appearance all their lives; such as the curious little beetles inhabiting the inaccessible crevasses of snowy mountains, in whose depths they are hidden. They seem to fly from light as from death, and are only found at certain seasons, when they crawl on the flooring of the caves like larvæ, without eyes, which would be useless in the retreats where they usually dwell.

This relation between colouring and light is very evident in the beings which inhabit the earth and the air; those are the most brilliant which are exposed to the sun; those of the tropics are brighter than in the regions around the North Pole, and the diurnal species than the nocturnal; but the same law does not apparently belong to the inhabitants of the sea, which are of a richer shade where the light is more tempered. The most dazzling corals are those which hang under the natural cornices of the rocks and on the sides of submarine grottoes; while some kinds of fish which are found on the shores as well as in depths requiring the drag-net, have a bright red purple in the latter regions, and an insignificant yellow brown in the former. Those who bring up gold-fish know well that to have them finely coloured, they must place them in a shaded vase, where aquatic plants hide them from the extreme solar heat. Under a hot July sun they lose their beauty.

The causes to which animal colouring is due are very various. Some living

substances have it in themselves, owing to molecular arrangement, but usually this is not the case; the liveliest colours are not bound up with the tissues. Sometimes they arise from a phenomenon like that by which the soap-bubble shews its prismatic hues; sometimes there is a special matter called pigment which is united with the organic substance. Such is the brilliant paint, carmine, which is the pigment of the cochineal insect, and the red colour of blood, which may be collected in crystals, separate from the other particles to which it is united.

Even the powder not unknown to ladies of fashion is one of Nature's beautifying means. That which is left on the hands of the ruthless boy when he has caught a butterfly, is a common instance; but there are birds, such as the large white cockatoo, which leave a white powder on the hands. An African traveller speaks of his astonishment on a rainy day to see his hands reddened by the moist plumage of a bird he had just killed. The most ordinary way, however, in which the pigment is found is when it exists in the depths of the tissues, reduced to very fine particles, best seen under the microscope. When scattered, they scarcely influence the shade; but when close together, they are very perceptible. This explains the colour of the negro: under the very delicate layer of skin which is raised by a slight burn there may be seen abundance of brown pigment in the black man. It is quite superficial, for the skin differs only from that of the European in tone; it wants the exquisite transparency of fair races. Among these, the colours which impress the eye do not come from a flat surface, but from the different depths of layers in the flesh. Hence the variety of rose and lily tints according as the blood circulates more or less freely; hence the blue veins, which give a false appearance, because the blood is red; but the skin thus dyes the deep tones which lie beneath it; tattooing with Indian ink is blue, blue eyes owe their shade to the brown pigment which lines the other side of the iris, and the muscles seen under the skin produce the bluish tone well known to painters.

The chemical nature of pigment is little known; the sun evidently favours its development in red patches. Age takes it away from the hair when it turns white, the colouring-matter giving place to very small air-bubbles. The brilliant white of feathers is due to the air which fills

them. Age, and domestic habits exchanged for a wild state, alter the appearance of many birds and animals; in some species the feathers and fur grow white every year before falling off and being renewed; as in the ermine, in spring the fur which is so valued assumes a yellow hue, and after a few months, becomes white before winter.

It would, however, be an error to suppose that all the exquisite metallic shades which diaper the feathers of birds and the wings of butterflies arise from pigments; it was a dream of the alchemists to try to extract them. Their sole cause is the play of light, fugitive as the sparkles of the diamond. When the beautiful feathers on the breast of a humming-bird are examined under the microscope, it is astonishing to see none of the shades the mystery of which you would penetrate. They are simply made of a dark-brown opaque substance not unlike those of a black duck. There is, however, a remarkable arrangement; the barb of the feather, instead of being a fringed stem, offers a series of small squares of horny substance placed point to point. These plates, of infinitesimal size, are extremely thin, brown, and, to all appearance, exactly alike, whatever may be the reflection they give. The brilliant large feathers of the peacock are the same; the plates are only at a greater distance, and of less brightness. They have been described as so many little mirrors, but that comparison is not correct, for then they would only give back light without colouring it. Neither do they act by decomposing the rays which pass through them, for then they would not lose their iris tints under the microscope. It is to metals alone that the metallic plumage of the humming-birds can be compared; the effects of the plates in a feather are like tempered steel or crystallized bismuth. Certain specimens emit colours very variable under different angles, the same scarlet feather becoming, when turned to ninety degrees, a beautiful emerald green.

The same process which nature has followed in the humming-bird is also found in the wing of the butterfly. It is covered with microscopic scales, which play the part of the feather, arranged like the tiles of a house, and taking the most elegant forms. They also lose their colour under magnifying power, and the quality of reflection shews that the phenomena are the same as in feathers. There is, however, a difference in the ex-

tent of the chromatic scale. Whilst the humming-bird partakes in its colours of the whole of the spectrum from the violet to the red, passing through green, those of the butterflies prefer the more refrangible ones from green to violet, passing through blue. The admirable lilac shade of the *Morpho menelas* and the *Morpho cypris* is well known, and the wings of these butterflies have been used by the jewellers, carefully laid under a thin plate of mica, and made into ornaments. A bright green is not uncommon, but the metallic red is rare, excepting in a beautiful butterfly of Madagascar, closely allied to one found in India and Ceylon. The latter has wings of a velvet black with brilliant green spots; in the former, these give place to a mark of fiery red.

There is the same difference between the metallic hues of creatures endowed with flight and the iris shades of fishes, that there is between crystallized bismuth and the soft reflections of the changing opal. To have an idea of the richness of the fish, it is only necessary to see a net landed filled with shad or other bright fish. It is one immense opal, with the same transparency of shade seen through the scales, which afford the only means of imitating pearls. It is due, however, not to the scales, but to extremely thin layers lying below the scales under the skin and round the blood-vessels, which look like so many threads of silver running through the flesh. Réaumur first noticed and described them; sometimes their form is as regular as that of a crystal, and of infinitesimal size and thickness. The art of the makers of false pearls is to collect these plates in a mass from the fish, and make a paste of them with the addition of glue, which is pompously named "Eastern Essence." This is put inside glass beads, and gives them the native whiteness of pearls.

Many observations have been made lately by our naturalists as to the defence which colour supplies to animals: hares, rabbits, stags, and goats possess the most favourable shade for concealing them in the depths of the forest or in the fields. It is well known that when the Volunteer corps were enrolled, and the most suitable colour for the riflemen was discussed, it was supposed to be green. Soldiers dressed in different shades were placed in woods and plains, to try which offered the best concealment. Contrary to expectation, that which escaped the eyes of the enemy was not green, but

the fawn colour of the doe. Among hunting quadrupeds, such as the tiger, the leopard, the jaguar, the panther, there is a shade of skin which man has always been anxious to appropriate for his own use. The old Egyptian tombs have paintings of the negroes of Sudan, their loins girt with the fine yellow skins for which there is still a great sale. All the birds which prey upon the smaller tribes, and fishes like the shark, are clothed in dead colours, so as to be the least seen by their victims.

There is an animal which, for two thousand years, has excited the curiosity and superstition of man by its change of colour—that is, the chameleon. No reasonable observation was ever made upon it, until Perrault instituted some experiments in the seventeenth century. He observed that the animal became pale at night, and took a deeper colour when in the sun, or when it was teased; whilst the idea that it took its colour from surrounding objects was simply fabulous. He wrapped it in different kinds of cloth, and once only did it become paler when in white. Its colours were very limited, varying from gray to green and greenish brown.

Little more than this is known in the present day: under our skies it soon loses its intensity of colour. Beneath the African sun, its livery is incessantly changing; sometimes a row of large patches appears on the sides, or the skin is spotted like a trout, the spots turning to the size of a pin's head. At other times, the figures are light on a brown ground, which a moment before were brown on a light ground, and these last during the day. A naturalist speaks of two chameleons which were tied together on a boat in the Nile, with sufficient length of string to run about, and so always submissive to the same influences of light, &c. They offered a contrast of colour, though to a certain degree alike; but when they slept under the straw chair which they chose for their domicile, they were exactly of the same shade during the hours of rest—a fine sea-green that never changed. The skin rested, as did the brain, so that it seemed probable that central activity, thought, will, or whatever name is given, has some effect in the change of colour. The probability is, that as they become pale, the pigment does not leave the skin, but that it is collected in spheres too small to affect our retina, which will be impressed by the same quantity of pigment when more extended.

It is undoubtedly the nerves which connect the brain with organs where the pigment is retained. By cutting a nerve, the colouring-matter is paralyzed in that portion of the skin through which the nerve passes, just as a muscle is isolated by the section of its nerve. If this operation be performed on a turbot when in a dark state, and thrown into a sandy bottom, the whole body grows paler, excepting the part which cannot receive cerebral influence. The nerves have, in general, a very simple and regular distribution: if two or three of these are cut in the body of the fish, a black transversal band following the course of the nerve will be seen; whilst, if the nerve which animates the head is thus treated, the turbot growing paler on the sand, keeps a kind of black mask, which has a very curious effect.

These marks will remain for many weeks, and what may be called paralysis of colour has been remarked in consequence of illness or accident. Such was seen in the head of a large turbot, the body being of a different colour. It was watched, and died after a few days, evidently of some injury which it had received. The subject offers a field of immense inquiry: the chemical and physical study of pigments, the conditions which regulate their appearance, their intensity, and variations under certain influences; the want of them in albinos, and the exaggerated development in other forms of disease. To Mr. Darwin, in England, and to M. Ponchet, in France, the subject is indebted for much research, which will no doubt be continued as occasion offers.

From The Academy.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN THE LAST CENTURY.

IN turning through some files of old newspapers, we have been surprised to notice that the question as to the propriety of women taking a more prominent part in public affairs was quite as diligently discussed a century ago as it is now-a-days. A few extracts which we have made will furnish somewhat curious illustrations of this. The *Morning Post* of April 14, 1780, contains the following announcement:—

“Casino, no. 43 Great Marlborough Street, this evening, the 14th inst., will commence the First Sessions of the FE-

MALE PARLIAMENT. The Debate to be carried on by Ladies only, and a Lady to preside in the chair. Question — Is that assertion of Mr. Pope's founded in justice, which says 'Every woman is at heart a rake?' On the Sunday evening a theological question to be discussed."

In succeeding issues of the paper, formal reports of the proceedings of this parliament in petticoats are published, such as: — "Friday, April 21. The Speaker having taken the chair, it was resolved *nem. con.* that the assertion of Mr. Pope's, which says, 'Every woman is at heart a rake' is not founded in justice. A member presented to the House several petitions from men milliners, men mantua makers, &c., &c., against a bill entitled 'An Act to prevent men from monopolizing women's professions.' Resolved that said bill and said petitions be considered."

"Such is the universal rage for public speaking," writes the *Morning Post*, of May 20, 1780, "that the honourable Mrs. L——, possessed of no less than two thousand pounds a year, constantly speaks at the Casino Rooms on the nights of the ladies' debates."

In the *Morning Post* of March 9, 1781, we meet with this report: — "La Belle Assemblée — Budget. The opening of the Budget, and the debate which ensued upon the taxes that were proposed by the female Premier, as the Ways and Means for procuring the supplies for the present year, afforded such high and uncommon amusement to the numerous and splendid company in the Rooms, that a general request was made that on the subsequent Friday the Ladies should resume the consideration of the Budget, in preference to the question given out from the chair. In obedience, therefore, to the desire of the public, the Ladies mean this evening to resume the debate on the following taxes, viz.: —

1. Old maids and bachelors over a certain age.
2. On men milliners, men mantua makers, men marriage brokers.
3. On female foxes, female dragoons, female playwrights, and females of all descriptions who usurp the occupations of the men.
4. On monkies, lap-dogs, butterflies, parrots, and puppies, including those of the human species.
5. On made-up complexions.
6. On French dancers, French friseurs, French cooks, French milliners, and French fashion mongers.

7. On quacks and empirics, including those of the State, the Church, and the Bar, etc., etc."

About this time, too, we find the following ingenious problem propounded for the solution of a like gathering in "The Large Hall, Cornhill": — "Which is the happiest period of a man's life: when courting a wife, when married to a wife, or when burying a bad wife."

In 1788 an advertisement appears of the proposed opening, on March 17, of Rice's elegant rooms (late Hickford's), Brewer Street, Golden Square, for public debate by ladies only. The first subject suggested seems quite as comprehensive in the matter of women's rights as the most zealous advocate of them in our own day could desire. This is it: "Do not the extraordinary abilities of the ladies in the present age demand academical honours from the Universities, a right to vote at elections, and to be returned members of parliament?"

From Nature.

COL. GORDON'S JOURNEY TO GONDOKORO.

WE have been favoured with the following remarks concerning Colonel Gordon's journey to Gondokoro. Colonel Gordon, "His excellency, the Governor-general of the equator!" arrived at Khartoum on March 13, and had with him a *Pall Mall Gazette* of Feb. 13; he writes on the 17th from Khartoum as follows: —

"At this season of the year the air is so dry that animal matter does not decay or smell, it simply dries up hard; for instance, a dead camel becomes in a short time a drum.

"The Nile, flowing from the Albert Nyanza below Gondokoro, spreads out into two lakes; on the edge of these lakes aquatic plants, with roots extending 5 ft. into the water, flourish; the natives burn the tops when dry, and thus form soil for grass to grow on; this is again burnt, and it becomes a compact mass. The Nile rises and floats out portions, which, being checked in a curve of the channel, are joined by other masses, and eventually the river is completely bridged over for several miles, and all navigation is stopped.

"Last year the governor of Khartoum went up with three companies and two steamers, and cut away large blocks of the vegetation; at last one night the water

burst the remaining part, and swept down on the vessels, dragging them down some four miles, amidst (according to the Governor's account) hippopotami, crocodiles, and large fish, some alive and confounded, others dead or dying, the fish being crushed by the floating masses. One hippo was carried against the bows of the steamer and killed, and crocodiles 35 ft. long were killed: the Governor, who was on the marsh, had to go five miles on a raft to get to the steamer.

"The effects of these efforts of the Governor of Khartoum is that a steamer can now go to Gondokoro in twenty-one days, whereas it took months formerly to perform the same journey."

Colonel Gordon left Khartoum on March 21, and in his last letter from Fashoda, 10° N., he touches on some of the scenes on the banks of the rivers—the storks, which he was in the habit of seeing arrive on the Danube in April, laying back their heads between their wings and clapping their backs in joy at their return to their old nests on the houses, now wild and amongst the crocodiles 2,000 miles away from Turkey; the monkeys coming down to drink at the edge of the river, with their long tails, like swords, standing stiff up over their backs; the hippos and the crocodiles. Such scenes to a lover of nature, as Col. Gordon is, doubtless would serve to make up in some measure for the loss of civilized society and comforts.

From The Saturday Review.
TITLES.

IN the latter part of Mr. Bryce's account of Iceland in the *Cornhill Magazine** he gives a curious picture of a state of society in which men who are perfectly civilized in their thoughts and manners live in a physical condition not much above that of savages. And one feature of very primitive life they still keep in all its fulness. They have hardly any surnames, and they have no titles. A man is simply Sigurd; if you wish to distinguish him from some other Sigurd, he is simply Sigurd Magnusson. If you go to a house, and wish to see its mistress, you ask for nobody but plain Ingebiörg; or, if you wish to be formal, you do not call her Lady or Mrs., but only Ingebiörg Sigurdsdottir. For in Iceland, as in old

Rome, a married woman is known by her father's name; she cannot take the surname of her husband, because he has no surname for her to take. In all this we are carried back to the days when the smallest man in Athens or Rome could not call Perikles or Cæsar anything but Perikles or Cæsar—nay more, when he could not call Agaristê or Julia anything but Agaristê or Julia. At Rome, to be sure, there were little delicacies about the use of *prænomen*, *nomen*, and *cognomen*; while Perikles could be nothing but Perikles in the mouth of anybody, he whom the outer world called Cæsar would be known to an inner circle as Caius. So in the Universities a man is spoken to from the first moment of introduction by his *cognomen*, allowing for a few exceptional cases in which, owing to some special charm either in the man himself or in his *prænomen*, the *prænomen* is used instead. But Greeks, Romans, Icelanders, and undergraduates all agree in calling a man by nothing but one or other of his real names. Even in Iceland there are respectful ways of marking official rank, as when a man speaks to the Governor or the Bishop, but there is nothing like our fashion of putting a handle to the name of everybody. We use this last phase of set purpose; people constantly say that such a man has got a title, that he has got a "handle to his name," when he is made anything which gives him a right to be called Sir or Lord. Grave heraldic authorities who write peerages and books of landed gentry, and people who write letters to explain how, though they are not peers, they are still noblemen, draw a distinction between "titled" and "untitled" nobility, or gentry, or whatever word they choose to express that foreign thing which the law of England has always so unkindly refused to acknowledge. When people say that the new lord or baronet or knight has got a "title," or a "handle," they forget that he has been called by a "title," or a "handle," ever since the first time that his nurse spoke of him as "Master Tommy," or perhaps more familiarly as "Master Poppet." We are so much in the habit of giving everybody titles, just as we are so much in the habit of talking in prose, that we have got to be as unconscious of the one process as of the other. We are so constantly in the habit of giving everybody the titles of Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Master, that we forget that all these are titles, and we fancy that no one bears a title but

* LIVING AGE, No. 1567.

those who are called Lord, Lady, or Sir. In fact, the smaller every-day titles are more strictly and purely titles than the others, because they are mere titles, while the others are in most cases titles and something more. Duke, Earl, Bishop, are not mere titles; they wear badges of actual rank; they are originally and still to some extent, descriptions of office. But we call people Mr. and Mrs., not to express rank or office, but simply to avoid what passes for the undue familiarity of calling them, in Greek or Icelandic fashion, simple John and Mary. The custom undoubtedly came in through the use of official descriptions. A man was called John the Earl, or Peter the Bishop, or anything else, greater or smaller, to mark him off from those Johns or Peters who held some other office or no office at all. The official description easily slides into the title used, not merely to describe office, but to express respect. But, as long as the description marks out any definite office, or even any definite rank, it is not a mere title; it really serves to point out what the man is, and not merely to avoid the necessity of calling him by his simple Christian or surname. If John Churchill is Duke of Marlborough, we call him Duke of Marlborough, not merely to avoid calling him John Churchill, but to express the fact that he is Duke of Marlborough. But if John Churchill is nothing but John Churchill, and we call him Mr. John Churchill, we do so, not to express any fact at all, but merely to avoid the seeming rudeness of calling him simply John Churchill. Thus the Icelander recognizes the official rank of the Governor and the Bishop, only he differs from us in holding that plain Sigurd and Ingebiorg have no need to be called anything but Sigurd and Ingebiorg.

In this way it is plain that the "untitled classes" are really those who are most truly titled, those to whom titles are most habitually given simply as titles and for no other reason. All Europe, except the happy Icelanders, conforms to the fashion, and there seems no great likelihood that the rest of Europe will go back to the simpler practice of one unsophisticated island. How deeply embedded the practice is in all modern habits of thought is shown by the fact that when the first French Republicans determined to abolish titles, all that they did was to abolish the old titles, and to invent a new title of their own. When a man was called Citizen Roland, it was no

less a title—indeed, according to our showing, it was much more of a title—than if he had been called Duke of Montmorency. A man was not to be called *Monsieur*, but he was to be called *Citoyen*; but *Citoyen* expressed, just as much as *Monsieur*, the feeling which distinguishes all of us from the Greek, the Roman, and the Icelander, the shrinking from calling a man by his name and nothing else. It never came into the head of an Athenian or a Roman to speak of a man as Citizen Perikles, or Citizen Cæsar, though there would really have been more sense in so doing than there was among the French Republicans, for no Athenian or Roman had declared that all men were equal, and the title of citizen might have expressed the very wide distinction between the member of the ruling commonwealth and the member of any of the inferior classes, from the mere slave up to the Latin or the Plataian. And even in those cases where intimate friendship or any other ground causes men to speak of one another simply by their names, it is only done privately and among equals. The man whom we speak to as Smith becomes Mr. Smith in a speech or an article, and in the like sort the undergraduate, to whom Smith is Smith from the very beginning, speaks of Mr. Smith either to his tutor or to his scout. Thus, even when we go furthest in dropping titles, we do not dare to drop them altogether; we have not got back to the stage of talking of Perikles and Sigurd at all times and to all persons. There is indeed one exception, though not in our own country. He who finds himself reviewed in a German periodical enjoys the privilege of being praised or blamed by his simple surname and nothing else. And it might be well to set up an *ισοπολιτεία*, an interchange of privilege, in this matter. If for no other cause, yet for this, that, as the German and the Englishman, if they try their hand at any kind of title, are sure to miscall one another, a good deal of inaccuracy is saved if they agree to call one another by no title at all.

There is something in our received system of titles, great and small, which seems very puzzling to men of all other nations. The Baronet or Knight and the Esquire seem very mysterious beings. It is strange that the title of "Sir," in its origin so purely French, should have become in its use so purely English that no Frenchman can understand it. We suspect that what makes our titles so

puzzling to Frenchmen is their variety. An Englishman's description may begin in twenty different ways ; a Frenchman's description always begins in one way. An Englishman may be Lord, Sir, Colonel, Doctor, plain "Mr." ; a Frenchman is always "Monsieur." He may be plain letter "M.," or he may be "M. le Duc ;" but he is "M." in every case. Then the Esquire outrages the feelings of the whole human race by sticking his title after his name instead of before it. This no foreigner can allow. A Frenchman must indeed be familiar with English ways to keep himself from putting "M. John Smith, Esq." You may write down your description in full in your own hand, but the "M." is sure to appear in the address of the letter which your foreign friend writes to you. His feeling is, "*Vous êtes trop modeste,*" as an Englishman is sometimes told when he begs earnestly not to be called "Milord." The truth is that the style of the Esquire is altogether anomalous. It is stuck after the name and not before, because it is not really a title, but a description. A. B. is described as Esquire, as another man may be described as Knight, Clerk — anything down to Labourer. The description of "A. B., Esquire," is, in fact, the remnant of the oldest formula of all, "Cnut Cyning," "Harold Eorl," and the like, which survives, or did survive a few years back, when visitors to Blenheim are called on to look at the portrait and exploits of "John Duke." By some odd freak, this kind of description goes on in any mention of an Esquire which is in the least degree formal, though colloquially he is spoken of by the "Mr." which it would be thought disrespectful to put on the outside of a letter. The peasant who talks about Squire Tomkins is far more consistent. Then again this description of "Esquire," a mere description and no title, is, oddly enough, just the thing which a man avoids calling himself. It has an odd look when a sheriff, signing an official paper, signs "A. B., Esquire," and it has an odd sound when a magistrate qualifying describes himself as "A. B., Esquire." Whether a Sheriff who is a Baronet should sign himself, as he commonly does, "Sir A. B., Baronet," we doubt. Should he not rather sign himself "A. B.,

Baronet," as his description, and wait for other people to give him the title of Sir ?

Besides the substantive title or description, there is the honorary adjective and the honorary periphrasis. These are much older than mere titles ; they are as old as Homer. What our modern rules have done is simply to stiffen them, so that everybody knows exactly which to apply to everybody. But it is odd how the substantives and adjectives got confounded, as if they were things of the same kind which excluded one another. It is now thought vulgar to call a privy councillor or a peer's son "Hon." or "Right Hon. A. B., Esquire." It was the right thing early in the last century. And the older usage was more rational. A peer's son is an Esquire ; "Esquire" is therefore his proper description ; he is also entitled to the complimentary adjective "Honourable." The substantive and the adjective in no way exclude one another. One might make a long list of usages in the way of titles which are absurd and ungrammatical ; as, for instance, the last new piece of affectation, "The Reverend the Honourable A. B.," which seems to have just displaced "The Honourable and Reverend A. B.," which is grammatical and intelligible. But it is enough to point out the crowning absurdity of such phrases as "Her Majesty," "Her Majesty the Queen," and the like. They are vulgar corruptions of the fine old formula "the Queen's Majesty." When the King, Prince, Duke, or other exalted person has once been described it is sense and grammar to go on speaking of "his Majesty," "his Highness," "his Grace ;" but it is clearly ungrammatical to talk of "his Majesty" when nothing has gone before for "his" to refer to. And "Her Majesty the Queen," can all the heralds in the land parse these words ? When Charles the First greeted Laud on his highest promotion with the words "My Lord's Grace of Canterbury, you are welcome," he spoke the King's English ; but "His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury" is simple gibberish.

From these difficulties, and from these courtly vulgarisms, men were of old free at Athens, and they are still free in Iceland.

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GROWING UP.

Oh to keep them still around us, baby dar-
lings, fresh and pure,
"Mother's" smile their pleasures crowning,
"mother's" kiss their sorrows' care;
Oh to keep the waxen touches, sunny curls,
and radiant eyes,
Pattering feet, and eager prattle — all young
life's lost Paradise!

One bright head above the other, tiny hands
that clung and clasped,
Little forms, that close enfolding, all of Love's
best gifts were grasped;
Sporting in the summer sunshine, glancing
round the winter hearth,
Bidding all the bright world echo with their
fearless, careless mirth.

Oh to keep them; how they gladdened all the
path from day to day,
What gay dreams we fashioned of them, as in
rosy sleep they lay;
How each broken word was welcomed, how
each struggling thought was hailed,
As each bark went floating seaward, love-be-
decked and fancy-sailed!

Gliding from our jealous watching, gliding
from our clinging hold,
Lo! the brave leaves bloom and burgeon;
lo! the shy sweet buds unfold;
Fast to lip, and cheek, and tresses steals the
maiden's bashful joy;
Fast the frank bold man's assertion tones the
accents of the boy.

Neither love nor longing keeps them; soon in
other shape than ours
Those young hands will seize their weapons,
build their castles, plant their flowers;
Soon a fresher hope will brighten the dear
eyes we trained to see;
Soon a closer love than ours in those waken-
ing hearts will be.

So it is, and well it is so; fast the river nears
the main,
Backward yearnings are but idle; dawning
never glows again;
Slow and sure the distance deepens, slow and
sure the links are rent;
Let us pluck our autumn roses, with their
sober bloom content.

All The Year Round.

THE UNKNOWN DEITY.

THERE stood an altar in a lonely wood,
And over was a veiled deity,
And no man dared to raise the veiling hood,
Nor any knew what god they then should
see.

Yet many passed to gaze upon the thing,
And all who passed did sacrifice and prayer,
Lest the unknown, not rightly honouring,
Some great god they should anger unaware.

And each one thought this hidden god was he
Whom he desired in his most secret heart,
And prayed for that he longed for most to be,
Gifts that was no fixed godhead to impart.

Nor prayed in vain, for prayers scarce breathed
in word
Were straight fulfilled, and every earthly
bliss
Showered down on men; till half the world
had heard,
And left all ancient gods to worship this.

But Jove, in anger at his rites unpaid,
Tore off the veil with one fierce tempest-
breath, —
Lo! that to which all men their vows had
made,
Shuddering they saw was their fell foeman,
Death.

And all forgot the blessings they had had,
And all forsook the kindly carven stone.
'Tis now a shapeless block; the Zephyrs sad —
None else — their nightly prayers around it
moan.

Spectator.

F. W. B.

ON THE CLIFF.

HALF down the cliff the pathway ends,
The rocks grow steep and sheer;
Hard by a sudden stream descends;
From ledge to ledge with break and bends
It dashes cool and clear.

Across the bay green ripples flow
In endless falls and swells;
Clear shows the ribbed sea-flow below,
And round dark rocks in whiteness glow
Smooth sands of crisped shells.

Foam-specks before the wind that glide,
The sleeping sea-gulls float:
Amid eve's crimson shadows wide,
Rocked softly by the swaying tide,
Yet safe as anchored boat.

Their white and folded wings are laid
On tides that change and flow;
The daylight passes into shade;
Yet calm they rest, and unafraid,
Whate'er may come and go.

So safe, 'mid waste of waters wide,
Below the darkening sky,
So safe my heart and I may bide,
Calm floating on time's changeful tide,
Beneath eternity.

Chambers' Journal.

From The Contemporary Review.

MR. BROWNING'S PLACE IN LITERATURE.

No writer has aroused in his own time and within his own sphere a more positive interest than Mr. Browning. He has been sincerely loved and cordially disliked. For many persons, both men and women, his works have possessed the support, the sympathy, and the suggestiveness of a secular Gospel; whilst with others they have become a bye-word for ambiguousness of thought and eccentricity of expression. He has been abundantly reviewed in each isolated poem; isolated aspects of his genius have been strongly appreciated and even subtly defined; nevertheless, he has been writing for forty years, and the public are more than ever at issue concerning the fundamental conditions of his creative life; the question is more than ever undecided whether he is what he professes to be, a poet, whose natural expression is verse, or what many believe him to be—a deep, subtle, and imaginative thinker, who has chosen to write in verse.

The fact is, perhaps, less strange than it appears. Either opinion may be supported by reference to his writings; whether either is absolutely true can only be discovered through a complete survey of them; and a survey complete enough for such a purpose is by no means easily obtained. Mr. Browning's collective writings are not too voluminous to be read, but their substance is too solid to be compressed into a written review, and with all its variety, too uniform for the species of classification by which reviewing is generally assisted. As a poet, he has had no visible growth; he displays no divisions into youth, manhood, and age; no phases particularly marked by the predominance of an aim, a manner, or a conviction. His genius is supposed to have reached its zenith in "The Ring and the Book," because nothing he has written before or since has afforded so large an illustration of it, but we have no reason to believe that his writing it when he did, instead of before or afterwards, was due to anything but its external cause; and we might reverse the po-

sitions of "Paracelsus" and "Fifine at the Fair," his first known and his latest original work, without disturbing any preconceived judgment of promise in the one or finality in the other. In their actual relation, each appears in its right place. We see in "Paracelsus" the idealism of a young and lofty intelligence; in "Fifine" the semi-material philosophy which comes of prolonged contact with life; but if "Fifine" had been written when its author was twenty-two, it would have seemed full of the sophistry of a youthful spirit, dazzled by the variety of life, and striving to combine incompatible enjoyments and to reconcile incompatible feelings. And if "Paracelsus" were published now, we should hail in it the final utterance of a mind wearied by its own eccentricities and giving in its solemn adherence to the time-honoured methods of human labour and human love. "Fifine at the Fair" exhibits one sign of a riper genius in the tone of satire which does not spare even itself; but "Paracelsus" bears a still fuller stamp of maturity in its complete refinement of imagery and expression. It shows the touch of a master hand.

We do not mean to assert that during Mr. Browning's long literary career the manner of his inspiration has undergone no change. It has changed so far, that if we compare the first twenty years with the last we shall find emotion predominant in the one period and reflection in the other; but reflection is considered to have acquired a morbid development in "Sordello," and flashes of intense feeling occur even in the coldest of his later works. The change has been too gradual to draw a boundary line across any moment of his life; and though it is in the nature of things that a change so gradual should be permanent, there is something in Mr. Browning's nature, which prevents our feeling it as such. It appears too restless to crystallize.

To exist thus as a haunting presence in the literary world, never old and never young, always distinctly self-asserting, never thoroughly defined, is to possess the prestige of mystery which Mr. Browning is by some persons wrongly

supposed to covet; and it is precisely because we believe that he does not covet it, that his mysteriousness lies in no intentional involvement of his thoughts, but in the complex individuality which is probably, though in a different way, as mysterious to him as to us, that we do not think his literary reputation has much to gain by any possible solution of it. To those for whom he is a poet, he appeals in the manner of "deep calling unto deep" in that infinite sense of sympathetic existence which needs no explaining; to those for whom he is not, his mode of self-manifestation will remain uninteresting or obnoxious, whatever its principles may be. But every writer has a certain number of responsible critics whose function is not merely to endorse such impressions but to determine their causes and in some measure to judge them. No true critic can dispense with all knowledge of the genesis of the ideas which he is called upon to judge; and Mr. Browning's critics can be true neither to themselves nor to him till they have taken the evidence of his collective works on this one great question of what he is and what he has striven to do. We think that, if rightly questioned, their answer will be unequivocal.

We have said that Mr. Browning's genius had no perceptible growth, because it was full-grown when first presented to the world. This does not imply that it had no period of manifest *becoming*; and there is evidence of such a phase in a fragment called "Pauline," which became known much later than his other works, but in the last edition of them occupies its proper place at the beginning. The difference of manner and conception which divides it from "Paracelsus" gives the rate of the progress which carried him in three years from the one to the other, whilst the comparative crudeness of the earlier poem affords a curious insight into the yet seething elements of that almost colossal power. We cannot judge how far "Pauline" was a deliberate product of the author's imagination or a spontaneous overflowing of poetic feeling; but this does not affect its relation to his

other creations of an equally esoteric kind, and in thought, though not in expression, it is essentially a youthful work. It is the half-delirious self-revealing of a soul maddened by continued introspection, by the irrepressible craving to extend its sphere of consciousness, and by the monstrosities of subjective experience in which this self-magnifying and self-distorting action has involved it. The sufferer tells his story to a woman who loves him, and to whom he has been always more or less worthily attached; and ends by gently raving himself into a rest which is represented as premonitory of death, and in which the image of a perfect human love rises amidst the tumult of the disordered brain, transfusing its chaotic emotions into one soft harmony of life and hope. The same fundamental idea recurs in "Paracelsus," but in a more subdued and infinitely more objective form. We find there the same consciousness of intellectual power, but with a stronger sense of responsibility; the same restless ambition, but directed towards a more definite and more unselfish end. There is also the same acceptance of love as the one saving reality of life, but the earthly adorer of Pauline has become the exponent of the heaven-born, universal love; and we shall see in one of Mr. Browning's more recent poems how the final expression of these two modes of feeling may be imaginatively resolved into one. "Pauline" is strongly distinguished from its author's subsequent works by an excessive luxuriance of imagery, employed, not as the illustration of a distinct idea, but as the spontaneous embodiment of a complex and intense emotion. It resembles them in its very delicate and powerful rendering of the passion of Love. One passage especially breathes a perfect aroma of tenderness:—

——— I am very weak,
But what I would express is,— Leave me not,
Still sit by me with beating breast and hair
Loosened, be watching earnest by my side,
Turning my books or kissing me when I
Look up—like summer wind! Be still to me
A key to music's mystery when mind fails—
A reason, a solution, and a clue!

The one quality of Mr. Browning's intellectual nature which is at present most universally recognized is its casuistry — his disposition to allow an excessive weight to the incidental conditions of human action, and consequently to employ sliding scales in the measurement of it. The most remarkable evidence of this quality, supplied by his later works, is to be found in "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau." It is displayed with more audacity in "Fifine at the Fair," with larger and more sustained effect in "The Ring and the Book." But "Fifine at the Fair," though very subjective in treatment, verges too much on the grotesque to be accepted as a genuine reflection of the author's mind; and "The Ring and the Book" represents him as a pleader, but at the same time as a judge. It describes the case under discussion from every possible point of view, but does not describe it as subject to any possible moral doubt. "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau" is a deliberate attempt on the author's part to defend a cause which he knows to be weak, and as such is a typical specimen, as it is also a favourable one, of his genius for special pleading. It places in full relief the love of opposition which impels him to defend the weaker side, and the love of fairness which always makes him subsume in the defence every argument that may be justly advanced against it; and it also exhibits that double-refracting quality of his mind which can convert a final concession to the one side into an irresistible last word in favour of the other. It is unfortunate that a slight ambiguity in one or two passages obscures the drift of the poem, and disinclines its readers for taking the otherwise small amount of trouble required for its comprehension, for this supposed soliloquy of the ex-Emperor of the French is in every respect a striking expression of the non-pathetic side of its author's genius. Both narrative and argument have a coursing rapidity which rather fatigues the mind, but they are vivid, humorous, and picturesque, carry some serious thought in solution, and leave behind as their residue a distinct dramatic impression of the easy-going Bohemianism

which they are intended to depict. Some objection has been taken to the *mise en scène* of the monologue, and the introduction of the Lais of Leicester Square is, indeed, a violation of good taste which could only be accepted on the ground of entire poetic fitness. But there is even more than poetic fitness — there is historic truth in this ideal approximation of the princely exponent of hand-to-mouth existence to its typical embodiment in the lowest social form.

The Emperor is supposed to describe or imagine the leading actions of his reign under three different aspects — as they appear in the light of his own conscience, as they would have been if they had conformed to a general rule of right, and as they must have appeared to those who measured them by such a rule. He begins by admitting and defending his wavering policy as dictated by the highest expedience; and then proceeds to enumerate the acts and motives which eulogistic historians of the Thiers and Hugo type would impute to him; opposing to this ideal version step by step the rejected suggestions of sagacity, which depicts his actual thoughts and deeds in the obvious shallowness of their temporizing worldly wisdom. The argument which occupies the first half of the book is an elaborate vindication of the policy of leaving things as they are, saving only such improvement as implies no radical change. A piece of paper lying close to the speaker's hand supplies him with an illustration. The paper has two blots upon it, and he mechanically draws a line from one to the other; it does not occur to him to make a third, but it does occur to him to correct the two already made. That he does this and no more is typical of his conduct through life. He has not been gifted with the genius that could create, but he has been gifted with the sober intelligence which appreciates the risk of destroying. The great renewing changes of life are wrought by special agencies and under special conditions, as in the physical world —

New teeming growth, surprises of strange life
Impossible before a world broke up

And re-made, order gained by law destroyed.
 Not otherwise in our society
 Follow like portents, all as absolute
 Regenerations : they have birth at rare,
 Uncertain, unexpected intervals
 O' the world, by ministry impossible
 Before and after fulness of the days.

And he is convinced that the highest wisdom of a non-inspired ruler is to assist those who are subject to his rule to live the life into which they were born, trusting to the deeper laws of existence to vindicate good through evil, and perfection through imperfection. He too has recognized the destroying folly of sects and opinions ; but he has seen that to suppress the one would be to give predominance to the other, and has thought it best to leave truth to assert itself in the balance of error ; he has thought society best saved by being left alone. He too has had dreams of a higher utility, dreams suggested by the

—— Crumbled arch, crushed aqueduct,
 Alive with tremors in the shaggy growth
 Of wild-wood, crevice-sown, that triumphs
 there,
 Imparting exultation to the hills !
 Sweep of the swathe when only the winds
 walk,
 And waft my words above the grassy sea,
 Under the blinding blue that basks o'er
 Rome, —
 Hear ye not still — Be Italy again ?

But with the time for action had come a new sense of responsibility ; nearer duties to fulfil, more urgent needs to satisfy ; mouths craving food, hands craving work, eyes that begged only for the light of life — and he has worked first for these. In this strain he continues.

It would be difficult to do a more equal justice than Mr. Browning has done to the abstract truth of the case, and to the concrete circumstances by which such truth might be suspended ; nor could anything be more philosophical than his appreciation of the conditional nature of all earthly good, and the fruitlessness of Utopian attempts at reform. Nevertheless, we scarcely ever feel during this first part of the book that we are standing on quite firm ground. Its idea of preservation floats between that intelligent protection of an existing social order which strengthens the good and weakens the evil contained in it, and the mere "*laissez-faire*," which implies no judgment on the present, and invites the deluge for the future ; and the speaker nowhere clearly distinguishes the divine mission to work in a certain groove from

the natural inclination to do so. It appears to us that he defends from a religious point of view ideas which are the natural outcome of an Atheistical philosophy ; and it is the habit of thus interfusing — confusing we cannot call it — principles which other minds keep apart, or in strict subordination to each other, which is so characteristic of Mr. Browning's reasonings upon life. At the end of the book he drops the balance altogether in an appeal, half playful, half pathetic, from the vanity of words to the incommunicable essence of individual truth.

"Bishop Blougram's Apology" is still more sophisticated in tone, and though the author represents it in his conclusion as a possible course of argument rather than a just one, it leaves a certain misgiving as to the extent to which he endorses it. It would not be necessary to adduce this monologue in support of the impression conveyed by that of "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau," but that it derives a fresh significance from its much earlier date, which proves the co-existence of this casuistic mood with the most poetic phase of its author's imaginative life.

The Bishop excuses himself for having accepted the honours and emoluments of a Church of which he does not fully believe the doctrines, on the plea that disbelief is of its nature as hypothetical as belief, and that it must be not only wise but right to give oneself both temporally and spiritually the benefit of the doubt. He does not say, "My belief is too negative to justify me in renouncing the power for good which I derive from the appearance of belief ; or too negative to give me the courage to renounce the good it affords to myself." But he implicitly says, "I am *not* gifted with positive opinions ; I *am* gifted with a positive appreciation of the refinements of life and a positive desire for them. I am clearly violating the intentions of Providence if, whilst rejecting a possible truth, I refuse to the one part of my nature that for which I can find no compensation in the other." This palpable confusing of belief with conformity, the higher wisdom with common expediency, worldly profit with spiritual gain, scarcely provokes discussion ; and Mr. Browning's concluding lines appear at first sight to value such reasoning at its worth ; but we cannot overlook the fact that, while he has put sound objections into the mouth of the Bishop's opponent, he considers the Bishop's unsound arguments to have been a

match for them; and the tone of the whole discussion implies at least toleration of the theory that temporal good and spiritual gain are not disparate ideas, but different aspects of one and the same.

There is one poetical passage in this tissue of sophistry, and one true one — that which asserts the frequent shallowness of religious unbelief: —

Just when we are safest, there's a sunset touch,
A fancy from a flower bell, some one's death,
A Chorus ending from Euripides, —
And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears
As old and new at once as Nature's self,
To rap and knock and enter in our soul,
Take hands and dance there, a fantastic ring,
Round the ancient idol on his base again, —
The grand Perhaps!

The author takes no account of the many minds in which the disbelief in certain things has assumed the positive character of belief, but his lines are a noble tribute to the tenacity of religious association, even where regret for the displaced idol has no longer power to re-instate it.

If we observe the variety of speculative opinion to which Mr. Browning considers all questions of human conduct to be subject, together with the frequent reference in his works to a Supreme Being in whose will alone lies the absolute solution of such questions, we cannot avoid the inference that the religious sense is far stronger in him than the moral sense. It is evident at least that his mind naturally subordinates the general laws of morality to the specialities of circumstance, and to a feeling of the distinctive position of every human soul. This belief in a special and continuous relation of the human and the divine, or simply in special Providence, is the mainspring of his religious writings, and sceptic as he is, the material mysticism of Low Church Christianity has seldom found amongst its own disciples a more faithful and earnest exponent. But Christianity is based upon a revelation which he does not profess to acknowledge, and whilst the existence and omnipresence of God are proved to him by the nature of things, he recognizes in nature no distinct expression of His will. It is easy, therefore, to conceive that to a mind at once so sensuous and so poetic, so strongly impressed with the connection between the lowest experiences and the highest consciousness of humanity, sanction will appear everywhere stronger than prohibition, and the very belief in a divine ordaining become,

in some measure, the equal justification of the varied possibilities of life. Mr. Browning considers all things as good in their way. The more familiar aspects of this idea are illustrated in the Introduction to "The Ring and the Book," in a passage which gives also some insight into the natural connection between the author's æsthetic impressions of existence and his moral judgments upon it.

— Rather learn and love

Each fact-flash of the revolving year! —
Red, green, and blue that whirl into a white,
The variance now, the eventual unity,
Which make the miracle. See it for yourselves

This man's act, changeable because alive!
Action now shrouds, now shows the informing thought;

Man, like a glass ball with a spark a-top,
Out of the magic fire that lurks inside,
Shows one tint at a time to take the eye:
Which, let a finger touch the silent sleep,
Shifted a hair's breadth shoots you dark for bright,

Suffuses bright with dark, and baffles so
Your sentence absolute for shine or shade.

The empirical morality which recommends itself to so many less religious minds is the more remote from his conception that he cannot accept the "greatest happiness" standard on which it is based. An objective standard of happiness derived from the natural exercise of natural human activities is as unmeaning to him as a natural morality to be discovered in the balance of them; and as little as he accepts the greatest happiness test of the truth of a philosophic belief, so little would he recognize a general-misery proof of the non-existence of God or his malevolence. Happiness is with him something eminently subjective; as far as possible removed from a net result of determinable conditions; to be defined in its permanent form as a courageous struggling between aspiration and circumstance; in its more intense expression as a fugitive balance of the two. He rejects every enjoyment that brings with it a sense of finality as the negation of all spiritual and intellectual life. "Be our joys three parts pain," says his Rabbi ben Ezra. In one of the religious poems, "Easter Day," are the lines: —

How dreadful to be grudged
No ease henceforth, as one that's judged
Condemned to earth forever, shut
From Heaven!

Every serious expression of Mr. Browning's casuistry appears to point to

some singular union of belief in the subjectivity of all feeling and conviction with that belief in transcendent existence which always implies the recognition of fixed standards of truth ; and this double point of view is so frankly assumed in "Fifine at the Fair" as to give to that eminently fantastic poem a philosophical significance which its more serious predecessors do not possess. Its sensualistic conceptions are expressed with the greatest poetic power, but it asserts with equal distinctness the material unity of consciousness and the separate existence of the soul ; and though both ideas may be reconciled by a religious theory of creation, Mr. Browning cannot deny that in accepting the one he cuts away all rational foundation from the other. The morality of "Fifine at the Fair" would be even more eccentric than its philosophy, but that its reasonings are neutralized in this direction by the dramatic impulse under which they were carried out ; whether or not the author intended it so. The leading figure of the poem is a hard-working social outcast, whom the author had probably seen, and who appears to have suggested to him some idea of the virtues which reside in self-sustainment and of a moral good that may come of immorality, and the whole resolves itself into a series of speculations on the precise mixing of the fruits of experience that may best conduce to the higher nourishment of the soul. These questionings assume the form of a battle within the hero's mind between Fifine, the vagrant, and Elvire, the symbol of domestic love, and unfortunately the one is conceived as an individual, the other only as a type. Elvire is invested in the beginning with enough of the substance of a loving and lovable wife to give prominence to her husband's arguments in favour of an occasional Fifine ; but as the story advances, and its fundamental mood becomes more pronounced, she fades into a pallid embodiment of mild satisfaction and monotonous duty, and by the time Mr. Browning has brought her and her companion back to their villa-door, he cannot resist the delight of making her the subject of a trick which his sense of justice sufficiently disclaims to make him display it in all its heartlessness. His Don Juan proves, in spite of himself, that in individual life disorder does not naturally lead to order, nor a simply erratic fancy rise to the abstractions of universal love.

We should naturally infer, from the temper of Mr. Browning's mind, that the

warmth of its affections would belie the indifferentism of its ideas, and we constantly find it to be so. An innate veneration for moral beauty, of which we find scarcely any trace in his philosophizing poems, asserts itself in all those of a more emotional character, and so various is his mode of self-manifestation that the evidence contained in his collective works of his belief in the necessary relativity of judgment is not a whit stronger than their indirect advocacy of courage, devotion, singleness of heart — in short, of all the virtues which are born of conviction. His imagination is keenly alive to every condition of love ; but its deepest and most passionate response is always yielded to that form of tenderness which by its disinterested nature most approaches to the received ideal of the Divine. This feeling attains its highest expression in "Saul," where the anthropomorphism so often apparent in the author's conception of God is justified by historic truth and ennobled by a sustained intensity of lyric emotion which has been rarely equalled and probably never surpassed. It is the outpouring of a passionate human friendship gradually raised by its own strength to the presentiment of a divine love manifest in the flesh, and to which in its final ecstasy the very life of nature becomes the throbbing of a mysterious and expectant joy. The love of love is the prevailing inspiration of all such of Mr. Browning's poems as even trench on religious subjects, and it often resolves itself into so earnest a plea for the divine nature and atoning mission of Christ, that we can scarcely retain the conviction that it is his heart, and not his mind, which accepts it. His romance of "Christmas Eve" presents itself as a genuine confession of Christian doctrine, and the poet is at least speaking in his own name, when he judges the German philosopher who has discarded the doctrine as still subject to its hopes and fears. Nevertheless, the poem proves nothing more than a sympathetic adoption of a certain point of view, and a speculative desire to reason it out ; and as illogical as we must regard its attack on the consistent non-believer, so unanswerable appears to us the conviction it expresses of the religious uselessness of any conception of Christ falling short of literal belief. "Christmas Eve" is in every respect a striking manifestation of Mr. Browning's muse, for it combines, as does also its companion poem, his most

earnest continuousness of thought with his most deliberate abruptness of expression. Its ideas and images succeed each other with the jolting rapidity of categorical enumeration, and though this manner is well calculated to convey the rugged realities of a Dissenter's meeting, it is singularly discordant with the impressions of the abating storm, and of the lunar rainbow, flinging its double arch across the silent glories of the night; and with the gradual exaltation of soul and sense, in which the speaker finally realizes the actual presence of Christ.

Mr. Browning is supposed to be taking refuge within the outer door of a Dissenting chapel on a rainy evening just as the service is going to begin. The congregation, recruited from the slums of the neighbouring town, are hurrying in one by one. The porch is four feet by two, the mat is soaked, every new-comer who edges past flings a reproachful glance at the intruder; the flame of the one tallow candle shoots a fresh grimace at him at every opening of the door. He thinks he had better go in; but within there are smells and noises; the priest is all ranting irreverence, the flock all snuffling self-satisfaction; and in a very short time he plunges out into the pure air again. Alone, in the silent night, the spirit of his dream changes: Christ stands before him; repentant and beseeching he clings to the hem of His garment, and is wafted first to St. Peter's at Rome, where religion is smothered in ceremonial, and next to the lecture-room of a German philosopher, where it is reasoned away by the received methods of historical criticism, and after following through a long course of reflection the successive phases of religious belief, he arrives at the certainty that, however confused be the vision of Christ, where His love is, there is the Life, and that the more direct the revelation of that Love the deeper and more vital its power, —and he awakens in the chapel, which he had only left in a dream, with a quickened sense of the presence among its humble inmates of a transforming spiritual joy, and a more patient appreciation of the coarse medium of expression through which it finds its way to their souls.

The originality of the thoughts contained in this poem lies entirely in their minor developments, which so bare an outline cannot even suggest; but "Easter Day," which forms the sequel to it, is in

part the expression of an idea more entirely Mr. Browning's own — the idea of the religious necessity of doubt. He enters with considerable subtlety into the difficulties and conditions of belief, and proves, it appears to us with complete success, that an unqualified faith would defeat its own ends, neutralizing the experiences of the earthly existence by an overwhelming interest in the heavenly, and that a state of expectancy equally removed from the calmness of scientific conviction, and the indifference of scientific disbelief, is the essence of spiritual life. We follow this doctrine with the more interest from its congeniality to our prevailing impression of Mr. Browning's mind; we know how dear to his imagination are the shifting lights, the varied groupings, the curiously blended contrasts of subjective experience; how habitually it recoils from the rigidity of every external standard of truth; and in this implied declaration that he adores in the possible Saviour rather the mystery and the message of love than the revealing of an articulate Will, we see also the reserve under which his most dramatic defence of Christian orthodoxy must have been conceived. "Easter Day" resolves itself into a Vision of Judgment, in which the man who has been blind to the workings of the spirit in the intellect and in the flesh is threatened with spiritual death; he awakens to a grateful consciousness that this terrible doom has not gone out against him, that he may still go through the world —

Try, prove, reject, prefer;

still struggle to "effect his warfare."

In speaking of the religious poems, we cannot leave unnoticed "A Death in the Desert," the finest of the "Dramatis Personæ." St. John the Evangelist has fled from persecution into a cavern of the desert, and there for sixty days been at the point of death; but the care of the Disciples has restored to him for a short space the power of speech, and in a supreme effort of the expiring soul, he bears witness to the presence of the revealed Love and to the coming reign of Doubt, through which its deeper purposes shall be attained. This slow and solemn extinction of the last living testimony to the mysterious truth already fading beneath the hand of time, brooded over by the silence of the desert, yet sustained by the tender reverence of those who watch at the head and feet and on either side of the dying man, fanning the smouldering

life into its last brief outburst of prophetic flame, forms a strangely impressive picture ; and some of the lines, in which the poet has expressed the clairvoyance of approaching death, have a very noble and pathetic beauty : —

I see you stand conversing, each new face
Either in fields, of yellow summer eves,
Or islets yet unnamed amid the sea ;
Or pace for shelter 'neath a portico
Out of the crowd in some enormous town,
Where now the lark sings in a solitude ;
Or muse upon blank heaps of stone and sand,
Idly conjectured to be Ephesus :
And no one asks his fellow any more
Where is the promise of his coming ? But
Was he revealed in any of His lives ;
As power, as love, as influencing soul ?

Setting aside the points on which it necessarily reflects the common ideas of Theism, or the common experience of rational minds, it appears to us not only that Mr. Browning's conception of the æsthetic and religious life is essentially imaginative and poetical, but that the analyzing tendency which is so disturbing an element in his poetic genius is itself overborne and even conditioned by it ; that his writings, if not always inspired by poetic emotion, are invariably marked by that conception of life which distinguishes a poet from a pure thinker.

A thinker, as such, will always eliminate what is secondary or incidental from his general statement of a case. With Mr. Browning, thus to simplify a question is to destroy it. The thinker merges the particular in the general ; Mr. Browning only recognizes the general under the conditions of the particular. The thinker sees unity in complexity ; Mr. Browning is always haunted by the complexity of unity. It is true that a specious reasoner is often a narrow one, and that an excess of imagination is considered synonymous with a deficiency of logic. But we cannot impute narrowness of mind to one whose imaginative powers are coextensive with life ; and Mr. Browning's logical subtlety needs no vindication ; that it rather works in a circle than towards any definite issue is the strongest negative proof of the presence of an opposing activity, and we believe that nothing short of a profound poetic bias could possess such a power of opposition.

The dominant impression that all truth is a question of circumstance, and consequently all picturesque force a question of detail, explains Mr. Browning's every peculiarity of form and conception. It explains more or less directly everything

that charms us in his writings and everything that repels us. His minutest works no less than the greatest, are each marked by a separate unity of image or idea, but this unity is the result of a multitude of details, no one of which can be isolated or suppressed. He evidently imitates the processes of nature, and strives at unity of effect through variety of means ; and the principle is no doubt a sound one ; but there is in his department of art a manifest obstacle to its application. He sees as a group of ideas what he can often only express as a series, and however he may endeavour to subordinate the parts to the whole, it is almost impossible that in his argumentative monologues he should always succeed in doing so ; we do not think he does always succeed. Every successive reading of these works brings us nearer to their central inspiration, gives greater prominence to their leading idea, a more just subordination to their details ; but we do not catch the inspiration at once, and it is natural that the minor facts and thoughts which its warmth has so closely transfused within the author's mind should drag themselves out in ours to a somewhat disjointed length, that the variety of proof should somewhat obscure the thing it is intended to prove. This minute elaboration of his ideas has done much, we are convinced, towards giving to Mr. Browning his reputation for the opposite defect of indistinctness in the statement of them. It is easy to mistake a strain on the attention for a strain on the understanding, and in his case the strain on the attention is the greater that, whilst he never condenses his thoughts, he habitually condenses his expression, and thus conveys to much of his argumentative writing the combined effect of abruptness and length. It is just to admit that, most of all on these occasions he stimulates his reader's mind, lashing it up to its task with the exhilarating energy of a March wind, but the sense of being driven against an obstacle generally remains. We have the wind in our teeth.

From the same intellectual source arises the deeper sense of remoteness which he is so often said to convey. He never employs an ill-defined idea, or a vague or abstruse expression ; but his belief in the complexity of apparently simple facts constantly shows itself in the forcing them into new relations, or extracting from them fresh results ; and for one person who is capable of following out an abnormal process of thought,

and recognizing its individual value and its relative truth, there are a hundred, not wanting in intellectual gifts, to whom it will remain unintelligible or unreal.

Proportionably great is the success of this realistic mode of treatment with all subjects of a pictorial or dramatic nature. The beauties of most of Mr. Browning's minor poems are generally known and appreciated, and it would be difficult to make a just selection from the great number of those which convey an idea, an image, or an emotion, through a succession of minute touches, each in itself a triumph of vivid fancy or incisive observation. The colossal power of "The Ring and the Book" lies less in the exposure of the various lights in which the same action may be regarded by a diversity of minds, than in the author's unlimited imaginative command of the minor circumstances and associations which individualize the same action for different minds. "Red-cotton Nightcap Country" exhibits, on a smaller scale, the value of descriptive minutiae in producing a general effect; and though the poet in this case has had to deal with ready-made personages and events, he retains the credit of having recognized their artistic capabilities and done justice to them. He has not only presented to us the fact that a tragical eruption took place in the midst of an apparently peaceful atmosphere, but by dwelling on the smallest details of its repose he has created the idea of the calm which invites the storm, and the mental stagnation in which passions once aroused rage unresisted. The story is told in a succession of *genre* pictures, and it is through the realistic accumulation of detail that we gather the ideal force of its catastrophe. In the monologue on the Tower, Mr. Browning has reversed the method, which he pursues with unimportant exceptions throughout the narrative, of presenting its incidents as an ordinary human witness would conceive them; and though we cannot desire to see omitted that part of the poem which contains almost all its pathos and some of its finest poetry, we think that if he had aimed at mere dramatic effect he would have omitted it. He would have left to fancy, speculation, and the balance of probabilities, what real life could explain in no other way; as it is, he has given to Mellerio's death the dramatic force of a prolonged preparation and a sudden fulfilment, but he could not resist the speculative pleasure of retracing its mental

as well as its actual antecedents, and writing out the deed in the completed thought, which might impart to it a higher significance. His stand once taken *within* the man's mind, his habitual realism asserts itself, and he shows us by how simple a chain of every-day experience the human spirit may be raised to the white heat of a supreme emotion. Setting aside the minor question of its perfect artistic consistency, we need only compare this monologue, in which thought, anxious and intense, is slowly quivering into deed, with the finest passages of "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau," to feel how necessary is an emotional, and therefore a poetic subject, to the thorough display of Mr. Browning's genius. In no other is it just to itself. Philosophic discussions, which are mainly intended to prove the infinite refrangibility of truth, must sacrifice breadth to subtlety, and the large insight on which they are based has its only adequate expression in the full creativeness of poetic life. It is not as the "idle singer of an empty day," but it is as poet in the deepest sense of the word, that he has stirred the sympathies and stimulated the thought of the men and women of his generation.

It is of course one thing to accept this view of the essential quality of Mr. Browning's inspiration, and another to place him in any known category of poetic art; and the place he claims for himself as dramatic poet is open to dispute if we accept the word Drama in the usual sense of a thing enacted rather than thought out. He has written few plays; in the last, and not least remarkable of these, thought already preponderates over action, and the increasing tendency of his so-called dramatic poems to exhibit character in the condition of motive, excludes them from any definition of dramatic art which implies the presenting it in the form of act; but he is a dramatic writer in this essential respect, that his studies of thought and feeling invariably assume a concrete and individual form, and the reproach which has been so often addressed to him of making his personages, under a slight disguise, so many repetitions of himself, appears to us doubly unfounded. He is always himself, in so far that his mode of conception is recognizable in everything that he writes. But there never was a great artist with whom it was not so. Nobody cavils at the fact that Shakespeare is always Shakespeare, or that Sir Joshua Reynolds's most lifelike portraits

are conceived in a manner which stamps them unmistakably as his; and it is a truism to repeat that it is precisely this subjective conception of the idea to be treated which insures the vitality of the treatment, and which distinguishes the artistic reproduction of nature from a vulgar or lifeless copying of it. Mr. Browning has, it is true, a verbal language of his own, which is distinct from this finer manifestation of himself; a compound of colloquialisms half eccentric and half familiar, which must be congenial to him, first, because he has created it, and secondly, because he apparently makes opportunities for its employment. It has its strongest expression in parts of "The Ring and the Book," to which it gives a flavour of mediæval coarseness not always inappropriate, but always unpleasing; and we find it in a modified form wherever he is either arguing or narrating from a point of view which we may imagine to be his own; but he never attributes this language to any person who would be by nature unlikely to use it. It is spoken in "The Ring and the Book" by the Roman lawyer and the Roman gossip, but it is not spoken by Pompilia in the outpourings of her pure young soul; nor by Capon Sacchi as he relates his first meeting with her, and the successive experiences which reveal to him, as in the vision of a dream, the depth, the pathos, and the poetry of life; nor by the Pope, as he ponders in solemn seclusion the precarious chances of human justice and the overwhelming obligations of eternal truth. Mr. Browning does not speak it himself, when he tells us how he stood in the balcony of Casa Guidi on one black summer night, "a busy human sense beneath his feet;" above the silent lightnings "dropping from cloud to cloud," and with his bodily eyes strained towards Arezzo and Rome, and his mental vision towards that long past Christmas Day, saw the course of the Francheschini tragedy unroll before him. To every actor in this tragedy he has restored his distinctive existence, and not the least individual amongst them is the man in whom he has most strongly caricatured his own caprices of expression — Don Hyacinthus de Archangelis. He is so unpleasantly real, that, whilst we cannot imagine the history of the case as complete without a statement of the legal fictions that were brought to bear upon it, we scarcely understand Mr. Browning's impulse to clothe a mere represen-

tative of legal fiction in this very material form. We can only imagine that in his strong appreciation of the natural unfitness of things, he has found a fantastic pleasure in identifying the cause of the saturnine murderer with this kindly-natured old glutton, whose intellect elaborates the iniquities of the defence, whilst his whole consciousness is saturated with the anticipation of dinner, and the thought of the little fat son whose birth-day feast is to be held. The humanity of the characters in "The Ring and the Book" has, in fact, never been questioned, nor could we do more than allude to it in so merely suggestive a survey of the author's works; but we think there is one part of this extraordinary composition the dramatic importance of which has been somewhat overlooked — Count Guido's second speech. We might say its artistic importance, because this expression of the central figure of the poem gives to its wide-spreading structure a support which nothing else could give it; but it is the triumph of Mr. Browning's dramatic inspiration to have felt that this man alone was talking behind a mask; and that the mask must be torn off; and to have restored even to this villain in the torments of his last hour, in the hope which sickened into despair, and the despair which ran through every phase of rage, scorn, and entreaty, the sympathy which life even in its worst form commands from life. The concluding cry,

Pompilia, will you let them murder me?

has an almost terrifying power.

Not only are Mr. Browning's men and women complete after their kind; but as we have already said, he has impressed the fulness of individual character even on his descriptions of isolated mental states. Bishop Blougram has a quite different personality from the Legate Ogniben, though both are easy-going Churchmen, and one probably as convinced as the other that life in the flesh was given us to be enjoyed. Both are distinct from Fra Lippo Lippi, and all are equally so from the Bishop who is ordering his tomb in St. Praxed's Church. Lippi is the most original of the four, in his mingled candour and cunning, his joyous worship of natural beauty, and his sensuality, as simple and shameless as that of a heathen god. But the last-mentioned Bishop is a mixed product of nature and circumstance, and as such even more powerfully conceived. He is

not a genial satirist like the Legate, nor an artistic enthusiast like Lippi, nor a combination of cynic, sophist, and epicurian like Bishop Blougram; but a childish, irascible old man, with a conscience blunted by self-indulgence, and a mind warped by a life-long imprisonment in ceremonial religionism; a scholar, a sensualist, and, in his own narrow way, the greatest pagan of them all. As Mr. Browning depicts him, he is lying very near his end, curiously imagining that he and his bed-clothes are turning to stone, and he is becoming his own effigy; and as fitful recollections of his past life blend with the thought of death and the presentiment of monumental state, all the luxurious materialism that is in him becomes centred in the details of his tomb; the gorgeous aggregation of basalt and jasper, and warmly tinted marbles, beneath which he shall lie through coming ages, in a semi-carnal repose, nourished by low sounds and heavy perfumes, and quickened by the triumphant sense that the "Gandolf" who envied him his Love in life, lies envying his magnificence in death. There is something grotesquely pathetic in his petulant entreaties to the sons who inherit his wealth, to impose no stint on that magnificence; above all, not to defraud it of the lump of lapis-lazuli of which he robbed the Church for that very purpose, and in the final surrender to the inevitable:—

Well go! I bless ye. Fewer tapers there;
But in a row; and going turn your backs
—Ay, like departing altar ministrants,
And leave me in my Church, the Church for
peace,
That I may watch at leisure if he leers —
Old Gandolf at me, from his onion stone,
As still he envied me, so fair she was!

Cleon's lament for the largeness of human aspirations, and the limitations of human existence so eloquently resumed in the one line, "It skills not, life's inadequate to joy," conveys the whole image of the pagan artist and philosopher, the man eager for knowledge, but more eager for happiness — who rejects the immortality of his works as consolation for his own mortality, and deprecates all fame and power and learning that cannot contribute to the conscious fulness of life. Andrea del Sarto's whole life and character are embodied in the address to his wife, "You beautiful Lucrezia, that are mine." In the exquisite and mournful tenderness which at once acknowledges

and deploras his degrading love for an unworthy woman, the letter of Karshish, the Arab physician, represents the most interesting phase of the scientific mind, with a moral individuality peculiar to the man. Karshish is travelling through Palestine and discovering new physical products, new diseases, and new cures, but he has also seen Lazarus after his reported raising from the dead, and his imagination is haunted by the mental transfiguration of the man, who in his own belief has brought back into time eyes that have looked upon eternity. He condemns the Legend with scientific conviction, and yet dwells on it with a mysterious awe; then suddenly checks himself in words which contain the very climax of the idea of the poem:—

Why write of trivial matters, things of price,
Calling at every moment for remark?
I noticed on the margin of a pool
Blue-flowering Borage, the Aleppo sort
Aboundeth, very nitrous.

Mr. Browning has felt kindly towards the earnest seeker for truth, or he would more distinctly have satirized this inverted reflection of the relative greatness of things.

Caliban, in his musings upon Setebos, is an inimitable portrait of the sly, greedy, cowardly, imperturbably practical monster he is supposed to be. He is picturesquely introduced as saying to himself:—

Will sprawl now that the heat of day is best
Flat on his belly in the pit's much mire
With elbows wide, fists clenched to prop his
chin.

And being thus both comfortable and secluded, he betakes himself to speculation on the nature and origin of things. The system which he evolves combines the heretical idea of a secondary creator or demi-urgos with a perfectly Christian anthropomorphism; but he is too great a philosopher to accept the common teleological alternative of a divinity who is in his large way an entirely good man, or an entirely bad one; his system is, in fact, quite *à priori* and unencumbered by evidence of any definite creative purpose whatsoever. He imagines that Setebos being by his nature excluded from bodily pains and pleasures, may have liked to give himself the spectacle of things which felt them, may alternately be moved to satisfaction at his work, and to jealousy of those reflected powers in which his creatures, by reason of their very limita-

tions, surpass himself, and will make or mar, help or hinder, according to the mood which is upon him. If he is ever accessible to a motive beyond the natural impulse to do anything that you happen to have strength for, it will probably be jealousy, and Caliban reminds himself that, with an instinctive appreciation of this condition of the creative mind, he habitually suppresses in his own life all appearance of prosperity; only dances on dark nights, and howls and groans when he is in the sun. He tests these various propositions by references to his own experience, and finds them borne out. Nevertheless, he votes Setebos a nuisance, and hopes that some day he may fall asleep for good, or be absorbed into those colder and more inactive regions of existence which constitute the atmosphere of the Moon.

Mr. Browning has no Caliban amongst his women, but his female studies are almost as various as his studies of men. Pompilia, in her exquisite combination of guileless girlhood and perfect maternity—the queen, in the poem entitled “In a Balcony,” dragging through a hopeless existence the full-grown burden of a passionate and lonely heart—the Southern-blooded heroine of the “Laboratory,” watching the preparation of the poison which is to destroy her rival with a fierce, eager delight, half-childish, half-demoniacal—the sensitive, intellectual introspective “James Lee’s Wife,” are all so many palpable and distinct creations.

Amongst the Dramas, we find two which detach themselves from the rest as possessing remarkable dramatic qualities, but failing, more or less definably, to realize the exact conditions of a Drama. The earlier of these—“Pippa Passes”—is rather a philosophic romance, since its various scenes are imagined in illustration of a given idea and have scarcely any connection beyond their common relation to it. It wants the coherent interest of a play. We have, however, the full benefit of this loose adjustment of parts in the latitude which it gives to the author’s imagination; and except in his poem of “Women and Roses,” its realism has nowhere so nearly assumed the fantastic richness and haunting intensity of a dream. The slight extravagance of genius which characterizes “Pippa Passes” might mark it, if Mr. Browning’s works admitted of being so marked, as one of his earlier productions; but there is full-grown dramatic power in its vividness of personation, depth of humour,

and the sense of contrast which is with him so unfailing an element of expressive force, and which could scarcely be more forcibly expressed than in the approximation of Pippa’s sparkling innocence to the lurid flashings of Ottima’s impassioned soul. The idea of the poem is the dependence of the greatest events on the minutest causes, or the most prominent on the most obscure, and it would have been sufficient to sustain a larger and more complicated work, because its value is essentially dramatic. The philosophic importance of the fact which it represents lies in the force of predisposing conditions; and for this reason the objection which has been raised to the effect of Pippa’s songs, that they are too insignificant to justify it, appears to us of all objections the most unfounded. This comparative insignificance was needed to show at how slight or indirect a touch a long train of feeling will occasionally culminate or collapse. The little singer herself, in her happy combination of gentle birth and plebeian breeding, of sturdy independence and innocent trust, possesses quite enough individuality to exercise a more direct influence, if such were required. Pippa’s day is an idyll in itself, and its picturesque distinctness gives at least an artistic unity to its straggling events. We see it stride in, in triumphant joyousness, in the lines:—

Day!
Faster and more fast,
O’er night’s brim, day boils at last.

And we hear the little holiday-maker bemoan its gloomy close as she lies down to rest sighing out a vague mental weariness, which appears to us at once a natural result of the unaccustomed idleness and a mysterious reflection of the unseen shadows that have encompassed her. The entire poem is written in alternate prose and verse, and is as fitful in expression as in fancy, but there is a playful grace in parts of Pippa’s soliloquy which Mr. Browning has nowhere surpassed. And magnificence of imagery can rise no higher than in Ottima’s words to her lover:—

Buried in woods we lay, you recollect;
Swift ran the searching tempest overhead;
And ever and anon some bright white shaft
Burned thro’ the pine-tree roof, here burned
and there,
As if God’s messenger thro’ the close wood
screen
Plunged and replunged his weapon at a ven-
ture,

Feeling for guilty thee and me ; then broke
The thunder like a whole sea overhead —

"The Soul's Tragedy," composed five years later than "Pippa Passes," is more strictly dramatic in form, and its principal personage, the Legate Ogniben, who trots into the insurgent town humming "Cur fremuere gentes," with the evident feeling of having a nursery full of children to slap and put to bed, is one of Mr. Browning's most delightful creations, both as an individual and a type ; but it is no less intellectual in motive, and in its own way no less fantastic in conception. Its two acts entitled, one "The Prose," the other "The Poetry," of "Chiappino's Life," exhibit with great force and subtlety, two opposite moral states and their natural connection with each other — a sudden inspiration to virtue, and a gradual relapse from it. But the second phase becomes chiefly known to us through the interposition of the Legate, who humours and then exposes Chiappino's weakness, in order to make him the more ashamed ; and his discussing of the question tends to merge it so entirely in a comic philosophy of life, that all its seriousness disappears. It turns out that no real harm has been done, every one slips into his right place, Chiappino is invited to seclude himself for a short time, and as the Legate and his mule trot out again we ask ourselves whether we are intended to recognize in this double episode the lasting tragedy or the mere temporary mishap of a human soul. We think Mr. Browning meant to be tragical, but as all extremes of feeling are nearly allied, the spirit of fun got the better of him, and if we dared look for anything like internal significance in the caprices of dramatic inspiration, there would be considerable significance in the fact, that the keenest satire of this play is directed against casuistry, though perhaps of a coarser kind than that which its author has elsewhere displayed.

The exclusion of these two irregular compositions from the list of Mr. Browning's dramas, reduces their number to six ; a number too small to be in itself a proof of any decided impulse towards that kind of production ; and knowing as we do that in his later studies of life the interest of action is entirely subordinated to the importance of thought, we are tempted to attach a perhaps undue significance to the deep reflectiveness of "Luria," and to the fact that the "Soul's Tragedy," which is full of *intention*, ap-

peared immediately before it. Purely external circumstances may, however, have induced Mr. Browning to leave off writing for the stage, and the question to be determined is, not why he produced no greater number of plays, but whether those which he did produce bear witness to a depth and breadth of dramatic inspiration sufficient for a larger result. It appears to us that they do. The one defect which may possibly be urged against them is that their action is occasionally hurried — insufficiently prepared by those minor developments of purpose and incident which break the shock of a catastrophe, and yet add to its power. We notice this in some degree in "Strafford," more still in "The Blot in the Scutcheon," most of all in "King Victor and King Charles," where for want of this kind of padding the main outlines of the situation are sometimes indistinct ; but in this particular case the author may have been hampered by the scantiness of historic material. In no case have we reason to attribute the sketchiness of execution to any haste or immaturity of design. Maturity of design is in fact the primary characteristic of Mr. Browning's Plays. Every actor in them reveals his character as far as this is possible in his first words ; their action is invariably foreshadowed in the first scene ; and we may add that, however intricate it may become, and in "The Return of the Druses" it is notably so, its dramatic unity remains unbroken.

Next to the vividness of Mr. Browning's dramatic conception, we remark its pathos ; a pathos equally removed from sentimentality and from passion, and which is never morbid nor excessive, but always penetrating and profound. We find this tenderness of emotion in the very earliest of his dramatic works ; and the time of its appearance makes it the more striking. Mere passion or sentiment is not unnatural to youth, because either may be the assertion of a still undisciplined self ; but tenderness is the finer essence which is only crushed out of it by the continued bruising of life. Mr. Browning must have known passion, but he cannot have known tenderness at the age at which he wrote "Strafford." Barely, perhaps, when he wrote the "Blot on the Scutcheon." That he has conceived as a poet what he cannot have experienced as a man creates for his writings an indisputable claim to the high places of dramatic art.* Lastly, his half-

* It has been said on a former occasion that Mr.

dozen tragedies are all distinctly unlike each other, as a slight sketch of them may be sufficient to prove.

The first of them, "Strafford," is historical in the full sense of the word, though its best known incidents are so vividly conceived that they have almost the force of novelty. Its main interest is centred in the character of Strafford and his relation to the King, and the young poet has displayed a peculiar sympathy for this proud, sensitive, and impatient man, who recoiled from every proof of his master's treachery to himself, and yet anticipated its worst results in a scarcely interrupted flow of tender, self-sacrificing pity. The scene in the prison affords the strongest illustration of the nature and extent of this devotion. Charles, in disguise, accompanies Holles to the presence of Strafford to announce to him the judgment for which a lingering belief in the King's sincerity had left him unprepared. He refuses at first to believe in it, but as the King's emotion gradually reveals his identity, and as Holles completes the avowal by the solemn adjuration "to him about to die"—

Be merciful to this most wretched man !

the deep spring of pitying love wells up again, and he forgets his own grievous wrong in the yearning to comfort and protect the weakness that could inflict it. His whole affection for the man is in the words which so powerfully attest his utter worthlessness.

STRAFFORD. You'll be good to those children, sir? I know

You'll not believe her, even should the Queen Think they take after one they rarely saw. I had intended that my son should live A stranger to these matters : but you are So utterly deprived of friends ! He too Must serve you — will you not be good to him ? Or stay, sir, do not promise — do not swear !

The transformation of opinion which converts Strafford's early friends into inexorable foes, and the rhetorical denunciations of the rival courtiers into an indignant protest against his attainder, are displayed in all the force of contrast ; and the words of the unnamed Puritan who breaks upon the excitement of the small Council-chamber, and the bustle of the Ante-room of the House of Lords, in the portentous language of Biblical prophecy and condemnation, though

Browning's manner was picturesque rather than pathetic, and this remark holds good whenever his work is a narration, not an impersonation.

somewhat automatic in their recurrence, give a heightened colouring to the scenes into which they are introduced, and appear to herald the catastrophe with the intermittent tolling of some solemn bell. The love which renounces life is not more forcibly interpreted than the love which can slay, than the dark enthusiasm by which Pym is driven to cause the death of his early friend, believing that this one condition of England's safety is also the salvation of Wentworth's soul. Unutterably tender and solemn is the meeting of the judge and the condemned at that gloomy gate through which there was yet hope of escape, but which opened in fulfilment of a fatal dream, not on the friendly boat and its protecting crew, on silence and on flight, but on dark figures of executioners, and on the roar of distant voices howling for blood. There Pym tells of the early affection which might come to no better end, and bids the friend whom he is sending on before await him there, whither he hopes soon to follow. But Strafford's soul is rapt away from all thought of self. He has suddenly become conscious that his own fate foreshadows that of the King. Sinking on his knees he implores immunity for him : —

No, not for England now, not for Heaven now —

See, Pym, for my sake, mine who kneel to you !

There, I will thank you for the death, my friend !

This is the meeting ; let me love you well !

And when Pym replies : —

England — I am thine own ! Dost thou exact That service ? I obey thee to the end,

he sends forth a cry which resumes all the anguish of the thought, and the thankfulness that he need not live to bear it : —

O God, I shall die first — I shall die first !

The love *à outrance*, love without reward and without hope, which is so strongly illustrated by the friendship of Strafford, and subsequently by the devotion of Luria, appears as the ideal conception of the attachment of man to woman in one of the "Dramatis Personæ," entitled "The Worst of it." "The Worst of it" is the lament of a husband forsaken by his wife, not for his suffering, but for her dishonour. A cry of bitterness, not against her by whom he has been wronged, but against himself, who

has been to her an occasion of wrong. A cry of sorrow, not for his own life blighted on earth, but for hers excluded from heaven. It is the outpouring of a love that would sacrifice time and eternity to secure the salvation of the object, but would shield her even from remorse, if salvation could be effected without it. The utter pathos of this appeal is scarcely apparent on the first reading, as its verse has a monotonous abruptness which is more suggestive of agitated reflection than of impassioned feeling, but when once the emotion is understood it becomes the more vivid from this mode of rendering. It gains all the force of compression.

"King Victor and King Charles" is the reproduction of a little-known episode in Piedmontese history, and has all the curious interest which attaches to it, but its poetic merit is greatest there where it departs from strict historical truth. Victor Amadeus I. had involved himself in danger and perplexity by the many iniquities of his reign, and when the danger had reached its climax, he cast it upon his son Charles, a youth whom he had always ill-used and depreciated, by a solemn transfer of the crown. The young king prospered beyond his hopes. In the course of a year, his justice and humanity had gained for him the allegiance of his subjects and placed them in a position to encounter their foreign foes; and Victor then emerged from his seclusion, and attempted to repossess himself of the throne. The historic Charles caused his father to be arrested and confined for the remainder of his life. Mr. Browning's hero gratifies the old king's desire to recover the regal honours in a pious impulse to withdraw him from the intrigues by which he is seeking to attain that end, and the old man dies, recrowned in his son's palace after two scenes of alternate command and entreaty, in which he himself deprecates his craving for the symbols of royalty as a senile mania created by the disturbing shadows of death. The pathetic strangeness of this termination casts a glamour of romance about the whole drama, whilst the author skilfully retains the historical version of the king's end by causing him in the penitent dreaminess of the last scene to suggest such a story as the one best calculated to preserve his son's dignity against the outrage by which he is threatening it. Something of remorse and gratitude steals over the dying soul, and the trans-

formation is rendered the more striking by the leap in the socket of the old wickedness and fury which appear in his last words.

You lied, D'Ormea! I do not repent!

In the "Return of the Druses" we have the large outlines, the vivid action, the strong local colour of a semi-historical drama combined with all the special interest which a sympathetic conception of the Eastern nature could impart to it. The Druses were a peaceful Syrian sect, associated by tradition with the name and sovereignty of a Breton Count de Dreux, and which once sought refuge against the Turks in a small island adjacent to Rhodes. They here placed themselves under the protection of the Knights, and after enduring many wrongs at the hands of a Prefect of the Order found themselves on the point of being transferred to the authority of Rome. According to Mr. Browning's story, a child saved from the murder of the Druse Sheiks and their families, by which the new reign of the White Cross had been signalized, had fled into Brittany to spend his youth in concealment, and to reappear amongst his people as the mysterious Saviour who would lead them back to Lebanon, and who, on the day of their return, would fulfil the ancient prophecy, which restored to the flesh their long-dead Caliph and Founder Hakeem. The scene opens with the morning of the day on which the "Return of the Druses" is to take place. In a few hours the Papal Nuncio will have arrived to take possession of the island, and Venice, to whom, on their side, the Druse occupants have surrendered it, will have sent her ships to cover their retreat. The Prefect will have expired by Djabal's hands, and Hakeem's reign will have begun. Initiated Druses are assembled in the Hall of the Prefect's palace, quarrelling for its expected spoils with that eagerness of the Eastern mind to which no subject of contention is too small; whilst the vivid Eastern fancy flashes forth from each in the rapid remembrance of some grievous domestic wrong, or some glorious vision of the coming deliverance. The second act presents the reverse of the picture, the shame and remorse of Djabal, the self-defined Frank schemer and Arab mystic in whom the love for a Druse maiden first awakened the thought of accomplishing a daring human deed, under the semblance of superhuman power. Anael

had sworn only to give her love to the saviour of her race; to her, an initiated Druse, the Saviour, and Hakeem were one; and Djabal, enthusiast as much as deceiver, feigned himself Hakeem that he might win that love, and vaguely hoped that its possession would transform him to the reality of what he pretended to be; but the hope has proved fitful, and the desire of confession weighs heavily upon him, quickened no less than repelled by the glowing veneration of Anael, now his promised wife, and by the simple worship of Khalil her brother. Anael, too, has her struggles; her reverence for Djabal the saviour is inextricably bound up with her passion for Djabal the man, and in the clairvoyance of her highly strung nature she doubts the belief which can thus appeal to her in the tumult of an earthly love. An interview with the man whom but for Djabal she probably would have loved, proves to her that her feeling for Djabal differs from her feeling for other men much less in kind than in degree, and in her desire to expiate the imperfectness of a faith which possesses her intelligence but cannot transform her life, she herself murders the common enemy, the Prefect. The moment of this deed was to be that of Djabal's transfiguration. It prostrates him at her feet in agonized confession of his fraud. She cannot at once disbelieve, she clings to him for refuge against the newly awakened sense of crime, she entreats him to "exalt" himself, and let her share in the exaltation; but at length the knowledge of his helpless humanity is borne irrevocably in upon her; she gives utterance to one brief passionate burst of scorn, and then the liberated earthly love wells up triumphant through the ruins of her faith, and she gathers the shamed existence the more absolutely into her own.

Side by side with this fierce conspiracy runs a friendly plot which we have not space to describe, strongly illustrative of the manner in which the natural course of events often tends towards a result which fraud or violence are made to bring about. In the last act the living personages of the drama are assembled in the same Hall of the Prefect's palace, brought together by the news of his death. The Nuncio denounces, the Druses waver, the finer nature in Djabal triumphs. A solemn and sorrowful confession cast round him a sudden halo of redeeming glory. With a cry of "Hakeem!" the overstrained life of

Anael passes away, and Djabal, still vaguely adored by the astonished people, whose future he entrusts to the true heart and unswerving will of Khalil, falls, stabbed by his own hand, thus completing the atonement for his guilt and the union with her, whom her love, not his deed, has exalted.

Of the many fine passages in this tragedy the last lines, spoken by Djabal, are perhaps the finest; they are addressed to a young knight of the Order of Rhodes, the son of his protector in exile and his constant friend.

DJABAL. [raises Loys.] Then to thee, Loys!
How I wronged thee, Loys!

— Yet wronged, no less thou shalt have full
revenge

Fit for thy noble self, revenge — and thus,
Thou, loaded with such wrongs, the princely
soul,

The first sword of Christ's sepulchre — thou
shalt

Guard Khalil and my Druses home again!
Justice, no less — God's justice and no more,
For those I leave! — to seeking this, devote
Some few days out of thy knight's brilliant
life:

And, this obtained them, leave their Lebanon,
My Druses' blessing in thine ears — (they shall
Bless thee with blessing sure to have its way).

— One cedar blossom in thy ducal cap,
One thought of Anael in thy heart, — per-
chance

One thought of him who thus, to bid thee
speed,

His last word to the living speaks! This
done

Resume thy course, and, first amid the first
In Europe take my heart along with thee!
Go boldly, go serenely, go augustly —
What shall withstand thee then?

"A Blot on the Scutcheon" is a domestic tragedy, but of almost historic magnitude. It stands alone amongst Mr. Browning's dramatic works, as conveying tragic impressions under that purely objective form, which is derived from no subtle, individual, slowly ripening fatality, but from the rapid and distinct collision of the elemental forces of the human soul. Three out of five of its principal actors fall victims to love, revenge, or remorse, and it is characteristic of the author's manner that whilst this work gives so much scope to the more violent emotions, its tone seldom exceeds the expression of a profound and concentrated sorrow. We notice this especially in the case of the heroine Mildred, a very young girl, whose self-condemning grief has something of the introspectiveness wrongly imputed to all Mr. Browning's

characters, and we think detracts a little from the tragic simplicity with which the story is otherwise conceived. Her death, which is immediately caused by the murder of her lover, is perhaps also an overstraining of natural possibilities ; but this event was necessary to carry out the dramatic idea of a short fierce tempest and a sudden calm. The tender brotherly love so terrible in its revulsion but so truly asserted in the Earl's self-inflicted death, is expressed with great delicacy and power in the passage in which he himself defines this form of affection. It is unfortunately too long to be quoted. Mer-toun's words of comfort to his grieving child-love are also very touching and heartfelt.

— — Have I gained at last

Your brother, the one scarer of your dreams,
And waking thought's sole apprehension too?
Does a new life, like a young sunrise, break
On the strange unrest of our night, confused
With rain and stormy flaw — and will you see
No dripping blossoms, no fire-tinted drops
On each live spray, no vapour steaming up
And no expressless glory in the East?
When I am by you, to be ever by you,
When I have won you and may worship you,
Oh, Mildred, can you say this will not be?

"Columbe's Birthday" is the slightest in conception of Mr. Browning's plays, and the only one which is somewhat theatrical in its effects, but it contains much genuine poetry and some genuinely dramatic scenes. The reputed heiress of two duchies finds herself suddenly called upon to surrender her honours or to retain them by marriage with the rightful heir, who, on coming to dispossess her, is struck by her beauty and dignity, and be-thinks himself of this compromise as likely to be advantageous to both. He opens his negotiations through Valence, an advocate, a devoted adherent of the young Duchess and her unconfessed lover, and Valence is so conscientiously afraid of disposing her against his rival that he says everything he can in his behalf. He cannot plead the ardour of the Prince's attachment, for the young aspirant to a possible empire imagines himself a cynic, and has not included his heart in the offer of his hand ; but he sets forth, in a glowing discourse, the mystical glories of a career of prosperous ambition as the prize which she is invited to share ; and though this exordium is a tribute not to merit but to success, and therefore its very solemnity a satire, it is one of the finest passages in Mr. Browning's collective works.

He gathers earth's whole good into his arms ;
Standing, as man now, -stately, strong and
wise,

Marching to fortune, not surprised by her.
One great aim, like a guiding star, above —
Which tasks strength, wisdom, stateliness, to
lift

His manhood to the height that takes the
prize ;

A prize not near — lest overlooking earth
He rashly spring to seize it — nor remote,
So that he rest upon his path content :
But day by day, while shimmering grows shine,
And the faint circlet prophesies the orb,
He sees so much as, just evolving these,
The stateliness, the wisdom, and the strength,
To due completion will suffice this life,
And lead him at his grandest to the grave,
After this star, out of a night he springs ;
A beggar's cradle for the throne of thrones
He quits ; so, mounting, feels each step he
mounts,

Nor, as from each to each exultingly
He passes, overleaps one grade of joy.
This, for his own good : — with the world,
each gift

Of God and man, — reality, tradition,
Fancy and fact — so well environ him,
That as a mystic panoply they serve —
Of force, untenanted, to awe mankind,
And work his purpose out with half the world,
While he, their master, dexterously slipt
From some encumbrance is meantime em-
ployed

With his own prowess on the other half.
Thus shall he prosper, every day's success
Adding to what is he, a solid strength —
An æry might to what encircles him,
Till at the last so life's routine lends help,
That as the Emperor only breathes and moves
His shadow shall be watched, his step or stalk
Become a comport or a portent, how
He trails his ermine take significance, —
Till even his power shall cease to be most
power

And men shall dread his weakness more, nor
dare

Peril their earth its bravest, first and best,
Its typified invincibility.
Thus shall he go on greating, till he ends —
The man of men, the spirit of all flesh,
The fiery centre of an earthly world !

Such a speech stands in admirable contrast to the business-like simplicity evinced by the hero himself, when he accepts the title-deeds to the Duchy and resigns Colombe to her obscure admirer, at the same time admitting that though he has himself no tendency to romance, a life in which it has no place appears to him rather more dreary than before.

Lady, well rewarded ! Sir, as well deserved
I could not imitate — I hardly envy —
I do admire you ! All is for the best !
Too costly a flower were this, I see it now,
To pluck and set upon my barren helm

To wither — any garish plume will do !
 I'll not insult you and refuse your Duchy —
 You can so well afford to yield it me,
 And I were left, without it, sadly off !
 As it is for me — if that will flatter you,
 A somewhat wearier life seems to remain
 Than I thought possible where . . . faith,
 their life
 Begins already — they're too occupied
 To listen — and few words content me best !

The play is also enlivened by a continuous flow of good-humoured satire on the morality of court-life and its rewards.

The tragic interest of Luria is entirely psychological, though its external elements are derived from history. It is the latest of Mr. Browning's tragedies, the most pathetic, and perhaps the finest in the impression it conveys of deliberate creative power. Its protracted action has all the excitement of suspense, whilst the lengthened monologues which characterize the last act form a fitting prelude to the quiet mournfulness of the catastrophe. The central figure is Luria, a Moorish condottiere, who has led the Florentine army against that of Pisa, and whose noble qualities have won for him the admiration of both. Luria has served Florence not only faithfully but lovingly. Her æsthetic refinement appeals to every aspiration of his soul, and he believes, as men so often believe of women, that the outward charm is the sign of an inward grace. He is convinced that "his Florentines" are good, and though the delicate instincts of his race warn him that whatever friendship they may profess, their nature has no sympathy with his, his large heart rejects all suspicion of their gratitude. He has yet to learn that Florence knows gratitude only in the form of fear, only knows a protector as a potential tyrant and foe ; and whilst his devotion is, day by day, deepening his mistrust, his guilelessness is as constantly sending forth some careless word to bear witness against him. The hostile General Tiburzio, in whom he has gained a friend, becomes the means of warning him that the day of his expected victory is also to be that of his trial and condemnation. Luria probes his situation sadly but deliberately. He sees that his judgment is fixed. The Florentine army is in his hands ; the Pisan troops are offered to his command ; he has no natural alternative but to perish at the hands of Florence, or to save himself through her destruction, and true to the end, he swallows poison, the one refuge against possible misfortune, which he has brought

from his native East. He dies, surrounded by the repentant captain, commissary, and other citizens of Florence, aroused too late by the fervent testimony of Tiburzio, combined with their own latent belief in the nature they could so little understand, each tendering in his own way, love, gratitude, and obedience to the friend whom they have in one supreme moment found and lost.

The restless intrigues of Florentine life are powerfully symbolized by Husein, the condottiere's one Moorish friend, in words of warning to him.

Say or not say,
 So thou but go, so they but let thee go !
 This hating people, that hate each the other,
 And in one blandness to us Moors unite —
 Locked each to each like slippery snakes, I
 say
 Which still in all their tangles, hissing tongue
 And threatening tail, ne'er do each other
 harm ;
 While any creature of a better blood,
 They seem to fight for, while they circle safe
 And never touch it, — pines without a wound,
 Withers away beside their eyes and breath.
 See thou, if Puccio come not safely out
 Of Braccio's grasp, this Braccio sworn his foe,
 As Braccio's safely from Domizia's toils
 Who hates him most ! But thou, the friend
 of all,
 . . . Come out of them !

Against its shifting background of craft and hatred and mistrust, the image of Luria, living as it is, assumes an almost monumental character ; it dwells upon the mind as a great conception of all lasting greatness and purity.

To the testimony of the Dramas we may add this fact, that at the age of twenty-two, Mr. Browning conceived from slender historic materials the character and career of Paracelsus — the apostle of natural truth, still hampered by the traditions of a metaphysical and mystical age ; his high hopes and crushing disappointment ; the lapse into more doubtful striving and more anomalous result ; and the death-bed vision which blended the old, fitful gleamings of the secret of universal life into the larger sense of a divine presence throughout creation in which every abortive human endeavour is alike anticipated and subsumed. "Paracelsus" is considered the most transcendental of Mr. Browning's poems. It certainly combines the individuality which with him has so often the effect of abstruseness with a sustained loftiness of poetic conception, and we find in it a faithful reflex of the desire of absolute knowledge and

the belief in the possibility of its attainment. But it is no less remarkable for its humanity ; for the sympathy it evinces with the complex, struggling, misguided soul, which begins by spurning all human aids and breathes out its last and finest essence under the fostering warmth of affection ; and its appreciation of the craving for unbounded intellectual life is even less abnormal as expressed by so young a poet, than the tribute it contains to the ideal of human existence which rests upon limitation.

Power—neither put forth blindly, nor controlled
Calmly by perfect knowledge ; to be used
At risk, inspired or checked by hope and fear :
Knowledge—not intuition, but the slow
Uncertain fruit of an enhancing toil,
Strengthened by love : love—not serenely
pure
But strong from weakness like a chance-sown
plant
Which, cast on stubborn soil, puts forth
changed buds
And softer strains, unknown in happier climes ;
Love which endures and doubts, and is op-
pressed
And cherished, suffering much and much sus-
tained,
And blind, oft failing, yet believing love,
A half-enlightened, often chequered trust.

These lines form part of the dying confession which is probably so well known that we need not regret being unable to quote it at length.

The one peculiarity of Mr. Browning's verse through which his character of poet is most generally impugned is its frequent want of melody, and his known contempt for melody as distinct from meaning would be sufficient to account for the occasional choice of subjects that excluded it. But he thus admits the more fully the essential unity of matter and form ; and the unmusical character of so much of his poetry is in some degree justified by the fact, that its subjects are in themselves unmusical.

So I will sing on fast as fancies come ;
Rudely, the verse being as the mood it paints.*

His actual ruggedness lies far more in the organic conception of his ideas than in the manner of rendering them, whilst his rapid alternations and successions of thought often give the appearance of ruggedness where none is. In beauty or

the reverse his style is essentially expressive, and when, as in "Pauline," "Paracelsus," almost all the Dramas, and most of the minor poems, there is an inward harmony to be expressed, it is expressed the more completely for the rejection of all such assistance as mere sound could afford. He has even given to so satirical a poem as "The Bishop orders his Tomb in St. Praxed's Church," a completely melodious rhythm, its satire being borrowed from the simple misapplication of an earnest and pathetic emotion. If he ever appears gratuitously to rebel against the laws of sound it is in his rhymed and not in his blank verse ; and there might be truth in the idea that his contempt for the music of mere iteration is excited by the very act of employing it, but that so many of his grandest and sweetest inspirations have been appropriately clothed in rhyme.

There is a passage in "Pauline" in which the speaker describes himself, which accords to so great an extent with the varying impressions produced by Mr. Browning's mind as to present itself as a possible explanation of them. He has deprecated, perhaps unnecessarily, the execution of this poem in an explanatory preface to it, and if he admitted it to contain so much of permanent truth he might more justly deprecate the manner in which it was conceived. But the lines to which we refer have a deliberate emphasis which impresses us with the idea that the young poet was speaking of himself, and that what he said may in some measure have remained true.

I am made up of an intensest life,
Of a most clear idea of consciousness
Of self, distinct from all its qualities,
From all affections, passions, feelings, powers ;
And thus far it exists, if tracked in all :
But linked in me, to self-supremacy
Existing, as a centre to all things,
Most potent to create and rule and call
Upon all things to minister to it ;
And to a principle of restlessness
Which would be all, have, see, know, taste,
feel, all—

This is myself, and I should thus have been
Though gifted lower than the meanest soul.

Whatever this passage may or may not mean, it can only confirm the one significant fact that a life-long reputation for self-conscious poetic power might have rested unassailed on this the author's very earliest work.

* Pauline.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE excellent people of Coombe Lorraine as yet were in happy ignorance of all these fine doings on Hilary's part. Sir Roland knew only too well, of course, that his son and heir was of a highly romantic, chivalrous, and adventurous turn. At Eton and Oxford many little scrapes (which seemed terrible at the time) showed that he was sure to do his best to get into grand scrapes, as the occasion of his youthful world enlarged.

"Happen what will, I can always trust my boy to be a gentleman," his father used to say to himself, and to his only real counsellor, old Sir Remnant Chapman. Sir Remnant always shook his head; and then (for fear of having meant too much) said, "Ah, that is the one thing after all. People begin to talk a great deal too much about Christianity."

At any rate, the last thing they thought of was the most likely thing of all—that Hilary should fall in love with a good, and sweet, and simple girl, who, for his own sake, would love him, and grow to him with all the growth of love. "Morality"—whereby we mean now, truth, and right, and purity—was then despised in public, even more than now in private life. Sir Remnant thought it a question of shillings, how many maids his son led astray; and he pitied Sir Roland for having a son so much handsomer than his own.

Little as now he meddled with it, Sir Roland knew that the world was so; and the more he saw of it, the less he found such things go down well with him. The broad low stories, and practical jokes, and babyish finesse of oaths, invented for the ladies—many of which still survive in the hypocrisy of our good tongue—these had a great deal to do with Sir Roland's love of his own quiet dinner-table, and shelter of his pet child, Alice. And nothing, perhaps, except old custom and the traditions of friendship, could have induced him to bear, as he did, with Sir Remnant's far lower standard. Let a man be what he will, he must be moved one way or another by the folk he deals with. Even Sir Roland (though so different from the people around him) felt their feelings move here and there, and very often come touching him. And he never could altogether help wanting to know what they thought about him. So

must the greatest man ever "developed" have desired a million-fold, because he lived in each one of the million.

However, there were but two to whom Sir Roland Lorraine ever yielded a peep of his deeply treasured anxieties. One was Sir Remnant; and the other (in virtue of office, and against the grain) was the Rev. Struan Hales, his own highly respected brother-in-law.

Struan Hales was a man of mark all about that neighbourhood. Everybody knew him, and almost everybody liked him. Because he was a genial, open-hearted, and sometimes even noisy man; full of life—in his own form of that matter—and full of the love of life, whenever he found other people lively. He hated every kind of humbug, all revolutionary ideas, methodism, asceticism, enthusiastic humanity, and exceedingly fine language. And though, like every one else, he respected Sir Roland Lorraine for his upright character, lofty honour, and clearness of mind; while he liked him for his generosity, kindness of heart, and gentleness; on the other hand, he despised him a little for his shyness and quietude of life. For the rector of West Lorraine loved nothing better than a good day with the hounds, and a roaring dinner-party afterwards. Nothing in the way of sport ever came amiss to him; even though it did—as no true sport does—depend for its joy upon cruelty.

Here, in his snug house on the glebe, under the battlement of the hills, with trees and a garden of comfort, and snug places to smoke a pipe in, Mr. Hales was well content to live and do his duty. He liked to hunt twice in a week, and he liked to preach twice every Sunday. Still he could not do either always; and no good people blamed him.

Mrs. Hales was the sweetest creature ever seen almost anywhere. She had plenty to say for herself, and a great deal more to say for others; and if perfection were to be found, she would have been perfection to every mind, except her own, and perhaps her husband's. The rector used to say that his wife was an angel, if ever one there were; and in his heart he felt that truth. Still he did not speak to her always as if he were fully aware of being in colloquy with an angel. He had lived with her "ever so long," and he knew that she was a great deal better than himself; but he had the wisdom not to let her know it; and she often thought that he preached at her. Such a thing he never

did. No honest parson would ever do it; of all mean acts it would be the meanest. Yet there are very few parsons' wives who are not prepared for the chance of it. And Mrs. Hales knew that she "had her faults," and that Mr. Hales was quite up to them. At any rate, here they were, and here they meant to live their lives out, having a pretty old place to see to, and kind old neighbours to see to them. Also they had a much better thing, three good children of their own; enough to make work and pleasure for them, but not to be a perpetual worry, inasmuch as they all were girls—three very good girls, of their sort.—thinking as they were told to think, and sure to make excellent women.

Alice Lorraine liked all these girls. They were so kind, and sweet, and simple; and when they had nothing whatever to say, they always said it so prettily. And they never pretended to interfere with any of her opinions, or to come into competition with her, or to talk to her father, when she was present, more than she well could put up with. For she was a very jealous child; and they were well aware of it. And they might let their father be her mother's brother ten times over, before she would hear of any "Halesy element"—as she once had called it—coming into her family more than it had already entered. And they knew right well, while they thought it too bad, that this young Alice had sadly quenched any hopes any one of them might have cherished of being a Lady Lorraine some day. She had made her poor brother laugh over their tricks, when they were sure that they had no tricks; and she always seemed to put a wrong construction upon any little harmless thing they did. Still they could afford to forget all that; and they did forget it, especially now when Hilary would soon be at home again.

It was now July, and no one had heard for weeks from that same Hilary; but this made no one anxious, because it was the well-known manner of the youth. Sometimes they would hear from him by every post, although the post now came thrice in a week; and then again for weeks together, not a line would he vouchsafe. And as a general rule, he was getting on better when he kept strict silence.

Therefore Alice had no load on her mind at all worth speaking of, while she worked in her sloping flower-garden, early of a summer afternoon. It was now getting on for St. Swithin's day;

and the sun was beginning to curtail those brief attentions which he paid to Coombe Lorraine. He still looked fairly at it, as often as clouds allowed in the morning, almost up to eight o'clock; and after that he could still see down it, over the shoulder of the hill. But he felt that his rays made no impression (the land so fell away from him), they seemed to do nothing but dance away downward, like a lasher of glittering water.

Therefore, in this garden grew soft and gently natured plants, and flowers of delicate tint, that sink in the exhaustion of the sun-glare. The sun, in almost every garden, sucks the beauty out of all the flowers; he stains the sweet violet even in March; he spots the primrose and the periwinkle; he takes the down off the heartsease blossom; he browns the pure lily of the valley in May; and, after that, he dims the tint of every rose that he opens: and yet, in spite of all his mischief, which of them does not rejoice in him?

The bold chase, cut in the body of the hill, has rugged sides, and a steep descent for a quarter of a mile below the house—the cleft of the chalk on either side growing deeper towards the mouth of the coombe. The main road to the house goes up the coombe, passing under the eastern scarp, but winding away from it here and there to obtain a better footing. The old house, facing down the hill, stands so close to the head of the coombe, that there is not more than an acre or so of land behind and between it and the crest, and this is partly laid out as a courtyard, partly occupied by out-buildings, stables, and so on, and the ruinous keep, ingloriously used as a lime-kiln; while the rest of the space is planted in and out with spruce and birch trees, and anything that will grow there. Among them winds a narrow outlet to the upper and open Downs—too steep a way for carriage-wheels, but something in appearance betwixt a bridle-path and a timber-track, such as is known in those parts by the old English name, a "bostall."

As this led to no dwelling-house for miles and miles away, but only to the crown of the hills and the desolate tract of sheep-walks, ninety-nine visitors out of a hundred to the house came up the coombe, so that Alice from her flower-garden commanding the course of the drive from the plains, could nearly always foresee the approach of any interruption. Here she had pretty seats under labour-

nums, and even a bower of jessamine, and a noble view all across the weald, even to the range of the North Downs; so that it was a pleasant place for all who love soft sward and silence, and have time to enjoy that very rare romance of the seasons — a hot English summer.

Only there was one sad drawback. Lady Valeria's windows straightly overlooked this pleasant spot, and Lady Valeria never could see why she should not overlook everything. Beyond and above all other things, she took it as her own special duty to watch her dear granddaughter Alice; and now in her eighty-second year she was proud of her eyesight, and liked to prove its power.

"Here they come again!" cried Alice, talking to herself or her rake and trowel; "will they never be content? I told them on Monday that I knew nothing, and they will not believe it. I have a great mind to hide myself in my hole, like that poor rag and bone boy. It goes beyond my patience quite to be cross-examined and not believed."

Those whom she saw coming up the steep road at struggling and panting intervals, were her three good cousins from the Rectory — Caroline, Margaret, and Cecil Hales; rather nice-looking and active girls, resembling their father in face and frame, and their excellent mother in their spiritual parts. The decorated period of young ladies, the time of wearing great crosses and starving, and sticking as a thorn in the flesh of mankind, lay as yet in the happy future. A parson's daughters were as yet content to leave the parish to their father, helping him only in the Sunday-school, and for the rest of the week minding their own dresses, or some delicate jobs of pastry, or gossip.

Though Alice had talked so of running away, she knew quite well that she never could do it, unless it were for a childish joke; and swiftly she was leaving now the pretty and petty world of childhood, sinking into that distance whence the failing years recover it. Therefore, instead of running away, she ran down the hill to meet her cousins, for truly she liked them decently.

"Oh, you dear, how are you? How wonderfully good to come to meet us! Madge, I shall be jealous in a moment if you kiss my Alice so. Cecil — what are you thinking of? Why, you never kissed your cousin Alice!"

"Oh yes, you have all done it very nicely. What more could I wish?"

said Alice; "but what could have made you come up the hill, so early in the day, dears?"

"Well, you know what dear mamma is. She really fancied that we might seem (now there is so much going on) really unkind and heartless, unless we came up to see how you were. Papa would have come; but he feels it so steep, unless he is coming up to dinner; and the pony, you know — Oh she did such a thing! The wicked little dear, she got into the garden, and devoured £10 worth of the grand new flower, just introduced by the Duchess 'Dallia,' or 'Dellia,' I can't spell the name. And mamma was so upset that both of them have been unwell ever since."

"Oh, Dahlias!" answered Alice, whose grapes were rather sour, because her father had refused to buy any; "flaunty things in my opinion. But Caroline, Madge, and Cecil, have you ever set eyes on my new rose?"

Of course they all ran to behold the new rose; which was no other than the "Persian yellow," a beautiful stranger, not yet at home. The countless petals of brilliant yellow folding inward full of light, and the dimple in the centre, shy of yielding inlet to its virgin gold, and then the delicious fragrance, too refined for random sniffers, — these and other delights found entry into the careless beholder's mind.

"It makes one think of astrologers," cried Caroline Hales; "I declare it does! Look at all the little stars! It is quite like a celestial globe."

"So it is, I do declare!" said Madge. But Cecil shook her head. She was the youngest, and much the prettiest, and by many degrees the most elegant of the daughters of the Rectory. Cecil had her own opinion about many things; but waited till it should be valuable.

"It is much more like a cowslip-ball," Alice answered, carelessly. "Come into my bower now. And then we can all of us go to sleep."

The three girls were a little hot and thirsty, after their climb of the chalky road; and a bright spring ran through the bower, as they knew, ready to harmonize with sherbet, sherry-wine, or even shrub itself, as had once been proved by Hilary.

"How delicious this is! How truly sweet!" cried the eldest and perhaps most loquacious Miss Hales; "and how nice of you always to keep a glass! A spring is such a rarity on these hills;

papa says it comes from a different stratum. What a stratum is, I have no idea. It ought to be straight, one may safely say that; but it always seems to be crooked. Now, can you explain that, darling Alice? You are so highly taught, and so clever!"

"Now, we don't want a lecture," said Madge, the blunt one; "the hill is too steep to have that at the top. Alice knows everything, no doubt, in the way of science, and all that. But what we are dying to know is what became of that grand old astrologer's business."

"This is the seventh or eighth time now," Alice answered, hard at bay; "that you will keep on about some little thing that the servants are making mountains of. My father best knows what it is. Let us go to his room and ask him."

"Oh no, dear! oh no, dear! How could we do that? What would dear uncle say to us? But come, now tell us. You do know something. Why are you so mysterious? Mystery is a thing altogether belonging to the dark ages, now. We have heard such beautiful stories that we cannot manage to sleep at night without knowing what they are all about. Now, do tell us everything. You may just as well tell us every single thing. We are sure to find it all out, you know: and then we shall all be down on you. Among near relations, dear mamma says, there is nothing to compare with candour."

"Don't you see, Alice," Madge broke in, "we are sure to know sooner or later; and how can it matter which it is?"

"To be sure," answered Alice, "it cannot matter. And so you shall all know, later."

This made the three sisters look a little at one another, quietly. And then, as a desperate resource, Madge, the rough one, laid eyes upon Alice, and, with a piercing look, exclaimed, "You don't even understand what it means yourself!"

"Of course, I do not," answered Alice; "how many times have I told you so, yet you always want further particulars! Dear cousins, now you must be satisfied with a conclusion of your own."

"I cannot at all see that," said Caroline.

"Really, you are too bad," cried Margaret.

"Do you think that this is quite fair?" asked Cecil.

"You are too many for me, all of you," Alice answered, steadfastly. "Suppose

I came to your house and pried into some piece of gossip about you that I had picked up in the village. Would you think that I had a right to do it?"

"No, dear, of course not. But nobody dares to gossip about us, you know. Papa would very soon stop all that."

"Of course he would. And because my father is too high-minded to meddle with it, am I to be questioned perpetually? Come in, Caroline, come in, Margaret, come in, dear Cecil; I know where papa is, and then you can ask him all about it."

"I have three little girls at their first sampler, such little sweets!" said Caroline; "I only left them for half an hour, because we felt sure you must want us, darling. It now seems as if you could hold your own in a cross-stitch we must not penetrate. It is nothing to us. What could it be? Only don't come, for goodness' sake, don't come rushing down the hill, dear creature, to implore our confidence suddenly."

"Dear creature!" cried Alice, for the moment borne beyond her young self-possession — "I am not quite accustomed to old women's words. Nobody shall call me a 'dear creature' except my father (who knows better) and poor old Nancy Stilgoe."

"Now, don't be vexed with them," Cecil stopped to say in a quiet manner, while the two other maidens tucked up their skirts, and down the hill went, rapidly; "they never meant to vex you, Alice; only you yourself must feel how dreadfully tantalizing it is to hear such sweet things as really made us afraid of our own shadows; and then to be told not to ask any questions!"

"I am sorry if I have been rude to your sisters," the placable Alice answered; "but it is so vexatious of them that they doubt my word so. Now, tell me what you have heard. It is wonderful how any foolish story spreads."

"We heard, on the very best authority, that the old astrologer appeared to you, descending from the comet in a fire-balloon, and warned you to prepare for the judgment-day, because the black-death would destroy in one night every soul in Coombe Lorraine; and as soon as you heard it you fainted away, and Sir Roland ran up and found you lying, as white as wax, in a shroud made out of the ancient gentleman's long foreign cloak."

"Then, beg cousin Caroline's pardon for me. No wonder she wanted to hear more. And I must not be touchy about

my veracity, after lying in my shroud so long. But truly I cannot tell you a word to surpass what you have heard already; nor even to come up to it. There was not one single wonderful thing—not enough to keep up the interest. I was bitterly disappointed; and so, of course, was every one."

"Cousin Alice," Cecil answered, looking at her pleasantly, "you are different from us, or, at any rate, from my sisters. You scarcely seem to know the way to tell the very smallest of small white lies. I am very sorry always; still I must tell some of them."

"No, Cecil, no. You need tell none; if you only make up your mind not to do it. You are but a very little older than I am, and surely you might begin afresh. Suppose you say at your prayers in the morning, 'Lord, let me tell no lie to-day!'"

"Now, Alice, you know that I never could do it. When I know that I mean to tell ever so many; how could I hope to be answered? No doubt I am a storyteller—just the same as the rest of us; and to pray against it, when I mean to do it, would be a very double-faced thing."

"To be sure it would. It never struck me in that particular way before. But Uncle Struan must know best what ought to be done in your case."

"We must not make a fuss of trifles," Cecil answered, prudently; "papa can always speak for himself; and he means to come up the hill to do it, if Mr. Gate's pony is at home. And now I must run after them, or Madge will call me a little traitor. Oh, here papa comes, I do declare. Good-bye, darling, and don't be vexed."

"It does seem a little too bad," thought Alice, as the portly form of the rector, mounted on a borrowed pony, came round the corner at the bottom of the coombe, near poor Bonny's hermitage—"a little too bad that nothing can be done without its being chattered about. And I know how annoyed papa will be, if Uncle Struan comes plaguing him again. We cannot even tell what it means ourselves; and whatever it means, it concerns us only. I do think curiosity is the worst, though it may be the smallest vice. He expects to catch me, of course, and get it all out of me as he declared he would. But sharp as his eyes are, I don't believe he can have managed to spy me yet. I will off to my rockwork, and hide myself, till I see the heels of his pony going sedately down the hill again."

With these words, she disappeared; and when the good rector had mounted the hill, "Alice, Alice!" resounded vainly from the drive among the shrubs and flowers, and echoed from the ram-parts of the coombe.

CHAPTER XX.

ONE part of Coombe Lorraine is famous for a seven-fold echo, connected by tradition with a tale of gloom and terror. Mr. Hales, being proud of his voice, put this echo through all its peals, or chime of waning resonance. It could not quite answer, "How do you do?" with "Very well, Pat, and the same to you"—and its tone was rather melancholy than sprightly, as some echoes are. But of course a great deal depended on the weather, as well as on the time of day. Echo, for the most part, sleeps by daylight, and strikes her gong as the sun goes down.

Failing of any satisfaction here, the Rev. Struan Hales rode on. "Ride on, ride on!" was his motto always; and he seldom found it fail. Nevertheless, as he rang the bell (which he was at last compelled to do), he felt in the crannies of his heart some wavers as to the job he was come upon. A coarse nature often despises a fine one, and yet is most truly afraid of it. Mr. Hales believed that in knowledge of the world he was entitled to teach Sir Roland; and yet he could not help feeling how calmly any impertinence would be stopped.

The clergyman found his brother-in-law sitting alone, as he was too fond of doing, in his little favourite book-room, walled off from the larger and less comfortable library. Sir Roland was beginning to yield more and more to the gentle allurements of solitude. Some few months back he had lost the only friend with whom he had ever cared to interchange opinions, a learned parson of the neighbourhood, an antiquary, and an elegant scholar. And ever since that he had been sinking deeper and deeper into the slough of isolation and privacy. For hours he now would sit alone, with books before him, yet seldom heeded, while he mused and meditated, or indulged in visions mingled of the world he read of and the world he had to deal with. As no less an authority than Dr. Johnson has it—"This invisible riot of the mind, this secret prodigality of being, is secure from detection, and fearless of reproach. The dreamer retires to his apartment, shuts out the cares and interruptions of

mankind, and abandons himself to his own fancy." And again — "This captivity it is necessary for every man to break, who has any desire to be wise or useful. To regain liberty, he must find the means of flying from himself; he must, in opposition to the Stoic precept, teach his desires to fix upon external things; he must adopt the joys and the pains of others, and excite in his mind the want of social pleasures and amicable communication."

Sir Roland Lorraine was not quite so bad as the gentleman above depicted; still he was growing so like him that he was truly sorry to see the jovial face of his brother-in-law. For his mind was set out upon a track of thought, which it might have pursued until dinner-time. But, of course, he was much too courteous to show any token of interruption.

"Roland, I must have you out of this. My dear fellow, what are you coming to? Books, books, books! As if you did not know twice too much already! Even I find my flesh falling away from me, the very next day after I begin to punish it with reading."

"That very remark occurs in the book which I have just put down. Struan, let me read it to you."

"I thank you greatly, but would rather not. It is in Latin or Greek, of course. I could not do my duty as I do, if I did it in those dead languages. But I have the rarest treat for you; and I borrowed a pony to come and fetch you. Such a badger you never saw! Sir Remnant is coming to see it, and so is old General Jakes, and a dozen more. We allow an hour for that, and then we have a late dinner at six o'clock. My daughters came up the hill to fetch your young Alice to see the sport. But they had some blaze-up about some trifle, as the chittish creatures are always doing. And so pretty Alice perhaps will lose it. Leave them to their own ways, say I; leave them to their own ways, Sir Roland. They are sure to cheat us, either way; and they may just as well cheat us pleasantly."

"You take a sensible view of it, according to what your daughters are," Sir Roland answered, more sharply than he either meant or could maintain; and immediately he was ashamed of himself. But Mr. Hales was not thin of skin; and he knew that his daughters were true to him. "Well, well," he replied; "as I said before, they are full of tricks. At their age and sex it must be so. But a

better and kinder team of maids is not to be found in thirteen parishes. Speak to the contrary who will."

"I know that they are very good girls," Sir Roland answered kindly; "Alice likes them very much; and so does everybody."

"That is enough to show what they are. Nobody ever likes anybody, without a great deal of cause for it. They must have their faults of course, we know; and they may not be quite butter-lipped, you know — still I should like to see a better lot, take them in and out, and altogether. Now you must come and see Fox draw that badger. I have ten good guineas upon it with Jakes; Sir Remnant was too shy to stake. And I want a thoroughly impartial judge. You never would refuse me, Roland, now?"

"Yes, Struan, yes; you know well that I will. You know that I hate and despise cruel sports. And it is no compliment to invite me, when you know that I will not come."

"I wish I had stayed at the bottom of the hill, where that young scamp of a boy lives. When will you draw that badger, Sir Roland, the pest of the Downs, and of all the county?"

"Struan, the boy is not half so bad as might be expected of him. I have thought once or twice that I ought to have him taught, and fed, and civilized."

"Send him to me, and I'll civilize him. A born little poacher! I have scared all the other poachers with the comtat; but the little thief never comes to church. Four pair of birds, to my knowledge, nested in John Gate's veitches, and hatched well, too, for I spoke to John — where are they? Can you tell me where they are?"

"Well, Struan, I give you the shooting, of course; but I leave it to you to look after it. But it does seem too cruel to kill the birds, before they can fly, for you to shoot them."

"Cruel! I call it much worse than cruel. Such things would never be dreamed of upon a properly managed property."

"You are going a little too far," said Sir Roland, with one of his very peculiar looks; and his brother-in-law drew back at once, and changed the subject clumsily.

"The shooting will do well enough, Sir Roland; I think, however, that you may be glad of my opinion upon other matters. And that had something to do with my coming."

"Oh, I thought that you came about the badger, Struan. But what are these, even more serious matters?"

"Concerning your dealings with the devil, Roland. Of course, I never listen to anything foolish. Still, for the sake of my parish, I am bound to know what your explanation is. I have not much faith in witchcraft, though in that perhaps I am heterodox; but we are bound to have faith in the devil, I hope."

"Your hope does you credit," Sir Roland answered; "but for the moment I fail to see how I am concerned with this orthodoxy."

"Now, my dear fellow, my dear fellow, you know as well as I do what I mean. Of course there is a great deal of exaggeration; and knowing you so well, I have taken on myself to deny a great part of what people say. But you know the old proverb, 'No smoke without fire;' and I could defend you so much better, if I knew what really has occurred. And besides all that, you must feel, I am sure, that you are not treating me with that candour which our long friendship and close connection entitle me to expect from you."

"Your last argument is the only one requiring any answer. Those based on religious, social, and even parochial grounds, do not apply to this case at all. But I should be sorry to vex you, Struan, or keep from you anything you claim to know in right of your dear sister. This matter, however, is so entirely confined to those of our name only, at the same time so likely to charm all the gossips who have made such wild guesses about it, and after all it is such a trifle except to a superstitious mind; that I may trust your good sense to be well content to hear no more about it, until it comes into action — if it ever should do so."

"Very well, Sir Roland, of course you know best. I am the last man in the world to intrude into family mysteries. And my very worst enemy (if I have one) would never dream of charging me with the vice of curiosity."

"Of course not. And therefore you will be well pleased that we should drop this subject. Will you take white wine, or red wine, Struan? Your kind and good wife was quite ready to scold me, for having forgotten my duty in that, the last time you came up the hill."

"Ah, then I walked. But to-day I am riding. I thank you, I thank you, Sir Roland; but the General and Sir Remnant are waiting for me."

"And, most important of all, the badger. Good-bye, Struan; I shall see you soon."

"I hardly know whether you will or not," the rector answered testily; "this is the time when those cursed poachers scarcely allow me a good night's rest. And to come up this hill and hear nothing at the top! It is too bad at my time of life! After two services every Sunday, to have to be gamekeeper all the week!"

"At your time of life!" said Sir Roland, kindly: "why, you are the youngest man in the parish, so far as life and spirits go. To-day you are not yourself at all. Struan, you have not sworn one good round oath!"

"Well, what can you expect, Roland, with these confounded secrets held over one? I feel myself many pegs down to-day. And that pony trips so abominably. Perhaps, after all, I might take one glass of red wine before I go down the hill."

"It is a duty you owe to the parish. Now come, and let me try to find Alice to wait upon you. Alice is always so glad to see you."

"And I am always so glad to see her. How narrow your doors are in these old houses! Those Normans must have been a skewer-shouldered lot. Now, Roland, if I have said anything harsh, you will make all allowance for me, of course; because you know the reason."

"You mean that you are a little disappointed —"

"Not a bit of it. Quite the contrary. But after such weather as we have had, and nothing but duty, duty, to do, one is apt to get a little crotchety. What kind of sport can be got anywhere? The landrail-shooting is over, of course, and the rabbits are running in families; the fish are all sulky, and the water low, and the sea-trout not come up yet. There are no young hounds fit to handle yet; and the ground cracks the heels of a decent hack. One's mouth only waters at oiling a gun; all the best of the cocks are beginning to mute; and if one gets up a badger-bait, to lead to a dinner-party, people will come, and look on, and make bets, and then tell the women how cruel it was! And with all the week thus, I am always expected to say something new every Sunday morning!"

"Nay, nay, Struan. Come now; we have never expected that of you. But here comes Alice from her gardening work! Now, she does look well; don't you think she does?"

"Not a rose in June, but a rose in May!" the rector answered gallantly, kissing his hand to his niece, and then with his healthy bright lips saluting her: "you grow more and more like your mother, darling. Ah, when I think of the bygone days, before I had any wife, or daughters, things occur to me that never —"

"Go and bait your badger, Struan, after one more glass of wine."

CHAPTER XXI.

NATURE appears to have sternly willed that no man shall keep a secret. There is a monster here and there to be discovered capable of not even whispering anything; but he ought to expect to be put aside in our estimate of humanity. And lest he should be so, the powers above provide him, for the most part, with a wife of truly fecund loquacity.

A word is enough on such parlous themes; and the least said the soonest mended. What one of us is not exceedingly wise, in his own or his wife's opinion? What one of us does not pretend to be as "reticent" as Minerva's owl, and yet in his heart confess that a secret is apt to fly out of his bosom?

Nature is full of rules; and if the above should happen to be one of them, it was illustrated in the third attack upon Sir Roland's secrecy. For scarcely had he succeeded in baffling, without offending, his brother-in-law, when a servant brought him a summons from his mother, Lady Valeria.

According to all modern writers, whether of poetry or prose, in our admirable language, the daughter of an earl is always lovely, graceful, irresistible, almost to as great an extent as she is unattainable. This is but a natural homage on the part of nature to a power so far above her; so that this daughter of an Earl of Thanet had been, in every outward point, whatever is delightful. Neither had she shown any slackness in turning to the best account these notable things in her favour. In short, she had been a very beautiful woman, and had employed her beauty well, in having her own will and way. She had not married well, it is true, in the opinion of her compeers; but she had pleased herself, and none could say that she had lowered her family. The ancestors of Lord Thanet had held in villeinage of the Lorraines, some three or four hundred years after the Conquest, until from being

under so gentle a race they managed to get over them.

Lady Valeria knew all this; and feeling, as all women feel, the ownership of her husband (active, or passive, whichever it be), she threw herself into the nest of Lorraine, and having no portion, waived all other obligation to parental ties. This was a noble act on her part, as her husband always said. He, Sir Roger Lorraine, lay under her thumb, as calmly as need be; yet was pleased as the birth of children gave some distribution of pressure. For the lady ruled the house, and lands, and all that was therein, as if she had brought them under her settlement.

Although Sir Roger had now been sleeping, for a good many years, with his fathers, his widow, Lady Valeria, showed no sign of any preparation for sleeping with her mothers. Now in her eighty-second year, this lady was as brisk and active, at least in mind if not in body, as half a century ago she had been. Many good stories (and some even true) were told concerning her doings and sayings in the time of her youth and beauty. Doings were always put first, because for these she was more famous, having the wit of ready action more than of rapid words perhaps. And yet in the latter she was not slack, when once she had taken up the quiver of the winged poison. She had seen so much of the world, and of the loftiest people that dwell therein — so far at least as they were to be found at the Court of George the Second — that she sat in an upper stratum now over all she had to deal with. And yet she was not of a narrow mind, when unfolded out of her creases. Her suite of rooms was the best in the house, of all above the ground-floor at least; and now she was waiting to receive her son, with her usual little bit of state. For the last five years she had ceased to appear at the table where once she ruled supreme; and the servants, who never had blessed her before, blessed her and themselves for that happy change. For she would have her due, as firmly and fairly (if not a trifle more so), as and than she gave the same to others, if undemanded.

In her upright seat she was now beginning — not to chafe, for such a thing would have been below her — but rather to feel her sense of right and duty (as owing to herself) becoming more and more grievous to her the longer she was kept waiting. She had learned long ago

that she could not govern her son as absolutely as she was wont to rule his father; and having a clearer perception of her own will than of any large principles, whenever she found him immovable, she set the cause down as prejudice. Yet by feeling her way among these prejudices carefully, and working filial duty hard, and flying as a last resort to the stronghold of her many years, she pretty nearly always managed to get her own way in everything.

But few of those who pride themselves on their knowledge of the human face would have perceived in this lady's features any shape of steadfast will. Perhaps the expression had passed away, while the substance settled inwards; but however that may have been, her face was pleasant, calm, and gentle. Her manner also to all around her was courteous, kind, and unpretending; and people believed her to have no fault, until they began to deal with her. Her eyes, not overhung with lid, but delicately set and shaped, were still bright, and of a pale blue tint; her forehead was not remarkably large, but straight and of beautiful outline; while the filaments of fine wrinkles took, in some lights, a cast of silver from snowy silkiness of hair. For still she had abundant hair, that crown of glory to old age; and like a young girl, she still took pleasure in having it drawn through the hands, and done wisely, and tired to the utmost vantage.

Sir Roland came into his mother's room with his usual care and diligence. She with ancient courtesy rose from her straight-backed chair, and offered him one little hand, and smiled at him; and from the manner of that smile he knew that she was not by any means pleased, but thought it as well to conciliate him.

"Roland, you know that I never pay heed," she began, with a voice that shook just a little, "to rumours that reach me through servants, or even allow them to think of telling me."

"Dear mother, of course you never do. Such a thing would be far beneath you."

"Well, well, you might wait till I have spoken, Roland, before you begin to judge me. If I listen to nothing I must be quite unlike all the other women in the world."

"And so you are. How well you express it! At last you begin to perceive, my dear mother, what I perpetually urge in vain — your own superiority."

What man's mother can be expected

to endure mild irony, even half so well as his wife would?

"Roland, this manner of speech, — I know not what to call it, but I have heard of it among foreign people years ago, — whatever it is, I beg you not to catch it from that boy Hilary."

"Poetical justice!" Sir Roland exclaimed; for his temper was always in good control, by virtue of varied humour; "this is the self-same whip wherewith I scourged little Alice quite lately! Only I feel that I was far more just."

"Roland, you are always just. You may not be always wise, of course; but justice you have inherited from your dear father, and from me. And this is the reason why I wish to know what is the meaning of the strange reports, which almost any one, except myself, would have been sure to go into, or must have been told of long ago. Your thorough truthfulness I know. And you have no chance to mislead me now."

"I will imitate, though perhaps I cannot equal, your candour, my dear mother, by assuring you that I greatly prefer to keep my own counsel in this matter."

"Roland, is that your answer? You admit that there is something important, and you refuse to let your own mother know it!"

"Excuse me, but I do not remember saying anything about 'importance.' I am not superstitious enough to suppose that the thing can have any importance."

"Then why should you make such a fuss about it? Really, Roland, you are sometimes very hard to understand."

"I was not aware that I had made a fuss," Sir Roland answered, gravely; "but if I have, I will make no more. Now, my dear mother, what did you think of that extraordinary bill of Bottler's?"

"Bottler, the pigman, is a rogue," said her ladyship, peremptorily; "his father was a rogue before him; and those things run in families. But surely you cannot suppose that this is the proper way to treat the subject."

"To my mind a most improper way — to condemn a man's bill, on the ground that his father transmitted the right to overcharge!"

"Now, my dear son," said Lady Valeria, who never called him her son at all, unless she was put out with him, and her "dear son" only when she was at the extremity of endurance — "my dear son, these are sad attempts to disguise the real truth from me. The truth I am en-

From Temple Bar.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS IN CHINA.

II.*

titled to know, and the truth I am resolved to know. And I think that you might have paid me the compliment of coming for my advice before."

Finding her in this state of mind, and being unable to deny the justice of her claim, Sir Roland was fain at last to make a virtue of necessity, while he marvelled (as so many have done) at the craft of people in spying things, and espying them always wrongly.

"Is that all?" said Lady Valeria, after listening carefully; "I thought there must have been something a little better than that to justify you in making it such a mystery. Nothing but a dusty old document, and a strange-looking packet, or case like a squab! However, I do not blame you, my dear Roland, for making so small a discovery. The old astrologer appears to me to have grown a little childish. Now, as I keep to the old-fashioned hours, I will ask you to ring the bell for my tea, and while it is being prepared you can fetch me the case itself and the document to examine."

"To be sure, my dear mother, if you will only promise to obey the commands of the document."

"Roland, I have lived too long ever to promise anything. You shall read me these orders, and then I can judge."

"I will make no fuss about such a trifle," he answered, with a pleasant smile; "of course you will do what is honourable."

Surely men, although they deny so ferociously this impeachment, are open at times to at least a little side-eddy of curiosity; Sir Roland, no doubt, was desirous to know what were the contents of that old case, which Alice had taken for a "dirty cushion," as it lay at the back of the cupboard in the wall; while his honour would not allow him comfortably to disobey the testator's wish. At the same time he felt, every now and then, that to treat such a matter in a serious light was a proof of superstition, or even childishness, on his part. And now, if his mother should so regard it, he was not at all sure that he ought to take the unpleasant course of opposing her.

THERE is scarcely to be found in history so curious a contrast of civilized manners and customs as between the Chinese and the European.

In Europe itself nation differs from nation rather by shades and degrees than by contrast. The French affect onions, the Spanish garlic, and the Welshmen leeks; offspring of the same family differing only in pungency. Other nations, such as Arabs, Turks, Persians, &c., &c., offer no similitude in their habits, and have little in common with ours. But the Chinese run in a sort of parallel of violent opposites. As an example, the European has decided that ministers of religion should wear a costume, and that it should be black. Chinese also agree that their priests shall wear a distinctive habit, but it must be bright yellow. Europeans signify their mourning for their dead by putting on black raiments; Chinese lament their ancestors by donning garments of white. The offices of chamber-maid, cook, laundress, dress-maker, and, in fact, all servants' labour where we employ women, are fulfilled by men; whereas sailors are for the most part women; and almost everything else might be traced as following the rule of contrariety. In nothing is this more exemplified than in the ceremonials attending death and burial. Like ourselves, the Chinese make the one mighty fact of death of stringent importance, but the inevitable act of dying they regard as of little moment. The consequent funeral operations outvie our own absurdities in that line to a pitch which, to our mind, approaches lunacy; and, pluming ourselves greatly upon our superior enlightenment, we are apt to overlook that it is little more than contrast. They believe, like Christians, in the resurrection of the body, and they hold that belief in so determined a manner that they absolutely take more precautions for the preservation of the body when dead than when alive; and the money and care lavished upon the inanimate clay, bones, or dust, is frequently the result of the deprivation of the living. Many a Chinese will expend his last farthing and go supperless to his mat rather than not light the evening joss-candle upon his little altar in honour of his defunct relatives. In the

method of the ceremonial of dying they differ *in toto* from us. Whereas we feel it incumbent to surround a death-bed with weeping friends and relatives, lawyers, doctors, and parson, the Chinese most ruthlessly abandon their dying, determinedly thrust them from their beds, drag them from their houses into the nearest open space they can find, where they have to expire alone as best they may, friends and neighbours keeping discreetly aloof until the last breath has been drawn. Thus an invalid can scarcely obtain admission into any house for fear he might die before he could be ejected again. Women in the hour of their direst need are often driven to some outside shed or back slum alone. No wonder that dead babes are so often found.

A curious and comical incident occurred at a European friend's where I was stopping. Hearing that there was a poor old sick woman living out in the forest alone, my friend hired a man and wagon to have her brought into the town, where she could be attended to. The driver declared he knew the place and the old woman well, and set out with his wagon well lined with paddi-straw. Evening brought the return of the vehicle, but no invalid therein.

"Why, where is the old woman?" exclaimed my friend, angrily. "These confounded Coolies are such idiots. Where is the old woman?"

"Yah, master," exclaimed the driver, holding up his hands deprecatingly. "Old piecee woman! muchee sick! wantshee makee die!"

"Very likely; but that was exactly the reason I sent you to bring her in."

"Ha yah!" screamed the Chinaman, in utter despair at such an argument. "Wantshee makee die in my wagon! no can do, putshee on the road; makee die there; can do."

"Why, you brute!" cried my friend, "give me the whip," and he jumped into the wagon and drove off, leaving the owner wringing his hands and his tail in anguish. And a Chinaman's sorrow is of the most ludicrous kind. He bellows, and blubbers, and contorts himself, making the most grotesque grimaces, which rather affect the risible than the lachrymal sympathies. Our driver's tribulation arose from the idea that should the old woman chance to die in his cart it would be forever ruined and polluted, and it was his only means of livelihood; nevertheless, he would have sacrificed it

under the superstitious fear of the evil which would attend him had such an event taken place. Fortunately, the old woman was brought in alive, and with care recovered, I believe.

The dying old woman and the bereaved Coolie were merely a threatened and small calamity in comparison with the dismay and discomfiture in our establishment which took place when the cook died. Old Aapong was a most trustworthy and careful servant, and could cook a very fair European dinner. My only prejudice against him arose from a suspicion—nay, a conviction—that he killed the fowls by scalding them to death. It is customary to kill several chickens in every establishment each day for currie, &c., and it would be a lengthy operation to pluck the birds, so that they are supposed to be strangled, and then dipped into boiling water until the feathers drop off. But my impression is that the strangling is considered a work of supererogation, as the boiling water would assuredly kill them, and the Chinaman no doubt reasons like the Irishman, and thinks, "What is the good of killing him twice?" On this particular morning Aapong came into the parlour to take some orders about game which he was to purchase from the boats coming from the north of China. He was a wary old purveyor, and always kept on the right side of extravagance. Sometimes game was very dear, and at others very cheap, and he had repeatedly put the question, "How much mississee give for game?" and I had left it to his discretion. Barely time had elapsed for him to have reached his kitchen when our door was violently flung open, and in tumbled half a dozen servants screaming with terrified gestures, "Mississee! mississee! Aapong have makee die in the cook-house!" I sprang to my feet and ran across the yard into the kitchen. There, stretched on his back, lay poor Aapong, motionless as in sleep. I thought he was in a fit, and called for the servants to help to raise him and administer to his revival. Not one moved an inch, or by abuse or entreaty could be induced to come near him. They stood resolutely aloof, deprecating with voice and long spider-like fingers my meddling with the corpse, and lamenting that he had not got out into the yard to die instead of dropping down in the kitchen. The calamity appeared to be, not his death, but his demise in the cook-house. In spite of my utmost unassisted efforts there came no motion

in the body, no quiver of the eyelids, no pulsation through the veins; the vital spark had indeed fled, and Aapong was gathered to his ancestors. He had left behind him a scene of confusion, muddle, and dismay indescribable. The scene was powerfully serio-comic. Like all Chinese affairs, it was a jumble of the horrible and the absurd. The sublime or the pathetic are never prominent. There lay the corpse, with nothing of the awesomeness of death about it, just with the expression upon his funny square face which it wore a few minutes ago when he was inquiring what he should pay for the game. Around were the whole household assembled, expressing in their quaint grotesque manner their disappointment and astonishment, and discovering with wonderful fertility the various complications and misfortunes of the case. Who was to move the body? suggested one. What a pity he had not stepped into the yard, said another. Who was to cook the dinner? It was a sad thing he had not waited to die until after dinner! Here the cook's boy stole away and hid himself, lest he should be required to go into the kitchen to prepare the dinner in the same room with the dead cook. Who was to get his coffin? and they lamented his want of prudence in not procuring his own coffin, as many Chinese do. Who was his nearest relative? They discussed that point with great vehemence, jerking and twisting of their bodies, and digging the air with their long fork-like nails. It seemed to me it would be quite dangerous to go within reach of them. If he was interfered with by any one, they said, except his nearest relative, he would certainly haunt that audacious intruder, and perhaps torment him during the rest of his life. The servants, one and all, entreated, conjured me not to touch him; and I believe they resolved never to set foot in that kitchen again. At this period of affairs the cook's boy having, I presume, peeped from his hiding, beheld his new badjou thrown over the face of the deceased. I had wished to cover the face, and this cloth had fallen first to my hand. He uttered a yowl which startled us all, and went into hysterical lamentations. It was no relief that I took it off again. The article was ruined, and must be burnt. But still above all rose the pressing difficulty about the dinner—for whatever happens, English people must dine. Finally, I cancelled their obligation on that point by saying we would dine out, which re-

lieved them extremely, as they all resolved to rush out of the house directly my back was turned, and leave Aapong in solitary possession. One suggested that he should immediately go and search for the nearest relative, without whom the funeral ceremonies could not commence; others begged off on various pretexts. It was in vain I sent out to hire Coolies to come and remove the body to a more suitable position. The news had flown like wildfire. They scampered off in the opposite direction, or declared they were engaged. A few of the servants lingered out of respect for my presence, much wondering what spell bound me to stay near the dead while they were being drawn irresistibly in the opposite direction. This feeling does not arise from fear of death or the awe which this inscrutable phase of history inspires in us. The Chinese are almost indifferent to the phenomenon of dissolution, and frequently compass their own end when life becomes wearisome. A wife sometimes elects to follow her husband on the starlit road of death; and parents will destroy their offspring in times of famine and great distress rather than allow them to suffer. Still more remarkable is the custom of selling their lives in order that they may purchase the superior advantage of obsequies, which are considered to insure the body in safety for the future resurrection.

A wealthy man condemned to death will arrange with his gaoler to buy him a substitute for a certain sum of money to be spent upon the poor wretch's interment and preservation of his body. Should he have parents, so much is usually paid to them in compensation for their son's life. Chinamen invariably help to support their parents; filial respect and devotion is the great Chinese virtue and religious precept, in which they rarely fail. Regarding death as inevitable, he makes the best of a bad bargain, and cunningly and comically gets *paid for dying*. The wholesale destruction of life in this country is greatly the result of indifference. Hence the massacre of Europeans, so terrible to us, seems to them a matter of little moment, and they cannot comprehend why we should make such a fuss about it. They regard our indignant protestation very much as we might treat our irate neighbour whose dog we had shot.

"Well, well, be pacified; if it was such a favourite, I am sorry, but it is only a

dog, and there are plenty more. How much do you want to be paid for it?" "You English think so much of a life," argues the Chinese; "have you not plenty of people at home?" Nor do they in the least estimate the devotion of the Sisters of Charity, who go about seeking to save souls by the preservation of infant life. If the child has been born under an evil star as they think, and is doomed to misery through bodily ailment or stress of circumstances, they think that the sooner death comes to their relief the better. In cases of mere want of food the Chinese woman will bring her babe and lay it at the door of the Sisters' hospital, as in any other country, knowing it will be taken in and cared for. The wanton destruction of infants I believe to be greatly exaggerated and misunderstood, and even where the destruction of life has been an ascertained fact it would appear to be less the effect of cruelty than of the small account made of death — failing to regard that event as a calamity or the worst of misfortunes as we do. I particularly noticed that Chinese women were as fond of their children as any other mothers, and were remarkable for their tenderness and patience as nurses. In the lower classes it is quite common to see a woman toiling with a baby tied on to her back, and it is the regular custom to nurse the child very much longer than in Europe — two years or more; but with their peculiar notions about death they prefer to lose the child rather than see it suffer. Death in China is awarded as the punishment for the most trivial offences, and frequently for none at all, except being in somebody's way. A story was told to me as a fact, that during the visit of one of our royal princes a theft was committed of a chain or watch belonging to the royal guest. The unfortunate attendant was caught with the property upon him, and, without further ceremony, his head was chopped off. The mandarin in attendance immediately announced the tidings to the prince as a little delicate attention, showing how devoted he was in his service. To his astonishment the Prince expressed his great regret that the man's head had been taken off. "Your Highness," cried the obsequious mandarin, bowing to the ground, "it shall be immediately put on again!" so little did he understand that the regret was for the life taken, and not the severed head.

In times of insurrection or famine the mowing down of human life is like corn-

stalks at harvest time, appalling to European ideas. I must confess to a nervous shuddering when I stood upon the execution ground at Canton — a narrow lane or potter's field — where so many hundreds had been butchered *per diem* during weeks together, the executioner requiring the aid of two smiths to sharpen his swords, for many of the wretched victims were not allowed to be destroyed at one fell swoop, but sentenced to be "hacked to pieces" by twenty to fifty blows. I was informed by a European who had travelled much and seen most of the frightful side of life, that witnessing Chinese executions was more than his iron nerves could stand; and in some of the details which he was narrating I was obliged to beg him to desist. And yet he said there was nothing solemn about it, and the spectators looked on amused. It was the horrible and the grotesque combined.

To return from this digression to our own special dilemma. We reached home just in time to see the servants who had to be in attendance make a precipitous rush in at the gate; and subsequently, when I signified my intention of retiring to rest, they accomplished quite as hasty an exit, so that I knew that I was alone in the place with poor Aapong. As I passed up to my room I looked out at the open verandah; the moon was shining brightly, as a Chinese moon seems to feel it incumbent upon her to shine, for she is regularly fêted and made much of; but now her beams fell full upon the cook-house, which is always divided from the main building by a square or yard, and in that detachment all the domestics have their rooms. But not a living individual was within. The silvery light fell on the livid, quaint face of Aapong, still bearing the inquiring expression of "How much missessie give for the game?" I could not turn my gaze away from its anxious questioning, and I felt that sleep was out of the possible until dawn, when the servants would come stealing in. The following day a sufficiently near relative appeared, a coffin was brought, and our ex-cook, duly inducted into all the wearables he possessed, including six badjous and unmentionables, was placed, or I should say, crammed therein. All his valuables and property were put along with him, but his purse being considered too scanty, a number of paper coins, made to represent real ones, an innocent forgery upon the next world, were added, so as to make a handsome display of wealth, just as a

lady supplements her real diamonds with paste. Chinese pickled ducks, a living white cock, tea, and samshoo were taken out to the grave. A number of howlers and wailers were brought in, but in consideration for my feelings they constrained their lamentations and praise of Aapong to a *sotto voce* until they got to some distance. Our last difficulty arose as to the manner of getting defunct out of the house, as it is considered most inauspicious to bring a corpse through a doorway, and when a person dies in a house it is usual to erect a scaffolding outside the window, from whence the coffin slides down. Unfortunately, all the windows of the servants' quarters were upon the yard, from whence there was no exit except through the house. We naturally objected to allow the drawing-room windows to be made the medium of transit of Aapong into the regions of bliss, therefore with an infinity of precautions he was carried out *viâ* the door. We had much difficulty in procuring a new cook to occupy his place, and then only by sacrificing the kitchen and turning it into a lumber room. No great matter, for the Chinese cook over a few embers in small earthenware pots, each dish having a little fire of its own. The cook sets up his apparatus anywhere in a few minutes. Even this compromise did not satisfy the cook's boy, who laboured under the painful conviction that Aapong, having been taken out by the door, would assuredly, on some moonlight night, be seen re-entering by it, and having just received his wages he absconded, abandoning the defiled badjou, and was heard of no more. Not less contrasting with ours are their mortuary processions and mausoleums. The former, like all Chinese marches, are a heterogeneous gathering of incongruous objects. Ragged, semi-clad Coolies staggering along without order or precision, bearing the most singular burdens; the dead person with the white fowl fluttering ahead, trays with baked meats, perhaps a whole pig, and ducks, heaps of paper money in baskets, clothes, shoes, both real and made of paper, trays of cakes, umbrellas, fans, &c. The friends, carried in chairs, wrapped in white cloths, only their eyes and nose appearing, look like so many corpses going to their own funerals; and it would be too tedious to enumerate the objects which do go to a Chinese interment. The general effect is comic rather than solemn, lively rather than sad, disorderly rather than methodical. Their sepultures differ from ours in

form and size. Whilst, on the one hand, our tombs, graves, monuments, &c., are formed in angles, squares, and oblongs, the Chinese last resting-places are built in curves, semi-circles, horse-shoes. Whilst we usually consider that eight feet by four of earth is enough for any one when he is dead, the Chinese needs a freehold of an acre or two for his post-mortem habitation, which is built into a series of round yards, horse-shoe chambers, according to his rank and wealth.

A stranger finding himself outside Canton walls, and following one of the pathways, for there are no roads, as there is nothing but Coolie traffic, would be perfectly mystified as to the probable use of the six or eight miles of buildings which he sees glittering white in the sunshine on the side of the mountain. They could scarcely be fortifications, for they are the wrong way about; neither could they be houses, for they present the remarkable difference that Chinese houses are all outside and no inside; these are all inside and no outside, being built on the slope of the hill. The masonry is very solid, and a great deal of marble is used, so that the general effect is very curious. Whilst we are fond of shrouding our graveyards with weeping willow, cypress, and the crape-like *tillæntia*, and selecting damp, shady spots, the Celestials are most fastidious in their choice of a *locale*. It must be a bright sunny site, where no shadow ever falls, which rises up so as to catch the first kiss of Aurora, and the breath of some zephyr blowing from a certain quarter. They have a regular professional testor, diviner, or seer, whose business it is to search out these specially favoured spots for a dead Chinaman's abode. When any great mandarin is to be the occupant, months frequently elapse before a sufficiently salubrious position can be fixed upon. We often used to meet these species of wizards wandering over the hills, or standing stock-still until some inspiration visited them, or probing the earth with a wand like mineral-seekers for ore. One of the most striking and interesting parts of this lugubrious subject is the death cities inhabited by the dead only. They are usually situated a few miles from the living ones, and have no parallel that I know of anywhere. I shall essay to convey an idea of the one outside of Canton, which I visited in company of a friend thoroughly versed in Chinese matters. We set out in chairs, or rather oblong boxes with a seat *à*

borne on the shoulders of two or four Coolies who trip away with their burden at a sort of trot. It was a bright, beautiful morning, the weather being just sufficiently cool to be enjoyable. As I have remarked, there are no roads around Canton, and no need for any, as there are neither carriages nor horses. Thus the pathway is only made wide enough for one foot-passenger. Chinese always walk like Red Indians in single file. Sometimes this track is a mere ridge between two paddi fields lying under water, sometimes skirting the side of the hill, or on the border of one of the innumerable streams of water which intersect Canton like a tangle of silver braid; but every scrap of land is cultivated to its utmost capacity. It is laid out principally in kitchen-gardens, well kept, neat, and flourishing. It has often been a subject of speculation to me, when leaving London by the Clapham Junction, who could possibly eat all the cabbages which I saw growing. I believe there are more cabbages consumed in Canton than in London; for although the population is probably about the same, I do not suppose that every one in London habitually and inevitably eats cabbage, whereas in Canton I believe it is the rule without exception; but even the cabbages are in direct opposition to ours, they grow *long* instead of round. It was quite a refreshing sight, all these flourishing gardens, with the patient, industrious labourers weeding and watering—the latter in the most primitive fashion. The waterman carried two buckets slung on a pole across his shoulders with wickerwork tops, and by jerking himself first on one foot, and then on the other, he contrived to slop out the water pretty equally on either side as he walked along. Strings of Coolies, all with poles across their shoulders, were carrying baskets laden with green ginger, cabbages, onions, and turnips, which persistently grow *long* instead of round, spinage, and a great variety of herbs and vegetables unknown in this country. They all moved respectfully into the ditch to allow us to pass, with a polite salutation or the pleasant wish that our grandmothers might live forever. Traversing this smiling pasture for some miles, we came in sight of a fortified walled city with a moat around, over which was a drawbridge. The yell by which our Coolies announced our arrival and desire to have the bridge lowered and gate opened, sounded weird and hollow, and the echo from within sepulchral.

It startled a number of white cranes, shrouded in the sombre foliage which overhung the dank and dismal moat, and who seemed to regard with amazement the advent of two *living* creatures into the city of the dead. The gate was opened and a plank put down by a thing as near a skeleton as I should think could be found to perform such necessary and useful labour. I have no experience of living skeletons in England. I have heard of persons said to be "only a bag of bones;" but in China any one desirous of studying anatomy might do so with great facility, especially upon the habitual opium-smokers. Our Coolies declined to enter the gate, so we stepped across the plank alone, and entered the city of death. The skeleton guardian vanished as soon as he had performed his office, and we walked in.

It presented at first sight the appearance of any other Chinese city, with the exception of the dead silence, dearth of movement, and a sort of atmosphere which felt vapid and stagnant. There were the same narrow streets paved with the cobble-stones, the same quaint little square houses with the elaborate screen in the doorway instead of a door, the little latticed venetian window-frames whence the Chinese woman satisfies her curiosity as to what is going on in the outer world. But here no eyes peeped through, no figures glided in and out from behind the screen, no pattering feet of bearer Coolies smoothed the cobble-stones, no cry of vendor of fruit and fish broke the dull monotony. The streets intersected each other and ran in crooked zigzags, as most Chinese streets do. Here and there were patches of garden ground planted with cadaverous sapless flowers, looking as though they had been struck with paralysis. A few dwarfed shrubs stood languidly up, seeming as though they could not put forth more than one leaf in a century. There was no hum of insects or flies, not even the ubiquitous mosquito. Not so much as a rat ran across the silent streets, which we traversed for some time, experiencing with terrible acuteness the irksome jar of our own footfall. My companion suggested that we should enter one of the houses, we therefore stepped behind the screen and found ourselves in an ordinary Chinese parlour or receiving room, furnished with the usual black ebony chairs and teapoys, with the quaint gaudy pictures lacking perspective, which one might fancy are hung in sheer perversity

perpendicularly instead of horizontally, commencing at the ceiling and extending to the floor in a narrow strip, the figures appearing on various stages as upon a ladder. At one end of the room was the altar, which adorns the principal apartment of every Chinese house, sustaining some ferocious-looking joss, which represents either saint or demigod. On either side were brass urns containing smouldering incense, and in the front cups of tea and samshoo. I do not know if the tea was hot. I did not taste it, for if it is ill to step in dead men's shoes, it must be worse to drink dead men's tea! In the centre of the room was a bulky article which looked like an ottoman or divan covered with a quilted silk counterpane or mastoyd, such as is used on Chinese beds, and it might have passed for one of those most uncomfortable articles of furniture. But it was hollow, and within it lay the inhabitant of the dwelling, sleeping his last long sleep; never more to rise; never more to sip his tea or samshoo, though it waited there prepared for him; never to sit on his ebony chairs; never to light any more joss-stick to his ancestors, but have them lit for him by his posterity. There were other chambers in the house similarly furnished, except that the mastoyd was thrown back, and displayed an empty coffin, which lay ready lined with sandal-wood, its owner not being yet dead. The verandah was furnished with the usual green porcelain seats and vases in which seemed to stagnate the bloodless flowers. We stole softly out into the street, chilled, and painfully yet not mournfully impressed. We went into the next door; that house was "To Let Unfurnished." A third was rich in gilding and vermilion, and mirrors reflected and glittered through the rooms. The ebony and ivory furniture was most beautifully carved. The tea and samshoo cup were of exquisite egg-shell china; *objets de vertu* lay about on the altar emblazoned with real jewels. The bed was covered with a magnificent crimson velvet quilt, richly embroidered in gold and seed pearls, with a deep bullion fringe worth its weight in gold. Under the quilt lay a high mandarin, who had amassed an enormous fortune by the very simple process of chopping off the heads of all such as he discovered to be possessed of money. His method was simplicity in itself. He would first seek a small quarrel, cast the owner of the wealth into prison, take possession of the property

in the name of the crown *pendente lite*. After wasting in prison for a year or so the prisoner would be adjudged to lose half his property. He would probably resist, for a Chinese hates to have his money taken from him above all things. You may beat him, starve him, punish him in any way, but if you stop his wages he goes into despair and howls to make himself heard a mile off. Thus, refusing to pay, the unfortunate moneyed man is sent back to prison, and ere long is found guilty enough to merit death; his property forfeited to the Imperial descendant of the Sun, first, however, passing through the sticky fingers of the mandarin. The one who lay stretched before us under the crimson and gold mastoyd was said to have been quite an adept in this nefarious system of plundering his victims by compassing their death—literally "bleeding them." Who knows but perhaps we have got this painful expression from the Chinese?

I was informed that he had immense wealth with him in his coffin, and was adorned with all his jewels and costly mandarin dress. The coffin or state-bed on which he lay had cost one thousand pounds. The outer one was of ebony, beautifully inlaid with gold, silver, ivory, and mother-of-pearl. The inner one was of the famous ironwood, from Borneo or Burmah, considered more invulnerable than metal, as it neither rusts nor decays, and defies the white ant. Within that there was a sandal-wood shell lined with velvet, the body being highly spiced to preserve it. The furniture of the house might well exceed a thousand pounds. The altar-cloth and hangings were of rich embroidered silk with a profusion of gold fringe, and the lattice filigree which the Chinese are so fond of introducing everywhere, was gilt and vermilion. The floor was inlaid marble. Such was the gorgeous house the Mandarin Shang Yung had raised for himself on the bones of his victims to live in when he was dead, if I may be excused the bull. There is a very common reflection made in England as regards misers amassing wealth. "Ah, well, he cannot take it with him." Not so in China, for he does take it with him, at least part of the way, and is more particular about his *entourage* when dead than when living; whether they have some notion of remunerating old Charon to supply a better craft, or to bribe the officials of purgatory; for the Chinese believe fully in that expiatory region, and, no doubt, shrewdly guess that the author-

ities there might be susceptible to filthy lucre, as they have found them to be in China Proper. Also, according to the thrifty view they take of most things, they might consider that it was safer to buy themselves out of purgatory than to leave the money with priests or relatives for that purpose, as some Christians have thought meet to do. For instance, Ferdinand and Isabella, having, it might be assumed, a deep-rooted conviction of their own wickedness, left a large fortune to endow a chapel, where mass was to be said every day *à perpétuité* for the benefit of their souls in purgatory. But the Chinese are curiously prosaic and matter-of-fact in all their dealings, and in none more so than their arrangements as to their future state.

Recurring to the death city, my readers must not suppose that it was a large cemetery like that of New Orleans, built above ground, where the dead are placed in monuments erected for the purpose, and for the reason that the Mississippi is constantly overflowing and would wash any underground grave away. This cemetery also presents a curious *ensemble* of miniature villas and tiny churches, for many families have mass said in their mausoleums once a year upon All Souls' festival, the corpses ranged around on shelves forming the congregation. Some of the monuments are several storeys high; all detached, with beautiful gardens around them. This is really a cemetery, a graveyard above ground; whereas the Chinese death city is nothing of the kind. The dead are not interred, and never intended to be. They are merely lodgers *pro tem.*, in a sort of luxurious *morgue*, until their own final resting-place shall have been decided upon by the professional diviner, or that it shall be convenient to move them to their own homes and ancestral funeral pyres. The grand Chinese idea is that the whole family should be gathered together in death for generations and generations; and they carry it out practically further than any other people. Though, strange to say, the Americans—the newest nation—have actually adopted this old-world idea, and though of course they have no remote ancestors to lie beside, yet they object to be buried in the place where they die. Being a strangely gregarious people when alive, they seem even indisposed to rest when dead, and the travelling about of corpses is a unique feature in the manners and customs of the United States.

The death city near Canton was said to contain several thousand inhabitants. The houses were rented by the year or month. There were some very old inhabitants, judging from the dilapidated appearance of the furniture and drapery. In one house there was a large family, one coffin in each room, and the father and mother in the grand chamber.

They were all waiting to go to Peking, their native city, waiting until the then head of the family, holding a government appointment, should be recalled. Wandering about in this oddly dreary place, which was neither mirth nor woe, the painful stillness and the heavy atmosphere being the only elements which inspired awe, my nerves, nevertheless, received a sudden shock, when, just as I was examining the decorations of an apparently new visitor, speaking in whispers and raising the mastoyd, a shrill shriek made me start, drop the mastoyd, and clutch my companion by the arm, and for a minute I could scarcely control my fright. He laughed, for it was only the crowing of a cock; but I declare St. Peter was never more startled. Thus, when the nerves, like an instrument, are tuned to a certain pitch, a sudden contrast creates a jar and breaks the string. I had become so in unison with silence that even a rooster had the power to terrify me. But this was a proof that the corpse was a fresh one, as the white cock, without a coloured feather, which accompanies the coffin is usually left there when the body merely goes into lodgings. If really interred, I believe he is killed and eaten. In another portion of the city we saw several of them, though I think they were past crowing. Some of the interior walls of the houses were decorated with portraits supposed to represent the defunct; on the toilet tables were the brass basins used for ablutions; and in one, where there was a portrait of a lady, who must have been a Chinese beauty, there was a large pot of red paint and another of white, which the Chinese use unsparingly; by the side of that lay her jade comb, and silver pins, and the gum which is used to stiffen the hair. Something in this amalgamation of life in death recalled to me a similar day spent in the dead cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, where the ladies' toilet stood just as she had left it centuries ago; the bread seemed still baking in the ovens; and although the bodies had been removed as soon as found to the museum, yet the evidence of their

presence seemed so fresh that they might have left but yesterday.

We quitted the city, nothing loth. We seemed to breathe more freely when fairly outside the pent air of the death city. The skeleton was hovering about the entrance gate, with a view to coppers, for if he could not eat he certainly required to smoke opium, which was in truth the secret of his extreme leanness; and surely he might be excused if, whilst his living bones were doomed to remain in this dreary sepulchre, he should endeavour to transport his spirit into blissful dream-land by means of the opium pipe. Again we startled the lonely heron steadfastly regarding the dark green moat, no doubt in solemn contemplation of some knotty problem of heron life. We backed ourselves between the poles into our boxes, like horses into the shafts of a cart, were hoisted on to the shoulders of our Coolies, and departed.

We did not return the same way we had come, through the flower-beds and gardens, but, making a detour, we resolved to take all the horrors on the same day and visit the grave-ground of the rebels. This is a piece of dreary waste land, without boundary or any sign which the imagination could dwell upon to suggest the land of horror which it really is. For the very earth has been saturated with human gore, the very soil is composed of human flesh, and the rucks and heaps that look so arid and unsightly are mounds of human bones. It was here that the bleeding bodies of the rebels, butchered upon the execution-ground before alluded to, were carried to be buried. Finally, the ground became so full that there was no earth left to cover them; yet they were still cast down in heaps for the vultures to serve as undertakers to, at least as regarded the flesh. Rebellion being the greatest crime a Chinese can commit, it is punished in the severest manner, not only in this world, as they think, but in the next, by not allowing him a proper burial. Cutting off the head on earth is a trivial mishap in comparison with depriving him of it in purgatory. In a representation of that mythical Botany Bay, I observed a number of headless figures. They had been decapitated, and a boundless gulf placed between their capital and their trunk. They had been waiting in

Limbo for centuries to recover this essential part of a man. Thus these poor rebels, having revolted against the supreme head and regal descendant of the Sun, were to be punished for time and eternity; for there can be no resurrection of the body without its head. Directly the executioner had severed it from the body, the latter was thrust into a wooden box, slung over the Coolies' shoulders, and carried to this field, a real Haelclama, the blood dripping the whole way, marking the path to the field of blood. It may be fairly inferred that a shell coffin was intended for each victim, but the cupidity of the mandarin who had charge to furnish them made one box serve for a hundred or two victims, until the wood became spongy with gore. Moreover, the Coolies who were charged to bury them, following the example of their superiors, instead of going to the trouble of digging graves, tossed the mutilated bodies on to the bare earth like so much offal, and ran off for another load. In spite of the vultures and birds of prey which came in flocks for twenty miles round Canton, and hovered like a dark cloud over the bloody graves of the rebels, the putrefaction soon produced a pestilence in the city itself, though several miles distant. The fearful carnage continued for weeks and the headsman's sword laboured from dawn until sunset. The prisoners were generally in a semi-state of syncope. Having been taken as rebels, whether guilty or no, they were driven like cattle to the shambles. And here again the covetousness of the mandarins in charge would consider that, as they had to die when their turn came, it was useless to provide them with food, and he might as well put the money in his pocket. One hundred thousand are said to have manured that horrible piece of ground, so dry and arid, and for months and months it was impossible for the living to pass that way.

And yet, in spite of this atrocious punishment, the Chinese are the most turbulent nation under the sun, at home or abroad; they plot to overthrow the ruling power; their secret societies are universal; and every few years they must have an outbreak.

We returned home sad and weary with this long day, spent under the shadow of death on the dark side of humanity.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
A ROSE IN JUNE.

CHAPTER XI.

(CONTINUED.)

THE bustle of dinner was all over and the house still again in the dreary afternoon quiet, when Agatha, once more, with many precautions, stole into the room. "Are you awake?" she said; "I hope your head is better. Mr. Incledon is in the drawing-room, and mamma says, please, if you are better will you go down, for she is busy; and you are to thank him for the grapes and for the flowers. What does Mr. Incledon want, coming so often? He was here only yesterday, and sat for hours with mamma. Oh! what a ghost you look, Rose! Shall I bring you some tea?"

"It is too early for tea. Never mind; my head is better."

"But you have had no dinner," said practical Agatha; "it is not much wonder that you are pale."

Rose did not know what she answered, or if she said anything. Her head seemed to swim more than ever. Not only was it all true about Mr. Incledon, but she was going to talk to him to decide her own fate finally one way or other. What a good thing the drawing-room was so dark in the afternoon that he could not remark how woebegone she looked, how miserable and pale!

He got up when she came in, and went up to her eagerly, putting out his hands. I suppose he took her appearance as a proof that his suit was progressing well; and, indeed, he had come to-day with the determination to see Rose, whatever might happen. He took her hand into both of his, and for one second pressed it fervently and close. "It is very kind of you to see me. How can I thank you for giving me this opportunity?" he said.

"Oh, no! not kind; I wished it," said Rose, breathlessly, withdrawing her hand as hastily as he had taken it; and then, fearing her strength, she sat down in the nearest chair, and said, falteringly, "Mr. Incledon, I wanted very much to speak to you myself."

"And I, too," he said — her simplicity and eagerness thus opened the way for him and saved him all embarrassment — "I, too, was most anxious to see you. I did not venture to speak of this yesterday, when I met you. I was afraid to frighten and distress you; but I have wished ever since that I had dared —"

"Oh, please do not speak so!" she

cried. In his presence Rose felt so young and childish, it seemed impossible to believe in the extraordinary change of positions which his words implied.

"But I must speak so. Miss Damerel, I am very conscious of my deficiencies by your side — of the disparity between us in point of age and in many other ways; you, so fresh and untouched by the world, I affected by it, as every man is more or less; but if you will commit your happiness to my hands, don't think, because I am not so young as you, that I will watch over it less carefully — that it will be less precious in my eyes."

"Ah! I was not thinking of my happiness," said Rose; "I suppose I have no more right to be happy than other people — but oh! if you would let me speak to you! Mr. Incledon, oh! why should you want me? There are so many girls better, more like you, that would be glad. Oh! what is there in me? I am silly; I am not well educated, though you may think so. I am not clever enough to be a companion you would care for. I think it is because you don't know."

Mr. Incledon was so much taken by surprise that he could do nothing but laugh faintly at this strange address. "I was not thinking either of education or of wisdom, but of you — only you," he said.

"But you know so little about me; you think I must be nice because of papa; but papa himself was never satisfied with me. I have not read very much. I know very little. I am not good for anywhere but home. Mr. Incledon, I am sure you are deceived in me. This is what I wanted to say. Mamma does not see it in the same light; but I feel sure that you are deceived, and take me for something very different from what I am," said Rose, totally unconscious that every word she said made Mr. Incledon more and more sure that he had done the very thing he ought to have done, and that he was not deceived.

"Indeed, you mistake me altogether," he said. "It is not merely because you are a piece of excellence — it is because I love you, Rose."

"Love me! Do you love me?" she said, looking at him with wondering eyes; then drooping with a deep blush under his gaze — "but I — I do not love you."

"I did not expect it; it would have been too much to expect; but if you will let me love you, and show you how I love you, dear!" said Mr. Incledon, going up

to her softly, with something of the tenderness of a father to a child, subduing the eagerness of a lover. "I don't want to frighten you; I will not hurry nor tease; but some time you might learn to love me."

"That is what mamma says," said Rose, with a heavy sigh.

Now this was scarcely flattering to a lover. Mr. Incledon felt for the moment as if he had received a downright and tolerably heavy blow; but he was in earnest, and prepared to meet with a rebuff or two. "She says truly," he answered, with much gravity. "Rose—may I call you Rose?—do not think I will persecute or pain you; only do not reject me hastily. What I have to say for myself is very simple. I love you—that is all; and I will put up with all a man may for the chance of winning you, when you know me better, to love me in return."

These were almost the same as those Mrs. Damerel had employed; but how differently they sounded! They had not touched Rose's heart at all before; but they did now with a curious mixture of agitation and terror, and almost pleasure. She was sorry for him, more than she could have thought possible, and somehow felt more confidence in him, and freedom to tell him what was in her heart.

"Do not answer me now, unless you please," said Mr. Incledon. "If you will give me the right to think your family mine, I know I can be of use to them. The boys would become my charge, and there is much that has been lost which I could make up had I the right to speak to your mother as a son. It is absurd, I know," he said, with a half smile; "I am about as old as she is; but all these are secondary questions. The main thing is—you. Dear Rose, dear child, you don't know what love is—"

"Ah!" the girl looked up at him suddenly, her countenance changing. "Mr. Incledon, I have not said all to you that I wanted to say. Oh, do not ask me any more! Tell mamma that you have given it up! or I must tell you something that will break my heart."

"I will not give it up so long as there is any hope," he said; "tell me—what is it? I will do nothing to break your heart."

She made a pause. It was hard to say it, and yet, perhaps, easier to him than it would be to face her mother and make this tremendous confession. She twisted her poor little fingers together in her

bewilderment and misery, and fixed her eyes upon them as if their interlacing were the chief matter in hand. "Mr. Incledon," she said, very low, "there was some one else—oh, how can I say it!—some one—whom I cared for—whom I can't help thinking about."

"Tell me," said Mr. Incledon, bravely quenching in his own mind a not very amiable sentiment; for it seemed to him that if he could but secure her confidence all would be well. He took her hand with caressing gentleness, and spoke low, almost as low as she did. "Tell me, my darling; I am your friend, confide in me. Who was it? May I know?"

"I cannot tell you who it was," said Rose, with her eyes still cast down, "because he has never said anything to me—perhaps he does not care for me; but this has happened: without his ever asking me, or perhaps wishing it, I cared for him. I know a girl should not do so, and that is why I cannot—cannot! But," said Rose, raising her head with more confidence, though still reluctant to meet his eye, "now that you know this you will not think of me any more, Mr. Incledon. I am so sorry if it makes you at all unhappy; but I am of very little consequence; you cannot be long unhappy about me."

"Pardon me if I see it in quite a different light," he said. "My mind is not at all changed. This is but a fancy. Surely a man who loves you and says so, should be of more weight than one of whose feelings you know nothing."

"I know about my own," said Rose, with a little sigh; "and oh, don't think, as mamma does, that I am selfish! It is not selfishness; it is because I know, if you saw into my heart, you would not ask me. Oh, Mr. Incledon, I would die for them all if I could! but how could I say one thing to you, and mean another? How could I let you be deceived?"

"Then, Rose, answer me truly; is your consideration solely for me?"

She gave him an alarmed, appealing look, but did not reply.

"I am willing to run the risk," he said, with a smile, "if all your fear is for me; and I think you might run the risk too. The other is an imagination; I am real, very real," he added, "very constant, very patient. So long as you do not refuse me absolutely, I will wait and hope."

Poor Rose, all her little art was exhausted. She dared not, with her mother's words ringing in her ears, and with all the consequences so clearly before her,

refuse him absolutely, as he said. She had appealed to him to withdraw, and he would not withdraw. She looked at him as if he were the embodiment of Fate, against which no man can strive.

"Mr. Incledon," she said, gravely and calmly, "you would not marry any one who did not love you?"

"I will marry you, Rose, if you will have me, whether you love me or not," he said; "I will wait for the love, and hope."

"Oh, be kind!" she said, driven to her wits' end. "You are free, you can do what you please, and there are so many girls in the world besides me. And I cannot do what I please," she added, low, with a piteous tone, looking at him. Perhaps he did not hear these last words. He turned from her with I know not what mingling of love, and impatience, and wounded pride, and walked up and down the darkling room, making an effort to command himself. She thought she had moved him at last, and sat with her hands clasped together expecting the words which would be deliverance to her. It was almost dark, and the firelight glimmered through the low room, and the dim green glimmer of the twilight crossed its ruddy rays, not more unlike than the two who thus stood so strangely opposed to each other. At last, Mr. Incledon returned to where Rose sat in the shadow, touched by neither one illumination nor the other, and eagerly watching him as he approached her through the uncertain gleams of the ruddy light.

"There is but one girl in the world for me," he said, somewhat hoarsely. "I do not pretend to judge for any one but myself. So long as you do not reject me, I will hope."

And thus their interview closed. When he had got over the disagreeable shock of encountering that indifference on the part of the woman he loves which is the greatest blow that can be given to a man's vanity, Mr. Incledon was not at all downhearted about the result. He went away with half-a-dozen words to Mrs. Damerel, begging her not to press his suit, but to let the matter take its course. "All will go well if we are patient," he said, with a composure which, perhaps, surprised her; for women are apt to prefer the hot-headed in such points, and Mrs. Damerel did not reflect that, having waited so long, it was not so hard on the middle-aged lover to wait a little longer. But his forbearance at least was of im-

mediate service to Rose, who was allowed time to recover herself after her agitation, and had no more exciting appeals addressed to her for some time. But Mr. Incledon went and came, and a soft, continued pressure, which no one could take decided objection to, began to make itself felt.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. INCLEDON went and came; he did not accept his dismissal, nor, indeed, had any dismissal been given to him. A young lover, like Edward Wodehouse, would have been at once crushed and rendered furious by the appeal Rose had made so ineffectually to the man of experience who knew what he was about. If she was worth having at all, she was worth a struggle; and Mr. Incledon, in the calm exercise of his judgment, knew that at the last every good thing falls into the arms of the patient man who can wait. He had not much difficulty in penetrating the thin veil which she had cast over the "some one" for whom she cared, but who, so far as she knew, did not care for her. It could be but one person, and the elder lover was glad beyond description to know that his rival had not spoken, and that he was absent, and likely to be absent. Edward Wodehouse being thus disposed of, there was no one else in Mr. Incledon's way, and with but a little patience he was sure to win.

As for Rose, though she felt that her appeal had been unsuccessful, she, too, was less discouraged by it than she could have herself supposed. In the first place she was let alone; nothing was pressed upon her; she had time allowed her to calm down, and with time everything was possible. Some miracle would happen to save her; or, if not a miracle, some ordinary turn of affairs would take the shape of miracle, and answer the same purpose. What is Providence, but a divine agency to get us out of trouble, to restore happiness, to make things pleasant for us? so, at least, one thinks when one is young; older, we begin to learn that Providence has to watch over many whose interests are counter to ours as well as our own; but at twenty, all that is good and necessary in life seems always on our side, and there seems no choice for Heaven but to clear the obstacles out of our way. Something would happen, and all would be well again; and Rose's benevolent fancy even exercised itself in finding for "poor Mr. Incledon"

some one who would suit him better than herself. He was very wary, very judicious, in his treatment of her. He ignored that one scene when he had refused to give up his proposal, and conducted himself for some time as if he had sincerely given up his proposal, and was no more than the family friend, the most kind and sympathizing of neighbours. It was only by the slowest degrees that Rose found out that he had given up nothing, that his constant visits and constant attentions were so many meshes of the net in which her simple feet were being caught. For the first few weeks, as I have said, she was relieved altogether from everything that looked like persecution. She heard of him, indeed, constantly, but only in the pleasantest way. Fresh flowers came, filling the dim old rooms with brightness; and the gardener from Whitton came to look after the flowers and to suggest to Mrs. Damerel improvements in her garden, and how to turn the hall, which was large in proportion to the house, into a kind of conservatory; and baskets of fruit came, over which the children rejoiced; and Mr. Incledon himself came, and talked to Mrs. Damerel and played with them, and left books, new books all fragrant from the printing, of which he sometimes asked Rose's opinion casually. None of all these good things was for her, and yet she had the unexpressed consciousness, which was pleasant enough so long as no one else remarked it and no recompense was asked, that but for her those pleasant additions to the family life would not have been. Then it was extraordinary how often he would meet them by accident in their walks, and how much trouble he would take to adapt his conversation to theirs, finding out (but this Rose did not discover till long after) all her tastes and likings. I suppose that having once made up his mind to take so much trouble, the pursuit of this shy creature, who would only betray what was in her by intervals, who shut herself up like the mimosa whenever she was too boldly touched, but who opened secretly with an almost childlike confidence when her fears were lulled to rest, became more interesting to Mr. Incledon than a more ordinary wooing, with a straightforward "yes" to his proposal at the end of it, would have been. His vanity got many wounds both by Rose's unconsciousness and by her shrinking; but he pursued his plan undaunted by either, having made up his mind to win her and

no other; and the more difficult the fight was, the more triumphant would be the success.

This state of affairs lasted for some time; indeed, everything went on quietly, with no apparent break in the gentle monotony of existence at the White House, until the spring was so far advanced as to have pranked itself out in a flood of primroses. It was something quite insignificant and incidental which for the first time reawakened Rose's fears. He had looked at her with something in his eyes which betrayed him, or some word had dropped from his lips which startled her; but the first direct attack upon her peace of mind did not come from Mr. Incledon. It came from two ladies on the Green, one of whom at least was very innocent of evil meaning. Rose was walking with her mother on an April afternoon, when they met Mrs. Wodehouse and Mrs. Musgrove, likewise taking their afternoon walk. Mrs. Musgrove was a very quiet person, who interfered with nobody, yet who was mixed up with everything that went on on the Green, by right of being the most sympathetic of souls, ready to hear everybody's grievance and to help in everybody's trouble. Mrs. Wodehouse struck straight across the Green to meet Mrs. Damerel and Rose, when she saw them, so that it was by no ordinary chance meeting, but an encounter sought eagerly on one side at least, that this revelation came. Mrs. Wodehouse was full of her subject, vibrating with it to the very flowers on her bonnet, which thrilled and nodded against the blue distance like a soldier's plumes. She came forward with a forced exuberance of cordiality, holding out both her hands.

"Now tell me!" she said; "may we congratulate you? Is the embargo removed? Quantities of people have assured me that we need not hold our tongues any longer, but that it is all settled at last."

"What is all settled at last?" asked Mrs. Damerel, with sudden stiffness and coldness. "I beg your pardon, but I really don't in the least know what you mean."

"I said I was afraid you were too hasty," said Mrs. Musgrove.

"Well, if one can't believe the evidence of one's senses, what is one to believe?" cried Mrs. Wodehouse. "It is not kind, Rose, to keep all your old friends so long in suspense. Of course, it is very easy to see on which side the hesi-

tation is ; and I am sure I am very sorry if I have been premature."

"You are more than premature," said Mrs. Damerel, with a little laugh, and an uneasy colour on her cheek, "for you are speaking a language neither Rose nor I understand. I hope, Mrs. Wodehouse, you have good news from your son."

"Oh, very good news indeed!" said the mother, whose indignation on her son's behalf made the rose on her bonnet quiver: and then there were a few further interchanges of volleys in the shape of questions and answers of the most civil description, and the ladies shook hands and parted. Rose had been struck dumb altogether by the dialogue, in which, trembling and speechless, she had taken no part. When they had gone on for a few yards in silence, she broke down in her effort at self-restraint.

"Mamma, what does she mean?"

"Oh, Rose, do not drive me wild with your folly!" said Mrs. Damerel. "What could she mean but one thing? If you think for one moment, you will have no difficulty in understanding what she means."

Rose woke up, as a sick man wakes after a narcotic, feverish and trembling. "I thought," she said, slowly, her heart beginning to throb, and her head to ache in a moment—"I thought it was all given up."

"How could you think anything so foolish? What symptom can you see of its having been given up? Has he ceased coming? Has he ceased trying to please you, ungrateful girl that you are? Indeed you go too far for ordinary patience; for it cannot be stupidity—you are not stupid," said Mrs. Damerel, excitedly; "you have not even that excuse."

"Oh, mamma, do not be angry!" said poor Rose; "I thought—it seemed so natural that, as he saw more of me he would give it up. Why should he care for me? I am not like him, nor fit to be a great lady; he must see that."

"This is false humility, and it is very ill-timed," said Mrs. Damerel. "Strange though it may seem, seeing more of you does not make him give it up; and if you are too simple or too foolish to see how much he is devoted to you, no one else is. Mrs. Wodehouse had a spiteful meaning, but she is not the first who has spoken to me. All our friends on the Green believe, like her, that everything is settled between you; that it is only some hesi-

tation about—about our recent sorrow which keeps it from being announced."

Rose turned upon her mother for the first time with reproach in her eyes. "You should have told me!" she said, with momentary passion; "you ought to have told me,—for how was I to know?"

"Rose, I will not allow such questions; you are not a fool nor a child. Did you think Mr. Incledon came for me? or Agatha, perhaps? He told you he would not give you up. You were warned what his object was—more than warned. Was I to defeat my own wishes by keeping you constantly on your guard? You knew what he wanted, and you have encouraged him and accepted his attentions."

"I—encouraged him?"

"Whenever a girl permits, she encourages," said Mrs. Damerel, with oracular solemnity. "In matters of this kind, Rose, if you do not refuse at once, you commit yourself, and sooner or later you must accept."

"You never told me so before. Oh, mamma! how was I to know? you never said this to me before."

"There are things that one knows by intuition," said Mrs. Damerel; "and, Rose, you know what my opinion has been all along. You have no right to refuse. On the one side, there is everything that heart can desire; on the other, nothing but a foolish, childish disinclination. I don't know if it goes so far as disinclination; you seem now to like him well enough."

"Do you not know the difference?" said Rose, turning wistful eyes upon her mother. "Oh, mamma, you who ought to know so much better than I do! I *like* him very well—what does that matter?"

"It matters everything; liking is the first step to love. You can have no reason, absolutely no reason for refusing him if you like him. Rose, oh, how foolish this is, and what a small, what a very small, place there seems to be in your mind for the thought of duty! You tell us you are ready to die for us—which is absurd—and yet you cannot make up your mind to this?"

"It is different," said Rose; "oh, it is different! Mamma, listen a moment: you are a great deal better than I am; you love us better than we love each other; you are never tired of doing things for us; whether you are well or whether you are ill it does not matter;

you are always ready when the children want you. I am not blind," said the girl, with tears. "I know all you do and all you put up with; but, mamma, you who are good, you who know how to deny yourself, would *you* do this?"

"Rose!"

"Would you do it?" cried Rose, excited and breathless, pursuing her advantage.

Mrs. Damerel was not old, nor was life quenched in her either by her years or her sorrows. Her face flushed under her heavy widow's veil, all over, with a violent overwhelming blush like a girl's.

"Rose," she said, passionately, "how dare you—how dare you put such a question to your mother? I do it!—either you are heartless altogether, or you are mad, and don't know what you say."

"Forgive me, mamma; but, oh, let me speak! There is nothing else so hard, nothing so disagreeable, but you would do it for us; but you would not do this. There is a difference, then? you do not deny it now?"

"You use a cruel argument," said Mrs. Damerel, the blush still warm upon her matron cheek, "and it is not a true one. I am your father's wife. I am your mother and Bertie's, who are almost man and woman. All my life would be reversed, all my relations confused, if I were to make such a sacrifice; besides, it is impossible," she said, suddenly; "I did not think that a child of mine would ever have so insulted me."

"I do not mean it for insult, mamma. Oh, forgive me! I want you only to see the difference. It is not like anything else. You would do anything else, and so would I; but, oh, not this! You see it yourself—not this, mamma."

"It is foolish to attempt to argue with you," said Mrs. Damerel; and she hurried in, and upstairs to her room, leaving Rose, not less excited, to follow. Rose had scarcely calculated upon the prodigious force of her own argument. She was half frightened by it, and half ashamed of having used it, yet to some extent triumphant in her success. There was quite a bank of flowers in the hall as she passed through—flowers which she stopped to look at and caress, with little touches of fondness as flower-lovers use, before she recollected that they were Mr. Incledon's flowers. She took up a book which was on the hall table, and hurried on to avoid that contemplation, and then she remembered that it was Mr. Incledon's book. She was just entering the

drawing-room as she did so, and threw it down pettishly on a chair by the door; and, lo! Mr. Incledon himself rose, a tall shadow against the window, where he had been waiting for the ladies' return.

"Mamma has gone upstairs; I will call her," said Rose, with confusion, turning away.

"Nay, never mind; it is a pity to disturb Mrs. Damerel, and it is long, very long, since you have allowed me a chance of talking to you."

"Indeed, we see each other very often," said Rose, falteringly.

"Yes, I see you in a crowd, protected by the children, or with your mother, who is my friend, but who cannot help me—I wanted to ask about the book you threw down so impatiently as you came in. Don't you like it?" said Mr. Incledon, with a smile.

What a relief it was! She was so grateful to him for not making love to her that I almost think she would have consented to marry him had he asked her before he left that evening. But he was very cautious and very wise, and, though he had come with no other intention, he was warned by the excitement in her looks, and stopped the very words on her lips, for which Rose, shortsighted, like all mortals, was very thankful to him, not knowing how much the distinct refusal, which it was in her heart to give, would have simplified all their affairs.

This, however, was at once the first and last of Rose's successes. When she saw traces of tears about her mother's eyes, and how pale she was, her heart smote her, and she made abject submission of herself, and poured out her very soul in excuses, so that Mrs. Damerel, though vanquished for the moment, took higher ground after it. The mother, indeed, was so much shaken by the practical application of her doctrines, that she felt there was no longer time for the gradual undermining which was Mr. Incledon's policy. Mrs. Damerel did not know what reply she could make if Rose repeated her novel and strenuous argument, and felt that now safety lay in as rapid a conclusion of the matter as possible; so that from this moment every day saw the closing of the net over poor Rose. The lover became more close in his attendance, the mother more urgent in her appeals; but so cleverly did he manage the matter that his society was always a relief to the girl when hard driven, and she gradually got to feel herself safer with him, which was a great

deal in his favour. Everything, however, went against Rose. The ladies on the Green made gentle criticisms upon her, and called her a sly little puss. Some hoped she would not forget her humble friends when she came into her kingdom; some asked her what she meant by dragging her captive so long at her chariot wheels; and the captive himself, though a miracle of goodness, would cast pathetic looks at her, and make little speeches full of meaning. Rose began to feel herself like a creature at bay; wherever she turned she could see no way of escape; even sharp-eyed Agatha, in the wisdom of fifteen, turned against her.

"Why don't you marry Mr. Incledon, and have done with it?" said Agatha. "I would if I were you. What a good thing it would be for you! and I suppose he would be kind to the rest of us too. Why, you would have your carriage, two or three carriages, and a horse to ride, and you might go abroad if you liked, or do anything you liked. How I should like to have quantities of money, and a beautiful house, and everything in the world I wanted! I should not shilly-shally like you."

"No one has everything in the world they want," said Rose, solemnly, thinking also—if Mr. Incledon had been "some one else" how much easier her decision would have been.

"You seem to think they do," said Agatha, "or you would not make such a fuss about Mr. Incledon. Why, what do you object to? I suppose it's because he is not young enough. I think he is a very nice man, and very good-looking. I only wish he had asked me."

"Agatha, you are too young to talk of such things," said Rose, with the dignity of her seniority.

"Then I wish my eldest sister was too young to put them into my head," said Agatha.

This conversation drove Rose from her last place of safety, the schoolroom, where hitherto she had been left in quiet. A kind of despair seized her. She dared not encounter her mother in the drawing-room, where probably Mr. Incledon also would appear towards the twilight. She put on her hat and wandered out, her heart full of a subdued anguish, poignant yet not unsweet, for the sense of intense suffering is in its way a kind of excitement and painful enjoyment to the very young. It was a spring afternoon, soft and sweet, full of promise of the summer,

and Rose quite unused to walking or indeed doing anything else alone, found a certain pleasure in the loneliness and silence. How tranquillizing it was to be alone; to have no one near who would say anything to disturb her; nobody with reproachful eyes; nothing around or about but the soft sky, the trees growing green, the grass which waved its thin blades in the soft air! It seemed to Rose that she was out for a long time, and that the silence refreshed her, and made her strong for her fate whatever it might be. Before she returned home she went in at the old familiar gate of the Rectory, and skirted the lawn by a by-path she knew well, and stole down the slope to the little platform under the old May-tree. By this time it had begun to get dark; and as Rose looked across the soft undulations of the half visible country, every line of which was dear and well known to her, her eyes fell suddenly upon a gleam of light from among the trees. What friendly sprite had lighted the lights so early in the parlour of the cottage at Ankermead I cannot tell, but they glimmered out from the brown clump of trees and took Rose so by surprise that her eyes filled with sudden moisture, and her heart beat with a muffled throbbing in her ears. So well she recollected the warm summer evening long ago (and yet it was not a year ago), and every word that was said. "Imagination will play me many a prank before I forget this night!" Did he mean that? had he forgotten it? or was he perhaps leaning over the ship's side somewhere while the big vessel rustled through the soft broad sea, thinking of home, as he had said, seeing the lights upon the coast, and dreaming of his mother's lighted windows, and of that dim, dreamy, hazy landscape, so soft and far inland, with the cottage lamp shining out from that brown clump of trees? The tears fell softly from Rose's eyes through the evening dimness which hid them almost from herself; she was very sad, heartbroken—and yet not so miserable as she thought. She did not know how long she sat there, looking at the cottage lights through her tears. The new Rector and his wife sat down to dinner all unaware of the forlorn young visitor who had stolen into the domain which was now theirs, and Rose's mother began to get sadly uneasy about her absence, with a chill dread lest she should have pressed her too far and driven her to some scheme of desperation. Mr. Incledon came out to look for her, and

met her just outside the Rectory gate, and was very kind to her, making her take his arm and leading her gently home without asking a question.

"She has been calling at the Rectory, and I fear it was too much for her," he said; an explanation which made the quick tears start to Mrs. Damerel's own eyes, who kissed her daughter and sent her upstairs without further question. I almost think Mr. Incledon was clever enough to guess the true state of affairs; but he told this fib with an admirable air of believing it, and made Rose grateful to the very bottom of her heart.

Gratitude is a fine sentiment to cultivate in such circumstances. It is a better and safer beginning than that pity which is said to be akin to love. Rose struggled no more after this. She surrendered quietly, made no further resistance, and finally yielded a submissive assent to what was asked of her. She became "engaged" to Mr. Incledon, and the engagement was formally announced, and all the Green joined in with congratulations, except, indeed, Mrs. Wodehouse, who called in a marked manner just after the ladies had been seen to go out, and left a huge card, which was all her contribution to the felicitations of the neighbourhood. There was scarcely a lady in the parish except this one who did not take the trouble to walk or drive to the White House and kiss Rose and congratulate her mother. "Such a very excellent match—everything that a mother could desire!" they said. "But you must get a little more colour in your cheeks, my dear," said old Lady Denvil. "This is not like the dear Rector's Rose in June. It is more like a pale China rose in November."

What could Rose do but cry at this allusion? It was kind of the old lady (who was always kind) to give her this excellent reason and excuse for the tears in her eyes.

And then there came, with a strange, hollow, far-off sound, proposals of dates and days to be fixed, and talk about the wedding dresses and the wedding tour. She listened to it all with an inward shiver; but, fortunately for Rose, Mrs. Damerel would hear of no wedding until after the anniversary of her husband's death, which had taken place in July. The Green discussed the subject largely, and most people blamed her for standing on this punctilio; for society in general, with a wise sense of the uncertainty of all human affairs, has a prejudice against the

postponement of marriages which it never believes in thoroughly till they have taken place. They thought it ridiculous in a woman of Mrs. Damerel's sense, and one, too, who ought to know how many slips there are between the cup and the lip; but Mr. Incledon did not seem to object, and of course, everybody said, no one else had a right to interfere.

All this took place in April, when the Damerels had been but three months in their new house. Even that little time had proved bitterly to them many of the evils of their impoverished condition, for already Mr. Hunsdon had begun to write of the long time Bertie had been at school, and the necessity there was that he should exert himself; and even Reginald's godfather, who had always been so good, showed signs of a disposition to launch his charge, too, on the world, suggesting that perhaps it might be better, as he had now no prospect of anything but working for himself, that he should leave Eton. Mrs. Damerel kept these humiliations to herself, but it was only natural that they should give fire to her words in her arguments with Rose; and it could not be denied that the family had spent more than their income permitted in the first three months. There had been the mourning, and the removal, and so many other expenses, to begin with. It is hard enough to struggle with bills as Mrs. Damerel had done in her husband's lifetime, when by means of the wisest art and never-failing attention it was always possible to pay them as they became urgent; but when there is no money at all, either present or in prospect, what is a poor woman to do? They made her sick many a time when she opened a drawer in her desk and looked at them. Even with all she could accept from Mr. Incledon (and that was limited by pride and delicacy in many ways), and with one less to provide for, Mrs. Damerel would still have care sufficient to make her cup run over. Rose's good fortune did not take her burden away.

Thus things went on through the early summer. The thought of Rose's trousseau nearly broke her mother's heart. It must be to some degree in consonance with her future position, and it must not come from Mr. Incledon; and where was it to come from? Mrs. Damerel had begun to write a letter to her brother, appealing, which it was a bitter thing to do, for his help, one evening early in May. She had written after all her children had

left her, when she was alone in the old-fashioned house, where all the old walls and the old stairs uttered strange creaks and jars in the midnight stillness, and the branches of the creepers tapped ghostly taps against the window. Her nerves were overstrained, and her heart was sore, notwithstanding her success in the one matter which she had struggled for so earnestly; and after writing half her letter Mrs. Damerel had given it up, with a strange feeling that something opposed the writing of it, some influence which she could not define, which seemed to stop her words, and made her incapable of framing a sentence. She gave it up with almost a superstitious thrill of feeling, and a nervous tremor which she tried in vain to master; and, leaving it half written in her blotting-book, stole upstairs to bed in the silence, as glad to get out of the echoing, creaking room as if it had been haunted. Rose heard her come upstairs, and thought with a little bitterness as she lay awake, her pillow wet with the tears which she never shed in the daylight, of her mother's triumph over her, and how all this revolution was her work. She heard something like a sigh as her mother passed her door, and wondered almost contemptuously what she could have to sigh about, for Rose felt all the other burdens in the world to be as nothing in comparison with her burden; as, indeed, we all do.

Next morning, however, before Rose was awake, Mrs. Damerel came into her room in her dressing-gown, with her hair, which was still so pretty, curling about her shoulders, and her face lit up with a wonderful pale illumination like a northern sky.

"What is it?" cried Rose, springing up from her bed.

"Rose," said Mrs. Damerel, gasping for breath, "we are rich again! No! it is impossible—but it is true; here it is in this letter—my uncle Ernest is dead, and he has left us all his money. We are richer than ever I was in all my life."

Rose got up, and ran and kissed her mother, and cried, with a great cry that rang all over the house, "Then I am free!"

From Fraser's Magazine.

ORNITHOLOGICAL REMINISCENCES.

BY SHIRLEY.

I AM writing in Scotland, but you would hardly believe, if you had come here under cloud of night, that only a few meadows lie between us and a great city with its two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. Such utter seclusion as we enjoy within ear-shot of the roar of a mighty multitude is impossible in any other country. But Scotland has deep ravines and wooded hollows and ivied nooks where you may hide yourself quietly out of the way at any moment, and listen to the murmur of the burns and the spring chorus of the woodland. It is no wonder that such a land should abound in botanists and bird-fanciers, that it should turn out poets and poachers, and that "game" should form a standard dish at every general election. Mr. Gray's elaborate volume on *The Birds of the West of Scotland* is a very good text to this sermon. Mr. Gray lives in Glasgow, which, of all places in the world, is, at first sight, the most unpromising that a naturalist could select; yet one half-hour takes him away on the one hand to the muirland, and on the other to the sea; and in the course of eight-and-forty hours he can rifle the nest of the black guillemot which builds on Ailsa Craig, of the stalwart red-grouse which struts on Goatfell, and of the shy ptarmigan which haunts the comb of the Cobar.

I wish we could manage to teach our boys Natural History, that is the history of the laws of God as seen in the instinctive ways of beasts, and birds, and fishes—as well as Unnatural History, that is the history of the laws of the devil, as seen in the destructive ways of kings, and priests, and men in general. Years ago Mr. Disraeli, with his usual long-sighted temerity, advised us to include music and drawing in our national schools for the people, and was of course ridiculed by Liberal journalists for his pains. Couldn't we have a class for Natural History as well? * The business

* Since the text was written I rejoice to see that the idea has been taken up, with a somewhat different object indeed, by the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who have resolved to adopt measures for the purpose of providing such classes in our public schools. In supporting the resolution, that altogether admirable man and divine, Dr. Hanna, is reported to have said: "It has been the growing conviction of the most enlightened friends of education that among the physical sciences natural history, in one or other of its departments, is the one that should be first introduced into the common teaching of the school. Nowhere can materials be found more fitted to interest

of a true legislator is to give the working-classes *interests*; and it is not an exaggeration to say that at the present time the average laboring man, apart from his trade and the public-house, is incapable of rationally occupying, or even irrationally amusing himself for a single day. If Mr. Gray, instead of this stately volume, would prepare a cheap treatise on what a Glasgow working-man with eyes in his head may see within half-an-hour's ride of Glasgow—wild birds, and eggs, and insects, and flowers, and forest trees—he would earn a debt of gratitude from a community which is beginning to find that no amount of Reform Bills, Ballot Boxes, and similar painful contrivances, can teach it the secret of content, far less of happiness. It is wonderful what a deal of unsuspected wild life still lurks about this densely populated country of ours, known only to gamekeepers, gipsy tramps, and the like. The corn fields and hedge rows, which during the day appear silent and deserted, are populous at night with strange shy creatures, whose sharp ears and bright eyes are ever on the watch, and who disappear with the morning mists, their places being taken at dawn by others, scarcely less strange, and scarcely less shy, who in turn make themselves more or less invisible before we are out of bed.

I once knew a man who told me seriously that he considered the country dull, and there are numbers of people who frankly admit that it *is* dull in winter. I do not believe that these persons are positively untruthful, they are simply ignorant. Though many of them live in

youth. How easy to turn such fine materials to the moral purpose of impressing upon the tender heart of childhood the duty and the benefit and the exceeding happiness of a wise and tender treatment of animals, and birds, and insects! Their varied instincts, their wonderful organic endowments, their singular method of operation, the place they fill in the great economy of nature, the services they render, and the ties so strong and tender by which so many of them are bound to us, their lords and masters—these teem with what could be turned at once to good account. And there is this specially to correspond, their being so timed. The great difficulty that every right-hearted teacher feels in impressing moral truths or precepts is, that when delivered in a mere abstract form they take but a slight hold—make but a slight impression on the spirit of childhood. It is when embodied in some attractive piece of information, or illustrated by some lively or pathetic story, that they get easiest reliance and sink deepest into the heart. But where could happier blendings of the informational, the scientific, the moral, and the emotional be effected than here, where an almost exhaustless fund of fact and incident and anecdote lies close at hand and all around to draw upon! I cannot doubt that out of this limitless store a lesson-book for schools upon the proper treatment of the inferior creation could be drawn that in interest for the scholars, as well as in power over them for good, would outlive every lesson-book that is now in use."

the country all their lives, they get up a distant bowing acquaintance with Nature, and that is all.

Red-ploughed lands

O'er which a crow flies heavy in the rain—

leafless trees, muddy footpaths, a leaden sky, a drooping barometer—what can be more cheerless and uninviting? This is the vague, general, outside aspect of things: but if you will only take the trouble to look a little closer, you will be absolutely astonished by the multiplicity of interests. No wonder that old-fashioned naturalists like ourselves should find the winter day too short! I live, as I have said, within hail of the city, and am only one-half a rustic: but even amid my suburban trees and flowers I can realize the passion of the chase, and understand the absorption of the pursuit. The little family of beggars who assemble each morning at the breakfast-room window—chaffinches, blue and black tits, robins, sparrows, blackbirds, thrushes, wrens—are a study in themselves. To say nothing of the sparrows and the blackbirds—both voracious, but voracity assuming in each a distinctive character; in the one perky and impudent, in the other irascible, vehement and domineering—the blue tits alone are worth many more crusts than they consume. It is the drollest little creature, a mere joke of a bird. There is one particular tit I know by headmark—he is the very image of the little man who stares solemnly at him through the window. Then there is a mystery about them that I can never quite solve. The thick woods and mossy banks round about us are admirably adapted for nests, and might coax even a restless nomad of a cuckoo into building, but the tits leave us regularly in spring, and do not show face again till the November days are darkening. What puts it into their heads to leave us? and what brings them back? They are not migratory birds, observe,—there is no general emigration law which applies to them; is it immemorial custom and venerable tradition only that sends them to the shady coverts where they hide themselves through the summer-tide? Of course, the robin is never very far away; and if it were only for the poet's dainty lines,—

Robin, Robin Red-breast, O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly in the falling of the
year—

not to speak of innumerable other rhymes

and roundelays going far back into the antiquity of childhood, Robin is one of those familiar figures which even a scientific society will not willingly let die. When after breakfast we smoke a meditative pipe among the leafless gooseberry bushes, he accompanies us in our perambulations, looking at us sagely from the corner of his eye, and wagging his head with the gravity of a Burleigh. Then there are a pair of water ousels, who fish in the burn below the window, and walk about on the bottom as if they were crabs, or divers searching for pearls or shipwrecked gold. They built their nest last year in the mouth of the waste-water pipe directly under the waterfall, and in this somewhat moist neighbourhood contrived to hatch an incredible number of eggs — not less than ten or a dozen, if I recollect aright. A long-legged, long-necked heron used to stalk down the burnside in the dim winter twilight: but as he has not been seen very lately in his accustomed haunts, I am afraid he must have fallen a victim to one of our amateur naturalists.* The gaunt watchfulness of the solitary heron, as he stands up to his knees in some unfrequented pool, might be regarded as an almost maliciously grotesque travestie of certain unlovely human traits — the wary greed and covetousness of the forlorn misers that Rembrandt and Gustave Doré have painted — were it not for a certain dignity and simplicity of carriage which the featherless bipeds do not possess.

The fox, however, is the central figure of our play. He cantered past the house the other morning right under the windows: and I must confess that the rascal was in splendid condition, and looked every inch a gentleman. His condition, no doubt, was easily accounted for — he had been making free with our poultry for the previous fortnight, and a permanent panic had been established in the hen-house. No weak scruples would have prevented us from executing justice upon the robber; but he was as crafty as a weasel, and as difficult to catch asleep; and he has finally left us, I believe, without leaving even the tip of his brush behind him.†

* He has reappeared — January 5, 1874. Since then three water-hens have come to us, a pair and an odd one; and curiously enough the odd one (a very odd one) has abandoned the water, and taken to consorting with the poultry, roosting with them in the hen-house at night; an altogether unprecedented arrangement, I should fancy.

† It is all over with our sleek friend now. A neighbouring farmer sent word to the Master that he would feel obliged if he would give his pack a cast across the hillside, and poor Reynard (who had somehow lost his

When you have bagged your fox, and otherwise exhausted the more feverish excitements of rural life, I would advise you to turn to wood-cutting. There is no fire like a wood-fire, and the manufacture of logs may be made vastly entertaining to a man whose tastes have not been entirely corrupted by luxury. We cut our logs in an open glade in the glen, where the rabbits peep out of their holes at us, where the cushat rises with a startled flutter from the wood, and the bushy-tailed squirrel leaps from branch to branch among the trees overhead. The solemn winter stillness would become almost unbearable if we were not hard at work. Behold how the goodly pile rises under our hand! How many "back-log studies" does that stack contain? What a cheerful glow they will shed as the winter days draw in — what grotesque fancies will grow among the embers, what weird figures will flash upon the wall! The snow-drift may rise round the doors; the frost may harden the ponds into granite and fringe the waterfall with icicles; the wind may howl among the chimneys, and tear away the branches as a cannon ball tears away the limbs of a man; but the cheery blaze and crackle of our gallant logs will lighten the gloom, and drive away the blue devils which it raises for many a day to come.

Though one is always more or less sorry when winter retires, the interests of the spring are so engrossing that there is little leisure for pensive regrets. No spring day passes without an excitement of its own. That wonderful awakening of the earth touches the imagination of the dullest clown, and drives those of us who are more excitable into strange ecstasies of happiness. After all, the sleep has not been unto death! The first morning that I hear the cuckoo is upon the whole the most memorable day of the year to me. There are some scattered plantations along the base of the Pentlands (above Dreghorn) where this happiness has been more than once vouchsafed to me, and I have come to regard these tangled thickets with a sort of religious reverence as the very temple and sanctuary of the spirit of the spring. Then the spring flowers — violets, celandine, cowslips, periwinkle, campion, wood-sorrel, saxifrage, primrose, hyacinth, woodroof, anemone! — this vestal band, this sweet and fair procession of

head that morning — having been up all night, perhaps) was worried by the hounds in a gorse covert before he had run a dozen yards.

virginal flowers, is invested with a charm of simplicity and sacredness which is peculiar to the dawning year. And there are other young creatures who now begin to open their eyes and look abroad. Tiny rabbits venture out of their burrows. In that overhanging bush of ivy a pair of young cushats have sat as solemn and silent and motionless as sphinxes ever since they were born. Ridiculous little morsels of owls tumble out of their nests, and blink woefully in the unfamiliar sunlight, while their parents scream at them dubiously from neighbouring branches. The starling is a blackbird who lost his tail on some remote Darwinian anniversary; and, as they have come down upon us in great force this year, their stumpy figures are to be seen, and their shrill remonstrances are to be heard, on every hand, to the detriment of the woodland music, but to the multiplication of the woodland gaiety.

Such are the notes that a naturalist may make "within a mile o' Edinboro' town" (as the old ballad says): and they are very pleasant in their way. But every naturalist is instinctively a rover, and ever and again the Bohemian spirit takes possession of him, and carries him off, like John the Baptist, to the wilderness. Society may fancy that he has been reclaimed from his savage ways; he may be made a husband, a father, a ruling elder, a deacon, a bishop (and *our* bishop is the most preternaturally respectable man I ever beheld—in his broad-brimmed beaver and grandmotherly apron not a bit like John the Baptist); but the gipsy nature is ineradicable, and breaks out in spite of the straitest environment. Though the *vie de Bohême* may be perilous and unproductive, it has a gay, sportive, unmechanical charm of its own which is terribly seductive. There is all the difference in the world between the sleek decorum of the domestic pigeon and the joyful freedom of the cushat; and (according to the poet's judgment at least) the difference is all in favour of the latter.

The white domestic pigeon pairs secure;
Nay, does mere duty by bestowing eggs
In authorized compartments, warm and safe,
Boarding about, and gilded spire above,
Hoisted on pole, to dogs' and cats' despair;
But I have spied a veriest trap of twigs
On tree top, every straw a thievery,
Where the wild dove—despite the fowler's
snare,
The sportsman's shot, the urchin's stone—
crooned gay,

And solely gave her heart to what she hatched,
Nor minded a malignant world below.

The evil spirit asserts itself often at the most unlikely moment. The merest trifle may rouse the dormant craving. Till the other day I had been grinding steadily for months at my statutory work without experiencing the least desire to run away. For anything I cared there might not have been moor, nor mere, nor grouse, nor sea-trout in broad Scotland. But one November evening, returning from the city while the radiance of the winter sunset still lingered in the west, I heard the rapid beat of wings through the clear frosty air overhead, and looking up saw a wedge-like column of wild fowl bearing down upon the Pentland mosses. It was all over with me from that hour. Alexander Smith's rather fanciful lines—

On midnights blue and cold,
Long strings of geese come clanging from the
stars—

came back upon me with something of the old fascination; and I knew that there would be no rest for me thereafter until I had stalked a cock-grouse upon the stubbles, or sent a brace of cartridges into a flock of pintails. So I yielded to fate, and here I am in my own particular corner of the wilderness.

A railway passes within a dozen miles; but hardly a passenger, I believe, except myself, alights at the rotten platform and rickety shed where the mailbags for Ury are deposited. It is quite dark by the time the train arrives at the wayside station; and I have some difficulty in discovering the musty old omnibus, with its lean and lanky white horse, into which the station-master has already bundled, along with her Majesty's mails, my gun-case and portmanteau. We stagger away at the rate of four miles an hour, Jehu descending occasionally at casual public-houses to "water his horse," as he informs me (he himself takes his tippie undiluted), and to exchange a gruff good night with the rustics, who still lounge about the doors. The stars are sparkling vigorously, and a faint tinge of aurora suffuses the northern sky. The thermometer being some ten degrees below the freezing point, a continuous supply of tobacco is required to preserve the circulation; and I am not sorry when, after rattling through the main street of the old-fashioned village, I find myself deposited, in a blaze of warm light, at my landlady's hospitable door. "The Mermaid" is much resorted to by anglers

during the season; but rod-fishing ceased a month ago, and there are no guests except myself; and I gladly agree to the good-natured proposal that I should sup in the kitchen along with the mistress and her daughter, the kitchen being the cosiest room in the house, and Alice Ross (who is to be married in May) the prettiest lass in all the country-side.

The next morning is Sunday; the frost is sharp as a diamond; its filagree work on the window-panes is wonderfully perfect; as I look out the pictures begin to fade, and I see the brown pier, and the white sandhills, and the blue water sparkling in a blaze of winter sunshine. I like to arrive at Ury on a Saturday night; for one needs a day's rest to steady the hand and to drive away the cobwebs; and Sandy and Donald and John and the rest of them are sure to be at morning service, and after the sermon is concluded the arrangements for the week can be discussed and determined upon. So it is decided that Sandy Steeven and John Park will accompany me in my excursions after sea fowl, and that Donald Cameron, Alice's smart young lover, will drive me up to the moor, which marches with his moorland farm, and help me to circumvent some of the grouse, black cock, and wild duck which are to be found thereabouts in fair numbers for what is truly a low country shooting. Then I wander away for a solitary stroll among the great sandhills through which the river winds. Our village, you comprehend, stands, not on the sea-shore, but upon the banks of a tidal river, which rises and falls with the tide.

The salt sea water passes by,
And makes a silence in the hills,

and covers the whole intervening space with what at high water might readily be mistaken for a great fresh-water lake. After a pleasant scramble, I reach the top of the highest of the sandhills (a whole village is underneath it, they say), from which a noble view, landward and seaward, is to be had, and seat myself among the prickly grass. The Past renews its visionary life as I sit there in the silence of the winter Sabbath. How many years have come and gone since we first shot rabbits among these bents? O, Posthumus, Posthumus, the fleeting years slip noiselessly away, and carry us along with them to oblivion. The men I knew have undergone the earth, have gone down to darkness, down even unto Hades, and the dark dominion of

Pluto. If I ask about X or Y or Z, I get the same monotonous reply; yet, perched on this coigne of vantage, I can see as on a map the places where we shot and fished and talked together, and it does not somehow seem credible that they are dead, and quite removed from me forever. That is the spire of the church where Dr. Goodman, who might have been a bishop had he chosen, preached his harmless old sermons for half a century. The dear old man was not given to millinery, either in his church or out of it; the pastoral simplicity of his dress indeed, savouring more of the Puritan Methodist than of the High Church Doctor. Yet he looked the gentleman through it all, and, better still, the kindly, abstruse, big-hearted enthusiast that he was. He was succeeded by Dean Gommerill, a foreign dandified ecclesiastic with silver buckles in his shoes, and a silk apron (I won't swear to the apron); but the church does not flourish now as it did in old Goodman's day. Dr. Goodman was the lineal legitimate representative of the Episcopalian divines who had suffered along with their flocks for what they held to be the truth of God. Thus he knew all the traditions of the country-side. He was the local historian. His rusty, thread-bare, black suit was to be seen in the peasant's cottage and in the peer's castle, and in both its owner was equally at home and equally welcome. He was too poor to keep a horse (they gave him 50*l.* a year, I think, which for his fifty years' service would amount altogether to 2,500*l.* — his total money value in this world), but he was a sturdy walker, who could manage his ten miles before breakfast; and the stalwart figure of the stout old man was familiar on every road and by-road in the country. There is no doubt that, in spite of poverty and hard trials, his simple, homely, unostentatious, innocent life was a happy one; and when it was over, and he had finished his own and his Master's work, he fell asleep like a little child. I don't believe that many tears are shed by grown-up men; but when I think to-day of all the grotesque goodness in my old friend's heart, I am vastly more inclined, I confess, to weep than to laugh.

Do you see that ring of yellow sand to the south, which encloses the blue bay of Ury? I have good reason to remember it, I can assure you. We went down to bathe there one stormy autumn afternoon — my friend Alexander and myself. He was the prince of swimmers, and I was

fairly good. The waves were breaking in long lines along the beach, while the centre of the bay was white with driven foam. It was not exactly the sea which a great gale brings in, but it was a highly respectable storm. A friendly fisherman who was cutting rushes among the bents, when he saw us begin to undress, dissuaded us from going in. But we were wilful. We ran down the sloping beach into the waves, and were off our legs in a moment. It was great fun at first, though the necessity of diving like ducks into the waves that had burst before they reached us, and which came rushing at us like cavalry at the gallop, soon rendered us breathless. We had no time to recover before the next breaker was upon us. And so it went on till we found ourselves beside an old mast (it is still standing, I can see) which had been driven into a rock some thirty or forty yards from the shore. The fishermen moor their boats to it in calm weather. We threw our arms round it, and tried to steady ourselves against it. Then we learned the truth. We were dragged from it instantaneously as by a mighty arm, but not towards the land. *The back run of the tide was taking us out to sea.* Then we turned our faces, and swam with all the strength of desperation towards the land. But we made no way—we were powerless to return—the waves broke over us, and choked and blinded us as we struggled. I shall never forget the helpless agony of that moment. Still we struggled on, and at length, of a sudden, we discovered that there was after all a chance of escape. It was no use trying to regain the shore by the line we had come, but we found that the tide was running to the north, and it seemed just possible if our strength held out, that by making a sort of side-long advance with the current, we might gain the beach before we were carried past the northern headland of the bay. Our spirits revived, and after ten minutes of steady, silent, intense exertion, our feet touched the bottom, and we were safe again on *terra firma*.

Mine old companion in many a pleasant ramble, how fares it with thee on that wider sea on which thou hast adventured? Hast thou rejoined that bright and pure intelligence whose loss we together deplored, or, in the dim and shoreless immensity that stretches away into remotest night, does no favouring gale waft the wandering souls together?

So the hours of the brief winter day

wore noiselessly away, and when I reached the ferry on my way back the tide had risen, and I was obliged to have recourse to the ferryman—another weather-beaten old friend—who paddled me across. Duncan assured me that the sea-trout fishing is not what it used to be. It used to be very good certainly—one was fairly certain of filling one's basket with white salmon trout, running from half a pound to four or five—comely creatures in their gleaming silver armour, racy with the raciness of the sea from which they had newly come. It was necessary to wade, as the river was wide, and even at ebb-tide the choice spots could not be otherwise reached. The water in the bigger pools, before the tide was fairly out, often reached our armpits, and I recollect how on one occasion, in very wantonness of enjoyment, we all took to swimming—rod in hand and baskets floating behind us. No wonder that some of us who remain ("the gleanings of hostile spears") have grown rheumatic in old age, and that a twinge in the back as I write reminds me that youthful folly (if it was folly—perhaps the neuralgia would have come all the same) must be paid for sooner or later.

There is a noble fire burning in the parlour when I return: the table-cloth and napkins are snowy and aromatic; the fish is fried to a turn; the pancake might have been made by a Frenchwoman; the whisky is "undeniable," as they say hereabouts, meaning, I suppose, "not to be denied;" the arm-chair is wheeled close to the hearth-rug; my half-dozen books are piled on the table beside me. Gray's book of birds,* the

* Mr. Gray's book is one that will take a permanent place in the naturalist's library. There is in it a great deal of thoroughly good work, both by himself and others (especially by a Mr. Graham, on the birds of Iona and Mull); and besides its more strictly technical excellence, there is evidence of much loving observation of nature, and delight in natural beauty: as, for instance, in this description of the Grey-lag goose among the Western Lochs:

"Nothing can be more desolate-looking than some of the haunts of the Grey-lag in the Outer Hebrides. In North Uist especially, where it breeds away from the cultivated tracts on the west side of the island, the nests are usually found on the most barren part of the moor, out of sight and hearing of all that tells of civilized life. In Benbecula and South Uist there is perhaps less of that feeling of desolation to picture; in one or two spots, indeed, such as the neighbourhood of Nunton in the one island, and Howmore and Grogary in the other, the nursery scenes are comparatively bright and fair; still the very cries of the birds as they cross the path of the wearied traveller on the Hebridean highways are so full of lament and disquietude that when, at the close of day especially, the disturbed groups rise one after another in alarm from their dreary repose, the blending of voices becomes, perhaps, one of the most memorable sounds that the ornithologist can listen to. . . . I recollect some years ago experiencing a

laborious and faithful record of a life devoted to the pursuit; that last and greatest of the funny little volumes which are occupied with the fortunes of *Middlemarch*; Mrs. Oliphant's charming *May*; and one of those extraordinary jumbles of sense and nonsense, philosophy and fiddling, Shakespeare and the musical glasses, through which the fire of an incomparable imagination still burns with virgin force:

The Idalian shape,
The undeposed, erectly *Victrix* still!

The stars were still shining next morning when I sallied out of the inn, and found Cameron's White-chapel cart in readiness at the door. We had a stiff eight or ten miles to cover, and it was necessary to start with the first glimpse of dawn. The tide was out, and we were able to cross at the ford. The spaces of yellow sand and brown sea-weed and tangle on either side of the channel were populous with birds, whose wild cries sounded with piercing shrillness through the keen morning air. We could only dimly discern them in the twilight as they stalked about the sand, or wheeled in troops along the bends of the river. There were one or two great black-backed gulls, a whole flock of herons, a few magnificent shell-drakes, multitudes of sandpipers, curlew, and oyster-catchers—a dish for a king. On leaving the riverside the road lies through the bents, and then again by the sea, near which it is

carried for many miles. The rabbits were scurrying about the sandhills; but there is always a great silence in these great solitudes, which is never broken at this season, save by the melancholy wail of the curlew. It is a positive relief to us when we once more reach the sea, on whose gently rippled surface the first beams of sunlight are just breaking. We skirt two or three sleepy-looking, secluded fishing villages, the ruins of an old keep crowning a precipitous bluff, and see far off on the opposite side of the bay a long line of towers and turrets,—the modern mansion which fills the place of the grand old castle which was wrecked by King Robert when he “harried” the country of the Comyns. You will hardly find a Comyn in this country now—such of them as escaped dropped the famous and fatal patronymic, and became obscure Browns and Smiths (or whatever was the commonest surname in those days) to avoid recognition. That pretty mansion house among the trees yonder belongs to a pleasant, kindly, elderly gentleman, whose charters take him and his kin back, without a break in the descent, to the days of the great king who planted the first of them on this Northern seaboard. The long stretch of sand is succeeded by a noble range of rocks,—the breeding place of innumerable razor-bills, and marrots, and sea-parrots, and cormorants, and hawks, and hooded crows, and ravens. I knew every foot of these rocks once on a time, having scrambled and sketched and shot among them ever since I can remember. A grand school in which to be bred! How solemn is the life of Nature in these her sanctuaries!—only the dirge of the wave or the complaint of the sea-mew disturbing the tremendous solitariness. On the dizzy ledge at the mouth of the Bloody Hole, a pair of peregrines have built since (let us say) the invasion of the Danes. The oldest inhabitant, at least, can only affirm that they were there when he was a boy, and that they were as fiercely petulant, when driven from their nest, then as now. So likewise with these ancient ravens, who have croaked at all intruders year after year from that smooth inaccessible pinnacle of granite, which has never been scaled by mortal man or boy or anything heavier than a bird. But we must not linger by the way; for the days are short at this season, and we have a long tramp before us.

The farm-house where we stable our steed is built on the edge of the muir-

somewhat rough passage of three days and nights to Lochmaddy, during which but little bodily rest could be obtained, and finding on my arrival that in order to save a delay of some hours I should be compelled, instead of enjoying a night's sleep at the inn, to face the darkness and travel twenty miles southwards. On the road I found myself exposed to a succession of showers of rain like split peas, which even at this distance of time force the conviction upon me that the most amiable temper could not long survive the full blast of a Hebridean storm. ‘Does it always rain in this furious fashion?’ I asked of the guide who accompanied me. ‘Oh no, sir,’ he promptly answered, ‘it was worse yesterday.’ On we travelled, and as we neared the ford—three miles in breadth—which separated the islands of North Uist and Benbecula, we found a comparatively clear track indicated by stone beacons, just becoming visible in the morning light. About half-way across, where the sand was dry and firm, we came upon a large flock of Grey-lags resting themselves. There were altogether from eighty to a hundred birds, and they took but little notice of us as we wheeled round a rocky point in full view of the assemblage. Wishing to know how near we could approach without exciting their suspicions, we diverged from our course, and bore noiselessly down upon them, the little Highland pony pricking his ears in wonderment at the apparent obstruction of stones in the way; and when at last the gander in chief sounded his warning and rose, followed by the entire gang, we were near enough to tempt me to take from my pocket a lump of granite, which I had picked up as a cabinet specimen, and hurl it into their midst.”

land, and may be looked upon as one of the outposts of that agricultural army which is gradually taking possession of the wilderness. Donald's father was a simple crofter, who sat rent free for many years, on condition that he would devote his spare hours to clearing away the heather round his cottage, and bringing the land into some sort of cultivation. The oats were terribly scrubby at first, and the turnips were hardly bigger than indifferent potatoes. How these crofters, living on the borders of agricultural civilization, contrived to keep body and soul together on their patches of oats and turnips, has often been to me a matter for wonderment. Yet they struggle on in an obstinate tenacious way — the bare stony patches being gradually transformed into rich fields and smiling pastures; the sons go out into the world, and grow into lawyers, doctors, and merchants, Australian sheep farmers and Presbyterian ministers — Robertson of Ellon, for instance, one of the most massive and robust intellectual forces in the Church of Scotland in our time, coming, I think, of such parentage; and the old people stick like limpets to the land which they have reclaimed, and discourse largely of the patriarchal times, when the heather came down to the sea, and it was possible any day to stalk a black cock on the very spot where Keelboro' town-house stands.

Shouldering the game-bag, I leave Donald to attend to certain farming operations which demand attention, and start over ground well known to myself. Even here, close to the sea-shore, the frost has lasted for some days, and the open ditches are swarming with snipe which have been driven down from the interior. I bag one or two couple as they rise at my feet — Oscar, who has a taste for snipe unusual in a pointer, always giving me fair warning of their proximity. Then a covey or two of partridges make off the moment I reach the bare stubble where they are feeding, wild as hawks. As I enter the moor, a couple of splendid old cocks, who have been sunning themselves on the gravelly hill-side, give me a chance, and I am lucky enough to secure one. He won't need his wraps any more, poor fellow! — but see how provident he has been, how thick and warm his socks are, and how he is furred and feathered up to the eyes. The *whaupps*, whose wail is heard from the other side of the moss, are sure to keep at a respectful distance; yet we may, perhaps, stalk one or two before the day

is over. That is the teal-moss which lies between us — a sure find for wild ducks of various kinds. It is nasty walking — only one or two slippery paths, known to poachers and ourselves, running through it. If you miss one or other of these narrow little "dykes," the chance is that you find yourself up to the shoulders in bog and water, with no very firm footing even at that depth. You must make up your mind to fire neither at snipe, nor teal, nor grouse, although they should rise under your nose, for, if you have patience, you are sure, among the warm springs about the centre, to surprise a flock of wild duck. On the present occasion, I follow a well-known path, and, at the very place where I look for them, half a dozen noble birds rise out of the bog, and a brace of glossy purple-brown mallards are added to the contents of the bag. Farther up I come upon some pretty little teal that are sporting innocently in a piece of open water; then I get a long cartridge shot at another old cock grouse; and finally, in the little glen fringed with alder and birch that runs from the moss up the hill-side, first a woodcock, and then a black cock, are knocked over upon the heather. The black cock mounts higher and higher after the shot is fired, until suddenly his flight is arrested in mid-air, and he falls like an arrow to the ground. What a fall was there! There is no worthier bird in this world than an old black cock early in December, and the ecstasy one experiences over one's first black cock is never forgotten. One forgets much in this world — early friends, first love, the Greek and Latin grammars, and many other good things; but the remembrance of that moment of pure enjoyment never quits us.

And now I have reached at last the highest comb of the low ridge of mainland hill (a notable landmark to sailors at sea), beside the sparkling spring where, in the old days, we invariably ate our frugal lunch and smoked our meditative pipe — a custom which this day shall be religiously observed by Oscar and myself. There is a wide bird's-eye view of blue sea and white sail, and the long line of coast indented with sunny bays. Yonder to the right is Keelboro', a port renowned for its fresh herrings and kippered salmon; the light veil of smoke along the southern horizon hangs over Aberhaddy, the grey capital of the northern counties. Ai! ai! (After all that has been said against it, "Alas!" remains a convenient

interjection.) How many a time have I sat here with other companions than Oscar! Does Frank, I wonder, yet remember, as he listens to the long wash of Australian seas, and breathes in converse seasons, how we parted beside this very stone (enormous boulder deposited by the Deluge or other primeval force), and how he repeated to me the words of St. John (*Jane Eyre* had been newly published), in which an austere patriot's passion for his fatherland finds memorable utterance? "And I shall see it again," he said, aloud, "in dreams, when I sleep by the Ganges; and again, in a more remote hour, when another slumber overcomes me, on the shore of a darker stream." But with even more tragic directness is thine honest, kindly, sagacious face—trustiest of servants, and steadiest of friends—revived by the associations of the spot. In all my wanderings in this world I have never met a man so finely simple, so utterly unselfish, so unostentatious in the manifestation, yet so constant in the fidelity of his friendship. The old family servant is now rarely met with; the nervous anxiety to "move on" has affected those who serve as well as those they serve, and the old feudal relationship, with its kindly pieties, has given place to the fierce jealousies between employers and employed, which are growing every day more bitter and less capable of peaceful appeasement. Charles came to us when a boy, and left us only when death took him away. During these thirty years he had passed into our life and grown one of ourselves. He had taught us lads to ride, and shoot, and tell the truth; he had helped to send us away into the great world that lay behind his peaceful hills; he had been the first to welcome us back when we returned in triumph or defeat, as the case might be; and he was always the same—homely, upright, ingenuous, candid, incorruptible. When I think of him now I involuntarily recall some antique heroic model; the petty tumults of modern life, the complex passions of modern civilization, had not affected the large simplicity of his nature. There was that lofty repose about this plain, honest, homely, awkward, parish-bred man which makes statues of the Apollo and the Antinous inimitable. He was one of nature's noblemen—one of the men in whom she has secretly implanted the fine instinct of good-breeding, and the native sweetness and gentleness, which cannot be bought with money, and

which even culture does not always secure. For it is an art beyond art—

The art itself is nature.

The winter sun had set before my last shot was fired, and by the time I reached my friend's farm the crescent moon was up, and the stars were strewn thickly across the blue-black vault. I have ever prized that walk home through the winter twilight. Shooting, as presently pursued, is, it must be confessed, a somewhat barbarous sport, though to say gravely that all who practise it are as vile as the vilest of Roman emperors is a little bit of an exaggeration. To assist at a battue of pheasants is hardly so criminal as to assist at a battue of Christians: but, even when practised moderately and wisely, the excitement of the chase is apt to render one insensible for the time being to the finer influences of nature. The walk home puts all this right. As you stroll quietly back, you have leisure to note whatever is going on around you, at an hour well suited for observation. Though it is too dark to shoot, the frosty brightness of the air reflects itself upon the heather. A hare starts from a furrow over which you had walked in the morning. The partridges you had scattered are calling to each other before they settle to roost. A pack of grouse whirr past on their way from the stubbles, and numberless ducks whistle overhead. In the frosty stillness the faintest sound becomes distinct, so that you can hear the voices of the fishermen among the cottages at the foot of the rocks, and even of sailors out at sea. And as in your lonely walk you look up at those mighty constellations which march across the heaven, thoughts of a wider compass cannot fail to visit you. Whither are they, whither are we, bound? Who has sent us out upon this unknown tract? What does it all mean? Is it indeed true that incalculable myriads of men similar to ourselves have already passed out of this life in which we find ourselves, and that we are destined to follow them?—But the stars will not answer our bewildered "whithers" and "wherefores"—their steely diamond-like glitter only mocking our curiosity. To me at least that sharp cold light discloses no sympathy and discovers no compassion; and the cheerful sights and sounds of this eligible piece of solid land on which we have been cast by Supreme Wisdom or Supreme Caprice are far more reassuring than any amount of star-gazing. We may

trust ourselves — may we not? — with reasonable confidence to the power which has taught children to laugh and prattle and win their way to the flintiest hearts among us?

As next day was market day at Peelboro', Donald proposed that I should accompany him to that odoriferous burgh, which was then — to add to its other attractions — vehemently engaged in selecting a Member to represent it in the Parliament of the country. Good old Sir Andrew, whose convivial qualities had recommended him for half a century to the continued confidence of the electors, had gone over to a majority greater even than that which supports Mr. Gladstone.* Young Sir Andrew was in the field; but he was not to be allowed to walk the course; a middle-aged Radical Professor, addicted to snuff and spectacles, had come down from the Metropolis, and gone to the front in really gallant style. He was ready to introduce any number of Bills into the House: a Bill to assist the consumption of excisable liquors; a Bill to permit the tenant of land to break any contract into which he might have entered, if he found it convenient or profitable to do so; a Bill for the abolition of the game laws and the extinction of game; a Bill to compel landlords to turn sheep-runs into arable farms, and deer-forests into parks for the people; and so on. These revolutionary propositions had excited much enthusiasm in the community, and Duncan informed me that his brother farmers had actually adopted the Professor as an eminently eligible candidate before it was accidentally discovered that he had never heard of "hypothec." The fall of an explosive rocket could not have caused more panic among his supporters than when, in answer to Dirty Davie's familiar enquiry (Dirty Davie was a local politician of note), "Fat think ye of hypōthēc, man?" the candidate incautiously admitted that he had no thoughts whatever. An effort was made to silence Davie, who was advised to "go to bed," "to wash his face," and to undertake various other unusual and unpalatable operations; but Davie stuck to his text, and by-and-by the meeting came round to Davie's stand-point, and then adjourned amid profound agitation, as they do in France.

Donald was on his way to attend a gathering of farmers which had been specially convened to meet that morning

in the Exchange at Peelboro'. Donald in his heart was in favour of the young Laird. A bit of a sportsman himself, he had no notion of allowing grouse and partridges to be cleared out of the country. But the rest, he admitted, were mad as March hares. Their was a good deal of method in their madness, however. I could not help being struck by the complete and profound selfishness which appeared to animate a class which had been newly roused to the value of its political privileges, — no imperial interest, no conceptions of national duty, seeming to have any place in the minds of electors, who were ready to return any candidate, whatever his politics might be, who would promise to vote against hypothec and the game laws. A somewhat portentous political phenomenon truly.

But on all that happened at Peelboro' on that day and on many other days before the election came off, this is not the place to enlarge. Suffice it to say that we witnessed some very lively scenes, that we dined with my genial friend the Provost, who had with characteristic impartiality presided at the meetings of both candidates with the electors, and candidly admitted that a great deal could be said for either; and that on our way home we arrived at the opinion that it was unnecessary to encourage by artificial means the consumption of excisable liquors in Peelboro' and its vicinity.

Donald was anxious that I should stay another day with him. There was a hill-loch haunted by wild geese and swans, where a shot might be got of a moonlight night; but my fisher-friends had engaged to meet me on the Thursday, and I had undertaken to secure some skins of sea-birds for old Tom Purdie, the taxidermist, so I drove back to my comfortable quarters at "The Mermaid," where I was welcomed by my comely landlady and her comelier daughter — *mater pulchra, filia pulchrior*. John and Peter came up to the inn in the course of the evening to tell me that the boat was in readiness for our expedition, and to get some charges of powder and shot for Peter's old duck-gun, a tremendously "hard-hitter," as I once learned from painful experience. It nearly knocked me down, and my shoulder was blue for a month. But Peter knows how to humour the monster, and in his hands it has killed its bird at a hundred yards.

Peter and John are waiting for me at the pier, and we push off, and row leisurely down the middle channel of the

* This was written before the General Election.

stream. Nothing can rival the clear crisp transparent charm of the atmosphere on such a morning. The thermometer was a great many degrees below the freezing point during the night, and even now it marks two or three degrees of frost. But there is not the faintest breath of wind; every twig, every blade of grass might have been cut out of stone; they are all as statuesque as the inmates of the enchanted palace before the prince came. That speechless, motionless, spell-bound creation lighted up with such a flood of winter sunshine, might become really "uncanny" to us, were it not for the birds, who, in spite of the cold, are as lively as ever. As we drift down the stream we hear the sparrows chirping boisterously in the leafless hedges along the banks; and quietly as we move, immense flocks of ducks are constantly rising ahead of us, out of shot; rising and circling overhead, and making the upper air vocal with their wings. Now we reach the bar of the river, where even on this preternaturally calm morning there is a line of white breakers, among which black scoters are diving with a zest which makes us (or at least one of us, for my fisher-friends, though sea-bred and seafaring people, curiously enough cannot swim) jealous of their thick feathers and waterproof coats, and we have to steer the boat with some caution through the surf. This noble bay, whose grand curve, like a bent bow at its utmost tension, attracts the admiration of the dullest, is the hunting ground for which we are bound. The day is too still to enable us to do much among the ducks; the numerous parties of mallards, widgeon, teal, and long-tailed ducks, which are scattered about in every direction, invariably rising before we are within shot. The prime weather for duck-shooting is the weather when, with a good stiff frost, such as we have to-day, a strong breeze blows from the land, rippling the surface of the water, and whitening the ridges of the swell. Then running back and forward along the coast, under a mere scrap of brown sail, we fall upon the ducks unexpectedly, and as they commonly rise *into* the wind (that is, in the direction of the boat, which of course has the wind more or less behind it), there is leisure for a deliberate shot; and I have often seen a great number of various kinds killed on such a morning. But it is no use to complain; and for most of the birds I want (and no sportsman will kill

birds that he does not want) this is as good a day as any.

The birds that I am seeking for my taxidermist friend belong to the noble and ancient family of *divers*. The Great Auk, I presume, has been finally hunted out of this evil world. Nothing is left of him except his skin, and of skins it appears that only about seventy in all have been preserved. Mr. Gray's really pathetic account (pathetic on account of its anxious exactness) of all that remains to us of the Great Auk, will be found in a foot-note.* The extermination of the Red Indian of the sea, as we may call him, is certainly a curious fact, and one that perhaps justifies the almost excessive interest that has been felt in the fortunes and misfortunes of this ungainly bird by naturalists and others. But the Black-throated, the Great Northern, and the Red-throated Divers are still common on our coasts, although their numbers of late years have shown a sensible diminution. The loon is beyond question a noble bird. There is a magnificent energy and force of movement about him which impress the imagination. He moves through the water as the eagle moves through the air. I never tried to eat one, but I fancy he must be nearly all muscle. There is not an ounce of superfluous fat upon him. He is an athlete who is always in training. His speed under water is almost incredible. He sinks quite leisurely as you approach within shot; a minute elapses, and then he reappears at the other side of the bay, having changed his course, moreover,

*		SKINS.	
Germany	20	Russia	1
Denmark	2	Switzerland	3
France	7 (or 8?)	Belgium	2
Holland	2	Portugal	1
Italy	5	United States	3
Norway	1		
Sweden	2	Total	71 (or 72?)
United Kingdom	22		
SKELETONS.			
Germany	1	United States	2
France	1		
Italy	1	Total	9
United Kingdom	4		
DETACHED BONES.			
Denmark	10 (or 11?)	individuals	
Norway	8 (or 10?)	"	
United Kingdom	13	"	
United States	7	"	
Total	33 (or 41?)		
EGGS.			
Germany	8	United Kingdom	41
Belgium	2	Switzerland	2
Denmark	1	United States	2
France	7		
Holland	2	Total	65

when out of sight, with the view of putting you off the scent. This is true more particularly of the Great Northern Diver; the Red-throated is a less powerful bird, and is more easily circumvented.*

The bay of Ury is a favourite resort of the loon; but to-day it does not seem at first as if we were to succeed in sighting him. As we row leisurely along the coast, I scan the whole breadth of the bay with my glass. That is a brown skua in the midst of a shrieking assemblage of gulls; that is a cormorant hard at work among the whiting; that is a black guillemot in its winter plumage; these are parties of the graceful Northern Hareld who are feeding greedily upon the tiny bivalves at the bottom; †

* Mr. Gray picturesquely describes the peculiar cry of the Red-throated Diver:—"Among rustic people, the ordinary note of the Red-throated Diver is said to portend rain; in some districts, indeed, the bird is known by the name of *rain goose*. I have oftener than once had an opportunity of hearing the birds calling at nightfall in the Outer Hebrides. On the 1st of August, 1870, I witnessed a curious scene at Lochmaddy, in the island of North Uist, about nine o'clock in the evening. The air was remarkably still and sultry, and frequent peals of thunder in the distance were the only sounds that for a time broke upon the irksome quiet that otherwise prevailed. At length the thunder, on becoming louder, seemed to waken up the divers on various lochs within sight of where I stood, and first one pair, then another, rose high into the air, and flew round in circles, until there must have been twenty or thirty in all. After a time, they settled in one of the salt creeks about half a mile to the eastward, and then there arose a wild and unearthly noise from the birds, which I cannot describe. It is, in fact, a sound which no one can ever forget after once hearing it, especially in these Hebridean solitudes, where it acquires its full emphasis. Next morning, about four o'clock, while bowling along towards the Sound of Benbecula in the face of a rain-cloud such as I wish never to see again, several of the birds passed us overhead at a considerable height, uttering the same cries, which might be likened to a person in despair making a last shout for help when no help is near."

† Mr. Graham (he must really be got to print his *Birds of Iona and Mull*; it would be as great a success as St. John's *Wild Sports of the Highlands*) has a delightful account of the Northern Hareld at page 389 of Mr. Gray's volume: "The Long-tailed Duck comes to Iona in the early part of November, when there appears a small flock of a dozen or so which takes up its station off the northern coast of the island. These are generally reinforced during the frosts and severe weather of December and January by fresh arrivals which are driven in from the sea, and from their more unsheltered haunts, till at last very great numbers are assembled in the bay. Towards the end of March this large flock begins to break up into pairs and small parties; many go away; and when the weather keeps fine they make long excursions, and for days the bay is quite deserted. A change of weather, however, will still bring them back, and a smart gale would assemble a considerable flock of them, and this as late as the second week in April; but after this time you see them no more. Thus we have them with us about four months: they arrive with the first frown of winter, and depart with the earliest blink of summer sun. The Northern Hareld brings ice and snow and storms upon its wings; but as soon as winter, with his tempestuous rage, rolls unwillingly back before the smile of advancing spring to his Polar dominions, the bird follows in his train; for no creature revels more amidst the gloom and rage and horrors of winter than the ice duck. The cry of this bird is very remarkable, and has obtained

and that is—why, that is an Eider drake, and one of the birds that Tom has specially commissioned me to secure. He is floating calmly and majestically on the surface; there are one or two attendant grey-brown Eider ducks beside him; he has come from the far North, where it is high treason to molest him, and it goes against the grain to shoot the great handsome simple bird now, when he has trusted himself to our hospitality. So I hand him over to Peter, who has no scruples on the subject, and who quickly gets him on board. Just as we are examining his plumage (lying quietly on our oars), a long shapely neck rises out of the water beside the boat, and a grave, steady eye is fixed enquiringly upon us. Before the guns can be pointed at him, he has disappeared as silently as he had risen, and then John and Peter set themselves to their oars, for they know that they have work enough cut out for them. It is the Great Northern Diver himself, and it takes us well-nigh an hour before we

for it the Gaelic name of *Lach Bhinn*, or the musical duck, which is most appropriate: for when the voices of a number are heard in concert, rising and falling, borne along upon the breeze between the rollings of the surf, the effect is musical, wild, and startling. The united cry of a large flock sounds very like bagpipes at a distance, but the note of a single bird when heard very near is certainly not so agreeable. On one occasion I took great pains to learn the note, and the following words are the nearest approach that can be given of it in writing: it articulates them very distinctly, though in a musical bugle-like tone:—'*Our, o, u, ah! our, o, u, ah!*' Sometimes the note seems to break down in the middle, and the bird gets no further than *our*, or *ouer*, which it runs over several times, but then, as with an effort, the whole cry is completed loud and clear, and repeated several times, as if in triumph. At this time they were busily feeding, diving in very deep water on a sand bottom, and calling to one another when they rose to the surface. I never saw these ducks come very near the shore; perhaps this is partly owing to the bay which they frequent having shores which they could not approach easily, as there is usually a heavy surf breaking upon them. I have frequently watched them at night, to see if they would come into any of the creeks, but they never did; on the contrary, after dusk they would often leave the bay; the whole of them would fly off simultaneously in the direction of the mainland of Mull, as if they were bound for some well-known feeding ground. I have often seen them actively feeding in the day-time, though more generally they are floating about at rest or diverting themselves. They are of a very lively and restless disposition, continually rising on the wing, flying round and round in circles, chasing one another, hurrying along the surface, half-flying, half-swimming, and accompanying all these gambols with their curious cries. When the storms are at their loudest, and the waves running mountains high, then their glee seems to reach its highest pitch, and they appear thoroughly to enjoy the confusion. When watching them on one of these occasions, I had to take shelter under a rock from a dreadful blast, accompanied by very heavy snow, which in a moment blotted out the whole landscape; everything was enveloped in a shroud of mist and driving sleet; but from the midst of the intense gloom there arose the triumphant song of these wild creatures rising above the uproar of the elements; and when the mist lifted, I beheld the whole flock careering about the bay as if mad with delight."

again succeed in getting him within shot. Later on, we are fortunate enough to secure another Great Northern, besides two or three of the Red-throated variety; and then we hoist our sail, and running rapidly home before the evening breeze which is rippling the water, reach the pier from which we had started in the morning, just in time to see the stars come out. Our bag is not a large one; it might indeed have been indefinitely increased, had we chosen to slaughter useless, innocent birds, as I have known Christian gentlemen do; but a bag which contains a Northern Diver and an Eider drake will not be sneered at by any honest naturalist.

The post-bag has arrived during my absence, and the table is littered with the accumulated letters and papers of the past week. Having recovered from the pleasant drowsiness which after a winter day spent on the sea is apt to overtake one at an early period of the evening, I read my letters, glance at the newspapers, and finally settle myself to the perusal of a privately printed translation of the recently discovered or recently reconstructed Lap epic, *Peivash Parneh*, which the author has forwarded to me through that unique institution of our age—the book-post.* As a rule the Sagas are rather dry reading; but this episode of the wooing and winning of Kalla is as seductive as a romance. Whether it is the merit of the story itself, or of the peculiar metre which Mr. Weatherly has adopted, or of the circumstances in which I am privileged to read it, I do not exactly know; but the fascination of the narrative is undeniable. The environment certainly may have something to do with it. The book is keen with the keenness of that Northern Sea from which I have newly returned, and which at this moment is lying in a flood of moonlight outside the window. It is all about the north wind, and the aurora, and the long-haired Vikings, who came down upon these shores in their handy little craft, and helped to make us the hardy sailors we have grown. It belongs characteristically to the *Mare Tenebrosum*, and yet it is reminiscent (if there be such a word in the dictionary) of earlier story—of stories that wandering tribes had listened to as they sat round the watch-fires they had kindled on the shores of the Hellespont and the

Ægean. How the hero seeks his bride; how he finds her, like Nausicaa, at the washing-tub; how he woos her with soft speeches and honeyed words; how she, till that moment fancy free, blushes and falters, and will not bid him to leave her; how the craft of love proves stronger than the craft of age;—all this we had heard before, in language which none of us, the busiest or the laziest, ever quite forget. But somehow the narrative of the old story-teller does not lose its charm when transplanted to a more barren soil, and translated into a harsher tongue. Nay, it is brought even nearer to us when we find that it has all happened over again in that “North country” to which we belong, and to that race which is akin to our own. Have you time (ere I put away my pen) to listen to some lines from Mr. Weatherly’s really admirable version of the wooing of Kalla by the Son of the Sun-god? This is how it happened.

Peiwar, the Son of the Sun-god, while following the reindeer and the white bear to their haunts in the North, hears of the land of Kalewala, and of the beautiful maiden Kalla:

A tale is told of the maiden,
A saga is sung in his ears:
That far from the Waal-star, westward,
Apart from the sun’s orb eastward,
There lies the glittering glimmer
Of sea-shores silverly shining;
And peaks that gleam as with gold,
Cliffs that sparkle with copper,
Heavenward rising, their edges
Twinkling with tin.

And friendly is Kalewa’s fireside,
Fishful is Kalewa’s sea-stream;
Never, in vain, to the sea depth
Sinketh the netstone.

And bright in the mirror-like sea waves,
The lighted sea cliffs glow,
With the fiery flames of the sunlight.
With the coloured rain of the sun-rays,
Gleaming above and below;
— A second world in the waters,
A reflex of joy and of light;
And the maiden in wimpling fountains
Seeth her image.

So he summons the chivalry of the Sunland around him, and sails away to the North:

And the voyagers watch the hours
Move up, pass on, go by,
Till a year is marked to the dead;
While ever with tidings hie
Birds to the southland.

At length they arrive at Kalewala:

* *Peivash Parneh: the Sons of the Sun-God.*
Translated by Frederick E. Weatherly, B.A., Author
of “Muriel, and other Poems,” 1873.

What see the Sons of the Sunland ?
 They behold the beautiful maiden
 On shore ; on a lovely height
 She stands in the sleeping forest,
 Mighty, gentle, divine,
 A mystic beautiful maiden.
 Nearer they sail and nearer ;
 Full two heads taller they found her,
 Than all the many fair daughters
 Of man's generations.

Through the glare of a crackling fire
 She stept with one foot in the tide,
 And yonder, a flaming pine-tree
 Blazed on a rock beside :
 While on sticks and staves the maiden
 Spread out white flaxen raiment,
 Stood wringing the dripping raiment,
 Stood swinging the heavy beater,
 While the echo ran round the sea-marge
 To the sounding ends of the land.

The Son of the Sun-god speeds in his
 wooing :

Down to the shore he leapt,
 Stretching his lissom limbs
 With the mighty leap, and stept
 To the maiden full lightly.
 And taking her hands he claspt her
 And prest her close to his bosom,
 Claspt her in gladness and glee,
 And in noble and masterful accents,
 Spake as she trembled :

" O be gentle and kind to me, maiden !
 I am not made out of cloud-mists,
 I am no watery phantom,
 But a man with life and with love.
 Hark ! how beneath my bosom
 Beateth a mortal heart !
 Lay thy head on my bosom,
 Listen, love, without fear."

Gently she leant upon him,
 Scarce daring, in tender dismay :
 And sudden the woman is won !
 There streams from the Son of the Sun-god,
 From the beaming face of the hero,
 Joy, like the light of the sun.
 As, in the Northern-lights' glimmer,
 Clustering columns and pillars
 Shake in the flickering sheen,
 And in her soul's mighty emotion
 The maiden knew life and love.

The young people are not long of
 understanding each other, and settling the
 matter ; but the consent of her monstrous
 old father —

 Kalew, blinded in battle,
 Moveless, a giant shape,
 Clad in a white-bear's skin ;
 A monster to see,
 A sight of grief and of terror, —

has to be obtained before she can leave ;
 and the ferocious old gentleman is
 naturally unwilling to be left alone in

his blindness. However, between wine
 and guile, his consent is extorted, and he
 joins the hands of the lovers, and gives
 them permission to depart. This is the
 nuptial song :

Lo ! in the northern sky,
 The sign of the gods' protection ;
 Lo ! with broad arch of crimson
 The great crown set in the sky.
 Hark ! the clashing of lances !
 Hark ! the murmur of armies,
 Now low, now high.
 Lo ! the glory of gods, that befriend us,
 Beams o'er the bridals.

Luminous armies of clouds
 Cover the sky,
 And with gleaming and glance
 On in the dance
 The armed warriors sweep by,
 The bright cloud-warriors, the angels
 Of heavenly, sweet sanctification,
 Of faith that will not lie !

Nor does the generous giant permit
 them to depart empty-handed :

He gave of the booty and plunder,
 Won when a Viking of old,
 As gifts for the Son of the Sunland,
 Woollen raiment, and girdles of gold,
 And swansdown, and soft snowy linen ;
 But chiefest and best of the treasures
 Was a cord most cunningly fashioned
 With knots threefold and fine ;
 A charmed gift from a Wuote,
 To win such a wind as might aid them,
 Gentle or stormy.

There is a touch of pathos in the pic-
 ture of the blind old father standing on
 the strand, while the song of the sailors
 dies away in the distance :

He spake : and she passed from her father,
 Parted, for grief and for gladness,
 The wife of the Son of the Sun-god.
 Away from the great red cliffs
 Sailed the gold-ship through bright blowing
 breezes ;
 Lonely, lonely, on shore

 Lingered the blind one !
 Stood, and gazed, without seeing,
 At the silver sand of the shore,
 While ever long while he listened,
 To the song that sounded from far.

The knotted cord (the most valuable of
 the giant's gifts) occupies an important
 place in the last part of the poem, which
 relates how Kalla's brothers, finding their
 father on their return in a state of pro-
 found intoxication, and discovering the
 deception that Kalla had practised upon
 him, take to their boats and pursue the
 Son of the Sun-god. The pursuit is of
 course disastrously unsuccessful, and

Peiwar carries home in safety the tall and comely bride :

And the tale is still told on the Kølens,
Still sung is the Saga in Lapland ;
Though long ago Peiwar and Kalla
Have passed from their homes in the South-land

Unto Walhalla !

From The Saturday Journal.
THE NAMES OF PLANTS.

THE titles given by our ancestors to distinguish one plant from another, before they were marshalled by Linnæus into battalions of orders and species, distinguished by the number of their stamens, and construction of pistils — or arranged into more natural families by Lindley and the later botanists, are often extremely poetic. There is a wealth of imagery and of fanciful allusions, "playing with words and idle similes," in them, which is sometimes very interesting to trace out.

Some plants are named, like the "Eye-bright," according to the "doctrine of Signatures,"—*i.e.*, the notion that the appearance of a plant indicated the disease which it was intended to cure — "the black purple spot on the corolla proved it to be good for the eyes," said the medical science of the day.

Next come the similitudes.

The "Day's eye," whose leaves spread,
Shuts when Titan goes to bed.

The "Hell's weed," (the dodder) which strangles the plant to which it attaches itself.

The Columbine, so called because in reversing the flower the curved nectaries look like the heads of doves (*colombes*) sitting close together in a nest.

There is a whole garden full of plants sacred to the Virgin Mary, generally because they flower at some period connected with "Our Lady's" Days, the Visitation, the Assumption, the Birth, the Baptism, Purification, — such as the "Lady's Smock," "Lady's Mantle," "Lady's Fingers," "Lady Slipper," "Lady's Tresses," the pretty little green Ophrys with a twisted stem. The "Virgin's Bower" begins to blossom in July, when the Feast of Visitation occurs, and is in fullest flower at the Assumption in August.

The "Lady's Bedstraw" belongs to no particular month, but has a very particular story for its name. The different

plants were summoned to come and form a litter for the Virgin and Child in the Stable at Bethlehem. They all made excuses one after the other ; some were too busy, some declared themselves too insignificant, some too great, or it was too early or too late for appearing. At last this pretty little white star offered herself humbly for the place, and she was afterwards rewarded for her virtue by her flowers being turned to a golden yellow.

St. John's Wort, St. Peter's Wort, flower about the time of their respective Saint's Days. The Star of Bethlehem, Rose of Sharon, Joseph's Walking-stick, Jacob's Ladder (the beautiful Solomon's Seal), are apparently accidental fancies.

The Holy Ghost flower, the Peony, flowers of course at Whitsuntide.

A series of traditions connects some peculiarity in a plant* with an event in Bible history. The knotgrass, *Polygonum persicum*, has a large black spot on its smooth leaves, caused by a drop of blood falling from our Saviour, at the time of the Crucifixion, on one of the plants which grew at the foot of the Cross.

The "Judas tree" is that on which the wretched traitor hanged himself in his misery — rather an unsafe stem to choose, but then it broke under his weight, as we are told.

The Cross was made of the wood of the Aspen or trembling Poplar, and its leaves have been smitten by the curse of perpetual quivering restlessness ever since.

The "Virgin's Pinch" is the black mark on the Persicary.

"Job's Tears," so called "for that every grain resembleth the drops that falleth from the eye."

The Passion-flower, in which all the five emblems of the Passion are to be found by the faithful, the nails, crown of thorns, hammer, cross, and spear. "Christ's Thorn," the Gleditchia, from which the Crown of Thorns was supposed to have been made.

Cruciform plants are all wholesome, "the very sign of the Cross making all good things to dwell in its neighbourhood."

* Or a bird or beast, as in the owl's note. "They say the owl was a baker's daughter," sings poor Ophelia. The legend declares that our Saviour went into a baker's shop and asked for some bread ; the mistress put a piece of dough into the oven for him, but her daughter said it was too big and took away all but a little bit. It immediately swelled to an immense size. The girl began to cry "Heugh, heugh," and was transformed into an owl, to cry so all her life for her wickedness.

Evergreens have always been held emblematical of the hope of eternal life. They were carried with a corpse and deposited on the grave by the early Christians, to show that the soul was ever living. An earlier pagan use was when the Druids caused "all dwellings to be decked with evergreen-boughs in winter, that the wood spirits might take refuge there against the cold, till they could return to their own homes in the forests, when spring came back again." There is one group of plants named from human virtues and graces, quite independent of any qualities of their own. Honesty, heartsease, thrift, true love, old man's friend, herb-o'-grace. Others from some resemblance to bird or beast, larkspur, crowfoot, cranesbill, coltsfoot, the devil's bit, where the root seems to have been bitten off; adder's tongue, cat's tail, pheasant's eye, mare's tail.

Others owe their names to their virtues as simples, All-heal, "feverfew" (*fugis*), the "blessed thistle, *carduus benedictus*, good for giddiness of the head, it strengtheneth memorie, and is a singular remedie against deafnesse," we are told in old Gerarde's herbal. "Get you some of the *carduus benedictus*, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm," says Margaret, in "Much Ado About Nothing," quizzing Beatrice about Benedict. "Benedictus, why Benedictus? You have some moral in this Benedictus," answers Beatrice, testily.

Each month had its own particular flower — the "Christmas rose," the pretty green hellibore, snowdrops, "fair maids of February," the "May flower," that covers the hedges with beauty, the "June rose."

The "Poor man's weather-glass," the pimpernel, closes when there is rain in the air; the "Shepherd's hour glass," by which he knows the time of the day. The extreme regularity, indeed with which many flowers open and close at particular hours, is such that Linnæus made a dial of plants, by which a man might time himself as with a clock, by watching their petals unclose.

The merely pretty allusions are many — "Venus' looking-glass, Love lies bleeding, Queen of the meadows (the beautiful *spiræa*), Crown imperial, Monkshood, Marvel of Peru, Sundew, Silver weed, Goldie-lockes, "a moss found in marsh places and shadie dry ditches, where the sun never sheweth his face."

Why the insignificant vervain, or "hollyherbe," is "cheerful and placid," and

why she was so much valued in ancient days, seems not known. "If the dining-room," says Pliny, "be sprinkled with it, the guests will be the merrier." "Many odde old wives' fables are written of it, tending to witchcraft and sorcerie, which honest eares abhorre to heare."

Little bits of historical allusions, and national loves and hatreds crop up amongst the flowers. The striped red and white rose, "York and Lancaster," symbolizing the union of the Royal Houses, has a pedigree of nearly four hundred years to shew.

The early willow catkins are called "palms," as they were used as a substitute in Northern counties for the real leaves, and carried on Palm Sunday in procession, — the name is, therefore, probably coeval with the Roman Catholic faith in England. "Wolf's bane" points to the time when the beast was still alive and dreaded in the English forests.

"Dane's Blood," the dwarf Elder, has peculiarly red berries, and shows the fear and hatred left behind them by our grim invaders.

The English are accused by the Scotch of having introduced the Ragwort into Scotland, and they call it there by a very evil name.

"Good King Henry" is a very inconspicuous ordinary wild plant, but as no King Henry, bad or good, has existed in England since the time of the eighth, the name is certainly very old. Other Christian names have been given, apparently merely from sentimental reasons, Sweet Cecily, Herb Robert, Basil, Sweet William, Lettuce, Robin run i' th' hedge, Sweet Marjoram, Lords and Ladies.

The fairies have their share in plant nomenclature. Pixy pears, the rosy rose hips, which form the fairies' dessert, the "foxes" glove, which the "good folk" wear, the "pixy stools," or mushrooms, which form "the green sour circlets, whereof the ewe not bites." The grass is made green by the fairies dancing, and the stools are set ready for them to sit on when they are tired.

There remain a number of names, which have accidentally been chosen to express particular ideas. "Lad's Love," given to your flame in the country, when the swain's words are scanty:

Violet is for faithfulness,
Which in me doth abide.

Sonnet, 1584.

The "Pansy" ("that's for thought"), or "Heartsease," still called in country

places "Love in Idless," as in the Shakespearean compliment to Elizabeth in the "Midsummer Night's Dream:"—

Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell,
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's
shaft,
And maidens call it Love in Idleness!

"Rosemary" ("that's for remembrance"). "I pray you, love, remember," says Ophelia in her madness. It was carried at funerals:

Marygold that goes to bed with the sun
And with him rises weeping.

and the marsh edition of it, "all aflame," as Tennyson describes it.

"Speedwell," said the little blue Veronica in the hedge to the old folk who went before us. "Forget-me-not," called the turquoise blue Myosotis from the water as they passed by.

"Bloody Warriors," the dark wall-flower, and bright blue "Canterbury Bells," filled their gardens.

We pay for the convenience of our

present nomenclature, by the piling up of Greek and Latin words on each other, the barbarous compounds, and almost unpronounceable words, such as "Habrothamnus," "Ortiospermum," "Intybaecum," and the like. While the utterly irrelevant proper names, such as the "Wellingtonia," for a pine-tree, belonging to the far west American mountains, scarcely even heard of while the "Duke" was still alive—the Roses dedicated to French marshals, most unfloral men, are symptoms of our present poverty of language-making.

The hosts of new shrubs and plants now continually introduced, require a more systematic kind of name-making than of old; but we cannot help sometimes regretting the poetry of invention which has passed away from us, the loving transfer of our human thoughts and feelings to the inanimate things around us, the beautiful religious symbols into which our ancestors translated the nature about them, and which so often must have helped them to "rise from Nature up to Nature's God."

THE SOURCE OF NITROGEN IN THE FOOD OF PLANTS. — A somewhat strange series of opinions are those that have been started by M. Dehérain in his recent paper in the "Annales des Sciences Naturelles." While adopting the conclusions of Lawes and Gilbert, Ville and Boussingault, that plants have no power of absorbing nitrogen directly from the air, he still holds that the atmospheric nitrogen is the source of that which enters into the composition of the tissues of the plant. The results of a series of investigations which M. Dehérain has carried out tend to show that atmospheric nitrogen is fixed and retained in the soil through the medium of the hydrocarbons, such as humus, in conjunction with alkalies, and that this fixation is favoured by the absence of oxygen. In other words, the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen occurs when organic materials are in process of decomposition in an atmosphere either deprived of oxygen or in which that element is deficient. Under these circumstances carbonic acid and hydrogen are both given off, the latter uniting with nitrogen to form ammonia. According to the earlier researches of Thenard there are in soil two strata exposed to the action of the atmosphere—an upper oxidizing and a lower deoxidizing stratum. In the first stratum the nitrogen is obtained from the atmosphere, and

impregnates the subjacent soil around the roots; in the second the nitrogenous compounds are converted into insoluble humates. The air of the soil is therefore at a certain depth deprived of oxygen; hydrogen is produced as the result of the decomposition of organic substances; and this hydrogen unites with the nitrogen to form ammonia. If these views are correct, they will have a considerable practical importance in agriculture, the value of a manure depending not so much on the actual amount of nitrogen present in it as on the quantity of carbonaceous substances which possess the power of taking up nitrogen from the atmosphere.

AMERICAN PLANTS IN FRANCE. — Dr. Asa Gray states, in "Silliman's Journal" for February, that *Ilysanthes gratioides*, a rather insignificant plant of the American flora, has recently been found in abundance in France, in the neighbourhood of Nantes. It is thought to have appeared there between the years 1853 and 1858, and to have been in some way received from the United States, but the manner of its coming eludes enquiry.

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HYMN OF THE ASCENSION.

BRIGHT portals of the sky,
Embossed with sparkling stars,
Doors of eternity,
With diamantine bars,
Your arras rich uphold,
Loose all your bolts and springs,
Ope wide your leaves of gold,
That in your roofs may come the King of Kings.

Scarfed in a rosy cloud,
He doth ascend the air;
Straight doth the moon Him shroud
With her resplendent hair;
The next encrystalled light
Submits to Him its beams;
And He doth trace the height
Of that fair lamp which flames of beauty streams.

He towers those golden bounds
He did to the sun bequeath;
The higher wandering rounds
Are found His feet beneath;
The milky way comes near;
Heaven's axle seems to bend
Above each burning sphere,
That robed in glory heaven's King may ascend.

O well-spring of this All,
Thy Father's image live,
Word, that from nought did call
What is, doth reason, live,
The soul's eternal food,
Earth's joy, delight of heaven,
All Truth, Love, Beauty, Good,
To Thee, to Thee, be praises ever given!
Drummond of Hawthornden.

KING FRITZ.

(FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE
W. M. THACKERAY.)

KING FRITZ at his palace of Berlin
I saw at a royal carouse,
In a periwig powdered and curling
He sat with his hat on his brows.
The handsome young princes were present,
Uncovered they stood in the hall;
And oh! it was wholesome and pleasant
To see how he treated them all!

Reclined on the softest of cushions
His Majesty sits to his meats,
The princes, like loyal young Prussians,
Have never a back to their seats.
Off salmon and venison and pheasants
He dines like a monarch august;
His sons, if they eat in his presence,
Put up with a bone or a crust.

He quaffs his bold bumpers of Rhenish,
It can't be too good or too dear;
The princes are made to replenish
Their cups with the smallest of beer.

And if ever, by words or grimaces,
Their highnesses dare to complain,
The King flings a dish in their faces,
Or batters their bones with his cane.

'Tis thus that the chief of our nation
The minds of his children improves;
And teaches polite education
By boxing the ears that he loves.
I warrant they vex him but seldom,
And so if we dealt with our sons,
If we up with our cudgels and felled 'em,
We'd teach 'em good manners at once.

Cornhill Magazine.

THAMES VALLEY SONNETS.

I. — WINTER.

How large that thrush looks on the bare
thorn-tree!

A swarm of such, three little months ago,
Had hidden in the leaves and let none know
Save by the outburst of their minstrelsy.

A white flake here and there — a snow-lily
Of last night's frost — our naked flower-
beds hold;

And for a rose-flower on the darkling mould
The hungry redbreast gleams. No bloom, no
bee.

The current shudders to its ice-bound sedge:
Nipped in their bath, the stark reeds one by
one

Flash each its clinging diamond in the sun:
'Neath winds which for this Winter's sov-
ereign pledge

Shall curb great king-masts to the ocean's
edge

And leave memorial forest-kings o'erthrown.

II. — SPRING.

Soft-littered is the new-year's lambing-fold,
And in the hollowed haystack at its side
The shepherd lies o' nights now, wakeful-
eyed

At the ewes' travailing call through the dark
cold.

The young rooks cheep 'mid the thick caw o'
the old:

And near unpeopled stream-sides, on the
ground,

By her spring-cry the moorhen's nest is
found,

Where the drained flood-lands flaunt their
marigold.

Chill are the gusts to which the pastures
cower,

And chill the current where the young reeds
stand

As green and close as the young wheat on
land:

Yet here the cuckoo and the cuckoo-flower
Plight to the heart Spring's perfect imminent
hour

Whose breath shall soothe you like your dear
one's hand.

Athenæum.

DANTE G. ROSSETTI.

From The Quarterly Review.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.*

THE publication of the literary correspondence of Archibald Constable, the great Edinburgh bookseller — “Hannibal Constable,” as Leyden called him with pride; “the grand Napoleon of the realms of print,” as Scott dubbed him in jest; “the prince of booksellers,” as James Mill saluted him in all sincerity — reopens an interesting chapter in the literary history of the last generation. Constable’s career was closely connected with the starting of a new era in our literature, regarded both as a profession and as a trade. Of the chief men who took part in this movement, either as authors or as publishers, these volumes afford many interesting notices — of some only tantalizing glimpses, of others full and satisfying details. The work owes its value in this respect, not merely to Constable’s position as a leading publisher, with a wide connection among the foremost literary men and women of his time, but also to Constable’s character as a man, which was such as to command confidence and provoke friendship, far beyond the ordinary range of business relations.

Before going further, we are bound to acknowledge the fairness, delicacy, and tact, as well as to commend the literary skill, with which, in these volumes, Constable’s son has discharged a difficult and, in some respects, a painful task. He has nothing extenuated, nor aught set down in malice, though the provocation to transgress in both directions, when we remember Lockhart’s gross misrepresentations and rude ridicule, to say nothing of Campbell’s sneers, was by no means small. In connection with the history of the Scott-Ballantyne failure in particular, the biographer might fairly have claimed for himself considerable license of vituperation. But he has, as wisely as courageously, resisted this temptation, and has confined himself almost exclusively to stating facts and quoting documents, leaving it to his readers to

make the legitimate deductions and animadversions. The result is such a portrait of Archibald Constable, the man and the publisher, as does justice at once to the integrity of the father and to the fidelity of the son, and as satisfies the expectations both of the student of literary history and of the student of human nature. Indirectly, literature owes this man a very great debt of gratitude. Sir James Mackintosh, writing to him in sympathetic terms after the great crash of 1826, says, “You have done more to promote the interest of literature than any man who has been engaged in the commerce of books.” (vol. ii. p. 378). He first set the fashion of enlightened liberality towards authors, a fashion which his rivals were forced to follow. He stimulated the public taste for pure and sound literature; and he was the first to show how works of the highest class might be brought within the reach of the masses, without fear or risk of failure. Then, in order to realize the extent of his direct services to literature, and to freedom of thought, we have only to remember that he was the first publisher of the *Edinburgh Review*, that he infused new life into the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, that through him Scott’s poems, most of his novels, and the best of his miscellaneous works, were given to the world, and that his *Miscellany* was, as his biographer says, “undoubtedly the pioneer and sug-gester of all the various ‘libraries’ which sprang up in its wake.” It is interesting to find in the memoir abundant proof that the great bookseller was also a good and estimable man — good in all the relations of life — a loving husband, an affectionate and judicious parent, a fast and trusted friend.

In one respect the plan of Constable’s memoir is open to objection. It carries us repeatedly over the same period of time, and forces us to traverse, over and over again, though in different company, the same ground. The third volume, which is devoted to his connection with Sir Walter Scott, is to a great extent self-contained and self-explanatory. But, in the first and second volumes, each chapter deals with his connection with

* *Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents: A Memorial.* By his Son, THOMAS CONSTABLE. Three vols. Edinburgh. 1873.

one correspondent, or at most with three or four. Thus, in company with his partner A. G. Hunter, we traverse the years from 1803 to 1811. In the next chapter we return to 1802, and go on with Tom Campbell to 1810. John Leyden brings us back again to 1800, and we advance in his pleasant company to 1808. The account of Alexander Murray, the Orientalist,—a monograph, let it be said in passing, of rare literary and personal interest, a portrait of a sterling, hard-headed, independent, and withal modest Scot—carries us back to 1794, and forward to 1812. Nor is this all; the same topics turn up again and again in different connections. To take but one example, Constable's quarrel with Longman is mentioned first in the general account of the *Edinburgh Review* (vol. i. p. 55). It comes up again in the chapter on A. G. Hunter (vol. i. p. 79); once more, in treating of his dealings with John Murray (vol. i. p. 338); and yet again in describing his competition with Murray, and with Longman, for the patronage of Sir Walter Scott (vol. iii. p. 32): and so with not a few other important items.

The method of the work has no doubt some advantages. In particular, it gives completeness and individuality to the descriptions of the separate correspondents; but this completeness of the parts is gained at a sacrifice of the unity and harmony of the whole. It makes the work analytic instead of synthetic, which such a work ought expressly to be. It presents us with a series of cabinet portraits, instead of with a historical picture. It furnishes the materials for such a picture in abundance; but it leaves the grouping and arranging—in a word the synthesis—to be done by the reader, and that at a considerable expenditure of trouble, and with no little risk of error and misconstruction. But when every deduction has been made, on this or on any score, the work must be admitted to be a sterling one; and, as *mémoires pour servir*, it cannot fail to be of the highest value to the student of modern literature and of modern society.

The work, however, has much wider bearings than those on the literature of

the present century to which we have referred. It suggests a comparative inquiry, of great interest and value, into the relations which have subsisted, at different periods in the history of literature, between authors and publishers, or rather between authors on the one hand, and publishers and the public on the other. Sir Walter Scott says in his "Life of Dryden," "That literature is ill-recompensed is usually rather the fault of the public than of the booksellers, whose trade can only exist by buying that which can be sold to advantage. The trader who purchased the 'Paradise Lost' for £10 had probably no very good bargain."* Curiously enough, this quotation enables us to bring together extremes of literary remuneration which are "wide as the poles asunder;" for in the same year in which Scott wrote these words, he himself received from Constable £1,000 for the copyright of "Marmion," a price which, we believe, did not turn out to the disadvantage of the bookseller. We may therefore safely conclude, that when Scott alluded as above to "Paradise Lost," he did not refer to the intrinsic merit of Milton's immortal epic, but only to the condition of the popular taste, and commercial demand, under which it was produced. Scott's words make it plain that three factors have to be taken into account in appraising literary property—the labour of the author in producing his work, the desire of the public to possess it, and the risk of the publisher as a go-between in bringing the author and the public into contact.

In the earliest stages of literature there were no publishers in the modern sense, and there was scarcely any public. Before the introduction of printing the manner of publishing a book was to have it read on three days successively before one of the universities or some other recognized authority. If it met with approbation, copies of it were then permitted to be made by monks, scribes, illuminators, and readers,—men who were specially trained in the art, and who de-

* "The Works of John Dryden, with Notes, &c., and a Life of the Author." By Walter Scott, Esq. Vol. i., p. 392. Edinburgh: 1808.

rived from it their maintenance. It does not appear that any portion of their gains was transferred to the author. He did not look for remuneration in money for his literary labour. He found it, partly in fame, but chiefly in his appointment to some post, more or less lucrative, in Church or State. Frequently authors became simply the pensioners of the great and noble, by whom no official services were expected. Chaucer appears to have been rewarded in both ways; at one time he was a pensioner-yeoman of Edward III., at another he was employed to hire ships for the king's service. At various times in his career he held offices in the customs. A modern poet,* who specially claims to call Chaucer "master," pictures for us —

The clear Thames bordered by its gardens
green;
While, nigh the thronged wharf, Geoffrey
Chaucer's pen
Moves over bills of lading.

In the very year in which he is believed to have written the "Canterbury Tales" he was appointed clerk of the king's works at Windsor. Yet towards the close of his life he seems to have been wholly dependent on his royal pensions and grants of wine. Thus there sprang, almost necessarily we may say, out of the primary condition of authors, that vile system of patronage which kept men of letters in a position of bondage for upwards of three centuries after our regular literature began.

The introduction of printing made but little difference to authors. It ere long did away with the university censorship; but books were so dear that they were within reach of the means only of the very wealthy, on whose bounty, therefore, authors were still dependent; and very wretched was their lot. "Rhetoric," says Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholie," "only serves them to curse their bad fortunes; and many of them, for want of means, are driven to hard shifts. From grasshoppers they turn humble bees and wasps — plain parasites — and make the muses mules, to

satisfy their hunger-starved families, and get a meal's meat." (A.D. 1621).

Spenser also has put on record his bitter feelings on the same subject with special reference to the misery of hangers-on at court. It is said that Queen Elizabeth designed an annuity for Spenser, but that it was withheld by Burleigh. He received, however, from the queen a grant of Kilcolman Castle when he was secretary to Lord Grey in Ireland; but evidently this complaint is wrung from him by his own bitter experience —

Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
What hell it is, in suing long to bide;
To lose good days that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy princess' grace, yet want her
Peers';
To have thy asking, yet wait many yeares;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with care;
To eat thy heart with comfortless despair;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run;
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.*

Authorship could scarcely be subjected to a greater humiliation than that of John Stowe, the historian, in whose favour James I. granted letters patent under the great seal, permitting him "to ask, gather, and take the alms of all our loving subjects." Yet Stowe's case differed from that of hundreds of his contemporaries and successors only in that he was more honest than they. For, while they were beggars in disguise, he was an avowed and properly licensed mendicant. His letters patent were read by the clergy from the pulpit in each parish which he visited. Other authors prefixed their begging letters to their works, in the shape of fulsome and lying dedications.

The dedication system naturally accompanied that of patronage. It very soon underwent those wonderful developments of which it was evident from the first that it was capable. In the time of Queen Elizabeth the practice had come into fashion of dedicating a work, not to one patron, but to a number.

* William Morris, in "The Earthly Paradise."

* From "Prosopopoia, or Mother Hubbard's Tale."

Spenser, in spite of his horror of fawning, has prefixed to the "Faërie Queene" seventeen dedicatory sonnets, the last of which opened a wide door to volunteer patronesses, being inscribed "To all the gracious and beautifull ladies in the court." Over and above these outer dedications, be it remembered, the invocation with which the poem opens is addressed to Queen Elizabeth herself, along with the sacred Muse, Venus, Cupid, and Mars. The queen is further typified in the Faërie Queen herself; and to her the whole work is dedicated, presented, and consecrated, "to live with the eternitie of her fame."

Fuller has introduced in his "Church History" twelve special title-pages besides the general one, each with a particular dedication attached to it; and he has added upwards of fifty inscriptions to as many different benefactors. Joshua Sylvester, the translator of Du Bartas, carried the vice of dedication to a still more ludicrous excess. In the collected edition of his works,* there are seventy separate dedications, in prose and verse, addressed to eighty-five separate individuals. Sometimes one short poem is dedicated to half-a-dozen patrons. If the poet received the usual dedication fee from each, the speculation must have been as profitable as it was ingenious.† The second book of the "Divine Works" contains fifteen separate dedications. One instance of his flattery is unique in its barefaced comprehensiveness. An "elegiac epistle consolatorie" on the death of Sir William Sydney, is addressed to Lord and Lady Lisle (Sydney's parents), to Sir Robert Sydney their son, to Lady Worth their daughter, "and to all the noble Sydneys and semi-Sydneys." Surely the power of fawning could no further go! It is only to be hoped that it paid.

Nothing, certainly, could be more degrading to authors than that their success should depend, not on their merit, but on their powers of sycophancy; for it is unquestionable that the amount which a patron bestowed varied with the amount of flattery publicly awarded to him. The terms of adulation became most extravagant in the period after the Restoration, when, according to Disraeli,

the patron was often compared with, or even placed above, the Deity. Then the common price of a dedication varied from £20 to £40; sometimes it was even more. After the Revolution the price fell to sums varying from five to ten guineas; in the reign of George I. it rose again to twenty, but from that time the practice gradually declined, as the booksellers became more and more recognized as the patrons of letters.

The fall of patronage, and of its concomitant, dedication, was hastened by the general adoption in the latter part of the seventeenth century of the method of publication by subscription. Before that, the booksellers were in the background. They were mere dealers in books. No opportunity was afforded them for enterprise. As soon, however, as subscription was introduced, the booksellers began to show themselves in the front. Subscribers represented to some extent the public—a limited and adventitious public, doubtless—but still a much wider public than was possible under the patronage *régime*. Now with the public thus introduced we have present the most important of the three factors which go to make a free and prosperous national literature. There was then an inducement for authors to do their best, and for publishers to aid them in advancing their interests. Authorship then became possible as a liberal profession, and publishing became possible as an organized trade. It was a timid method of business, certainly, but it was a vast improvement on the method which it came to supersede. It was long before it accomplished much good, but it did accomplish lasting good in the end. In short, it was the transition stage from the system of patronage to the system of free and unfettered publication.

In truth, however, subscription was, in the first instance, only a more extended kind of patronage; and for a long time the two methods continued to exist side by side. Of this a remarkable example is afforded in the case of Dryden, who seems, however, to have had a wonderful aptitude for combining in his own experience all the methods of remunerating authorship in vogue in remote as well as in later times—official appointments, royal pensions, dedication fees, subscriptions, and copy money. He was poet laureate and historiographer royal; * he

* Folio, pp. 657, printed by R. Young in 1633.

† Even Sylvester's ingenuity was surpassed by that of an Italian physician, of whom Disraeli tells us. Having written "Commentaries on the Aphorisms of Hippocrates," he dedicated each book of his commentaries to one of his friends, and the index to another.

* Both offices still exist; but it is surely time that such questionable and often invidious distinctions should be abolished, or at least that they should be deprived

was, besides, a special annuitant of Charles II.—to whom the whilom eulogist of Cromwell justifies his submission in the sorry couplet—

The poets who must live by courts, or starve,
Were proud so good a government to serve,—

and he was collector of customs in the port of London, as Chaucer had been three hundred years before.

As regards dedication fees, it is notorious that no flattery was too fulsome, no depth of self-abasement too profound, for Dryden's mendicant spirit. If the pay was proportionate to the degree of adulation, he was certainly entitled to the maximum. He dedicated his translation of Virgil to three noblemen, with what Johnson calls "an economy of flattery at once lavish and discreet." What this investment of praise yielded him we do not know; but in his letter of thanks to one patron (Lord Chesterfield), he characterizes his lordship's donation as a "noble present." The extraordinary feature in this case, however, is, that in addition to dedication fees, Dryden received for his Virgil both subscriptions and copy money. The copy money consisted certainly of £50 for every two books of the "Æneid," and probably of the same sum for the "Georgics" and the "Pastorals." The plan of subscription was ingeniously contrived so as to create a supplementary galaxy of patrons, each of whom was propitiated by what was in effect a special dedication. There were two classes of subscribers. Those in the first class paid five guineas each; those in the second class, two guineas. The inducement offered to the five guinea subscribers was that in honour of each of them there should be inserted in the work an engraving embellished at the foot with his coat of arms. The bait took wonderfully. There were in the end one hundred and two subscribers of five guineas, representing the sum of 510 guineas, which, calculating the guinea, as Dryden did, at twenty-nine shillings, amounted to £739 10s. Indeed, Dryden was a cunning speculator as well as a shrewd bargain-driver, as his publisher found to his cost. According to Pope's

of their eleemosynary character. Thanks to such men as Archibald Constable, the men who deserve such honours no longer need the paltry salaries attached to them. Mr. Tennyson has effected the *reductio ad absurdum* of the laureateship. His salary is £200 a year; yet, if report speaks truly, his contract with his publishers yields him an annual return to be estimated in thousands.

estimate, Dryden netted from his Virgil the sum of £1,200.

The publication of that work was the occasion of frequent bickerings, and the interchange of much strong language, between Dryden and his publisher, the famous Jacob Tonson (Jacob I., for there were three of that name and dynasty). Dryden's standing complaint against Tonson is, that he pays him in bad coin. "You know," he says, in one letter, "money is now very scrupulously received; in the last which you did me the favour to change for my wife, besides the clip'd money, there were at least forty shillings brass." In another he says that, when the eighth "Æneid" is finished, he expects "£50 in good silver, not such as I have had formerly. I am not obliged to take gold, neither will I; nor stay for it four-and-twenty hours after it is due." In another, "I lost thirty shillings, or more, by the last payment of £50 which you made at Mr. Knight's." Throughout the correspondence, Dryden treats Tonson in the rudest and most bearish manner possible. He usually addresses him abruptly as "Mr. Tonson," much as a gentleman might address his tailor.* In what Scott calls a "wrathful letter," which, however, made no impression "on the mercantile obstinacy of Tonson," he says, "Some kind of intercourse must be carried on betwixt us while I am translating Virgil. . . . You always intended I should get nothing by the second subscriptions, as I found from first to last. . . . I then told Mr. Congreve that I knew you too well to believe you meant me any kindness." In yet another grumbling epistle, Dryden says, "Upon trial I find all of your trade are sharpers, and you not more than others; therefore I have not wholly left you;" from all which it is evident that, in Dryden's time, the relations of publisher and author were still on a very unsatisfactory footing.

Dryden died in the last year of the seventeenth century; but, although at that very time the publishers, led by such men as the Tonsons and Lintot, were consolidating the publishing trade, they were still in the leading-strings of subscription; and during the greater part of the eighteenth century, patronage, with its correlative delication, continued rampant.

* But this was not peculiar to Dryden. Twenty years later we find Steele addressing Lintot and Pope addressing Motte in precisely the same style. See Carver's "Life of Pope," pp. 96-251. By way of contrast, it is noteworthy that Sir Walter Scott usually addresses his publisher as "My dear Constable." Such trifles are not insignificant.

The world of letters was still dominated by such princely patrons as Somers, Harley, and Halifax, who were

Fed with soft dedication all day long.

This is all the more remarkable, since, at that very time, literature was making vigorous efforts to emancipate itself. Then popular literature took its rise in Defoe's *Review* and Steele's *Tatler*, and Steele and Addison's *Spectator*. No man ever stood out more determinedly as the enemy of patronage than Richard Steele, and all honour be to him for his powerful testimony. But Steele could afford to be independent; for he derived from his first wife a comfortable income of £670 a year. In the *Tatler*, he had boldly proclaimed his ambition "to make our lucubrations come to some price in money, for our more convenient support in the public service." Yet Steele had, in 1707, accepted the office of Gazetteer, with a salary raised by Harley from £60 to £300 a year; and in 1715, he was made Surveyor of the Royal Stables at Hampton Court. Steele ridiculed patronage as a "monstrous" institution in the *Spectator*,* yet the first and second collected volumes of that serial were dedicated respectively to the arch-patrons, Lord Somers and Lord Halifax. This, however, may have been Addison's doing, who was the special foster-child of these noblemen, and who lived from first to last by his official employment. John Locke, according to Lord Macaulay, "owed opulence to Somers;" and it was at Locke's death that Addison, in reward of writing the "Campaign," obtained, through Halifax, the post of Commissioner of Appeal in the Exchequer, which Locke had vacated. He received for the post £200 a year, a sum which enabled him, no doubt, to leave his garret in the Haymarket. Every step he gained between that garret and Holland House, he owed to the same kind of influence. He was Under-Secretary of State, his chief being the Earl of Sunderland, to whom vol. vi. of the *Spectator* was dedicated, vol. iv. having previously been dedicated to Marlborough, Sunderland's father-in-law. Addison's next post was Chief Secretary for Ireland, during the viceroyalty of the notorious Lord Wharton, to whom vol. v. of the *Spectator* was dedicated, in terms which extolled his business capacity, but which were judiciously silent regarding his moral character. On

the death of Queen Anne, Addison was made Secretary to the provisional Regency, and two years later he became Secretary of State. Addison was undoubtedly the first literary man of his time; yet, throughout his career, he was paid in political advancement for his literary labours; for it is well known that his business capacity was of the poorest order. No man ever had a better opportunity than Addison had of asserting the independence of literature, yet he was always willing to use it as his ladder, rather than as his stage.

In this Addison was by no means singular in his day. The chief of his contemporaries lived, or tried to live, by the same means; though few were so fortunate as he was. Defoe was secretary to the joint commission which drew up the Articles of Union, and was afterwards sent to Scotland on a special mission to advance its interests; but Defoe was twice fined and imprisoned for political libel, and on the earlier occasion at least was pilloried as well. Men of letters who lived by politics, had to take their share, not only of political profit, but also of political suffering. Prior, who was twice secretary to a foreign embassy (thanks to his patron Lord Dorset), and twice virtually an ambassador, was charged with high treason, in connection with the Treaty of Utrecht, and was imprisoned for two years. This sent him back to his fellowship and his books. He then published his poems by subscription, and realized £10,000. The Earl of Oxford played the grand patron and added other £10,000; and thus the poet's last days were comfortably provided for. Congreve was more fortunate. He received from Halifax (Addison's patron) different posts in the customs, which yielded him £600 a year; and after the accession of the house of Hanover, he was made Secretary to the Island of Jamaica, which nearly doubled his income. Gay was the most unlucky of all literary place-hunters. In 1714 he quitted his post of private secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth, to accompany Lord Clarendon, Envoy Extraordinary to Hanover, in the capacity of secretary. Gay wrote to Pope in great glee about his good fortune. But he kept the post only for a month or two. He made several attempts, subsequently, to enlist Court favor on his behalf, but without success. Once he was offered a humble post, which he declined with indignation. That made his reputation; for to that

* See No. clxxxiii.

disappointment, in all probability, we owe "The Beggar's Opera."* By the publication and performance of that play, and by the publication (by subscription of course) of "Polly," a sequel to it, the performance of which was prohibited, Gay realized nearly £3,000.

These details serve to show us how great authors lived and were remunerated during the period that connects the reign of Dryden with the reign of Pope. Two things seem to be clearly demonstrated—that authors were not yet free from their bondage to personal and political patrons; and that publishers had not yet learned to rely on the patronage of the public. The latter were still, as Dryden called them, mere "chapmen" of books; and their gains depended mainly on the amount of patronage, represented by subscriptions, which the influence of authors could bring them. In fact their interest lay, as Dryden hinted very plainly to Tonson, in intercepting as large a share as possible of the subscriptions which passed through their hands.

The connecting link between Dryden and Pope, for our present purpose at least, was Jacob Tonson—"left-legged Jacob," as Pope wickedly called him, referring to a personal deformity. In truth, however, the whole of Pope's satirical allusions to Tonson were somewhat ungenerous—though they were not the less Pope-ish on that account—for Tonson was the first bookseller who recognized Pope's merit. In 1706 he wrote to Pope in flattering terms, offering to publish, in his forthcoming *Miscellany*, Pope's "Pastorals," which he had seen in manuscript—an offer which Pope was too shrewd a man of business to reject; and the publication at once placed Pope in the front rank of the authors of his time. It was this transaction that suggested Wycherley's profane remark, that "Jacob's ladder had raised Pope to immortality." Yet, not long afterwards, we find Pope writing thus of his patron: "Jacob creates poets as kings do knights; not for their honour, but for their money. Certainly he ought to be esteemed a worker of miracles who is grown rich by poetry." The extent of Tonson's wealth is uncertain; but we know that when his nephew, Jacob II., died in 1735, —a year before the uncle closed his

ledger forever,—he left a fortune of £100,000, the greater part of which old Jacob inherited.

Pope, however, like Scott at a later period, found it advantageous to extend his publishing connections. Besides Tonson, he had dealings of one kind or another with Lintot, Curll, Dodsley, Gilliver, and Motte, to mention no others. With Curll, the supposed surreptitious publisher of his letters, his relations were anything but friendly. A ridiculous turn is given to these relations by an apocryphal story circulated by Curll, of an attempt which he believed or pretended to believe, that Pope had made to poison him in a tavern, at their first and only meeting, in consequence of his having ascribed to Pope the authorship of "The Court Poems," three of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's "Town Eclogues." The publisher with whom Pope's name is chiefly associated, however, was Bernard Lintot. In one of his most biting and humorous prose sketches, Pope describes a journey to Oxford, performed in company with Lintot, whom he holds up to the most unmitigated ridicule. Yet Lintot was the publisher of Pope's *Homer*, a speculation from which he derived between £8,000 and £9,000, and which enabled him to set up his villa at Twickenham. This success allowed Pope to triumph over the slavery of patronage in a memorable couplet:—

And thanks to Homer, since I live and thrive,
Indebted to *no prince or peer* alive.*

It was quite characteristic of Pope, however, that he should take credit for his emancipation to himself, and forget his obligations to the booksellers. He never was thin-skinned in these matters, or indeed in any matters affecting the reputation of others. His feelings towards Lintot, his undoubted benefactor, were not more grateful or generous than those with which he regarded Tonson and Curll. In the race described in the second book of the "Dunciad," in honour of the goddess of Dulness, Lintot and Curll are entered as rival candidates.

But lofty Lintot in the circle rose:

"This prize is mine; who tempt it are my
foes;

With me began this genius, and shall end."

He spoke: and who with Lintot shall contend?

* Gay's theatre receipts from the opera amounted to £693 13s. 6d. The name of the manager who shared the profits with Gay, was Rich; which suggested the *mot* that "The Beggar's Opera" made Gay rich, and Rich gay."

* Vain boast; for when he was offered £1000 to suppress his attack on the Duchess of Marlborough, in the character of Atossa, he took the money, and nevertheless allowed the libel to be printed.

Fear held them mute. Alone untaught to
fear
Stood dauntless Curll: "Behold that rival
here!

The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won;
So take the hindmost, H——!" (he said)
"and run."

Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot and outstripped the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles through the
copse

On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and
hops;

So labouring on, with shoulders, hands, and
head,

Wide as a windmill all his fingers spread,
With arms expanded Bernard rows his state
And left-legged Jacob seems to emulate.*

Pope did not stand alone in his day in his contempt for the booksellers. It is told of Young, that when Tonson and Lintot both offered for one of his works, he answered both at a sitting. In his letter to Lintot, he called Tonson "an old rascal." In his letter to Tonson, he called Lintot "a great scoundrel." After folding the letters, he transposed their addresses, and each had the advantage of learning Young's true opinion of him without Young being aware of it.

The position of authors was at its worst when Samuel Johnson began his career in London. Macaulay compares the epoch to "a dark night between two sunny days. The age of patronage had passed away. The age of general curiosity and intelligence had not arrived." The political patronage of men of letters was extinguished by Walpole, who found probably that he could employ the civil list to better purpose in securing parliamentary support, than in buying the services of needy scribblers and miserable Grub-street hacks. This fact is generally quoted to Walpole's disadvantage; but it is very questionable whether he is really to be blamed for it. The immediate effects of his policy were very deplorable. In the end, however, it threw authors on their own resources; and it led to a complete change of policy on the part of booksellers. Johnson came upon the scene in a time of literary famine, but he lived to see the change to which his own labours had in no small degree contributed. He was on very friendly terms with the booksellers. It is true that, in his lodgings, he once thrashed Tom Osborne for impertinence; but he was accustomed to dine with Tonson, then a rich man and a great power,

on terms of equality. During the period of his early struggles, when he had often to go without a dinner, Cave, the publisher of *The Gentleman's Magazine* was his hardest taskmaster; yet he esteemed Cave highly, and wrote his life, in which he gave a generous estimate of his character. Of the booksellers as a class he, a bookseller's son, always spoke in terms of respectful gratitude. "The booksellers," he said, "are generous, liberal-minded men;" and he dignified them as "the patrons of literature." Johnson spoke thus from his own experience of them, and not without reason. He contracted with them for "The Lives of the Poets" at £200. They spontaneously gave him £300; and they added another £100 when the "Lives" were issued as a separate publication. Of course it should be added that they could well afford to do so, as they cleared £5,000 by the work; but publishers, even in these days, are not always generous in proportion to their gains.

One important service which Johnson rendered to men of letters can never be forgotten. By his famous letter to Lord Chesterfield, the self-constituted patron of his "Dictionary"—whether Chesterfield deserved his strictures or not—he gave its death-blow to the system of personal patronage.* Of Chesterfield's gratuitously complimentary essays in the *World*, he said to Garrick and other friends—"I have sailed a long and difficult voyage round the world of the English language; and does he now send out his cock-boat to tow me into harbour?"

A slight incident shows the estimate Johnson had formed of the struggle in which he had engaged. In the tenth satire of his "Imitations of Juvenal" a couplet on the vanity of authors' hopes originally stood thus:—

Yet think what ills the scholar's life assail, —
Toil, envy, want, the *garret* and the jail.

After his encounter with Chesterfield, the second line was altered to

Toil, envy, want, the *patron* and the jail.

Evidently Johnson considered "the patron" entitled to the place nearest "the jail" in the descending scale of authors' miseries.

There is a bookseller of Johnson's time, who stands out prominently from his contemporaries for liberality and

* The "Dunciad," ii. 53-63.

* But not to that of official patronage. Johnson himself, in 1762, accepted, through Lord Bute, a royal pension of £300 a year.

kindliness of heart. We refer to Andrew Millar, especially in his relations with Fielding. When James Thomson learned that Fielding had sold the copyright of "Tom Jones" to a bookseller for £25, he advised him to break the contract. This he did. Thomson then introduced him to Millar, to whom he had himself been introduced by Mallet. They met at a tavern; and when Millar offered £200 for the MS., Fielding exhibited his delight by ordering two bottles of wine. Subsequently, Millar gave Fielding £1,000 for "Amelia"—the same sum which, with what was thought startling and reckless liberality, Constable more than half a century later gave Scott for "Marmion." To the exertions of the same publisher, Dr. Burton attributes the success of Hume's "History;" and Hume boasted that the copy-money he received "much exceeded anything formerly known in England." Well might Johnson say, "I respect Millar, sir; he has raised the price of literature."

Millar's, however, was unfortunately an exceptional case. Literature, as a trade, was at that time increasingly remunerative; but the men who fattened on it were the printers and booksellers, not the authors. Think of Goldsmith grinding as a domestic slave for Griffiths—to say nothing of Mrs. Griffiths—on the *Monthly Review*. His position was but little improved when he became a bondman to Newbery, living as tenant of a relation of Newbery's in Wine Office-court, Fleet-street, and doing an occasional stroke of business on his own account for Dodsley, Wilkie, and others. It is true that, towards the end of his career, he was rather run after by the booksellers. But poor Goldy was not the man to profit by such an unlooked-for turn of fortune. He had been trained in a bad school. His personal vanity and his gambling habits always kept him poor; and when he died £2,000 in debt, Johnson exclaimed, "Was ever poet so treated before!" So matters continued till the end of the century. Gibbon, after the completion of his immortal work, was driven to reside permanently at Lausanne, not so much by taste, as by his straitened circumstances.* On the other hand, we may gather some idea of the prosperity enjoyed by the mechanical and material artificers in books from a

"valued file," prepared by Timperley,* of the printers, booksellers, and stationers of the eighteenth century, in which we find seven members of parliament, five lord mayors of London, twenty authors, and twenty-two men of wealth and substance.

It was in the last decade of the eighteenth century—the point at which in our retrospect of the relations of publishers and authors we have now arrived—that Archibald Constable—then a young man of 21 years—began business as a dealer in "scarce old books"—"scarce o' books," the wags read it—at the Cross of Edinburgh, on the very spot which had been occupied by Andro Hart, who published for Drummond of Hawthornden there, nearly two centuries before. It is evident that, before his time, what Macaulay calls "the age of general curiosity and intelligence," had begun to dawn. The fact that publishers and printers were realizing large fortunes cannot otherwise be accounted for. And no doubt the curious and intelligent public, whose patronage ultimately emancipated authors from their thralldom, was greatly increased in the general ferment, which is typified historically by the French Revolution. But the great and distinguishing service which Constable rendered to literature was, that he was the first publisher of modern times who systematically gave authors the benefit of the public patronage of letters. For in all his transactions the patron was not Archibald Constable himself, but the book-buying public which he represented, and which he relied on his power to command. It is far from complimentary to Constable, it is indeed unmeaning flattery, to speak of his liberality as if it were the same as that of a literary patron of the former age—to compare it with the liberality of Charles I. to Ben Jonson or of Lord Chesterfield to Dryden, or of Somers and Halifax to Addison. In these cases the patronage was partly a species of charity, and partly a payment for adulation. But in Constable's case it was purely a matter of business. His principles of business, no doubt, differed very widely in their enlightened breadth and liberality from those acted on by even his immediate predecessors, and continued by most of his contemporaries. Yet they were strict business principles, which he carried into practice on a syste-

* Yet Charles Knight thinks that, under the half-profit system, Gibbon's share would have been less than half of what he actually received.—"Shadows of the Old Booksellers," pp. 227-8.

* "A Dictionary of Printers and Printing, with the Progress of Literature, Ancient and Modern." By C. H. Timperley. London: 1839.

matic plan. He was resolved to be the first publisher of his time, not only for dignity's sake, but also for that of profit. He knew that, to achieve that position, he must make a bold venture. He knew that he had to compete with powerful rivals, such as Longman and William Miller in London, and John Miller, his neighbour, in Edinburgh; and he saw at once, shrewd man as he was, that his only chance of success lay in outbidding them in the literary market, and thereby in securing to himself at first hand the foremost talent of the day.

Plainly, however, Constable never could have assumed this attitude if he had not felt a corresponding degree of confidence in the public, on whose appreciation of literary work the success of literary enterprises ultimately depends. In other words, he could not afford to pay the producer more than, according to his estimate, the consumers might be expected, with the addition of a fair margin of profit, to repay him. And it was at this point that Constable's real strength showed itself. He had the utmost confidence in his own judgment — judgment, which was aided by remarkable literary insight, and which, in matters strictly professional, scarcely ever misled him. This enabled him to gauge by anticipation, with striking accuracy, the acceptability and success of the works he published. In short, he possessed a business instinct which told him how far a book would take, and he paid for it accordingly. It was only natural that the stories of his unusual liberality to authors, when bruited abroad, should have excited a degree of interest and expectancy, which would materially increase the demand for his works. Probably Constable reckoned on this. If he did, it was only another instance of that shrewdness which enabled him to grasp firmly, and to contemplate calmly, the whole state of the book trade at the time when he began to publish. He believed that the reading public was greater than was supposed; and, further, that it might be largely, almost indefinitely, increased. On this conviction all his enterprises were based. He made it his business, therefore, to command the confidence of the public. This he could do only by providing the public with the best possible article. To secure that article he must pay the best authors a higher price than his rivals. He paid it; and he succeeded.

It was necessary, however, that they should be the best authors; for nothing

shows more clearly that Constable's liberality was matter of business, and not of sentiment or caprice, than his dealings with such authors as failed to secure his entire confidence. Thus Campbell proved too keen a bargain-maker, and too dilatory a writer for Constable to have much to do with him; and Campbell, to his deep disgust, received from Constable the cold shoulder, for which he revenged himself by swearing at publishers in general as "ravens," and at Constable in particular as a "deep draw-well." James Hogg made persistent efforts, in spite of repeated rebuffs, to secure Constable as his publisher — an honour which Constable, evidently for good commercial reasons, as persistently declined. William Godwin, — the author of "Caleb Williams" and Shelley's father-in-law, — declared his inability to write his new novel unless he was paid beforehand, and modestly proposed "to be put upon a footing with the author of 'Waverley' and 'Guy Mannering.'" He accompanied his proposal with some tremendous strokes of flattery; yet Constable insisted on publishing "Mandeville" on the principle of division of profits. Sir John Leslie made a proposal *apropos* of Barrow's Arctic book; but he complains to Constable that he "seemed to listen to it coldly, as I find you generally do to all projects which do not originate with yourself;" and his request to be made Jeffrey's colleague in the *Edinburgh*, as scientific editor, was not more warmly received. The only inference that can be drawn from these facts is, that while Constable was ready to incur risk, and to make sacrifices, to secure authors whom he courted, he did not feel called on to do so to oblige authors who courted him.

That, however, which we have pointed out as constituting Constable's strength as a publisher, was also, sad to say, the undoubted source of his weakness; so true is it that

Great wits are sure to madness near allied.

The efforts he made to win Scott are instances of enlightened enterprise. The sacrifices he made to retain Scott are evidences of a morbid jealousy, which amounted to positive infatuation. Through his whole career, after 1807, he was haunted by a constant dread that one or other of his principal rivals — Murray or Longman — would wile Scott away from him by more tempting offers than he had made. That apprehension was the bug-

bear which he could never bring himself boldly to throw off; and to our thinking, it proved in the end the main cause of his ruin. It was that, and nothing else, that led him to concede Scott's ever-increasing demands for higher terms. But for that, he would never have agreed to make Scott advances, amounting in one instance to £10,000 at a time, for works still in embryo, the very titles of which had not been determined even by the author. That induced him to grant almost limitless accommodation to the Ballantynes, Scott's partners in his printing and publishing concerns; and to take over at a tremendous loss the dead stock of John Ballantyne and Co., amounting in value to thousands of pounds.

To make good these assertions, it is only necessary to review briefly Constable's dealings with Scott, and in connection therewith his alliances and ruptures with the rival houses of Murray and Longman. The whole business, it must be premised, often assumes the form of intricate and even dangerous diplomacy. The task of a skilful publisher, in such cases, is not less difficult or hazardous than that of a secretary of state or an ambassador at a foreign court, who is often driven to adopt expedients, in order to accomplish his purpose, which his cooler judgment does not approve. In this view, Constable was a consummate literary diplomatist. But the best diplomatists are sometimes overreached. And though Constable appeared to be eminently successful during the greater part of his career, we hold very decidedly that his ultimate failure had its root and origin in transactions which were rather the unwelcome expedients of diplomacy than the natural occurrences of legitimate business.

The Longman alliance began in 1802, when Constable was admitted to a fourth share in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," published by Longman in London. In the autumn of that year Mr. Longman visited Edinburgh. He went back to London, proud of his Scottish reception, delighted especially with his Edinburgh representative, and satisfied that none of his jealous rivals in the metropolis could dream of contending with his interests in the north. This confidence was somewhat misplaced. For, only a few months later, we find John Murray throwing out ingenious feelers in the very quarter in which Longman congratulated himself on his triumphant success. Murray was so far successful

that "friendly relations were speedily established" between him and Constable's house. At this point a Murray alliance begins to loom in the future. Not immediately, however; for in 1803 Longman obtained the London agency of the *Edinburgh Review*. In the following year Longman again visited Scotland, when he was conducted on a provincial tour by Constable's convivial partner, A. G. Hunter, the records of which, with its deplorable drinking experiences, fill some of the raciest pages in the memoir.

In 1805, the convivial Hunter met Murray at York, and their genial friendship, prompted no doubt by interest as well as by community of tastes, seems to have drawn still closer the bond of union between their respective houses. At the same time an unpleasant correspondence was going on between Messrs. Constable and Co. and the Longmans, on various subjects which had led to a painful dispute between the two houses. This difference reached its climax in November, 1805, when Messrs. Longman intimated their wish to break the connection. This rupture involved much more serious consequences than appear on the surface. Mr. Thomas Constable says with reference to it, "It had been well for Archibald Constable had it been otherwise. The unfortunate experiment of the establishment of a London house in 1809 would thereby have been averted, and the catastrophe of 1826 might never have occurred." (vol. i. p. 44.) What were the causes of the rupture we are not expressly told; but in a memorandum written by Constable at a later date, he says it was caused by Hunter's "warm temper" more than by anything else. The truth appears to be that Hunter, acting for Constable and Co., rashly provoked the quarrel with Longman, knowing that he had his friend Murray to fall back on, and believing that a league with the latter would be more pleasant, if not also more profitable, than that with the former. Accordingly, Murray visited Scotland in 1806, and Hunter confirmed the new alliance by putting him through experiences of Forfarshire conviviality similar to those from which Longman had suffered so sharply two years previously. Murray also "paid for it dearly" according to his host; but he returned to London, the "faithful ally" of the house of Constable.

Murray's letters to Constable at this time overflow with sentiments of friendship. A few weeks after his return to

London, he addressed the Edinburgh firm as "My dearest friends"! Thereafter the same exuberant style is continued. "Every moment, my dear Constable," he writes, in concluding one of these gushing epistles, "I feel more grateful to you, and I trust that you will ever find me your faithful friend." Hunter's "trust" was somewhat different. Writing to Constable from London a few weeks later he says, "I trust Murray is now fairly noosed." Noosed indeed he was, until his interests made it expedient for him to escape. Then his ardent addresses proved to have been the too much protesting of the faithless lover.

Before that discovery was made, however, there was much confidential intercourse between the houses. In one of Murray's letters (written in 1807) he raises the curtain a little bit, and lets us see how the diplomatic game was carried on. Referring to Constable's quarrel with Longman regarding the copyright of the *Edinburgh Review*, Murray insists on the necessity of Constable "fixing Mr. Jeffrey irrevocably to yourself; for, as in all hazardous and important cases, we must take in extremes and possibilities." The extreme possibility hinted at, evidently was that Jeffrey might be bought over by the Longmans to edit a rival *Review*. This is a clear proof of the ascendancy which authorship was acquiring in the commerce of literature. Though jealousy does not always imply warmth of affection on the one side, it generally implies power on the other. When rival authors compete for the same publisher, the publisher has the game in his own hands; but when rival publishers compete for the same author, the author is master of the situation. Into the latter condition, evidently, the book trade had now been brought, thanks to the spread of enlightenment, and the enterprise of Archibald Constable.

In due time a rival *Review* did come, — not, however, from the dreaded house of Longman, but from the friendly house of Murray. Before the end of 1807, John Murray found cause of offence in some of Constable's transactions — what, does not precisely appear; and what does appear is trivial enough, — but the upshot was, a rupture with Murray early in 1808, as complete as that with Longman had been three years before. By a curious, if not suspicious, coincidence, there occurred about the same time a serious breach between Constable and Scott.

The causes of this, in so far as they appear, were partly literary, partly political, and partly, if not chiefly, neither. Scott was hurt by the unsparing severity of the notice of "Marmion" in the *Edinburgh Review*, though, on this score, the publisher, who had given £1,000 for the copyright of the poem, had quite as weighty grounds of complaint as the author. Scott was still further incensed by what he calls "certain impertinences which, in the vehemence of their Whiggery, Messrs. Constable and Co. have dared to indulge in towards me." But probably in this, as in similar cases, the real reason was neither of those which were alleged. In short, it is evident that Scott, who had become his own printer in 1805 (James Ballantyne and Co.), was bent also on becoming his own publisher, if not with the view to acquiring for himself the whole of the profits which had previously been divided between himself and his booksellers, at least with the view of having free scope to indulge his craze for literary speculation. "He had, long before this," says Lockhart, "cast a shrewd and penetrating eye on the field of literary enterprise, and developed in his own mind the outlines of many extensive plans, which wanted nothing but the command of a sufficient body of able subalterns to be carried into execution with splendid success." *

Several important consequences quickly followed. Scott and Murray, having both quarrelled with Constable, were naturally drawn together by that "fellow-feeling" which makes men "wondrous kind." In October, 1808, "an alliance, offensive and defensive," was formed between them at Ashiestiel, where Murray happened to be a visitor. At the same time it was resolved to establish a new publishing house in Edinburgh, as a rival to Constable and Co. The issue of these negotiations was that the *Quarterly Review* was established in 1809, and that in the same year the publishing house of John Ballantyne and Co. was founded in Edinburgh, with Scott as chief partner and ruling spirit.

The consequences to Constable were of the most serious nature. He was thereby led to engage in what proved not only the first mistake in his professional career, but the beginning of fatal disasters — viz., the establishment of a London branch. Constable himself says that he was driven to this step by the "folly

* "Life of Scott," vol. ii. p. 42.

of certain booksellers ;” and certainly his unfortunate experiences with Longman and with Murray warranted the experiment, especially as the condition of the Edinburgh house at the time was thoroughly sound, and full of promise. His alliances with two of the first houses in London having failed, he was not inclined to risk a third attempt of the same kind. He may also have felt that, as Murray was encouraging a rival house in Edinburgh, the law of retaliation entitled him to carry the war into the enemy’s country. However this may have been, the London house was opened early in 1809. Before it had been a year in existence Mr. Park, the managing partner, died ; and as no satisfactory arrangement could be made for carrying it on, it was soon afterwards dissolved. The *Edinburgh Review* was once more transferred to agents (Messrs. White, Cochrane, and Co.), with whom it remained until it went home again to the Longmans, in 1814. Changes followed in the Edinburgh house. A. G. Hunter retired in 1811. Mr. Cathcart, one of his successors in the firm, died in 1812, and from that date till the failure in 1826, Constable’s sole partner was Robert Cadell, his future son-in-law.

Other events, having a momentous bearing on Constable’s future, had meantime been transpiring. In 1811 Scott had gratified his pride by the purchase of Abbotsford — then a small estate of 150 acres, afterwards increased by Scott’s successive purchases to upwards of 1,000 acres. Thus Scott completed his tale of “Four P’s” — printer, publisher, proprietor, and poet — and entered on that career, which, however brilliant outwardly, was in some respects a mere “game of speculation.” His foolish ambition to make Abbotsford a big place, and himself a “country gentleman all of the olden time,” led him into endless extravagance, in the building and furnishing of his house, as well as in the purchase of land. Nor did he always buy land on the most advantageous terms. His desire to widen his borders soon became known. And when it appeared that Scott had set his heart on a neighbouring patch, the owner thereof set his price on it accordingly. His grand schemes always required more ready money than he could command, even when his income was at its largest. With that view his printing business had to be pushed, sometimes even at the expense of his vantage ground as the most popular author of his time.

Thus in negotiating with Constable for the publication of “The Lord of the Isles,” in 1814, he suggests that the Longmans should have “half of the whole bargain, that is, half of the agency as well as the property.” He fears that they will not be contented with less, and he adds, “You know I have powerful reasons (besides their uniform handsome conduct) for not disobliging them,” — in other words, he could not afford to sacrifice their patronage of James Ballantyne and Co., as printers.

Another shift to which Scott was driven, in order to provide ways and means for realizing his extravagant ideas was, as we have already said, contracting and receiving payment for works afterwards to be written. In a paper, prepared in 1826, by Mr. Alexander Cowan, the trustee appointed by the creditors of Constable and Co., “nine distinct claims are brought against Sir Walter Scott’s estate, on account of contracts pending or unfulfilled.” (iii. 442.) From a letter of Cadell’s written in January, 1826, on the eve of the failure, it appears that the advances made on three of these hypothetical works — fictions, in a double sense — amounted to £7,600. The negotiations were still further complicated by these payments being made in bills.

The embroilment did not stop here. The trade in legitimate bills — if bills for value not received, not even in existence, can be called legitimate — having been found insufficient, recourse was had to accommodation bills — wind-bills, pure and simple. In 1848 Mr. Thomas Constable asked Sir James Gibson-Craig, a man of sterling worth, who had been the agent and adviser of Messrs. Constable and Co. before and during the crisis, to state in writing his recollection of the origin of the system of accommodation-bills which had proved so disastrous to his father and to Sir Walter Scott. The following is the material part of Sir James’s reply : —

I remember perfectly your father showing me a letter [1813] from Sir Walter Scott, written in great distress, informing him that his affairs were in such a state that he must call a meeting of his creditors, and requesting your father to do so.

After consulting with me, your father wrote Sir Walter that he hoped it would be unnecessary to call a meeting, and that if he would come to Edinburgh he thought he could devise means for avoiding so disagreeable a measure.

Sir Walter came, and by your father’s ad-

vice, he applied to the Duke of Buccleuch to assist him in raising money by annuity, which he did to the amount, I think, of £4,000.

Your father proposed that Sir Walter should engage to write works for the press; on the faith of which your father agreed to give him bills to a very considerable extent, and he accordingly did so.

I believe this was the first transaction in bills Sir Walter and your father had. These transactions afterwards gradually extended to a large amount, and it became their practice that Constable and Co. should give bills to Sir Walter, which he discounted; and, as a counter-security, Sir Walter gave similar sums [in bills] to the company, of which the company made no use.

After this had gone on for some time, your father became very uneasy, and wished to put an end to the dangerous system in which he had embarked; and he told me that he had gone to Sir Walter [in 1825], taking with him all the bills he had received, and proposed to Sir Walter to give up these bills, on Sir Walter returning those Constable and Co. had given him.

Sir Walter said he could not possibly do so [having already discounted them]; on which your father told [him] that in that case he could not meet the engagements for Sir Walter without discounting the bills granted by him. This was accordingly done, and led to discounting to an immense amount a double set of bills, which could not fail to produce, and did actually produce, the ruin of both parties. (iii. 456, 457.)

In coming now to review these events in their more direct bearing on Constable's career, the opening paragraph of the above letter carries us back to the year 1813, and to circumstances which had a momentous influence on the subsequent history of Constable's house. In that year, Scott's publishing concern (John Ballantyne and Co.), started in 1809 in connection with the Murray alliance, was involved in difficulties so great that Scott, as we have just seen, thought it would be necessary to call a meeting of his creditors. In less than a year the Murray connection had been dissolved; and Scott in his extremity bethought him of his old friend Constable, of whose sagacity and prudence he had always, in spite of political differences, entertained and expressed the highest opinion. To Constable accordingly he appealed, though there had been a coldness between them since the rupture in 1809; and the charmer charmed so wisely that Constable could not resist the temptation.

Well had it been for him if he had resisted. Never did conscience or prudence whisper to any man the warning, *obsta principiis*, more reasonably, than when

on this occasion we may suppose it to have hinted caution to the ambitious publisher. But the "still small voice" was disregarded. Constable was flattered and captivated by the thought of the "darling wizard of the north" returning to his embraces. He at once took over stock to the amount of £2,000, which he resold to the trade at a loss of 50 per cent., and "by his sagacious advice," Lockhart says, "enabled the distressed partners to procure similar assistance at the hands of others, who did not partake his own feelings of personal kindness and sympathy." It is not to be denied that Constable did much at this time out of the goodness of his heart. When Lockhart gives him credit for "personal kindness and sympathy," we may be sure that there was warrant for it. At the same time it is difficult to believe that he would have incurred positive pecuniary loss for these considerations. He might have given advice, he might have helped them in many ways; but we cannot see that he would have been warranted in sacrificing £1,000 (and for aught he knew it might have been more), unless he could calculate on deriving from the transaction some ultimate gain. And the gain on which he reckoned evidently was, bringing Scott under obligations which would attach him to Constable's house. Writing to his partner on 17th June, 1813, Constable says he has "no sort of wish to be rapid in being either off or on" with Scott's proposals. Writing again on the 21st June, he thus summarizes a new letter from Scott, "which rather perplexes" him. "He (Scott) makes two distinct propositions, and adds that in the event of neither being accepted, he must apply to Longman and Co. and Murray." Scott knew full well how to "govern the ventages" of his "recorder."

Constable's services did not end here. A few months later, a further advance became necessary; the publishing house was still "a labouring concern." Scott had recorded but a short time previously his decided repugnance to a renewal of his alliance with Constable, saying that his objections would yield only "to absolute necessity, or to very strong grounds of advantage," and he added, "I am persuaded nothing ultimately good can be expected from any connection with that house, unless for those who have a mind to be hewers of wood and drawers of water." Yet he has again recourse to Constable, and by his aid and

counsel Scott is enabled to open a credit account with Constable's London bankers, the Duke of Buccleuch being his security.

This was in the meantime a great triumph for Constable's diplomacy. Once more Scott was his friend, bound to him by the strong tie of obligation; and as the Longman alliance had been renewed a short time previously, Constable's position seemed to be at its strongest. In the following year "Waverley" was published, and a new and prosperous career opened up before both author and publishers. But a dark shadow clouded their bright prospects; that was "accommodation." Constable and Ballantyne had been accustomed to deal in accommodation bills for small sums before the breach in 1808. The practice was resumed very soon after the reconciliation in 1813; and before the end of 1814, Constable's house had become "seriously embarrassed by the extent of accommodation afforded to Mr. Scott." Their bankers remonstrate with Cadell, and Cadell remonstrates with Constable, expressing his wish to pay them off and get rid of the connection. Constable acquiesces so far. "We must cut all connection *that is possible* with the Ballantynes and Mr. Scott;" but he is evidently chary of offending the latter, by whom he thinks "we are this next half-year to be benefited greatly." At the same time his situation is "certainly deplorable," and he would give anything to escape from it. By-and-by, however, he comes to take a more hopeful view of matters. He has not the same horror of "assisting credit" as his partner. "If the thing [their business] is still going on prosperously, why should we experience GREATLY LIMITED ACCOMMODATION?"

Constable, however, was not to have it all his own way. The circumstances attending the publication of "Guy Mannering," in 1815, exhibit Scott in a sorry light, and show that the whole affair was a complicated game of chess, from which "dodging" was not excluded. "Guy Mannering" was published, not in Edinburgh, but in London. The reasons which led to this are bluntly expressed by Scott in a letter to John Ballantyne. It was necessary, he said, "to propitiate the Leviathans of Paternoster-row;" and he added, "my reason for letting them have this scent of roast meat is in case it should be necessary for us to apply to them to renew bills in Decem-

ber." Thus did Scott prostitute his great intellect to suit the exigencies of his bill-book. The only condition he made was that Constable should have the Scottish sale.

This plan of "extending the sphere of his publishing relations" having succeeded so well, Scott resolved to adopt the general principle of making new and good stock carry off old and heavy. Lockhart condemns the practice as unfair to Constable, gives John Ballantyne the credit of proposing it, and blames him for concealing from Scott the extent of his obligation to Constable in enabling the house to carry on. But it is only too plain from the correspondence that the idea originated with Scott himself, and that it was at his instance that the plan was extended. Longman having been "propitiated" with "Guy Mannering," it was resolved to attack Murray next. Accordingly in 1816, the first series of "The Tales of My Landlord" was offered to Murray and Blackwood, who agreed to all the author's conditions, and also relieved John Ballantyne and Co. of stock to the value of £500.

These lessons were not thrown away on Constable, who, when the second series of "The Tales of My Landlord" was about to be published, expressed a hope that they might be produced under the same auspices with "Rob Roy," which had been published by him in the interval. Taking advantage of his eagerness, Ballantyne told him that it would only be given "to publishers who should agree to take with it *the whole* of the remaining stock of 'John Ballantyne and Co.'" Constable, Lockhart says, was "so worked upon by his jealous feelings," that he at once agreed to the extravagant terms, "and at one sweep cleared the Augean stable in Hanover-street of unsalable rubbish to the amount of £5,270." According to Lockhart, this transaction was concluded in November, 1817. Mr. Thomas Constable, proceeding on a letter of Cadell's in January, 1818, is of opinion that the clearance was not made till a later period. There is no doubt, however, that it was made, and that it was prompted by the considerations above referred to; for in the conclusion of his letter Mr. Cadell says, "We will thus lay a strong claim on the author of the novels to prefer us to all others in time coming."

Constable and Co. were now fairly in the toils. Scott's "dodges" had entirely succeeded; and they had sold themselves,

soul and body, to the author of "Waverley." So matters continued till the end; but our space will not allow us to go into details.

'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
The path from glory to disgrace.

One thing is plain, that Scott's publishers always had present to their minds the fear of his being carried off by rival publishers, as he had been in 1815 and in 1816. Thus Robinson, Constable's London agent, writing to him in 1822, says: "Nothing is so clear as that the author of 'Waverley' should hold his hand for a year or two; but this fancy can't be attempted without great danger that he might be induced to offer some new work to Murray or Longman." It is now sufficiently plain, surely, that this inordinate fear of rivalry was the bugbear which haunted Constable through his whole life, and which led him into the extravagances and indiscreet speculations which ultimately ruined him. In the end of 1822, the difficulties of the firm seemed to Mr. Cadell to be insuperable, and he proposed to save himself by a dissolution of partnership. His scruples were, however, overcome; and "despite all difficulties, their vessel, under skilful steerage, moved gallantly forward, amid shoals of bills, and quicksands of accommodation—the anticipated profits of contracts unfulfilled. But for the wreck of another craft, with whose crew they had unhappily become too closely connected, their ship might ere long have glided into smoother water." This is, at the least, doubtful; but it is a case in which few will be inclined to deny the plaintiff the benefit of the doubt.

The "craft" referred to is that of Hurst, Robinson, and Co., Constable's London agents. The speculative mania of 1824, and the commercial crisis of 1825, are matters of history. Robinson had embarked largely in the bubble schemes of the day. He lost heavily, and appealed to Constable for help. Constable was so entirely dependent on wind-credit, that he could render no substantial assistance. Scott was appealed to, to give his name for a large sum, which might have prevented the immediate crash; but Scott refused. The crash came. Robinson fell. He brought down Constable; and with him fell Ballantyne, and of course Scott.

No one, surely, can say that the result was surprising. It was the natural consequence of the game which the chief

parties concerned had been playing during the previous fifteen years. The wonder is that it lasted so long. It is not difficult now to see—and the publication of Constable's memoir enables us to see more clearly than before—wherein each of the unfortunate sufferers erred, and to apportion the blame accordingly. No one will be inclined to judge Scott harshly. Love of the man, appreciation of his splendid genius, and admiration of the noble heroism which led him, at the sacrifice of his life, to make a stupendous effort to redeem his credit, alike prevent this. But the truth must be spoken. And the truth is that Scott the man of business, as distinguished from Scott the author of "Waverley," allowed himself to be driven, by his pecuniary necessities—all of which had their origin in his ambition to become a great Border laird—into a system of shifts, and feints, and dodges, which were barely consistent with commercial morality. No doubt he received yeoman service in these proceedings from the Ballantynes, both of whom—but John in particular—were quite as reckless as he was. Scott is as much to be blamed for having allowed himself to be played upon, as for playing as he did. The fact, however, is that Scott dominated the literary market, and used the power which that position gave him with his eyes open; and it is truly pitiable to see, as we have seen, a man of Scott's genius condescending to the trick of playing off first Murray, and then Longman, against Constable—giving them, as he coarsely expressed it, "a smell of the roast meat"—for the avowed purpose of securing an extension of accommodation.

Such being the forces with which Constable had to contend, his position becomes quite intelligible. His great and consuming weakness was his determination, at all hazards, to keep fast hold of Scott. In his infatuated desire to keep his adversary's king in perpetual check, he sacrificed all his men, and exposed his own position beyond hope of reclaim. This, and nothing else, led him to clear John Ballantyne's Augean stable, and to grant to the Ballantynes, and to Scott himself, unlimited accommodation. This induced him to contract with Scott for works which were so entirely *in nubibus*, that some of them had not been entered on when the final crash came. This was the absorbing idea which led him to disregard alike the remonstrances of his bankers, and the apprehensions of his

astute but selfish partner, Robert Cadell. It was this charmed bond, moreover, that chained him to his London agents, with whom at the last he found that he must either stand or fall.

Well had it been for Archibald Constable had he acted on the principles which, profiting perhaps by his sad experience, the brothers Chambers adopted for their guidance. "At the outset," says William Chambers, in his interesting and instructive memoir* of his brother, "we laid down these rules, which were inflexibly maintained. Never to take credit, but to pay for all the great elements of trade in ready money; never to give a bill, and never to discount one; and never to undertake any enterprise for which means were not prepared. Obviously by no other plan of operations could we have been freed from anxiety, and at liberty to make use of the leisure at our disposal." And when a great and trying crisis in their London agency came in 1852, it was their recollection of the calamity "of Scott and the Ballantynes" that led them at once, though at tremendous loss, remorselessly to cut away the diseased member.

Constable's misfortunes, however, should not blind us to the services which he rendered to literature. Great innovators have generally been great martyrs. And though Constable fell a martyr to an idea, that idea, in his struggle to attain it, went far to establish the glorious freedom of authorship, which is a marked feature of our time. More than this, even Lockhart was forced to admit, before he died, that Constable's dream of a popular literature which should count its supporters, not by hundreds but by thousands, not by thousands but by millions, had already begun to be realized. How fully that dream has been realized since his day, in spite of the "chaff" and ridicule with which Lockhart, and, if we are to believe him, Scott also, at first received its narration, no man living probably knows better than William Chambers.

* "Memoir of Robert Chambers, with Autobiographical Reminiscences of William Chambers," p. 298. (Edinburgh, 1872.)

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN Dick saw his friend and patron come down to the rafts that evening in company with another of the "gentlemen," bigger, stronger, and older than himself, at whom everybody looked with respect and admiration, the state of his mind may be supposed. He had been hanging about all day, as I have said, making himself useful—a handy fellow, ready to push a boat into the water, to run and fetch an oar, to tie on the sheepskin on a rower's seat, without standing on ceremony as to who told him to do so. The master himself, in the hurry of operations, had given him various orders without perceiving, so willing and ready was Dick, that it was a stranger, and not one of his own men, whom he addressed. Dick contemplated the conversation which ensued with a beating heart. He saw the lads look round, and that Valentine pointed him out to the potentate of the river-side; and he saw one of the men join in, saying something, he was sure, in his favour; and, after a terrible interval of suspense, Val came towards him, waving his hand to him in triumph. "There," cried Val, "we've got you the place. Go and talk to old Harry yourself about wages and things. And mind what I said to you, Brown; neither Lichen nor I will stand any nonsense. We've made all sorts of promises for you; and if you don't keep them, Lichen will kick you—or if he don't, I will. You'd best keep steady, for your own sake."

"I'll keep steady," said Dick, with a grin on his face; and it was all the boy could do to keep himself from executing a dance of triumph when he found himself really engaged at reasonable wages, and informed of the hour at which he was expected to present himself on the morrow. "Give an eye to my boat, Brown," said Val; "see she's taken care of. I'll expect you to look out for me, and have her ready when you know I'm coming. I hate waiting," said the lad, with imperious good-humour. How Dick admired him as he stood there in his flannels and jersey—the handsomest, splendid, all-commanding young prince, who had stooped from his skies to interfere on his (Dick's) behalf, for no reason in the world except his will and pleasure. "How lucky I am," thought Dick to himself, "that he should have noticed

me last night!" — and he made all manner of enthusiastic promises on account of the boat, and in general devotion to Val's service. The young potentate took all these protestations in the very best part. He stepped into his outrigger with lordly composure, while Dick, all glowing and happy, knelt on the raft to hold it. "You shan't want a friend, old fellow, as long as you behave yourself," said Val, with magnificent condescension which it was fine to see. "I'll look after you," and he nodded at him as he shot along over the gleaming water. As for Dick, as his services were not required till next day, he went across the river to Coffin Lane, where his mother was waiting for him, to tell his news. She did not say very much, nor did he expect her to do so, but she took him by the arm and led him along the water-side to a house which stood in a corner, half facing the river, looking towards the sunset. She took him in at the open door, and upstairs to the room in which she had already set out a homely and very scanty table for their supper. Dick did not know how to express the delight and thanks in his heart. He turned round and gave his mother a kiss in silent transport — a rare caress, such as meant more than words. The window of this room looked up the river, and straight into the "Brocas clump," behind which the sunset was preparing all its splendour. In the little room beyond, which was to be Dick's bedroom — glorious title! — the window looked straight across to the rafts. I do not think that any young squire coming into a fine property was ever more happy than the young tramp finding himself for almost the first time in his life in a place which he could call home. He could not stop smiling, so full of happiness was he, nor seat himself to his poor supper, but went round and round the two rooms, planning where he could put up a shelf or arrange a table. "I'll make it so handy for you, mother; you'll not know you're born!" cried Dick, in the fulness of his delight.

And yet two barer little rooms perhaps no human home ever was made in. There was nothing there that was not indispensable — a table, two chairs, and no more; and in Dick's room a small iron bed. All that his mother possessed for her own rest was a mattress, which could be rolled up and put aside during the day. She took her son's pleasure very quietly, as was her wont, but smiled with a sense of having made him happy, which

was pleasant to her, although to make him happy had not been her only motive. When she had put away the things from their supper, she sat down at the open window and looked out on the river. The air was full of sound, so softened by the summer that all rudeness and harshness were taken out of it: in the foreground the ferry-boat was crossing and recrossing, the man standing up with his punt-pole against the glow of the western sky; just under the window lay the green eyot, waving with young willows, and up and down in a continual stream on the sunny side of it went and came the boys in their boats. "Show him to me, Dick, when he comes," said the woman. Dick did not require to be told whom she meant, neither was he surprised at this intensity of interest in *him*, which made his young patron the only figure worth identification in that crowded scene. Had he not been, as it were, Dick's guardian angel, who had suddenly appeared for the boy's succour? — and what more natural than that Dick's mother should desire before anything else to see one who had been such a friend to her boy?

But I do not think she was much the wiser when Val came down the river, accompanied by a group of backers on the bank, who had made themselves hoarse shrieking and shouting at him. He was training for a race, and this was one of his trial nights. Lichen himself had agreed to come down to give Val his advice and instructions — or, in more familiar phraseology, was "coaching" him for the important effort. Dick rushed out at the sight, to cheer and shriek too, in an effervescence of loyalty which had nothing to do with the character of Val's performance. The mother sat at the window and looked out upon them, longing and sickening with a desire unsatisfied. Was this all she was ever to see of him — a distant speck in a flying boat? But to know that this was him — that he was there before her eyes — that he had taken up Dick and established him in his own train, as it were, near to him, by a sudden fancy which to her, who knew what cause there was for it, seemed something like a special interference of God, — filled her with a strange confused rapture of mingled feelings. She let her tears fall quietly as she sat all alone, gazing upon the scene. It must be God's doing, she felt, since no man had any hand in it. She had separated them in her wild justice, rending

her own heart while she did so, but God had brought them together. She was totally untaught, poor soul, in religious matters, as well as in everything else; but in her ignorance she had reached that point which our high philosophy reaches struggling through the mist, and which nowadays the unsatisfied and over-instructed mind loves to go back to, thinking itself happier with one naked primary truth than with a system however divine. No one could have taken from this dweller in the woods and wilds the sense of a God in the world,—almost half visible, sometimes, to musing, silent souls like her own; a God always watchful, always comprehensible to the simple mind, in the mere fact of His perpetual watchfulness, fatherliness, yet severity,—sending hunger and cold as well as warmth and plenty, and guiding those revolutions of the seasons and the outdoor facts of existence which impress the untaught yet thoughtful being as nothing learnt by books can ever do. To know as she did that there was a God in the world, and not believe at the same time that His interference was the most natural of all things, would have been impossible to this primitive creature. Therefore, knowing no agencies in the universe but that of man direct and visible, and that of God, which to her could scarcely be called invisible, she believed unhesitatingly that God had done this—that He had barked her, with a hand and power more great than hers. What was to be the next step she could not tell,—it was beyond her: she could only sit and watch how things would befall, having not only no power but no wish to interfere.

Thus things went on for the remaining portion of the “half,” which lasted only about six weeks more. Dick set himself to the work of making everything “handy” for her with enthusiasm in his odd hours, which were few—for his services at the rafts were demanded imperatively from earliest morning till the late evening after sunset, when the river dropped into darkness. “The gentlemen,” it is true, were all cleared off their favourite stream by nine o’clock; but the local lovers of the Thames would linger on it during those summer nights, especially when there was a moon, till poor Dick, putting himself across in his boat when all at last was silent—the last boating party disposed of, and the small craft all ranged in their places ready for to-morrow—would feel his arms scarcely able to pull

the light sculls, and his limbs trembling under him. Even then, after his long day’s work, when he had eaten his supper, he would set to work to put up the shelves he had promised his mother, or to fix upon his walls the pictures which delighted himself. Dick began with the lowest rudiments of art, the pictures in the penny papers, with which he almost papered his walls. Then his taste advanced as his pennies grew more plentiful: the emotional prints of the “Police News” ceased to charm him, and he rose to the pictures of the “Illustrated,” or whatever might be the picture-paper of the time. This advance—so quickly does the mind work—took place in the six weeks that remained of the half; and by the time “the gentlemen” left, and work slackened, Dick’s room was already gorgeous, with here and there a mighty chromo, strong in tint and simple in subject, surrounded with all manner of royal progresses and shows of various kinds, as represented in the columns of the prints aforesaid. He grew handy, too, in amateur carpentering, having managed to buy himself some simple tools; and when he had a spare moment he betook himself to the bits of simple carving which Ross had handed over to him, and worked at them with a real enjoyment which proved his possession of some germ at least of artistic feeling. The boy never had a moment unemployed with all these occupations, necessary and voluntary. He was as happy as the day was long, always ready with a smile and pleasant word, always sociable, not given to calculating his time too nicely, or to grumbling if some of his “mates” threw upon his willing shoulders more than his share of work. The boating people about got to know him, and among the boys he had already become highly popular. Very grand personages indeed—Lichen himself, for instance, than whom there could be no more exalted being—would talk to him familiarly; and some kind lads, finding out his tastes, brought him pictures of which they themselves had got tired, and little carved brackets from their walls, and much other rubbish of this description, all of which was delightful to Dick.

As for Valentine, the effect produced upon him by the possession of a *protégé* was very striking. He felt the responsibility deeply, and at once began to ponder as to the duties of a superior to his inferiors, of which, of course, one time or other, he had heard much. An

anxious desire to do his duty to this retainer who had been so oddly thrown upon his hands, and for whom he felt an unaccountable warmth of patronizing friendship, took possession of him. He made many trite but admirable theories on the subject—theories, however, not at all trite to Val, who believed he had invented them for his own good and that of mankind. It was not enough, he reasoned with himself, to have saved a lad from the life of a tramp, and got him regular employment, unless at the same time you did something towards improving his mind, and training him for the rôle of a respectable citizen. These were very fine words, but Val (strictly within himself) was not afraid of fine words. No young soul of sixteen worth anything ever is. To make a worthy citizen of his waif seemed to him for some time his mission. Having found out that Dick could read, he pondered very deeply and carefully what books to get for him, and how to lead him upon the path of knowledge. With a little sigh he recognized the fact that there was no marked literary turn in Dick's mind, and that he preferred a bit of wood and a knife as a means of relaxation to books. Val hesitated long between the profitable and the pleasant in literature as a means of educating his *protégé*. Whether to rouse him to the practical by accounts of machinery and manufactures, or to rouse his imagination by romance, he could not easily decide. I fear his decision was biassed ultimately by the possession of a number of books which he had himself outgrown, but which he rightly judged might do very well for his humble friend, whose total want of education made him younger than Val by a few years, and therefore still within the range of the "Headless Horseman," of Captain Mayne Reid's vigorous productions, and other schoolboy literature of the same class. These he brought down, a few volumes at a time, to the rafts, and gave them to his friend with injunctions to read them. "You shall have something better when you have gone through these; but I daresay you'll like them—I used to myself," said Val. Dick accepted them with devout respect; but I think the greatest pleasure he got out of them was when he ranged them in a little book-shelf he had himself made, and felt as a bibliopole does when he arranges his fine editions, that he too had a library. Dick did not care much for the stories of adventure with which Val fed him as a

kind of milk for babes. He knew of adventures on the road, of bivouacs out of doors, quite enough in his own person. But he dearly liked to see them ranged in his book-shelf. All kinds of curious instincts, half developed and unintelligible even to himself, were in Dick's mind,—the habits of a race of which he knew nothing—partially burnt out and effaced by a course of life infinitely different, yet still existing obstinately within him, and prompting him to he knew not what. If we could study human nature as we study fossils and strata, how strange it would be to trace the connection between Dick's rude book-shelves, with the coarse little ornament he had carved on them, and the pleasure it gave him to range Val's yellow volumes upon that rough shelf—and the great glorious green cabinets in Lady Eskside's drawing-room! Nobody was aware of this connection, himself least of all. And Val, who had an evident right to inherit so refined a taste, cared as little for the Vernis-Martin as though he had been born a savage; by such strange laws, unknown to us poor groppers after scraps of information, does inheritance go!

All this time, however, Dick's mother had not seen Val more than in his boat, for which she looked through all the sunny afternoons and long evenings, spending half her silent intent life, so different to the outward one, so full of strange self-absorption and concentrated feeling, in the watch. This something out of herself, to attract her wandering visionary thoughts and hold her passionate heart fast, was what the woman had wanted throughout the strange existence which had been warped and twisted out of all possibility at its very outset. Her wild intolerance of confinement, her desire for freedom, her instinct of constant wandering, troubled her no more. She did her few domestic duties in the morning, made ready Dick's meals for him (and they lived with Spartan simplicity, both having been trained to eat what they could get, most often by the roadside—cold scraps of food which required no preparation), and kept his clothes and her own in order; and all the long afternoon would sit there watching for the skimming boat, the white jersey, with the distinctive mark which she soon came to recognize. I think Val's jersey had a little red cross on the breast—an easy symbol to recollect. When he came down the river at last, and left his boat, she went in with a sigh,

half of relief, from her watch, half of pain that it was over, and began to prepare her boy's supper. They held her whole existence thus in suspense between them; one utterly ignorant of it, the other not much better informed. When Dick came in, tired but cheery, he would show her the books Mr. Ross had brought him, or report to her the words he had said. Dick adored him frankly, with a boy's pride in all his escapades; and there were few facts in Val's existence which were not known in that little house at the corner, all unconscious as he was of his importance there. One morning, however, Dick approached this unfailing subject with a little embarrassment, looking furtively at his mother to see how far he might venture to speak.

"You don't ever touch the cards now, mother?" he said all at once, with a guilty air, which she, absorbed in her own thoughts, did not perceive.

"The cards?—I never did when I could help it, you know."

"I know," he said, "but I don't suppose there's no harm in it; it ain't you as put them how they come. All you've got to do with it is saying what it means. Folks in the Bible did the same—Joseph, for one, as was carried to the land of Egypt."

The Bible was all the lore Dick had. He liked the Old Testament a great deal better than the "Headless Horseman;" and, like other well-informed persons, he was glad to let his knowledge appear when there was an occasion for such exhibitions. His mother shook her head.

"It's no harm, maybe, to them that think no harm," she said; "no, it ain't me that settles them—who is it? It must be either God or the devil. And God don't trouble Himself with the like of that—He has more and better to do; so it must be the devil; and I don't hold with it, unless I'm forced for a living. I can't think as it's laid to you then."

"I wish you'd just do it once to please me, mother; it couldn't do no harm."

She shook her head, but looked at him with questioning eyes.

"Suppose it was to please a gentleman as I am more in debt to than I can ever pay—more than I want ever to pay," cried Dick, "except in doing everything to please him as long as I live. You may say it ain't me as can do this, and that I'm taking it out of you; but you're all I have to help me, and it ain't to save myself. Mother, it's Mr. Ross as has heard somehow how clever you are; and if you

would do it just once to please him and me!"

She did not answer for a few minutes. Dick thought she was struggling with herself to overcome her repugnance. Then she replied, with an altered and agitated voice, "For him I'll do it—you can bring him to-morrow."

"How kind you are, mother!" said Dick, gratefully. "College breaks up the day after to-morrow," he added in a dolorous voice. "I don't know what I shall do without him and all of them—the place won't look the same, nor I shan't feel the same. Mayn't he come to-night? I think he's going off to-morrow up to Scotland, as they're all talking of. Half of 'em goes up to Scotland. I wonder what kind of a place it is. Were we ever there?"

"Once—when you were quite a child."

"'Twas there the tother little chap died?" said Dick, compassionately. "Poor mammy, I didn't mean to vex you. I wonder what he'd have been like now if he'd lived. Look here, mother, mayn't he come to-night?"

"If you like," she said, trying to seem calm, but deeply agitated by this reference. He saw this, and set it down naturally to the melancholy recollections he had evoked.

"Poor mother," he said, rising from his dinner, "you *are* a feelin' one! all this time, and you've never forgotten. I'll go away and leave you quiet; and just before lock-up, when it's getting dark, him and me will come across. You won't say nothing you can help that's dreadful if the cards turn up bad?—and speak as kind to him as you can, mother dear, he's been so kind to me."

Speak as kind to him as you can! What words were these to be said to her whose whole being was disturbed and excited by the idea of seeing this stranger! Keep yourself from falling at his feet and kissing them; from falling on his neck and weeping over him. If Dick had but known, these were more likely things to happen. She scarcely saw her boy go out, or could distinguish what were the last words he said to her. Her heart was full of the other—the other whose face her hungry eyes had not been able to distinguish from her window, who had never seen her, so far as he knew, and yet who was hers, though she dared not say so, dared not claim any share in him. Dared not! though she could not have told why. To her there were barriers between them impassible. She had given him up when

he was a child for the sake of justice, and the wild natural virtue and honour in her soul stood between her and the child she had relinquished. It seemed to her that in giving him up she had come under a solemn tacit engagement never to make herself known to him, and she was too profoundly agitated now to be able to think. Indeed I do not think that reasonable sober thought, built upon just foundations, was ever possible to her. She could muse and brood, and did so, and had done so, — doing little else for many a silent year; and she could sit still, mentally, and allow her imagination and mind to be taken possession of by a tumult of fancy and feeling, which drew her now and then to a hasty decision, and which, had she been questioned on the subject, she would have called thinking — as, indeed, it stands for thinking with many of us. It had been this confused working in her of recollection and of a fanciful remorse which had determined her to give up Valentine to his father; and now that old fever seemed to have come back again, and to boil in her veins. I don't know if she had seriously regretted her decision then, or if she had ever allowed herself to think of it as a thing that could have been helped, or that might still be remedied. But by this time, at least, she had come to feel that it never could be remedied, and that Valentine Ross, Lord Eskside's heir, could never be carried off to the woods and fields as her son, as perhaps a child might have been. He was a gentleman now, she felt with a forlorn pride, which mingled strangely with the anguish of absolute loss with which she realized the distance between them, — the tremendous and uncrossable gulf between his state and hers. He was her son, yet never could know her, never acknowledge her, — and she was to speak with him that night.

The sun had begun to sink, before, starting up from her long and agitated musing, the womanish idea struck her of making some preparations for his reception, arranging her poor room and her person to make as favourable an impression as possible upon the young prince who was her own child. What was she to do? She had been a gentleman's wife once, though for so short a time; and sometimes of late this recollection had come strongly to her mind, with a sensation of curious pride which was new to her. Now she made an effort to recall that strange chapter in her life, when she

had lived among beautiful things, and worn beautiful dresses, and might have learned what gentlemen like. She had never seen Val sufficiently near to distinguish his features, and oddly enough, ignoring the likeness of her husband which was in Dick, expected to find in Valentine another Richard, and instinctively concluded that his tastes must be what his father's were. After a short pause of consideration she went to a trunk, which she had lately sent for to the vagrant headquarters, where it had been kept for her for years — a trunk containing some relics of that departed life in which she had been "a lady." Out of this she took a little shawl embroidered in silken garlands, and which had faded into colours even more tasteful and sweet than they were in their newest glories — a shawl for which Mr. Grinder, or any other *dilettante* in Eton, would have given her almost anything she liked to ask. This she threw over a rough table of Dick's making, and placed on it some flowers in a homely little vase, of coarse material yet graceful shape. Here, too, she placed a book or two drawn from the same repository of treasures — books in rich faded binding, chiefly poetry, which Richard had given her in his early folly. The small table, with its rich cover, its bright flowers and gilded books, looked like a little altar of fancy and grace in the bare room; it was indeed an altar dedicated to the memory of the past, to the pleasure of the unknown.

When she had arranged this touching and simple piece of incongruity, she proceeded to dress herself. She took off her printed gown and put on a black one, which also came out of her trunk. She put aside the printed handkerchief which she usually wore, tramp fashion, on her head, and brushed out her long beautiful black hair, in which there was not one white thread. Why should there have been? She was not more than thirty-five or thirty-six, though she looked older. She twisted her hair in great coils round her head — a kind of coiffure which I think the poor creature remembered Richard had liked. Her appearance was strangely changed when she had made this simple toilet. She looked like some wild half-savage princess condemned to exile and penury, deprived of her retinue and familiar pomp, but not of her natural dignity. The form of her fine head, the turn of her graceful shoulders, had not been visible in her tramp dress. When she had done everything

she could think of to perfect the effect which she prepared, poor soul, so carefully, she sat down, with what calm she could muster, to wait for her boys. Her boys, her children, the two who had come into the world at one birth, had lain in her arms together, but who now were as unconscious of the relationship, and as far divided, as if worlds had lain between them! Indeed she was quite calm and still to outward appearance, having acquired that power of perfect external self-restraint which many passionate natures possess, though her heart beat loud in her head and ears, performing a whole muffled orchestra of wild music. Had any stranger spoken to her she would not have heard; had any one come in, except the two she was expecting, I do not think she would have seen them, she was so utterly absorbed in one thought.

At last she heard the sound of their steps coming up-stairs. The light had begun to wane in the west, and a purple tone of half darkness had come into the golden air of the evening. She stood up mechanically, not knowing what she was doing, and the next moment two figures stood before her — one well known, her familiar boy,—the other! Was this the other? A strange sensation, half of pleasure, half of disappointment, shot through her at sight of his face.

Val had come in carelessly enough, taking off his hat, but with the ease of a superior. He stopped short, however, when he saw the altogether unexpected appearance of the woman who was Dick's mother. He felt a curious thrill come into his veins — of surprise, he thought. "I beg your pardon," he said; "I — hope you don't mind my coming? Brown said you wouldn't mind."

"You are very welcome, sir," she said, her voice trembling in spite of her. "If there is anything I can do for you. You have been so kind — to my boy."

"Oh," said Val, embarrassed, with a shy laugh, "it pays to be kind to Brown. He's done us credit. I say — what a nice place you've got here!"

He was looking almost with consternation at the beautiful embroidery and the books. Where could they have picked up such things? He was half impressed and half alarmed, he could not have told why. He put out a furtive hand and clutched at Dick's arm. "I say, do you think she minds?" Val had never been so shy in his life.

"You want me to tell you your for-

tune sir?" she said, recovering a little. "I don't hold with it; but I'll do it if you wish it. I'll do it — once — and for you."

"Oh, thanks, awfully," cried Val, more and more taken aback — "if you're sure you don't mind:" and he held out his hand with a certain timidity most unusual to him. She took it suddenly in both hers by an uncontrollable movement, held it fast, gazed at it earnestly, and bent down her head, as if she would have kissed it. Val felt her hands tremble, and her agitation was so evident that both the boys were moved to unutterable wonder; somehow, I think the one of them who wondered least was Valentine, upon whom this trembling eager grasp made the strongest impression. He felt as if the tears were coming to his eyes, but could not tell why.

"It is not the hand I thought to see," she said, as if speaking to herself — "not the hand I thought." Then dropping it suddenly, with an air of bewilderment, she said hastily, "It is not by the hand I do it, but by the cards."

"I ought to have crossed my hand with silver, shouldn't I?" said Val, trying to laugh; but he was excited too.

"No, no," she said tremulously; "no, no — my boy's mother can take none of your silver. Are you as fond of him as he is fond of you?"

"Mother!" cried Dick, amazed at the presumption of this inquiry.

"Well — fond?" said Val, doubtfully; "yes, really I think I am, after all, though I'm sure I don't know why. He should have been a gentleman. Mrs. Brown, I am afraid it is getting near lock-up."

"My name is not Mrs. Brown," she said, quickly.

"Oh, isn't it? I beg your pardon," said Val. "I thought as he was Brown — Mrs. —?"

"There's no Miss nor Missis among my folks. They call me Myra — Forest Myra," she said, hastily. "Dick, give me the cards, and I will do my best."

But Dick was sadly distressed to see that his mother was not doing her best. She turned the cards about, and murmured some of the usual jargon about fair men and dark women, and news to receive, and journeys to go. But she was not herself: either the fortune was so very bad that she was afraid to reveal it, or else something strange must have happened to her. She threw them down at last impatiently, and fixed her intent eyes upon Valentine's face.

"If you have all the good I wish you, you'll be happy indeed," she said; "but I can't do nothing to-night. Sometimes the power leaves us." Then she put her hand lightly on his shoulder, and gazed at him beseechingly. "Will you come again?" she said.

"Oh, yes," said Val, relieved. He drew a step back, with a sense of having escaped. "I don't mind, you know, at all," he said; "it was nothing but a joke. But I'll come again with pleasure. I say, what have you done to that carving, Brown?"

How glad Val was to get away from her touch, and from her intent eyes! and yet he did not want to go away. He hastened to the other end of the room with Dick, who was glad also to find that the perplexing interview was at an end, and got out his bit of carving with great relief. Val stood for a long time (as they all thought) side by side with the other, laying their heads together, the light locks and the dark — talking both together, as boys do; and felt himself calm down, but with a sense that something strange had happened to him, something more than he could understand. The mother sat down on her chair, her limbs no longer able to sustain her. She was glad, too, that it was over — glad and sad, and so shaken with conflicting emotions, that she scarcely knew what was going on. Her heart sounded in her ears like great waves; and through a strange mist in her eyes, and the gathering twilight, she saw vaguely, dimly, the two beside her. Oh, if she could but have put her arms round them and kissed them both together! But she could not. She sat down silent among the shadows, a shadow herself, against the evening light, and saw them in a mist, and held her peace.

"You did not tell me your mother was a lady," said Val, as the two went back together through the soft dusk to the river-side. "I never knew it," said wondering Dick; "I never thought it — till to-night."

"Ah, but I am sure of it," said Val. "I thought you couldn't be a cad, Brown, or I should not have taken to you like this. She's a lady, sure enough; and what's more," he added, with an embarrassed laugh, "I feel as if I had known her somewhere — before — I suppose, before I was born!"

From Fraser's Magazine.

MR. RUSKIN'S RECENT WRITINGS.

BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

THE world is out of joint. The songs of triumph over peace and progress which were so popular a few years ago have been quenched in gloomy silence. It is difficult even to take up a newspaper without coming upon painful forebodings of the future. Peace has not come down upon the world, and there is more demand for swords than for ploughshares. The nations are glaring at each other distrustfully, muttering ominous threats, and arming themselves to the teeth. Their mechanical skill is absorbed in devising more efficient means of mutual destruction, and the growth of material wealth is scarcely able to support the burden of warlike preparations. The internal politics of states are not much more reassuring than their external relations. If the republic triumphs in France and Spain it is not because reason has supplanted prejudice, but because nobody, except a few Carlists or Communists, believes enough in any principles to fight for them. In the promised land of political speculators, the government of the country is more and more becoming a mere branch of stockjobbing. Everywhere the division between classes widens instead of narrowing; and the most important phenomenon in recent English politics is that the old social bonds have snapped asunder amongst the classes least accessible to revolutionary impulses. Absorbed in such contests, we fail to attend to matters of the most vital importance. The health of the population is lowered as greater masses are daily collected in huge cities, where all the laws of sanitary science are studiously disregarded. Everywhere we see a generation growing up sordid, degraded, and void of self-respect. The old beauty of life has departed. A labourer is no longer a man who takes a pride in his work and obeys a code of manners appropriate to his station in life. He restlessly aims at aping his superiors, and loses his own solid merits without acquiring their refinement. If the workman has no sense of duty to his employer, the employer forgets in his turn that he has any duty except to grow rich. He complains of the exorbitant demands of his subordinates, and tries to indemnify himself by cheating his equals. What can we expect in art or in literature from such a social order except that which we

see? The old spontaneous impulse has departed. Our rising poets and artists are a puny generation who either console themselves for their impotence by masquerading in the clothes of their predecessors or take refuge in a miserable epicureanism which calls all pleasures equally good and prefers those sensual enjoyments which are most suited to stimulate a jaded appetite. Religion is corrupted at the core. With some it is a mere homage to the respectabilities; with others a mere superstition, which claims to be pretty but scarcely dares even to assert that it is true; some revolt against all religious teaching, and others almost openly advocate a belief in lies; everywhere the professed creeds of men are divorced from their really serious speculations.

Those who would apply a remedy to these evils generally take one of two lines: they propose that we should humbly submit to outworn authority, or preach the consoling gospel that if we will let everything systematically alone things will somehow all come right. As if things had not been let alone! When we listen to the pedants and the preachers of the day, can we not sympathize with Shakespeare's weariness

Of art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly doctor-like controlling skill,
And simple faith miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captive ill?

"Tired of all these," where are we to find consolation? Most of us are content, and perhaps wisely, to work on in our own little spheres, and put up with such results as can fall to the share of a solitary unit in this chaotic world. We may reflect, if we please, that there never was a time since the world began at which evil was not rampant and wise men in a small minority; and that somehow or other we have in the American phrase "worried through" it, and rather improved than otherwise. There are advantages to be set against all the triumphant mischiefs which make wise men cry out, *Vanitas vanitatum!* and enthusiasts may find a bright side to the more ominous phenomena and look forward to that millennium which is always to begin the day after to-morrow. We have cultivated statistics of late, and at least one of our teachers has thought that the new gospel lay in that direction; but we have not yet succeeded in presenting in a tabular form all the good and all the evil which is to be found in the world, and in

striking a balance between them. The problem is too complex for most of us; and it may be as well to give it up, and, without swaggering over progress, or uselessly saddening ourselves over decay, do our best to swell the right side of the account. Most men, however, judge according to temperament. The cheerful philosopher sees in the difference between the actual state of the world and the ideal which he can frame for himself, a guarantee for the approach of a better day. The melancholy philosopher sees in the same contrast a proof of the natural corruption of mankind. He puts the golden age behind instead of before; and, like his rival, attributes to the observation of external events what is merely the expression of his own character.

No one, at any rate, will deny that the clouds are thick enough to justify many gloomy prognostications. Take a man of unusual if not morbid sensibility, and place him in the midst of the jostling, struggling, unsavoury, and unreasonable crowd; suppose him to have a love of all natural and artistic beauty, which is outraged at every moment by the prevailing ugliness; a sincere hatred for all the meanness and imposture too characteristic of modern life; a determination to see things for himself, which involves an antipathy to all the established commonplaces of contented respectability; an eloquence and imaginative force which transfuses his prose with poetry, though his mind is too discursive to express itself in the poetical form; and a keen logical faculty hampered by a constitutional irritability which prevents his teaching from taking a systematic form; let him give free vent to all the annoyance and the indignation naturally produced by his position, and you will have a general impression of Mr. Ruskin's later writings. One seems almost to be listening to the cries of a man of genius, placed in a pillory to be pelted by a thick-skinned mob, and urged by a sense of his helplessness to utter the bitterest taunts that he can invent. Amongst the weaknesses natural to such a temperament is the disposition to attach an undue value to what other people would describe as crotchets; and amongst Mr. Ruskin's crotchets are certain theories which involve the publication of his works in such a manner as to oppose the greatest obstacles to their circulation.* It is due

* The monthly numbers of Mr. Ruskin's *Fors Clavigera* are to be obtained for the sum of tenpence each

partly to this cause, and partly to the fact that people do not like to be called rogues, cheats, liars, and hypocrites, that Mr. Ruskin's recent writings, and especially his *Fors Clavigera*, the monthly manifesto in which he denounces modern society, have not received the notice which they deserve. The British public is content to ticket Mr. Ruskin as an oddity, and to pass by with as little attention as possible. And yet the *Fors Clavigera* (the meaning of the title may be found in the second number) would be worth reading if only as a literary curiosity. It is a strange mixture of autobiographical sketches, of vehement denunciation of modern crimes and follies, of keen literary and artistic criticism, of economical controversy, of fanciful etymologies, strained allegories, questionable interpretations of history, and remarks upon things in general, in which passages of great force and beauty are curiously blended with much that, to say the least, is of inferior value, and in which digression is as much the rule as in *Tristram Shandy* or Southey's *Doctor*. Even Mr. Ruskin's disciples seem at times to be a little puzzled by his utterances, and especially by a certain receipt for making a "Yorkshire Goose Pie," which suddenly intrudes itself into one of his numbers, and may or may not cover a profound allegory. Nothing would be easier, and nothing would be more superfluous, than to ridicule many of the opinions which he throws out, or to condemn them from the point of view of orthodox science or political economy. It seems to be more desirable to call attention to the strength than to the weakness of teaching opposed to all current opinions, and therefore more sure to be refuted than to gain a fair hearing. When a gentleman begins by informing his readers that he would like to destroy most of the railroads in England and all the railroads in Wales, the new town of Edinburgh, the north suburb of Geneva, and the city of New York, he places himself in a position which is simply bewildering to the ordinary British mind. Without claiming to be an adequate interpreter, and still less an adequate critic, of all his theories, I may venture a few remarks upon some of the characteristic qualities of *Fors* and others of his recent writings.

Mr. Ruskin, as I have said, is at war with modern society. He sometimes ex-

presses himself in language which, but for his own assurances to the contrary, might be taken for the utterance of furious passion rather than calm reflection. "It seems to be the appointed function of the nineteenth century," he says, "to exhibit in all things the elect pattern of perfect folly, for a warning to the furthest future." The only hope for us is in one of the "forms of ruin which necessarily cut a nation down to the ground and leave it, thence to sprout again, if there be any life left for it in the earth, or any lesson teachable to it by adversity." And after informing his Oxford hearers that we are, in the sphere of art at any rate, "false and base," "absolutely without imagination and without virtue," he adds that his language is not, as they may fancy, unjustifiably violent, but "temperate and accurate — except in shortcoming of blame." Indeed, if Mr. Ruskin's habitual statements be well founded, the world has become well nigh uninhabitable by decent people. Lot would be puzzled to discover a residue of righteous men sufficient to redeem us from speedy destruction. In the preface to a collected edition of his works, he tells us that in his natural temper he has sympathy with Marmontel; in his "enforced and accidental temper, and thoughts of things and people, with Dean Swift." No man could make a sadder avowal than is implied in a claim of sympathy with the great man who now rests where his heart is no longer lacerated by *sæva indignatio*. Neither, if one may correct a self-drawn portrait, can the analogy be accepted without many deductions. Swift's misanthropy is very different in quality from Mr. Ruskin's. It is less "accidental," and incomparably deeper. Misanthropy, indeed, is altogether the wrong word to express the temper with which Mr. Ruskin regards the world. He believes in the capacity of men for happiness and purity, though some strange perversity has jarred the whole social order. He can believe in heroes and in unsophisticated human beings, and does not hold that all virtue is a sham, and selfishness and sensuality the only moving forces of the world. Swift's concentrated bitterness indicates a mind in which the very roots of all illusions have been extirpated. Mr. Ruskin can still cherish a faint belief in a possible Utopia, which to the Dean would have appeared to be a silly dream, worthy of the philosophers of Liputa. The more masculine character of Swift's

mind makes him capable of accepting a view of the world which helped to drive even him mad, and which would have been simply intolerable to a man of more delicate fibre. Some light must be admitted to the horizon, or refuge would have to be sought in the cultivation of sheer cynical insensibility. Mr. Ruskin has not descended to those awful depths, and we should have been more inclined to compare his protest against modern life with the protest of Rousseau. The old-fashioned declamations against luxury may be easily translated into Mr. Ruskin's language about the modern worship of wealth; and if he does not talk about an ideal "state of nature," he is equally anxious to meet corruption by returning to a simpler order of society. Both writers would oppose the simple and healthy life of a primitive population of peasants to the demoralized and disorganized masses of our great towns. Mr. Ruskin finds his "ideal of felicity actually produced in the Tyrol." There, a few years ago, he met "as merry and round a person" as he ever desires to see: "he was tidily dressed, not in brown rags, but in green velveteen; he wore a jaunty hat, with a feather in it, a little on one side; he was not drunk, but the effervescence of his thorough good humour filled the room all about him; and he could sing like a robin." Many travellers who have seen such a phenomenon, and mentally compared him with the British agricultural labourer, whose grievances are slowly becoming articulate, must have had some searchings of heart as to the advantages of the modern civilization. Is the poor cramped population of our fields, or the brutal population which heaves half-bricks at strangers in the mining districts, or the effete population which skulks about back slums and our casual wards, the kind of human article naturally turned out by our manufacturing and commercial industry?

The problem about which all manner of Social Science Associations have been puzzling themselves for a great many years essentially comes to this; and Mr. Ruskin answers it passionately enough. The sight and the sound of all the evils which affect the world is too much for him. "I am not," he says, "an unselfish person nor an evangelical one; I have no particular pleasure in doing good, nor do I dislike doing it so much as to expect to be rewarded for it in another world. But I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else

that I like, and the very light of the morning sky, when there is any — which is seldom now-a-days near London — has become hateful to me, because of the misery which I know of and see signs of when I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly." There is evil enough under the sun to justify any fierceness of indignation; and we should be less disposed to quarrel with Mr. Ruskin for cherishing his anger than for squandering so valuable an article so rashly. He suffers from a kind of mental incontinence which weakens the force of his writing. He strikes at evil too fiercely and rapidly to strike effectually. He wrote the *Modern Painters*, as he tells us in a characteristic preface to the last edition, not from love of fame, for then he would have compressed his writing, nor from love of immediate popularity, for then he would have given fine words instead of solid thought, but simply because he could not help it. He saw an injustice being done, and could not help flying straight in the faces of the evil-doers. It is easy to reply that he ought to have helped it. In that case the book might have become a symmetrical whole instead of being only what it is — the book which, in spite of incoherence and utter absence of concentration, has done more than any other of its kind to stimulate thought and disperse antiquated fallacies. But we must take Mr. Ruskin as he is. He might, perhaps, have been a leader; he is content to be a brilliant partisan in a random guerilla warfare, and therefore to win partial victories, to disgust many people whom he might have conciliated, and to consort with all manner of superficial and untrained schemers, instead of taking part in more systematic operations. Nobody is more sensible than Mr. Ruskin of the value of discipline, order, and subordination. Unfortunately the ideas of every existing party happen to be fundamentally wrong, and he is therefore obliged in spite of himself to fight for his own hand.

Men who revolt against the world in this unqualified fashion are generally subject to two imputations. They are eccentric by definition; and their eccentricity is generally complicated by sentimentalism. They are, it is suggested, under the dominion of an excessive sensibility which bursts all restraints of logic and common sense. The worst of all qualifications for fighting the world is to be so thin-skinned as to be unable to accept compromise or to submit contentedly to

inevitable evils. In Mr. Ruskin's case, it is suggested, the foundation of this exaggerated tone of feeling is to be found in his exquisite sense of the beautiful. He always looks upon the world more or less from an artistic point of view. Whatever may be our other claims to superiority over our ancestors, nobody can deny that the world has become ugly. We may be more scientific than the ancient Greeks; but we are undoubtedly mere children to them in art, or rather, mere decrepit and effete old men. We could no more build a Parthenon or make a statue fit to be set by the Elgin marbles, than they could build ironclads or solve problems by modern methods of mathematical analysis. Indeed, our superiority in any case is not a superiority of faculty, but simply of inherited results. And thus, if the artistic capacities of a race be the fair measure of its general excellence, that which we call progress should really be called decay. Our eyes have grown dim, and our hands have lost their cunning. Mere mechanical dexterity is but a poor thing to set against the unerring instinct which in old days guided alike the humblest workman and the most cultivated artist. The point at issue appears in one of Mr. Ruskin's controversies. According to the *Spectator*, Mr. Ruskin wished the country to become poor in order that it might thrive in an artistic sense. "If," it said, "we must choose between a Titian and a Lancashire cotton-mill, then in the name of manhood and of morality give us the cotton-mill;" and it proceeded to add that only "the dilettantism of the studio" would make a different choice. Mr. Ruskin, that is, is an effeminate person who has so fallen in love with the glories of Venetian colouring and Greek sculpture that he would summarily sweep away all that makes men comfortable to give them a chance of recovering the lost power. Let us burn our mills, close our coal-mines, and tear up our railways, and perhaps we may learn in time to paint a few decently good pictures. Nobody in whom the artistic faculties had not been cultivated till the whole moral fibre was softened would buy good art at such a sacrifice.

Up to a certain point, I imagine that Mr. Ruskin would accept the statement. He does prefer Titians to cotton-mills, and he does think that the possession of cotton-mills is incompatible with the production of Titians. He hates machinery as an artist; he hates the mechanical

repetition of vulgar forms, whether in architecture or "dry goods," which takes the place of the old work where every form speaks of a living hand and eye behind it. He hates steamboats because they come puffing and screaming, and sending their whistles through his head like a knife when he is meditating on the loveliness of a picture in the once silent Venice. He hates railways because they destroy all natural beauty. There was once a rocky valley between Buxton and Bakewell, where you might have seen Apollo and the Muses "walking in fair procession on the lawns of it, and to and fro among the pinnacles of its crags." But you—the stupid British public, to wit—thought that you could make money of it; "you enterprized a railroad through the valley—you blasted its rocks away, heaped thousands of tons of shale into its lovely stream. The valley is gone, and the gods with it; and now, every fool in Buxton can be at Bakewell in half an hour, and every fool in Bakewell at Buxton; which you think a lucrative process of exchange; you fools everywhere." The beauty of English landscape is everywhere defaced by coal-smoke, and the purity of English streams defiled by refuse. Meanwhile the perfection of the mechanical contrivance which passes for art in England is typified by an ingenious performance ticketed "No. 1" in the South Kensington Museum. It is a statue in black and white marble of a Newfoundland dog, which Mr. Ruskin pronounces to be, accurately speaking, the "most perfectly and roundly ill-done thing" which he has ever seen produced in art. Its makers had seen "Roman work and Florentine work and Byzantine work and Gothic work; and misunderstanding of everything had passed through them as the mud does through earthworms, and here at last was their wormcast of a production." Mere mechanical dexterity has absolutely supplanted artistic skill.

Well, you reply, we must take the good with the bad. We give up the Newfoundland dog; but if steam-whistles go through your head in Venice, and the railway drives the gods from Derbyshire, you must remember that a number of poor Englishmen and Italians, who never cared much for scenery or for pictures, enjoy a common-place pleasure which they must else have gone without. Increased command of the natural forces means increased comfort to millions at the cost of a little sentimental enjoyment

for thousands. But it is precisely here that Mr. Ruskin would join issue with the optimists. The lesson which he has preached most industriously and most eloquently is the essential connection between good art and sound morality. The first condition of producing good pictures or statues is to be pure, sincere, and innocent. Milton's saying that a man who would write a heroic poem must make his life a heroic poem, is the secret of all artistic excellence. A nation which is content with shams in art will put up with shams in its religious or political or industrial life. We bedaub our flimsy walls with stucco as our statesmen hide their insincerity under platitude. If a people is vile at heart, the persons who minister to its taste will write degraded poetry and perform demoralizing plays, and paint pictures which would revolt the pure-minded. The impudent avowal that the spheres of art and morality should be separate is simply an acceptance of a debased condition of art. And therefore Mr. Ruskin's lectures upon art are apt to pass into moral or religious discourses, as in works professedly dealing with social questions he is apt to regard the artistic test as final. The fact that we cannot produce Titians is a conclusive proof that we must have lost the moral qualities which made a Titian possible; whilst the fact that we can produce a cotton-mill merely shows that we can cheat our customers, and make rubbish on a gigantic scale. An indefinite facility in the multiplication of shoddy is not a matter for exulting self-congratulation. The ugliness of modern life is not due to the disarrangement of certain distinct æsthetic faculties, but the necessary mark of moral insensibility. Cruelty and covetousness are the dominant vices of modern society; and if they have ruined our powers of expression, it is only because they have first corrupted the sentiments which should be expressed in noble art.

The problem is probably more complex than Mr. Ruskin is apt to assume. The attempt to divorce art from morality is indeed as illogical and as mischievous as he assumes. The greater the talent which is prostituted to express base thoughts and gratify prurient tastes, the more it should excite our disgust; and the talent so misused will die out amongst a race which neglects the laws of morality, or, in other words, the primary conditions of physical and spiritual health. The literature of a corrupt race becomes not only immoral but stupid.

And yet the art test is not quite so satisfactory as Mr. Ruskin seems at times to assume. Utter insensibility to beauty and the calmest acquiescence in all manner of ugliness is not incompatible with morality amongst individuals; or what would become of the Dissenters? Hymns which torture a musical ear may express very sincere religious emotion. Of course, we are above the Puritan prejudice which regarded all art as more or less the work of the Devil; but perhaps we are not, and even the really artistic races were not, much better than the Puritans. Indeed, we should take but a sad view of the world if we held that its artistic attainments always measured the moral worth of a nation. No phenomenon in history is more curious than the shortness of the periods during which art has attained any high degree of perfection. There have been only two brief periods, says Mr. Ruskin, in which men could really make first-rate statues, and even then the knowledge was confined to two very small districts. But if our inferiority in that direction to the Greek and the Florentine artists proves that we are equally inferior in a moral sense, we must suppose that virtue is a plant which flowers but once in a thousand years. Probably students of history would agree that virtue was more evenly, and artistic excellence more unevenly, distributed than we should have conceived possible. Many conditions, not hitherto determined by social philosophers, go to producing this rarest of qualities; and Mr. Ruskin seems often to exaggerate from a tacit assumption that men who cannot paint or carve must necessarily be incapable of speaking the truth, or revering love and purity.

Yet it is not to be denied that the test, when applied with due precaution, may reveal much of the moral character of a nation. The imbecility of our artistic efforts is the index of an unloveliness which infects the national life. We cannot make good music because there is a want of harmony in our creeds, and a constant jarring between the various elements of society. Mr. Ruskin's criticisms of modern life are forcible, though he reasons too much from single cases. The shock which he receives from particular incidents seems to throw him off his balance. He practises the art of saying stinging things, of which the essence is to make particular charges which we feel to be true, whilst we are convinced that the tacit generalization is

unfair. The whistle of the steamboat in Venice sets up such a condition of nervous irritability, that the whole world seems to be filled with its discordant strains. Mr. Ruskin saw one day a well-dressed little boy leaning over Wallingford Bridge, and fancied that he was looking at some pretty bird or insect. Coming up to him, the little boy suddenly crossed the bridge, and took up the same attitude at the opposite parapet; his purpose was to spit from both sides upon the heads of a pleasure party in a passing boat. "The incident may seem to you trivial," says Mr. Ruskin to his hearers; and, in fact, most persons would have been content to box the little boy's ears, and possibly would have consoled themselves with the reflection that, at least, spitting upon Jewish gaberlines is no longer permitted by the police. Mr. Ruskin sees in it a proof of that absence of all due social subordination and all grace of behaviour, which "leaves the insolent spirit and degraded senses to find their only occupation in malice, and their only satisfaction in shame." If the moral be rather too wide for this living fable, Mr. Ruskin has no difficulty in proving from other cases how deeply the ugliness of modern life is rooted in moral insensibility. Here is another spitting scene. As he is drawing the Duomo at Pisa, Mr. Ruskin sees three fellows in rags leaning against the Leaning Tower, and "expectorating loudly and copiously, at intervals of half a minute each, over the white marble base of it, which they evidently conceived to have been constructed only to be spit upon." Is their brutality out of harmony with the lessons taught by their superiors? There is or was a lovely little chapel at Pisa, built for a shrine, seen by the boatmen as they first rose on the surge of the open sea, and bared their heads for a short prayer. In 1840 Mr. Ruskin painted it, when six hundred and ten years had left it perfect; only giving the marble a tempered glow, or touching the sculpture with a softer shade. In a quarter of a century the Italians have grown wiser, and Mr. Ruskin watched a workman calmly striking the old marble cross to pieces. Tourists are supposed to be more appreciative, and Mr. Ruskin travelled to Verona in a railway carriage with two American girls, specimens of the utmost result of the training of the most progressive race in the world. They were travelling through exquisite midsummer sunshine, and the range of Alps was clear from the Lake of

Garda to Cadore. But the two American girls had reduced themselves simply to two "white pieces of putty that could feel pain;" from Venice to Verona they perceived nothing but flies' and dust. They read French novels, sucked lemons and sugar, and their whole conversation as to scenery was at a station where the blinds had been drawn up. "Don't those snow-caps make you cool?" "No; I wish they did." Meanwhile, at Rome, the slope of the Aventine, where the wall of Tullus has just been laid bare in perfect preservation, is being sold on building leases. New houses, that is, will be run up by bad workmen, who know nothing of art, and only care for money-making; and whilst "the last vestiges of the heroic works of the Roman monarchy are being destroyed, the base fresco-painting of the worst times of the Empire is being faithfully copied, with perfectly true lascivious instinct, for interior decoration." Lust and vanity are the real moving powers in all this Italian movement. Are we much better in England? Mr. Ruskin was waiting a short time ago at the Furness station, which is so tastefully placed as to be the only object visible over the ruined altar of the Abbey. To him entered a party of workmen who had been refreshing themselves at a tavern established by the Abbot's Chapel. They were dressed in brown rags, smoking pipes, all more or less drunk, and taking very long steps to keep their balance in the direction of motion, whilst laterally securing themselves by hustling the wall or any chance passengers. Such men, as Mr. Ruskin's friend explained to him, would get drunk and would not admire the Abbey; they were not only unmanageable, but implied "the existence of many unmanageable persons before and after them — nay, a long ancestral and filial unmanageableness. They were a fallen race, every way incapable, as I acutely felt, of appreciating the beauty of *Modern Painters* or fathoming the significance of *Fors Clavigera*." What are the amusements and thoughts of such a race, or even of the superior social layers? Go to Margate, a place memorable to Mr. Ruskin for the singular loveliness of its skies; and you may see — or newspaper correspondents exaggerate — a ruffianly crowd insulting the passengers who arrive by steamboat in the most obscene language or bathing with revolting indecency in a promiscuous crowd; or to Glasgow, and you will see the Clyde

turned into a loathsome and stagnant ditch, whilst the poor Glaswegians fancy that they can import learning into their town in a Gothic case, costing 150,000*l.*, which is about as wise as to "put a pyx into a pigsty to make the pigs pious." Or take a walk in the London suburbs. There was once a secluded district with old country houses, and neatly kept cottages with tiled footpaths and porches covered with honeysuckle. Now it is covered with thousands of semi-detached villas built of rotten brick, held together by iron devices. What are the people who inhabit them? The men can write and cast accounts; they make their living by it. The women read story books, dance in a vulgar manner, and play vulgar tunes on the piano; they know nothing of any fine art; they read one magazine on Sundays and another on week days, and know nothing of any other literature. They never take a walk; they cannot garden; the women wear false hair and copy the fashions of Parisian prostitutes; the men have no intellects but for cheating, no pleasures except smoking and eating, and "no ideas or any capacity of forming ideas of anything that has yet been done of great or seen of good in this world."

Truly, this is a lamentable picture, which we may, if we please, set down as a wanton caricature or as a proof that poor Mr. Ruskin is but speaking the truth when he tells us, pathetically enough, of his constant sadness, and declares that he is nearly always out of humour. The exaggeration is to be lamented, because it lessens the force of his criticism. The remark inevitably suggests itself that a fair estimate of modern civilization is hardly to be obtained by the process of cutting out of our newspapers every instance of modern brutality which can be found in police reports, and setting them against the most heroic deeds or thoughts of older times. Bill Sykes may be a greater brute than the Black Prince; but there were Bill Sykeses in the days of the Black Prince, and perhaps a piece of one in the Black Prince himself. Mr. Ruskin, to speak logically, is a little too fond of the induction by simple enumeration in dealing with historical problems. The sinking of the *London* does not prove conclusively that Athenians built more trustworthy ships than Englishmen; and his declamations against the folly and wickedness of modern war, true enough in themselves, cannot make us forget all the massacres, the persecu-

tions, the kidnappings, the sellings into slavery, the sacks of cities, and the laying waste of provinces, of good old times, nor convince us that Grant or Moltke are responsible for worse atrocities than mediæval or classical generals. The complex question of the moral value of different civilizations is not to be settled off-hand by quoting all the striking instances which an acute intellect combined with a fervid imagination and disturbed by an excessive irritability can accumulate in proof of human weakness. The brute survives in us, it is true, but isolated facts do not prove him to be more rampant than of old.

To argue the question, however, would take me far beyond my limits and my knowledge. Rather let us admit at once that Mr. Ruskin has laid his hand upon ugly symptoms. We will not be angry with the physician because he takes too gloomy a view of them, but be grateful to anybody who will expose the evil unsparingly. A pessimist is perhaps, in the long run, more useful than an optimist. The disease exists, whether we think of it as a temporary disorder caused by an unequal development, or as a spreading cancer, threatening a complete dissolution of the organism. Modern society may be passing through a grave crisis to a higher condition, or may be hastening to a catastrophe like that which overwhelmed the ancient world. It is in any case plain enough that the old will not gradually melt into the new, in spite of all the entreaties of epicurean philosophers, but will have to pass through spasms and dangerous convulsions. The incapacity to paint pretty pictures, to which we might submit with tolerable resignation, is indeed a proof of a wide-spread discord, which sometimes seems to threaten the abrupt dislocation of the strongest bonds. Can we explain the cause of the evil in order to apply such remedies as are in our power?

And here I come to that part of Mr. Ruskin's teaching which, to my mind, is the most unfortunate. There is a modern gospel which shows, as he thinks, plain traces of diabolic origin. His general view may be sufficiently indicated by the statement that he utterly abjures Mr. Mill's *Liberty*, and holds Mr. Carlyle to be the one true teacher of modern times. But Mr. Ruskin carries his teaching further. The pet objects of his antipathy are the political economists. He believes that his own writings on political economy are incomparably the great-

est service which he has rendered to mankind, and to establish his own system is to annihilate Ricardo, Mill, and Professor Fawcett. To give any fair account of his views would be to go too far into a very profitless discussion. This much, however, I must venture to say. Mr. Ruskin's polemics against the economists on their own ground appear to me to imply a series of misconceptions. He is, for example, very fond of attacking a doctrine fully explained (as I should say, demonstrated) by Mr. Mill, that demand for commodities is not demand for labour. I confess that I am unable to understand the reasons of his indignation against this unfortunate theorem; and the more so because it seems to me to be at once the most moral doctrine of political economy, and that which Mr. Ruskin should be most anxious to establish. It is simply the right answer to that most enduring fallacy that a rich man benefits his neighbours by profligate luxury. Mandeville's sophistry reappears in Protean shapes to the present day. People still maintain in substance that a man supports the poor as well as pleases himself by spending money on his own personal enjoyment. In this form, indeed, Mr. Ruskin accepts the sound doctrine; but when clothed in the technical language of economists, it seems to act upon him like the proverbial red rag. He is always flying at it and denouncing the palpable blunders of men whose reputation for logical clearness is certainly as good as his own. His indignation seems to blind him and is the source of a series of questionable statements, which I cannot here attempt to unravel. His attack upon the economists is thus diverted into an unfortunate direction. Political economy is, or ought to be, an accurate description of the actual phenomena of the industrial organization of society. It assumes that, as a matter of fact, the great moving force is competition; and traces amongst men the various consequences of that struggle for existence of which Mr. Darwin has described certain results amongst animals. The complex machinery of trade has been developed out of the savage simplicity by internal pressure, much as species on the Darwinian hypothesis have been developed out of more homogeneous races. Now, it is perfectly open for anybody to say that the conditions thus produced are unfavourable to morality at the present day, and that we should look forward to organizing society

on different principles. If Mr. Ruskin had said so much, he would have found allies instead of enemies amongst the best political economists. Mr. Mill agrees, for instance, with Comte, and therefore with Mr. Ruskin, that in a perfectly satisfactory social state capitalists would consider themselves as trustees for public benefit of the wealth at their disposal. They would be captains in an industrial army, and be no more governed by the desire of profit than a general by a desire for prize-money. To bring about such a state of things requires a cultivation of the "altruistic" impulses, which must be the work of many generations to come. But Mr. Ruskin in his wrath attributes to all economists the vulgar interpretation of their doctrines. He calmly assumes that political economists regard their own science as a body of "directions for the gaining of wealth, irrespectively of the consideration of its moral sources." He supposes that they deny that wages can be regulated otherwise than by competition, because they assert that wages are so regulated at present; and that they consider all desires to be equally good because they begin by studying the phenomena of demand and supply without at the same moment considering the moral tendencies implied. He supposes that because, for certain purposes, a thinker abstracts from moral considerations, he denies that moral considerations have any weight. He might as well say that physiology consists of directions for growing fat, or that it is wrong to study the laws of nutrition because they show how poisons may be assimilated as well as good food. Mr. Ruskin's wrath, indeed, is not thrown away, for there are plenty of popular doctrines about political economy which deserve all that he can say against them. I never read a passage in which reference is made to the "inexorable laws of supply and demand," or to "economic science," without preparing myself to encounter a sophistry, and probably an immoral sophistry. To regard the existing order of things as final, and as imposed by irresistible and unalterable conditions, is foolish as well as wrong. The shrewder the blows which Mr. Ruskin can aim at the doctrines that life is to be always a selfish struggle, that adulteration is only a "form of competition," that the only remedy for dishonesty is to let people cheat each other till they are tired of it, the better; and I only regret the exaggeration which enables his

antagonist to charge him with unfairness. But the misfortune is this. On that which I take to be the right theory of political economy, the supposed "inexorable laws" do not, indeed, describe the action of forces as eternal and unalterable as gravitation; but they do describe a certain stage of social development through which we must pass on our road to the millennium. To cast aside the whole existing organization as useless and corrupt is, in the first place, to attempt a Quixotic tilt against windmills, and, in the next place, to deny the existence of the good elements which exist, and are capable of healthy growth. The problem is not to do without all our machinery, whether of the material or of the human kind, but to assign to it its proper place. Mr. Ruskin once said to a minister, who was lamenting the wickedness in our great cities, "Well, then, you must not have large cities." "That," replied his friend, "is an utterly unpractical saying," and I confess that I think the minister was in the right.

Mr. Ruskin, however, is too impatient or too thoroughgoing to accept any compromise with the evil thing. Covetousness, he thinks, is at the root of all modern evils; our current political economy is but the gospel of covetousness; our social forms are merely the external embodiment of our spirit; and our science the servant of our grovelling materialism. We have proved the sun to be a "splendidly permanent railroad accident," and ourselves to be the descendants of monkeys; but we have become blind to the true light from heaven. Away with the whole of the detestable fabric founded in sin, and serving only to shelter misery and cruelty! Before Mr. Ruskin's imagination there has risen a picture of a new society, which shall spring from the ashes of the old, and for which he will do his best to secure some partial realization. He has begun to raise a fund, chiefly by his own contributions, and has already bought a piece of land. These members of the St. George's Company — that is to be the name of the future community — will lead pure and simple lives. They will cultivate the land by manual labour, instead of "luzzing and mazing the blessed fields with the Devil's own team;" the workmen shall be paid fixed wages; the boys shall learn to ride and sail; the girls to spin, weave, sew, and "cook all ordinary food exquisitely;" they shall all know how to sing and be taught mercy to brutes, courtesy to each

other, rigid truth-speaking, and strict obedience. And they shall all learn Latin, and the history of five cities, Athens, Rome, Venice, Florence and London. Leading "contented lives, in pure air, out of the way of unsightly objects, and emancipated from unnecessary mechanical occupation," the little community will possess the first conditions for the cultivation of the great arts; for great art is the expression of a harmonious, noble, and simple society. Let us wish Mr. Ruskin all success; and yet the path he is taking is strewn with too many failures to suggest much hopefulness — even, we fear, to himself. Utopia is not to be gained at a bound; and there will be some trouble in finding appropriate colonists, to say nothing of competent leaders. The ambition is honourable, but one who takes so melancholy a view of modern society as Mr. Ruskin must fear lest the sons of Belial should be too strong for him. We say that truth must prevail, and that all good work lasts. Some of us may believe it, but how can those believe it who see in all past history nothing but a record of dismal failures, of arts flourishing only to decay, and religions rising to be corrupted almost at their source?

What Mr. Ruskin thinks of such matters is perhaps given most forcibly in a singularly eloquent and pathetic lecture, delivered at Dublin, and republished in the first volume of his collected works. The subject is the Mystery of Life and its Arts, and it is a comment on the melancholy text, "What is your life? It is even as a vapour that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." That truth, which we all have to learn, has been taught to Mr. Ruskin as to others by bitter personal experience. He speaks a little too mournfully, as it may seem to his readers, of his own failures in life. For ten years he tried to make his countrymen understand Turner, and they will not even look at the pictures exhibited in the public galleries. He then laboured more prudently at teaching architecture, and found much sympathy; but the luxury, the mechanism, and the squalid misery of English cities choked the impulse; and he turned from streets of iron and palaces of crystal to the carving of the mountains and the colour of the flower. And still, he says, he could tell of repeated failures; for, indeed, who may not tell of failure who thinks that the seeds sown upon stubborn and weed-choked soil are at once to develop into

perfect plants? The failure, however, whether exaggerated or real, made the mystery of life deeper. All enduring success, he says, arises from a faith in human nature or a belief in immortality; and his own failure was due to a want of sufficiently earnest effort to understand existence or of purpose to apply his knowledge. But the reflection suggested a stranger mystery. The arts prosper only when endeavouring to proclaim Divine truth; and yet they have always failed to proclaim it. Always at their very culminating point they have become "ministers to lust and pride." And we, the hearers, are as apathetic as the teachers. We listen as in a languid dream and care nothing for the revelation that comes. We profess to believe that men are dropping into hell before our faces or rising into heaven; and we don't much care about it, or quite make up our minds one way or the other. Go to the highest and most earnest of religious poets. Milton evidently does not believe his own fictions, consciously adapted from heathen writers; Dante sees a vision of far more intensity; but it is still a vision only; a vision full of grotesque types and fancies, where the doctrines of the Christian Church become subordinate to the praise, and are only to be understood by the help, of a Florentine maiden. Or take men still greater because raised above controversy and strife. What have Homer and Shakespeare to tell us of the meaning of the world? Both of them think of men as the playthings of a mad destiny, where the noblest passions are the means of bringing their heroes to helpless ruin. The Christian poet differs from the heathen chiefly in this, that he recognizes no gods nigh at hand, and that by a petty chance the strongest and most righteous perish without a word of hope. And meanwhile, the wise men of the earth, the statesmen and the merchants, can only tell us to cut each other's throats, or to spend our whole energies in heaping up useless wealth. Turn from the wise men to the humble workers, and we learn a lesson of a kind. The lesson is mainly the old and simple taught in various forms by many men who have felt the painful weight of the great riddle too much for them, that we are to work and hold our tongues. All art consists in the effort to bring a little more order out of chaos; and the sense of failure and imperfection is necessary to stimulate us to the work. Whatever happiness is to be obtained is found in the struggle against

disorder. And yet what has been effected by all the past generations of man? The first of human arts is agriculture, and yet there are unreclaimed deserts in the Alps, the very centre of Europe, which could be redeemed by a year's labour, and which still blast their inhabitants into idiocy. And in India (Mr. Ruskin was referring to the Orissa famine) half a million of people died of hunger, and we could not bring them a few grains of rice. Clothing is the next of the arts, and yet how many of us are even decently clad? And of building, the art which leaves the most enduring remains, nothing is left of the greatest part of all the skill and strength that have been employed but fallen stones to encumber the fields and the streams.

"Must it be always thus?" asks Mr. Ruskin; "is our life forever to be without profit, without possession?" The only answer to be given is a repetition of the old advice, to do what good work we can, and waste as little as possible. By all means let us preach or practise that doctrine, and take such comfort as we can in it; but the mystery remains and presses upon all sensitive minds. That Mr. Ruskin is inclined to deepen its shades, and indeed to take a rather bilious view of the universe, may be inferred from this brief account of his sentiments. Indeed, the common taunt against Calvinism often occurs in a rather different form. Why don't you go mad, it is said, if you really believe that nine-tenths of mankind are destined to unutterable and never-ending torments? But no creed known amongst men can quite remove the burden. The futility of human effort, the rarity of excellence, the utter helplessness of reason to reduce to order the blindly struggling masses of mankind, the waste and decay and confusion which we see around us, are enough to make us hesitate before answering the question, What is the meaning of it all? A sensitive nature, tortured and thrust aside by pachydermatous and apathetic persons, may well be driven to rash revolt and hasty denunciations of society in general. At worst, and granting him to be entirely wrong, he has certainly more claims on our pity than on our contempt. And for a moral, if we must have a moral, we can only remark, that on the whole Mr. Ruskin supplies a fresh illustration of the truth, which has both a cynical and an elevating side to it, that it is amongst the greatest of all blessings to have a thick skin and a sound digestion.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE NEW ACQUAINTANCE DESCRIBED.

IDIOSYNCRASY and vicissitude had combined to stamp Sergeant Troy as an exceptional being.

He was a man to whom memories were an encumbrance, and anticipations a superfluity. Simply feeling, considering, and caring for what was before his eyes, he was vulnerable only in the present. His outlook upon time was as a transient flash of the eye now and then : that projection of consciousness into days gone by and to come, which makes the past a synonym for the pathetic and the future a word for circumspection, was foreign to Troy. With him the past was yesterday ; the future, to-morrow ; never, the day after.

On this account he might, in certain lights, have been regarded as one of the most fortunate of his order. For it may be argued with great plausibility that reminiscence is less an endowment than a disease, and that expectation in its only comfortable form — that of absolute faith — is practically an impossibility ; whilst in the form of hope and the secondary compounds, patience, impatience, resolve, curiosity, it is a constant fluctuation between pleasure and pain.

Sergeant Troy, being entirely innocent of the practice of expectation, was never disappointed. To set against this negative gain there may have been some positive losses from a certain narrowing of the higher tastes and sensations which it entailed. But limitation of the capacity is never recognized as a loss by the loser therefrom : in this attribute moral or æsthetic poverty contrasts plausibly with material, since those who suffer do not see it, whilst those who see it do not suffer. It is not a denial of anything to have been always without it, and what Troy had never enjoyed he did not miss ; but, being fully conscious that what sober people missed he enjoyed, his capacity, though really less, seemed greater than theirs.

He was perfectly truthful towards men, but to women lied like a Cretan — a system of ethics, above all others, calculated to win popularity at the first flush of admission into lively society ; and the possibility of the favour gained being but transient had reference only to the future.

He never passed the line which divides

the spruce vices from the ugly ; and hence, though his morals had never been applauded, disapproval of them had frequently been tempered with a smile. This treatment had led to his becoming a sort of forestaller of other men's experiences of the glorious class, to his own aggrandizement as a Corinthian, rather than to the moral profit of his hearers.

His reason and his propensities had seldom any reciprocating influence, having separated by mutual consent long ago : thence it sometimes happened that, while his intentions were as honourable as could be wished, any particular deed formed a dark background which threw them into fine relief. The Sergeant's vicious phases being the offspring of impulse, and his virtuous phases of cool meditation, the latter had a modest tendency to be oftener heard of than seen.

Troy was full of activity, but his activities were less of a locomotive than a vegetative nature ; and, never being based upon any original choice of foundation or direction, they were exercised on whatever object chance might place in their way. Hence, whilst he sometimes reached the brilliant in speech, because that was spontaneous, he fell below the commonplace in action, from inability to guide incipient effort. He had a quick comprehension and considerable force of character ; but, being without the power to combine them, the comprehension became engaged with trivialities whilst waiting for the will to direct it, and the force wasted itself in useless grooves through unheeding the comprehension.

He was a fairly well-educated man for one of middle class — exceptionally well educated for a common soldier. He spoke fluently and unceasingly. He could in this way be one thing and seem another : for instance, he could speak of love and think of dinner ; call on the husband to look at the wife ; be eager to pay and intend to owe.

The wondrous power of flattery in *passados* at women is a perception so universal as to be remarked upon by many people almost as automatically as they repeat a proverb, or say they are Christians and the like, without thinking much of the enormous corollaries which spring from the proposition. Still less is it acted upon for the good of the complementary being alluded to. With the majority such an opinion is shelved with all those trite aphorisms which require some

catastrophe to bring their tremendous meanings thoroughly home. When expressed with some amount of reflectiveness it seems co-ordinate with a belief that this flattery must be reasonable to be effective. It is to the credit of men that few attempt to settle the question by experiment, and it is for their happiness, perhaps, that accident has never settled it for them. Nevertheless, that the power of a male dissembler, who by the simple process of deluging her with untenable fictions charms the female wisely, becomes limitless and absolute to the extremity of perdition, is a truth taught to many by unsought and wringing occurrences. And some—frequently those who are definable as middle-aged youths, though not always—profess to have attained the same knowledge by other and converse experiences, and jauntily continue their indulgence in such experiences with terrible effect. Sergeant Troy was one. He had been known to observe casually that in dealing with womankind the only alternative to flattery was cursing and swearing. There was no third method. “Treat them fairly, and you are a lost man,” he would say.

This person's public appearance in Weatherbury promptly followed his arrival there. A week or two after the shearing, Bathsheba, feeling a nameless relief of spirits on account of Boldwood's absence, approached her hayfields and looked over the hedge towards the haymakers. They consisted in about equal proportions of gnarled and flexuous forms, the former being the men, the latter the women, who wore tilt bonnets covered with nankeen, which hung in a curtain upon their shoulders. Coggan and Mark Clark were mowing in a less forward meadow, Clark humming a tune to the strokes of his scythe, to which Jan made no attempt to keep time with his. In the first mead they were already loading hay, the women raking it into cocks and windrows, and the men tossing it upon the waggon.

From behind the waggon a bright scarlet spot emerged, and went on loading unconcernedly with the rest. It was the gallant Sergeant, who had come haymaking for pleasure; and nobody could deny that he was doing the mistress of the farm real knight-service by this voluntary contribution of his labour at a busy time.

As soon as she had entered the field Troy saw her, and sticking his pitchfork into the ground and picking up his walk-

ing-cane, he came forward. Bathsheba blushed with half-angry embarrassment, and adjusted her eyes as well as her feet to the direct line of her path.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SCENE ON THE VERGE OF THE HAY-MEAD.

“AH, Miss Everdene!” said the Sergeant, lifting his diminutive cap. “Little did I think it was you I was speaking to the other night. And yet, if I had reflected, the ‘Queen of the Corn-market’ (truth is truth at any hour of the day or night, and I heard you so named in Casterbridge yesterday), the ‘Queen of the Corn-market,’ I say, could be no other woman. I step across now to beg your forgiveness a thousand times for having been led by my feelings to express myself too strongly for a stranger. To be sure I am no stranger to the place—I am Sergeant Troy, as I told you, and I have assisted your uncle in these fields no end of times when I was a lad. I have been doing the same for you to-day.”

“I suppose I must thank you for that, Sergeant Troy,” said the “Queen of the Corn-market,” in an indifferently grateful tone.

The Sergeant looked hurt and sad. “Indeed you must not, Miss Everdene,” he said. “Why could you think such a thing necessary?”

“I am glad it is not.”

“Why? if I may ask without offence.”

“Because I don't much want to thank you for anything.”

“I am afraid I have made a hole with my tongue that my heart will never mend. Oh these intolerable times: that ill-luck should follow a man for honestly telling a woman she is beautiful! 'Twas the most I said—you must own that; and the least I could say—that I own myself.”

“There is some talk I could do without more easily than money.”

“Indeed. That remark seems somewhat digressive.”

“It means that I would rather have your room than your company.”

“And I would rather have curses from you than kisses from any other woman; so I'll stay here.”

Bathsheba was absolutely speechless. And yet she could not help giving an interested side-thought to the Sergeant's ingenuity.

“Well,” continued Troy, “I suppose

there is a praise which is rudeness, and that may be mine. At the same time there is a treatment which is injustice, and that may be yours. Because a plain blunt man, who has never been taught concealment, speaks out his mind without exactly intending it, he's to be snapped off like the son of a sinner."

"Indeed, there's no such case between us," she said, turning away. "I don't allow strangers to be bold and impudent—even in praise of me."

"Ah—it is not the fact but the method which offends you," he said, sorrowfully. "But I have the sad satisfaction of knowing that my words, whether pleasing or offensive, are unmistakably true. Would you have had me look at you, and tell my acquaintance that you are quite a commonplace woman, to save you the embarrassment of being stared at if they come near you? Not I. I couldn't tell any such ridiculous lie about a beauty to encourage a single woman in England in too excessive a modesty."

"It is all pretence—what you are saying!" exclaimed Bathsheba, laughing in spite of herself at the Sergeant's palpable method. "You have a rare invention, Sergeant Troy. Why couldn't you have passed by me that night, and said nothing?—that was all I meant to reproach you for."

"Because I wasn't going to," he said, smiling. "Half the pleasure of a feeling lies in being able to express it on the spur of the moment, and I let out mine. It would have been just the same if you had been the reverse person—ugly and old—I should have exclaimed about it in the same way."

"How long is it since you have been so afflicted with strong feeling then?"

"Oh, ever since I was big enough to know loveliness from deformity."

"'Tis to be hoped your sense of the difference you speak of doesn't stop at faces, but extends to morals as well."

"I won't speak of morals or religion—my own or anybody else's. Though perhaps I should have been a very good Christian if you pretty women hadn't made me an idolater."

Bathsheba moved on to hide the irrepressible dimplings of merriment. Troy followed entreatingly.

"But—Miss Everdene—you do forgive me?"

"Hardly."

"Why?"

"You say such things."

"I said you were beautiful, and I'll

say so still, for, by —, so you are! The most beautiful ever I saw, or may I fall dead this instant! Why, upon my —"

"Don't—don't! I won't listen to you—you are so profane!" she said, in a restless state between distress at hearing him and a *penchant* to hear more.

"I again say you are a most fascinating woman. There's nothing remarkable in my saying so, is there? I'm sure the fact is evident enough. Miss Everdene, my opinion may be too forcibly let out to please you, and, for the matter of that, too insignificant to convince you, but surely it is honest, and why can't it be excused?"

"Because it—it isn't a correct one," she femininely murmured.

"Oh fie—fie! Am I any worse for breaking the third of that Terrible Ten than you for breaking the ninth?"

"Well, it doesn't seem *quite* true to me that I am fascinating," she replied evasively.

"Not so to you: then I say with all respect that, if so, it is owing to your modesty, Miss Everdene. But surely you must have been told by everybody of what everybody notices? and you should take their words for it."

"They don't say so, exactly."

"Oh yes, they must!"

"Well, I mean to my face, as you do," she went on, allowing herself to be further lured into a conversation that intention had rigorously forbidden.

"But you know they think so?"

"No—that is—I certainly have heard Liddy say they do, but . . ." She paused.

Capitulation—that was the purport of the simple reply, guarded as it was—capitulation, unknown to herself. Never did a fragile tailless sentence convey a more perfect meaning. The careless Sergeant smiled within himself, and probably the devil smiled too from a loophole in Tophet, for the moment was the turning-point of a career. Her tone and mien signified beyond mistake that the seed which was to lift the foundation had taken root in the chink: the remainder was a mere question of time and natural seriate changes.

"There the truth comes out!" said the soldier, in reply. "Never tell me that a young lady can live in a buzz of admiration without knowing something about it. Ah, well, Miss Everdene, you are—pardon my blunt way—you are rather an injury to our race than otherwise."

"How — indeed?" she said, opening her eyes.

"Oh, it is true enough. I may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb (an old country saying, not of much account, but it will do for a rough soldier), and so I will speak my mind, regardless of your pleasure, and without hope or intending to get your pardon. Why, Miss Everdene, it is in this manner that your good looks may do more harm than good in the world." [The Sergeant looked down the mead in pained abstraction.] "Probably some one man on an average falls in love with each ordinary woman. She can marry him: he is content, and leads a useful life. Such women as you a hundred men always covet — your eyes will bewitch scores on scores into an unavailing fancy for you — you can only marry one of that many. Out of these say twenty will endeavour to drown the bitterness of despised love in drink: twenty more will mope away their lives without a wish or attempt to make a mark in the world, because they have no ambition apart from their attachment to you: twenty more — the susceptible person myself possibly among them — will be always dragging after you, getting where they may just see you, doing desperate things. Men are such constant fools! The rest may try to get over their passion with more or less success. But all these men will be saddened. And not only those ninety-nine men, but the ninety-nine women they might have married are saddened with them. There's my tale. That's why I say that a woman so charming as yourself, Miss Everdene, is hardly a blessing to her race."

The handsome Sergeant's features were during this speech as rigid and stern as John Knox's in addressing his gay young queen.

Seeing she made no reply, he said, "Do you read French?"

"No: I began, but when I got to the verbs, father died," she said, simply.

"I do — when I have an opportunity, which latterly has not been often (my mother was a Parisian) — and there's a proverb they have, *Qui aime bien, châtie bien* — He chastens who loves well. Do you understand me?"

"Ah!" she replied, and there was even a little tremulousness in the usually cool girl's voice; "if you can only fight half as winningly as you can talk, you are able to make a pleasure of a bayonet wound!" And then poor Bathsheba instantly perceived her slip in making this

admission: in hastily trying to retrieve it, she went from bad to worse. "Don't, however, suppose that I derive any pleasure from what you tell me."

"I know you do not — I know it perfectly," said Troy, with much hearty conviction on the exterior of his face: and altering the expression to moodiness; "when a dozen men are ready to speak tenderly to you, and give the admiration you deserve without adding the warning you need, it stands to reason that my poor rough-and-ready mixture of praise and blame cannot convey much pleasure. Fool as I may be, I am not so conceited as to suppose that."

"I think you — are conceited, nevertheless," said Bathsheba, hesitatingly, and looking askance at a reed she was fitfully pulling with one hand, having lately grown feverish under the soldier's system of procedure — not because the nature of his cajolery was entirely unperceived, but because its vigor was overwhelming.

"I would not own it to anybody else — nor do I exactly to you. Still, there might have been some self-conceit in my foolish supposition the other night. I knew that what I said in admiration might be an opinion too often forced upon you to give any pleasure, but I certainly did think that the kindness of your nature might prevent you judging an uncontrolled tongue harshly — which you have done — and thinking badly of me, and wounding me this morning, when I am working hard to save your hay."

"Well, you need not think more of that: perhaps you did not mean to be rude to me by speaking out your mind: indeed, I believe you did not," said the shrewd woman, in painfully innocent earnest. "And I thank you for giving help here. But — but mind you don't speak to me again in that way, or in any other, unless I speak to you."

"Oh, Miss Bathsheba! That is too hard!"

"No, it isn't. Why is it?"

"You will never speak to me; for I shall not be here long. I am soon going back again to the miserable monotony of drill — and perhaps our regiment will be ordered out soon. And yet you take away the one little ewe-lamb of pleasure that I have in this dull life of mine. Well, perhaps generosity is not a woman's most marked characteristic."

"When are you going from here?" she asked, with some interest.

"In a month."

"But how can it give you pleasure to speak to me?"

"Can you ask, Miss Everdene — knowing as you do — what my offence is based on?"

"If you do care so much for a silly trifle of that kind, then, I don't mind doing it," she uncertainly and doubtfully answered. "But you can't really care for a word from me? you only say so — I think you only say so."

"That's unjust — but I won't repeat the remark. I am too gratified to get such a mark of your friendship at any price to cavil at the tone. I *do*, Miss Everdene, care for it. You may think a man foolish to want a mere word — just a good morning. Perhaps he is — I don't know. But you have never been a man looking upon a woman, and that woman yourself."

"Well."

"Then you know nothing of what such an experience is like — and Heaven forbid that you ever should."

"Nonsense, flatterer! What is it like? I am interested in knowing."

"Put shortly, it is not being able to think, hear, or look in any direction except one without wretchedness, nor there without torture."

"Ah, Sergeant, it won't do — you are pretending," she said, shaking her head dubiously. "Your words are too dashing to be true."

"I am not, upon the honour of a soldier."

"But *why* is it so? — Of course I ask for mere pastime."

"Because you are so distracting — and I am so distracted."

"You look like it."

"I am indeed."

"Why you only saw me the other night, you stupid man."

"That makes no difference. The lightning works instantaneously. I loved you then, at once — as I do now."

Bathsheba surveyed him curiously, from the feet upward, as high as she liked to venture her glance, which was not quite so high as his eyes.

"You cannot and you don't," she said demurely. "There is no such sudden feeling in people. I won't listen to you any longer. Dear me, I wish I knew what o'clock it is — I am going — I have wasted too much time here already."

The Sergeant looked at his watch and told her. "What, haven't you a watch, Miss?" he enquired.

"I have not just at present — I am about to get a new one."

"No. You shall be given one. Yes — you shall. A gift, Miss Everdene — a gift."

And before she knew what the young man was intending, a heavy gold watch was in her hand.

"It is an unusually good one for a man like me to possess," he quietly said. "That watch has a history. Press the spring and open the back."

She did so.

"What do you see?"

"A crest and a motto."

"A coronet with five points, and beneath, *Cedit amor rebus* — 'Love yields to circumstance.' It's the motto of the Earls of Severn. That watch belonged to the last lord, and was given to my mother's husband, a medical man, for his use till I came of age, when it was to be given to me. It was all the fortune that ever I inherited. That watch has regulated imperial interests in its time — the stately ceremonial, the courtly assignation, pompous travels, and lordly sleeps. Now it is yours."

"But, Sergeant Troy, I cannot take this — I cannot!" she exclaimed, with round-eyed wonder. "A gold watch! What are you doing? Don't be such a dissembler!"

The Sergeant retreated to avoid receiving back his gift, which she held out persistently towards him. Bathsheba followed as he retired.

"Keep it — do, Miss Everdene — keep it!" said the erratic child of impulse. "The fact of your possessing it makes it worth ten times as much to me. A more plebeian one will answer my purpose just as well, and the pleasure of knowing whose heart my old one beats against — well, I won't speak of that. It is in far worthier hands than ever it has been in before."

"But indeed I can't have it!" she said, in a perfect simmer of distress. "Oh, how can you do such a thing; that is, if you really mean it! Give me your dead father's watch, and such a valuable one! You should not be so reckless, indeed, Sergeant Troy."

"I loved my father: good; but better, I love you more. That's how I can do it," said the Sergeant, with an intonation of such exquisite fidelity to nature that it was evidently not all acted now. Her beauty, which, whilst it had been quiescent, he had praised in jest, had in its

animated phases moved him to earnest ; and though his seriousness was less than she imagined, it was probably more than he imagined himself.

Bathsheba was brimming with agitated bewilderment, and she said, in half-suspicious accents of feeling, "Can it be ! Oh, how can it be, that you care for me, and so suddenly ! You have seen so little of me : I may not be really so — so nice-looking as I seem to you. Please, do take it ; oh, do ! I cannot and will not have it. Believe me, your generosity is too great. I have never done you a single kindness, and why should you be so kind to me ?"

A factitious reply had been again upon his lips, but it was again suspended, and he looked at her with an arrested eye. The truth was, that as she now stood excited, wild, and honest as the day, her alluring beauty bore out so fully the epithets he had bestowed upon it that he was quite startled at his temerity in advancing them as false. He said mechanically, "Ah, why ?" and continued to look at her.

"And my workfolk see me following you about the field, and are wondering. Oh, this is dreadful !" she went on, unconscious of the transmutation she was effecting.

"I did not quite mean you to accept it at first, for it is my one poor patent of nobility," he broke out bluntly ; "but, upon my soul, I wish you would now. Without any shamming, come ! Don't deny me the happiness of wearing it for my sake ? But you are too lovely even to care to be kind as others are."

"No, no ; don't say so. I have reasons for reserve which I cannot explain."

"Let it be, then, let it be," he said, receiving back the watch at last ; "I must be leaving you now. And will you speak to me for these few weeks of my stay ?"

"Indeed I will. Yet, I don't know if I will ! Oh, why did you come and disturb me so !"

"Perhaps in setting a gin, I have caught myself. Such things have happened. Well, will you let me work in your fields ?" he coaxed.

"Yes, I suppose so ; if it is any pleasure to you."

"Miss Everdene, I thank you."

"No, no."

"Good-bye !"

The Sergeant lifted the cap from the slope of his head, bowed, replaced it,

and returned to the distant group of hay-makers.

Bathsheba could not face the haymakers now. Her heart erratically flitting hither and thither from perplexed excitement, hot, and almost tearful, she retreated homewards, murmuring, "Oh, what have I done ! what does it mean ! I wish I knew how much of it was true !"

CHAPTER XXVII.

HIVING THE BEES.

THE Weatherbury bees were late in their swarming this year. It was in the latter part of June, and the day after the interview with Troy in the hayfield, that Bathsheba was standing in her garden, watching a swarm in the air and guessing their probable settling-place. Not only were they late this year, but unruly. Sometimes throughout a whole season all the swarms would alight on the lowest attainable bough — such as part of a currant-bush or espalier apple-tree ; next year they would, with just the same unanimity, make straight off to the uppermost member of some tall, gaunt costard, or quarrington, and there defy all invaders who did not come armed with ladders and staves to take them.

This was the case at present. Bathsheba's eyes, shaded by one hand, were following the ascending multitude against the unexplored stretch of blue till they ultimately halted by one of the unwieldy trees spoken of. A process was observable somewhat analogous to that of alleged formations of the universe, time and times ago. The bustling swarm had swept the sky in a scattered and uniform haze, which now thickened to a nebulous centre : this glided on to a bough and grew still denser, till it formed a solid black spot upon the light.

The men and women being all busily engaged in saving the hay — even Liddy had left the house for the purpose of lending a hand — Bathsheba resolved to hive the bees herself, if possible. She had dressed the hive with herbs and honey, fetched a ladder, brush, and crook, made herself impregnable with an armour of leather gloves, straw hat, and large gauze veil — once green but now faded to snuff colour — and ascended a dozen rungs of the ladder. At once she heard, not ten yards off, a voice that was beginning to have a strange power in agitating her.

"Miss Everdene, let me assist you ;

you should not attempt such a feat alone."

Troy was just opening the garden gate.

Bathsheba flung down the brush, crook, and empty hive, pulled the skirt of her dress tightly round her ankles in a tremendous flurry, and as well as she could slid down the ladder. By the time she reached the bottom Troy was there also, and he stooped to pick up the hive.

"How fortunate I am to have dropped in at this moment!" exclaimed the Sergeant.

She found her voice in a minute. "What! and will you shake them in for me?" she asked, in what, for a defiant girl, was a faltering way; though, for a timid girl, it would have seemed a brave way enough.

"Will I!" said Troy. "Why, of course I will. How blooming you are to-day!" Troy flung down his cane and put his foot on the ladder to ascend.

"But you must have on the veil and gloves, or you'll be stung fearfully!"

"Ah, yes. I must put on the veil and gloves. Will you kindly show me how to fix them properly?"

"And you must have the broad-brimmed hat, too; for your cap has no brim to keep the veil off, and they'd reach your face."

"The broad-brimmed hat, too, by all means."

So a whimsical fate ordered that her hat should be taken off—veil and all attached—and placed upon his head, Troy tossing his own into a gooseberry bush. Then the veil had to be tied at its lower edge round his collar and the gloves put on him.

He looked such an extraordinary object in this guise that, flurried as she was, she could not avoid laughing outright. It was the removal of yet another stake from the palisade of cold manners which had kept him off.

Bathsheba looked on from the ground whilst he was busy sweeping and shaking the bees from the tree, holding up the hive with the other hand for them to fall into. She made use of an unobserved minute whilst his attention was absorbed in the operation to arrange her plumes a little. He came down holding the hive at arm's length, behind which trailed a cloud of bees.

"Upon my life," said Troy, through the veil, "holding up this hive makes one's arm ache worse than a week of sword-exercise." When the manœuvre was complete he approached her. "Would

you be good enough to untie me and let me out? I am nearly stifled inside this silk cage."

To hide her embarrassment during the unwonted process of untying the string about his neck, she said:

"I have never seen that you spoke of."

"What?"

"The sword-exercise."

"Ah! would you like to?" said Troy.

Bathsheba hesitated. She had heard wondrous reports from time to time by dwellers in Weatherbury, who had by chance sojourned awhile in Casterbridge, near the barracks, of this strange and glorious performance, the sword-exercise. Men and boys who had peeped through chinks or over walls into the barrack-yard returned with accounts of its being the most flashing affair conceivable; accoutrements and weapons glistening like stars—here, there, around—yet all by rule and compass. So she said mildly what she felt strongly.

"Yes; I should like to see it very much."

"And so you shall; you shall see me go through it."

"No! How?"

"Let me consider."

"Not with a walking-stick—I don't care to see that. It must be a real sword."

"Yes, I know; and I have no sword here; but I think I could get one by the evening. Now, will you do this?"

Troy bent over her and murmured some suggestion in a low voice.

"Oh, no, indeed!" said Bathsheba, blushing. "Thank you very much, but I couldn't on any account."

"Surely you might? Nobody would know."

She shook her head, but with a weakened negation. "If I were to," she said, "I must bring Liddy, too. Might I not?"

Troy looked far away. "I don't see why you want to bring her," he said coldly.

An unconscious look of assent in Bathsheba's eyes betrayed that something more than his coldness had made her also feel that Liddy would be superfluous in the suggested scene. She had felt it, even whilst making the proposal.

"Well, I won't bring Liddy—and I'll come. But only for a very short time," she added; "a very short time."

"It will not take five minutes," said Troy.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE HOLLOW AMID THE FERNS.

THE hill opposite one end of Bathsheba's dwelling extended into an uncultivated tract of land, covered at this season with tall thickets of brake fern, plump and diaphanous from recent rapid growth, and radiant in hues of clear and untainted green.

At eight o'clock this midsummer evening, whilst the bristling ball of gold in the west still swept the tips of the ferns with its long, luxuriant rays, a soft brushing-by of garments might have been heard among them, and Bathsheba appeared in their midst, their soft, feathery arms caressing her up to her shoulders. She paused, turned, went back over the hill and down again to her own door, whence she cast a farewell glance upon the spot she had just left, having resolved not to remain near the place after all.

She saw a dim spot of artificial red moving round the shoulder of the rise. It disappeared on the other side.

She waited one minute—two minutes—thought of Troy's disappointment at her non-fulfilment of a promised engagement, tossed on her hat again, ran up the garden, clambered over the bank, and followed the original direction. She was now literally trembling and panting at this her temerity in such an errant undertaking; her breath came and went quickly, and her eyes shone with an infrequent light. Yet go she must. She reached the verge of a pit in the middle of the ferns. Troy stood in the bottom, looking up towards her.

"I heard you rustling through the fern before I saw you," he said, coming up and giving her his hand to help her down the slope.

The pit was a hemispherical concave, naturally formed, with a top diameter of about thirty feet, and shallow enough to allow the sunshine to reach their heads. Standing in the centre, the sky overhead was met by a circular horizon of fern: this grew nearly to the bottom of the slope and then abruptly ceased. The middle within the belt of verdure was floored with a thick flossy carpet of moss and grass intermingled, so yielding that the foot was half buried within it.

"Now," said Troy, producing the sword, which, as he raised it into the sunlight, gleamed a sort of greeting, like a living thing, "first, we have four right and four left cuts; four right and four left thrusts. Infantry cuts and guards

are more interesting than ours, to my mind; but they are not so swashing. They have seven cuts and three thrusts. So much as a preliminary. Well, next, our cut one is as if you were sowing your corn—so." Bathsheba saw a sort of rainbow, upside down in the air, and Troy's arm was still again. "Cut two, as if you were hedging—so. Three, as if you were reaping—so. Four, as if you were threshing—in that way. Then the same on the left. The thrusts are these: one, two, three, four, right; one, two, three, four, left." He repeated them. "Have 'em again?" he said. "One, two——"

She hurriedly interrupted: "I'd rather not; though I don't mind your twos and fours; but your ones and threes are terrible!"

"Very well. I'll let you off the ones and threes. Next, cuts, points, and guards altogether." Troy duly exhibited them. "Then there's pursuing practice, in this way." He gave the movements as before. "There, those are the stereotyped forms. The infantry have two most diabolical upward cuts, which we are too humane to use. Like this—three, four."

"How murderous and bloodthirsty!"

"They are rather deathly. Now I'll be more interesting, and let you see some loose play—giving all the cuts and points, infantry and cavalry, quicker than lightning, and as promiscuously—with just enough rule to regulate instinct and yet not to fetter it. You are my antagonist, with this difference from real warfare, that I shall miss you every time by one hair's breadth, or perhaps two. Mind you don't flinch, whatever you do."

"I'll be sure not to!" she said invincibly.

He pointed to about a yard in front of him.

Bathsheba's adventurous spirit was beginning to find some grains of relish in these highly novel proceedings. She took up her position as directed, facing Troy.

"Now just to learn whether you have pluck enough to let me do what I wish, I'll give you a preliminary test."

He flourished the sword by way of introduction number two, and the next thing of which she was conscious was that the point and blade of the sword were darting with a gleam towards her left side, just above her hip; then of their reappearance on her right side, emerging as it were from between her

ribs, having apparently passed through her body. The third item of consciousness was that of seeing the same sword, perfectly clean and free from blood, held vertically in Troy's hand (in the position technically called "recover swords"). All was as quick as electricity.

"Oh!" she cried out in affright, pressing her hand to her side. "Have you run me through?—no, you have not! Whatever have you done!"

"I have not touched you," said Troy quietly. "It was mere sleight of hand. The sword passed behind you. Now you are not afraid, are you? Because if you are I can't perform. I give my word that I will not only not hurt you, but not once touch you."

"I don't think I am afraid. You are quite sure you will not hurt me?"

"Quite sure."

"Is the sword very sharp?"

"Oh no—only stand as still as a statue. Now!"

In an instant the atmosphere was transformed to Bathsheba's eyes. Beams of light caught from the low sun's rays, above, around, in front of her, well-nigh shut out earth and heaven—all emitted in the marvellous evolutions of Troy's reflecting blade, which seemed everywhere at once, and yet nowhere specially. These circumambient gleams were accompanied by a keen sibilation that was almost a whistling—also springing from all sides of her at once. In short, she was enclosed in a firmament of light, and of sharp hisses, resembling a sky-full of meteors close at hand.

Never since the broad-sword became the national weapon, had there been more dexterity shown in its management than by the hands of Sergeant Troy, and never had he been in such splendid temper for the performance as now in the evening sunshine among the ferns with Bathsheba. It may safely be asserted with respect to the closeness of his cuts, that had it been possible for the edge of the sword to leave in the air a permanent substance wherever it flew past, the space left untouched would have been a complete mould of Bathsheba's figure.

Behind the luminous streams of this *aurora militaris*, she could see the hue of Troy's sword-arm, spread in a scarlet haze over the space covered by its motions, like a twanged bowstring, and behind all Troy himself, mostly facing her; sometimes, to show the rear cuts, half turned away, his eye nevertheless always keenly measuring her breadth and out-

line, and his lips tightly closed in sustained effort. Next, his movements lapsed slower, and she could see them individually. The hissing of the sword had ceased, and he stopped entirely.

"That outer loose lock of hair wants tidying," he said, before she had moved or spoken. "Wait: I'll do it for you."

An arc of silver shone on her right side: the sword had descended. The lock dropped to the ground.

"Bravely borne!" said Troy. "You didn't flinch a shade's thickness. Wonderful in a woman!"

"It was because I didn't expect it. O you have spoilt my hair!"

"Only once more."

"No—no! I am afraid of you—indeed I am!" she cried.

"I won't touch you at all—not even your hair. I am only going to kill that caterpillar settling on you. Now: still!"

It appeared that a caterpillar had come from the fern and chosen the front of her bodice as his resting place. She saw the point glisten towards her bosom, and seemingly enter it. Bathsheba closed her eyes in the full persuasion that she was killed at last. However, feeling just as usual, she opened them again.

"There it is, look," said the Sergeant, holding his sword before her eyes.

The caterpillar was spitted upon its point.

"Why it is magic!" said Bathsheba, amazed.

"O no—dexterity. I merely gave point to your bosom where the caterpillar was, and instead of running you through checked the extension a thousandth of an inch short of your surface."

"But how could you chop off a curl of my hair with a sword that has no edge?"

"No edge! This sword will shave like a razor. Look here."

He touched the palm of his hand with the blade, and then, lifting it, showed her a thin shaving of scarf-skin dangling therefrom.

"But you said before beginning that it was blunt and couldn't cut me!"

"That was to get you to stand still, and so ensure your safety. The risk of injuring you through your moving was too great not to compel me to tell you an untruth to obviate it."

She shuddered. "I have been within an inch of my life, and didn't know it!"

"More precisely speaking, you have been within half an inch of being pared alive two hundred and ninety-five times."

"Cruel, cruel, 'tis of you!"

"You have been perfectly safe nevertheless. My sword never errs." And Troy returned the weapon to the scabbard.

Bathsheba, overcome by a hundred tumultuous feelings resulting from the scene, abstractedly sat down on a tuft of heather.

"I must leave you now," said Troy softly. "And I'll venture to take and keep this in remembrance of you."

She saw him stoop to the grass, pick up the winding lock which he had severed from her manifold tresses, twist it round his fingers, unfasten a button in the breast of his coat, and carefully put it inside. She felt powerless to withstand or deny him. He was altogether too much for her, and Bathsheba seemed as one who, facing a reviving wind, finds it to blow so strongly that it stops the breath.

He drew near and said, "I must be leaving you." He drew nearer still. A minute later and she saw his scarlet form disappear amid the ferny thicket, almost in a flash, like a brand swiftly waved.

That minute's interval had brought the blood beating into her face, set her stinging as if aflame to the very hollows of her feet, and enlarged emotion to a compass which quite swamped thought. It had brought upon her a stroke resulting, as did that of Moses in Horeb, in a liquid stream—here a stream of tears. She felt like one who has sinned a great sin.

The circumstance had been the gentle dip of Troy's mouth downward upon her own. He had kissed her.

CHAPTER XXIX.

PARTICULARS OF A TWILIGHT WALK.

WE now see the element of folly distinctly mingling with the many varying particulars which made up the character of Bathsheba Everdene. It was almost foreign to her intrinsic nature. It was introduced as lymph on the dart of Eros, and eventually permeated and coloured her whole constitution. Bathsheba, though she had too much understanding to be entirely governed by her womanliness, had too much womanliness to use her understanding to the best advantage. Perhaps in no minor point does woman astonish her helpmate more than in the strange power she possesses of believing cajoleries that she knows to be false—except, indeed, in that of being utterly

sceptical on strictures that she knows to be true.

Bathsheba loved Troy in the way that only self-reliant women love when they abandon their self-reliance. When a strong woman recklessly throws away her strength she is worse than a weak woman who has never had any strength to throw away. One source of her inadequacy is the novelty of the occasion. She has never had practice in making the best of such a condition. Weakness is doubly weak by being new.

Bathsheba was not conscious of guile in this matter. Though in one sense a woman of the world, it was, after all, that world of day-light coteries, and green carpets, wherein cattle form the passing crowd and winds the busy hum; where a quiet family of rabbits or hares lives on the other side of your party-wall, where your neighbour is everybody in the tything, and where calculation is confined to market-days. Of the fabricated tastes of good fashionable society she knew but little, and of the formulated self-indulgence of bad, nothing at all. Had her utmost thoughts in this direction been distinctly worded (and by herself they never were) they would only have amounted to such a matter as that she felt her impulses to be pleasanter guides than her discretion. Her love was entire as a child's, and though warm as summer it was fresh as spring. Her culpability lay in her making no attempt to control feeling by subtle and careful inquiry into consequences. She could show others the steep and thorny way, but "reck'd not her own rede."

And Troy's deformities lay deep down from a woman's vision, whilst his embellishments were upon the very surface; thus contrasting with homely Oak, whose defects were patent to the blindest, and whose virtues were as metals in a mine.

The difference between love and respect was markedly shown in her conduct. Bathsheba had spoken of her interest in Boldwood with the greatest freedom to Liddy, but she had only communed with her own heart concerning Troy.

All this infatuation Gabriel saw, and was troubled thereby from the time of his daily journey a-field to the time of his return, and on to the small hours of many a night. That he was not beloved had hitherto been his great sorrow; that Bathsheba was getting into the toils was now a sorrow greater than the first, and

one which nearly obscured it. It was a result which paralleled the oft-quoted observation of Hippocrates concerning physical pains.

That is a noble though perhaps an unpromising love which not even the fear of breeding aversion in the bosom of the one beloved can deter from combating his or her errors. Oak determined to speak to his mistress. He would base his appeal on what he considered her unfair treatment of Farmer Boldwood, now absent from home.

An opportunity occurred one evening when she had gone for a short walk by a path through the neighbouring corn-fields. It was dusk when Oak, who had not been far a-field that day, took the same path and met her returning, quite pensively, as he thought.

The wheat was now tall, and the path was narrow; thus the way was quite a sunken groove between the embrowing thicket on either side. Two persons could not walk abreast without damaging the crop, and Oak stood aside to let her pass.

"Oh, is it Gabriel?" she said, "you are taking a walk too. Good night."

"I thought I would come to meet you, as it is rather late," said Oak, turning and following at her heels when she had brushed somewhat quickly by him.

"Thank you, indeed, but I am not very fearful."

"Oh no; but there are bad characters about."

"I never meet them."

Now Oak, with marvellous ingenuity, had been going to introduce the gallant Sergeant through the channel of "bad characters." But all at once the scheme broke down, it suddenly occurring to him that this was rather a clumsy way, and too bare-faced to begin with. He tried another preamble.

"And as the man who would naturally come to meet you is away from home, too—I mean Farmer Boldwood—why, thinks I, I'll go," he said.

"Ah, yes." She walked on without turning her head, and for many steps nothing further was heard from her quarter than the rustle of her dress against the heavy corn-ears. Then she resumed rather tartly:

"I don't quite understand what you meant by saying that Mr. Boldwood would naturally come to meet me."

"I meant on account of the wedding which they say is likely to take place be-

tween you and him, Miss. Forgive my speaking plainly."

"They say what is not true," she returned quickly. "No marriage is likely to take place between us."

Gabriel now put forth his unobscured opinion, for the moment had come. "Well, Miss Everdene," he said, "putting aside what people say, I never in my life saw any courting if his is not courting of you."

Bathsheba would probably have terminated the conversation there and then by flatly forbidding the subject, had not a conscious weakness of position allured her to palter and argue in endeavours to better it.

"Since this subject has been mentioned," she said very emphatically, "I am glad of the opportunity of clearing up a mistake which is very common and very provoking. I didn't definitely promise Mr. Boldwood anything. I have never cared for him. I respect him, and he has urged me to marry him. But I have given him no distinct answer. As soon as he returns I shall do so; and the answer will be that I cannot think of marrying him."

"People are full of mistakes, seemingly."

"They are."

"The other day they said you were trifling with him, and you almost proved that you were not; lately they have said that you are not, and you straightway begin to show——"

"That I am, I suppose you mean."

"Well I hope they speak the truth."

"They do, but wrongly applied. I don't trifle with him, but then, I have nothing to do with him."

Oak was unfortunately led on to speak of Boldwood's rival in a wrong tone to her after all. "I wish you had never met that young Sergeant Troy, Miss," he sighed.

Bathsheba's steps became faintly spasmodic. "Why?" she asked.

"He is not good enough for you."

"Did any one tell you to speak to me like this?"

"Nobody at all."

"Then it appears to me that Sergeant Troy does not concern us here," she said, intractably. "Yet I must say that Sergeant Troy is an educated man, and quite worthy of any woman. He is well born."

"His being higher in learning and birth than the ruck of soldiers is any-

thing but a proof of his worth. It shows his course to be downward."

"I cannot see what this has to do with our conversation. Mr. Troy's course is not by any means downward; and his superiority *is* a proof of his worth."

"I believe him to have no conscience at all. And I cannot help begging you, Miss, to have nothing to do with him. Listen to me this once — only this once! I don't say he's such a bad man as I have fancied — I pray to God he is not. But since we don't exactly know what he is, why not behave as if he *might* be bad, simply for your own safety? Don't trust him, mistress; I ask you not to trust him so."

"Why, pray?"

"I like soldiers, but this one I do not like," he said sturdily. "The nature of his calling may have tempted him astray, and what is mirth to the neighbours is ruin to the woman. When he tries to talk to you again, why not turn away with a short 'Good day;' and when you see him coming one way, turn the other. When he says any thing laughable, fail to see the point and don't smile, and speak of him before those who will report your talk as 'that fantastical man,' or 'that Sergeant What's-his-name.' 'That man of a family that has come to the dogs.' Don't be unmannerly towards him, but harmless-uncivil, and so get rid of the man."

No Christmas robin detained by a window-pane ever pulsed as did Bathsheba now.

"I say — I say again — that it doesn't become you to talk about him. Why he should be mentioned passes me quite!" she exclaimed desperately. "I know this, th-th-that he is a thoroughly conscientious man — blunt sometimes even to rudeness — but always speaking his mind about you plain to your face!"

"Oh."

"He is as good as anybody in this parish! He is very particular too about going to church — yes, he is!"

"I am afraid nobody ever saw him there. I never did certainly."

"The reason of that is," she said eagerly, "that he goes in privately by the old tower door, just when the service commences, and sits at the back of the gallery. He told me so."

This supreme instance of Troy's goodness fell upon Gabriel's ears like the thirteenth stroke of a crazy clock. It was not only received with utter incredulity as regarded itself, but threw a

doubt on all the assurances that had preceded it.

Oak was grieved to find how entirely she trusted him. He brimmed with deep feeling as he replied in a steady voice, the steadiness of which was spoilt by the palpableness of his great effort to keep it so: —

"You know, mistress, that I love you, and shall love you always. I only mention this to bring to your mind that at any rate I would wish to do you no harm: beyond that I put it aside. I have lost in the race for money and good things, and I am not such a fool as to pretend to you now I am poor, and you have got altogether above me. But, Bathsheba, dear mistress, this I beg you to consider — that both to keep yourself well honoured among the workfolk, and in common generosity to an honourable man who loves you as well as I, you should be more discreet in your bearing towards this soldier."

"Don't, don't, don't!" she exclaimed, in a choking voice.

"Are you not more to me than my own affairs, and even life?" he went on. "Come, listen to me! I am six years older than you, and Mr. Boldwood is ten years older than I, and consider — I do beg you to consider before it is too late — how safe you would be in his hands!"

Oak's allusion to his own love for her lessened, to some extent, her anger at his interference; but she could not really forgive him for letting his wish to marry her be eclipsed by his wish to do her good, any more than his slighting treatment of Troy.

"I wish you to go elsewhere," she said, a paleness of face invisible to the eye being suggested by the trembling words. "Do not remain on this farm any longer. I don't want you — I beg you to go!"

"That's nonsense," said Oak, calmly. "This is the second time you have pretended to dismiss me, and what's the use of it?"

"Pretended! You shall go, sir — your lecturing I will not hear! I am mistress here."

"Go, indeed — what folly will you say next? Treating me like Dick, Tom, and Harry, when you know that a short time ago my position was as good as yours! Upon my life, Bathsheba, it is too barefaced. You know too that I can't go without putting things in such a strait as you wouldn't get out of I can't tell when. Unless, indeed, you'll promise to have an

understanding man as bailiff, or manager, or something. I'll go at once if you'll promise that."

"I shall have no bailiff; I shall continue to be my own manager," she said decisively.

"Very well, then; you should be thankful to me for staying. How would the farm go on with nobody to mind it but a woman? But mind this, I don't wish you to feel you owe me anything. Not I. What I do, I do. Sometimes I say I should be as glad as a bird to leave the place — for don't suppose I'm content to be a nobody. I was made for better things. However, I don't like to see your concerns going to ruin, as they must if you keep in this mind. . . . I hate taking my own measure so plainly, but upon my life your provoking ways make a man say what he wouldn't dream of other times! I own to being rather interfering. But you know well enough how it is, and who she is that I like too well, and feel too much like a fool about to be civil to her."

It is more than probable that she privately and unconsciously respected him a little for this grim fidelity, which had been shown in his tone even more than in his words. At any rate she murmured something to the effect that he might stay if he wished. She said more distinctly, "Will you leave me alone now? I don't order it as a mistress — I ask it as a woman, and I expect you not to be so uncourteous as to refuse."

"Certainly I will, Miss Everdene," said Gabriel, gently. He wondered that the request should have come at this moment, for the strife was over, and they were on a most desolate hill far from any human habitation, and the hour was getting late. He stood still and allowed her to get far ahead of him till he could only see her form upon the sky.

A distressing explanation of this anxiety to be rid of him at that point now ensued. A figure apparently rose from the earth beside her. The shape beyond all doubt was Troy's. Oak would not be even a possible listener, and at once turned back till a good two hundred yards were between the lovers and himself.

Gabriel went home by way of the churchyard. In passing the tower he thought of what she had said about the Sergeant's virtuous habit of entering the church unperceived at the beginning of service. Believing that the little gallery door alluded to was quite disused, he ascended the external flight of steps at the top of which it stood, and examined it.

The pale lustre yet hanging in the north-western heaven was sufficient to show that a sprig of ivy had grown from the wall across the door to a length of more than a foot, delicately tying the panel to the stone jamb. It was a decisive proof that the door had not been opened at least since Troy came back to Weatherbury.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ASSYRIAN DISCOVERIES.

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE LONDON INSTITUTION, JANUARY 28, 1874.

THE history of the decipherment of the cuneiform or wedge-shaped inscriptions of Assyria is a story of patience, of acuteness, and of perseverance. When Grotefend, at the beginning of the present century, demonstrated that a certain group of letters on the monuments of Persepolis represented the name of the great Persian monarch Darius, the problem was virtually solved. Burnouf, Lassen, and Rawlinson followed up the path which had thus been opened out for them; and the publication by the last scholar of the long inscription of Behistun, in which Darius Hystaspis narrates the successful history of his troubled reign, enabled the student to become as familiar with the ancient language of Persia as with the Hebrew of the Old Testament. It was found to be one closely related to the Sanskrit of India, though representing a rather later form of speech than the Zend of the sacred books of the Parsees in which the doctrines of Zoroastrianism have been preserved down to our own day. But side by side with these Persian legends we always find two other kinds of cuneiform writing, which do not use the same alphabet as that of the Persian inscriptions, but one infinitely more complex. By the help of the proper names, the reading of these two other texts was determined, and the syllabaries in which they were written were made out. It was then discovered that the one text revealed a Semitic language, nearly allied to Hebrew, while the other text contained an agglutinative idiom resembling those of the Tartar or Finnic tribes. The empire of the old Persian kings included subjects who spoke these three several languages; every edict therefore in order to be generally understood had to be transcribed in each one of them, just as

at the present time a Turkish governor has to publish his decrees in agglutinative Turkish, Semitic Arabic, and Aryan Persian. Now a variety of reasons tended to show that the Semitic language which the decipherment of the inscriptions had brought to light belonged to the inhabitants of Assyria and Babylonia; and by a lucky accident this conclusion was soon afterwards confirmed by the discoveries of Botta and Layard at Nineveh. Bulls and sculptured slabs, obelisks and statues, were brought to Europe covered with lines of writing to the meaning of which the key had now been found; the application of it was only a matter of time and labour.

But the labour was incomparably greater than could have been anticipated. The Assyrians made use, not of an alphabet, but of a syllabary which contained several hundred different characters. Most of these had more than one phonetic value, and they might all be employed as ideographs, that is, not as mere syllabic sounds, but, like the hieroglyphics, as representatives of some particular object or idea. In fact, we now know that they were at the outset nothing but hieroglyphics which were gradually corrupted into the arrow-headed forms met with upon the Assyrian monuments; and the attempt to adapt these hieroglyphics to the requirements of a syllabary has given rise to all the difficulties I have just mentioned. The people who invented them were the primitive inhabitants of Chaldea, the builders of the great cities there, and the originators of civilization in Western Asia. Their language was agglutinative, that is to say, the relations of grammar were expressed, not by inflections, but by the addition of independent words; and it belonged to the same family of speech as Tartar, Mongolian, or Basque. They seem to have called themselves Accadians or people of Accad, a word signifying "highlanders," and showing that they must have originally descended from the mountains of Elam on the east. The Elamites, accordingly, as we find from the inscriptions, spoke cognate dialects to this Accadian; and the Accadians themselves looked back upon the mountains of the East as "the mountain of the world" and the cradle of mankind. Babylonia was never secure from invasions from this quarter until the Elamites were at last nearly extirpated by Assurbanipal or Sardanapalus, the son of Esarhaddon.

More than once in historical times the hardy highlanders overran and conquered their quieter neighbours. In the fourteenth chapter of Genesis we are told that Chedor-laomer, King of Elam, was the leader of a confederacy of subordinate Babylonian princes; and the bricks in form of a certain Cudur-Mabug, "the father" or "governor of Palestine," who came from Yavutbal or Yatbur in Elam and founded a dynasty in Chaldea. 1635 years, again, before the conquest of Elam by Assurbanipal, Cudurnankhundi, the monarch of that country, had invaded and "oppressed Accad;" and in the sixteenth century B.C. the whole of Babylonia was conquered by an Elamite tribe called Cassi (or Kossæans as the name is given by the classical geographers), under a leader entitled Khammuragas. Khammuragas first occupied Northern Babylonia, then governed by a queen, and for the first time fixed his capital at a city hitherto known as Din-tir or "House of Life," but which henceforth took the name of Bab-ili or Babylon, "the gate of the gods." After establishing his power in this part of the country, Khammuragas succeeded in overcoming Naram-Sin or Rim-Sin, the King of Southern Babylonia, and in founding a dynasty which lasted for several centuries. He seems to have assumed the Semitic name of Samsu-iluna, "The Sun [is] our God," and accordingly built a great temple to his patron deity at Larsa, the modern Senkereh. A large number of canals were constructed during his reign, more especially the famous Nahr Malka or King's Canal of which Pliny speaks, and an embankment was built along the banks of the Tigris. Khammuragas appears to have had his attention turned to the irrigation of the country by an inundation which destroyed the important city of Mullias. Numberless temples also were founded and repaired by the prince, and images covered with gold were set up in them. His successors intermarried with the royal family of Assyria; and upon one occasion, when the reigning sovereign had been murdered and a usurper of low birth placed upon the throne by the rebels, the Assyrian king marched into Babylonia, suppressed the revolt, and restored the crown to the brother of the murdered prince. At other times, however, the intercourse between the two countries was not so amicable, and finally about 1270 B.C. Tiglath-Adar, King of Assyria, took Babylon by storm, put an end to the dynasty of

Khammuragas, and founded a line of Semitic monarchs which lasted down to the days of Sargon and Sennacherib.

Now the materials for this reconstruction of ancient history have been furnished in some measure by contemporaneous records, but principally by the small clay tablets which were found at Kouyundjik by Mr. Layard. Thousands of fragments of these, covered with the most minute writing, are now in Europe, for the most part in the British Museum. The fragments have been patiently pieced together by Messrs. Norris and Cox, by Sir H. Rawlinson, and last, but not least, by Mr. G. Smith; and they turn out to have formed part of an extensive library collected by Assurbanipal. And this brings me back to the explanation of the way in which the difficulties arising from the intricacies of the Assyrian syllabary have been smoothed over. The Assyrians themselves, and still more the foreigners at the Ninevite Court, found these difficulties nearly as great as we do. Syllabaries were accordingly drawn up in which the character to be explained was put in the middle column, the column on the left giving its phonetic power, and that on the right the Assyrian meaning of what that phonetic power signified in the old Accadian language, and of the character itself in Assyrian when used as an ideograph. Thus the character which is sounded *mi* and *sib* is explained to denote "assembly," "mass," and "herd," because these were the significations of *mi* and *sib* in Accadian, and of the character in question whenever it stood alone. In a syllabary which Mr. G. Smith has lately brought home a fourth column is added, containing Assyrian synonymes of the words written in the third column. Besides the syllabaries, there are tablets of synonymes, lists of countries, deities, animals, birds, and stones, and above all, grammars, dictionaries, and phrase-books of Accadian and Assyrian, together with interlinear or parallel translations of Accadian texts into the language of Nineveh. It is these latter that have enabled us to interpret this ancient forgotten tongue, and to decipher the brick-legends of the early Babylonian kings. Assurbanipal is never weary of repeating that Nebo and his wife Tasmit have enlarged his ears and given sight to his eyes, so that he was inspired to "write and engrave on tablets, and explain all the characters of the syllabary that exist, and to place [them] in the midst of" his "palace for the inspection of" his "people." But

it must not be supposed that this was the first library ever formed in those regions. On the contrary, Assurbanipal was but the last of a series of monarchs who were worthy predecessors of the Attali and Ptolemies of a later period. All the great cities of Babylonia had their libraries, most of them older than the sixteenth century B.C., and Babylon itself could boast of no less than two which still lie buried under its ruins waiting for the explorer to open them. Libraries existed in Assyria also, but they consisted for the most part of works imported from Chaldea and translated from the Accadian. The most famous of the Babylonian libraries was that of the city of Agane, the very site of which is now unknown. It was got together by a king called Sargon, who immediately preceded the queen conquered by Khammuragas. To this library belonged the standard work on astrology, consisting of 70 tablets or books as we should call them. It was entitled "the illumination of Bel," and in later times was translated into Greek by the Chaldean historian Berosus, a contemporary of Alexander the Great, whose works are unfortunately now lost. It passed through many editions, and suitable extracts were made from it upon the occurrence of any astronomical phenomena. Eclipses for the most part were recorded in it, and whatever event had been observed to take place after any particular eclipse would happen again, it was supposed, whenever the eclipse occurred on the same day. The following specimens from the 23rd chapter of the work will give some idea of its general character:

In the month Sivan, on the 14th day, an eclipse happens, and in the east it begins, in the west it ends. In the night-watch it begins and in the morning-watch it ends. Eastward, at the time of appearance and disappearance, its shadow is seen; and to the King of Dilmun a crown is given; the King of Dilmun grows old on the throne. On the 15th day an eclipse takes place; the King of Dilmun is murdered on the throne, and a nobody seizes on the government. On the 16th day an eclipse occurs; the king is slain by his eunuchs, and his nephew seizes on the throne. On the 20th day an eclipse happens; there are rains in heaven; floods flow in the channels. On the 21st day an eclipse takes place; there is devastation or rapine in the country; there are dead bodies in the country.

At the beginning of the year, in the month Nisan, on the 14th day, an eclipse occurs; deserts are made in the land of the enemy, and the land is reduced; the king dies. On the 15th day an eclipse occurs; famine en-

sues; men sell their sons for silver. On the 16th day an eclipse occurs; a destructive wind blows across the land, and the planet Mars is in the ascendant, and the cattle are scattered. On the 20th day an eclipse occurs; king against king sends war. On the 21st day an eclipse takes place; again there is oppression.

In the month Elul, from the 10th to the 30th day, there was no eclipse. The crops will fail. If the air-god is obscured, rain and flood will come down. If rain has descended, the king of the land sees misfortune. If the wind sweeps the face of the country, for six years the country sees famine.

Now, all this seems to us very childish. But it must be remembered that the science of astronomy has grown out of such false and superstitious views of nature, and that, in fact, without such observations as are recorded in these old Babylonian tablets, it could never have come into existence at all. Nor must we suppose that these astrological formulæ were the only result of Chaldean stargazing. To say nothing of the formation of a calendar, in itself a work of primary importance, we have a catalogue of the astrological works contained in this very library of Sargon, in which we find one on "the conjunction of the moon and the sun," another on comets, and a third on the pole-star. It is curious to meet with a direction to the student at the end of this catalogue, in which he is told to write down the number of the tablet he wishes to consult, and the librarian will thereupon give it to him. In this matter at least we have not improved upon the old Babylonian system.

But the royal patronage of astronomy was not confined to libraries and their contents. The Astronomer Royal, as we should term him, was a very important person in the monarchies of the Euphrates and the Tigris, and observatories were established in all the great cities, at Nineveh, at Arbela, at that Ur of the Chaldees in which Abraham was born, and at many other places. Monthly reports had to be sent in to the king; and though they are not couched in the precise language of modern science, they yet show that these ancient people honestly devoted themselves to their work, imperfect as their means were, and had come to know that eclipses occurred in a regular order, and could therefore be predicted. Here are two of these reports. The first tells us that the vernal equinox fell upon the 6th of the month Nisan, or March, in the following language:

The 6th day of Nisan, the day and the night

were equal. (There were) twelve hours of day and twelve of night. To the king my lord may the gods Nebo and Merodach be propitious.

The second report is a longer one. The king is informed that a solar eclipse was expected; but though the heavens were carefully watched for three days, it did not take place:

To the king my lord, thy servant Ebed-Istar. Peace to the king my lord. May Nebo and Merodach be propitious to the king my lord. May the great gods grant the king my lord long days, soundness of flesh, and joy of heart. On the 27th of the month the moon disappeared. On the 28th, 29th, and 30th of the month we watched for the eclipse of the sun, but the sun did not become eclipsed. On the 1st of the month Tammuz the moon was seen in the daytime above the planet Mercury, of which I have already sent a special account to the king my lord. During the first five days of the month, when the moon is termed Anu, it was seen declining in the circle of the star called the Shepherd of the Heavenly Flock; but the horns were not visible on account of rain. Thus I have sent a report of its conjunction during these first five days of the month to the king. Thus it extended itself, and was visible under the star of the Chariot. During the period from the 10th to the 15th day it disappeared. It circled round the star of the Chariot, [so that] a conjunction with it was prevented, although its conjunction with Mercury during the first five days of the month, of which I have already sent an account to the king my lord, was not prevented. May the king my lord have peace.

Two things strike us in these reports, I mean the servility and the extremely religious colouring which they display. The servility is the natural product of an Oriental despotism; but the obtrusive piety is the result of a combination of Semitic religious zeal with an elaborate system of theology which the Assyrians had learnt from their Accadian predecessors. The old population of Babylonia was inordinately superstitious; it had invented innumerable epithets for the gods it worshipped, and then had turned these into fresh deities. The whole world was filled with spirits, some beneficent, some harmful; even the cup of water that was drunk, or the food that was eaten, had to be exorcised lest the demon which possessed it might enter the body, and produce disease and death. The priests were acquainted with all the details of the future state; those whom the gods favoured would enjoy everlasting life in their presence in "the land of the silver sky," feasting at richly garnished

altars, and wandering amid the light of "the fields of the blessed;" while for the rest of mankind was reserved the lower world of Hades, "the land whence none may return," as it was called. Here Allat, "the queen of the mighty country," ruled together with Tu, the god of death; and Datilla, the river of the dead, flowed sluggishly along, nourishing the monstrous seven-headed serpent which lashes the sea into waves. Seven gates and seven warder-spirits shut it in; and in its midst rose the golden throne of the gods of the earth, the Anunnaci, or offspring of Anu, the sky. It was a land of darkness, and those who were within longed in vain for the light. Before reaching this dreary region the souls of the departed were stripped bare and empty; and though the waters of life bubbled up in its inmost depths, they were never allowed to taste them. The spirits of earth who inhabited it were six hundred in number, and they seem to have been regarded generally as hostile to mankind. Numerous as they were, they each had a name, like the three hundred spirits of heaven. Above both came the fifty great gods, and above these latter again the seven magnificent deities, at the head of whom stood the trinity of Bel, Anu, and Hea. Anu and his brothers were the children of Zikara, "the sky," for Zikara was the universal mother of all the divinities whom the Assyrians feared.

With such a pantheon the whole life of the Babylonian must have been passed in appeasing the deities he believed in, or in seeking their favour and help. He was wholly surrounded by a spiritual world. There were spirits of the head, spirits of the neck, spirits of the hand, and spirits of the stomach. Their names and titles were legion, and numberless hymns were composed in their honour. But even this vast army of divine beings did not suffice; new deities were formed out of personified cities and countries; and in Assyria the god Assur, the personification of the old capital of the country, came to be the supreme object of worship. The astronomer-priests, moreover, identified different deities with the various planets and stars; and so a star-worship came to be added to the already overgrown pantheon. It must not be supposed that these divine beings were distinct deities. The larger part of them had grown out of the manifold epithets applied to the gods. The epithets had been personified, and so transformed into new gods. Hence gods of different name

had the same characteristics, and we often find the same deity appearing under several forms. All this, of course, gave rise to innumerable mythological tales. Thus Allat, the goddess of Hades, was originally only another form of Istar, or Astarte, the Assyrian Venus; and yet there is a legend which, forgetting this fact, tells how Istar descended into Hades to seek her dead husband Du-zi, "the son of life," and was there confined by Allat, her double, until the gods of heaven sent messengers to release her and restore her to the upper world. Du-zi himself is another instance of this mythological tendency to evolve many new forms and persons out of one original. He is the same as Tammuz or Adonis, for whom the women that Ezekiel saw at the northern gate of the Temple were weeping, and who was slain by a boar while hunting. But Tammuz is also Tam-zi, "the sun of life," a second husband of Istar, and the hero of that Chaldean Flood-story which Mr. Smith discovered a year ago. When we come to examine more closely into the matter, we find that both Du-zi and Tam-zi are at bottom, like Adonis, only epithets given to the Sun; and when it is said that Du-zi was killed, and had to pass to the lower world, or that Tam-zi floated in his ship above the flood of water during the rainy season of the year, this only means that the summer sun is slain by the winter, and that the ark of the great luminary of day sails through the sky above the clouds to reappear when the rain and the tempest have ceased. Indeed, the name of Tam-zi simply signifies the morning sun, which gives light and life to the world; and he is called the son of Ubara-Tutu, that is, "the glow of sunset." Tutu, the second part of the name of this father of Tam-zi, is the same as Tu, the god of Hades, and really means nothing else except the "setting sun," which was supposed to rule in the world below during the dark hours of night. In this invisible chaos was placed the origin of all things; and so Tutu is termed the "progenitor," the father of gods and men, "he who prophesies before the king."

Now there is something very remarkable connected with these stories of Istar and Tam-zi. They form part of a series of twelve tablets, or books, which are artificially connected together by being interwoven into the history of a certain mythical hero, Gisdhubar, another form of the sun, just as the common thread that runs through the different poems of

the *Iliad* is the adventures of the Greeks before Troy. Such stories as those I have just alluded to are introduced as episodes told to Gisdhubar. Now it is very curious that at least as early as the sixteenth century B.C. the Accadians should have possessed a long epic, composed of older independent legends artificially pieced together; and it is still more curious that the principle upon which the stories have been arranged should have been an astronomical one. Each story is assigned to the month and the sign of the zodiac—for the Accadian months were named after the zodiacal signs—which best corresponded to the character of it; thus the legend of Istar comes sixth, answering to the sixth month, called “the errand of Istar,” and to Virgo, the sixth sign of the zodiac; and the legend of Tam-zi and the Deluge occurs on the eleventh tablet, just as the eleventh month was termed “the rainy,” and as Aquarius is the eleventh zodiacal sign. It shows how devoted the old Babylonians must have been to the study of astronomy, that the science should have dominated even over the formation of the national epic.

I cannot leave this subject of the religion and superstitions of the Assyrians and Chaldeans without referring to their elaborate system of augury. There were tables of omens from dreams, omens from the births of men and animals, omens from birds, omens from the weather; and in fact every occurrence that could possibly take place was supposed to be of either good or evil presage. Thus “to dream of bright light foreboded a fire in the city,” and “the sight of a decaying house” was a sign of misfortune to its inhabitant. So we have a long list of birth-portents in which every conceivable accident is duly recorded. It begins in this way: “When a woman has a child, which has a lion’s ears, it brings a strong king into the country. If it wants the right ear, the days of the master [of the house] are prolonged. If it wants both ears, it brings evil into the country, and the country is reduced. If the right ear is small, the man’s house will tumble down. If both the ears are small, the man’s house will be made of bricks;” and so on through all the other members of the body. Perhaps it will be interesting to know that if a child has a nose like a bird’s beak, the country will be at peace; while if the nose is wanting, evil will possess the land, and the master of the house will die.

There is one occurrence, however, which is never likely to happen, desirable as its consequences are. “When a sheep bears a lion,” we are told, “the arms of the king will be powerful, and the king will have no rival.”

But manifold as were the evils which untoward events were continually bringing about, the Babylonians knew how to prevent them by cunning charms and exorcisms. There is a tablet of these in the British Museum in Accadian with an Assyrian translation annexed. Here we read magic formulæ like the following:

May the evil god, the evil spirit of the neck, the spirit of the desert, the spirit of the land, the spirit of the sea, the spirit of the river, the evil cherub of the city, [and] the noxious wind be driven forth from the man himself, [and] the clothing of the body; from the evil spirit of the neck may the king of heaven preserve, may the king of earth preserve.

From sickness of the entrails, from sickness of the heart, from the palpitation of a sick heart, from sickness of bile, from sickness of the head, from noxious colic, from the agitation of terror, from flatulency of the bowels, from noxious illness, from lingering sickness, from nightmare, may the king of heaven preserve, may the king of earth preserve.

From the sweeper-away of buildings, from the robber, from the evil face, from the evil eye, from the evil mouth, from the evil tongue, from the evil lip, from the evil nose, may the king of heaven preserve, may the king of earth preserve.

These magic formulæ, it would seem, had to be tied about the limbs of the sufferer, like the phylacteries of the Jews. Thus we are told: “Let a woman hold the charm with the right hand, but leave the left hand alone. Knot it twice with seven knots, and bind it round the sick man’s head, yea bind it round the sick man’s brows and round his hands and feet like fetters; and let her sit upon his bed and cast holy water over him;” and again: “In the night-time fix a sentence out of a good tablet [or book] on the sick man’s head [as he lies] in bed.” These sentences were the same as the Hebrew proverbs, though some of them may have been extracts from the numerous hymns with which Babylonian literature abounded. A large part of these hymns were translated from Accadian into Assyrian, and we have a record that Assurbanipal’s library possessed nine poems on the west side, the first of these being addressed to Assur, and fifteen on the east side. Some idea may be formed of the character of these hymns from the two follow-

ing specimens, one of which is dedicated to the Sun-god, and the other has been aptly called by Mr. Fox Talbot the "Song of the Seven Spirits:"

O Sun-god, in the expanse of heaven thou shinest,
And the bright locks of heaven thou openest :
The gate of heaven thou openest.

Seven they [are], seven they [are],
In the splendour of heaven seven they [are].
Male they [are] not, female they [are] not.
Rule [and] kindness know they not :

Seven they [are], seven they [are], seven twice again they [are].

O Sun-god, to the world thy face thou directest.
O Sun-god, with the brightness of heaven the earth thou coverest.

In the stream of Ocean seven they [are],
In the stream of Ocean in a palace grew they up.

Wife they have not, child they bear not.
Prayer [and] supplication hear they not.

These seven spirits, it may be remarked, were the guardians of the planets and of the week, and stood, we are told, in the presence of the Moon. They were born in those abysmal waters on which the earth was founded, and out of whose encircling tide, as from the Okeanos of Homer, rose the great luminaries of heaven.

The devotion of the Chaldeans to the affairs of the spiritual world did not, however, prevent them from framing laws. We possess a curious table of Accadian laws, with an Assyrian translation at the side. One of these laws enjoins that, "If a wife repudiate her husband, and say, 'Thou art not my husband,' into the river they shall throw her," in striking contrast with the milder penalty incurred by the man for the same offence: "If a husband say to his wife, 'Thou art not my wife,' half a maneh of silver shall he pay." Indeed it is clear that the father possessed almost absolute authority in his family, as among the Romans; thus another law lays down that "If a son say to his father, 'Thou art not my father,' he shall cast him off, send him away, and sell him for silver." So, too, we find the astrological tablets speaking of children being sold by their parents. The interests of the slave, however, were not wholly neglected. "If a master," it is laid down, "hurt, kill, injure, beat, maim, or reduce to sickness his slave, his hand which so offended shall pay half a maneh of corn." The punishment was certainly not very severe; but we must not judge the people of that early time by the standard of our own day, and it was something for the slave to be protected, however slightly, by the State.

Only a few of the laws relating to property have as yet been discovered. These, however, must have existed, since trade transactions were carried on actively. We may see numerous black stones in the Museum, which record the sale and

purchase of particular lands, and the most terrible curses are invoked upon the heads of those who should injure and destroy these evidences of the ownership of property. One of them, lately found by Mr. Smith, tells us that the ground mentioned in it was bestowed by the king upon a sort of poet-laureate on account of some panegyrics he had written upon the kingdom. Still more plentiful than these are private contract-tablets, often inclosed in an outer coating of clay, on which an abstract of the contents of the inner tablet is stamped. Many of them are pierced with holes, through which strings were passed attached to leaves of papyri. The latter have long since perished; but papyrus was used by the Accadians as a writing material at a remote date, although the more durable clay tablets were preferred. The mercantile class seems to have consisted chiefly of Semites rather than of Accadians; and if we want to find the fullest development of business and commerce we must come down to the eighth and seventh centuries B.C., when Nineveh was a bustling centre of trade. Tyre had been destroyed by the Assyrian kings, and trade had accordingly transferred itself farther to the East. Carchemish, which was favourably situated near the Euphrates, was the meeting-place of the merchants of all nations, and the "maneh of Carchemish" became the standard of weight. Houses and other property, including slaves, were bought and sold; and the carefulness with which the deeds of sale or lease were drawn up, the details into which they went, and the number of attesting witnesses, were quite worthy of a modern lawyer. Money, too, was lent at interest, usually at the rate of four per cent., but sometimes, more especially when goods like iron were borrowed, at three per cent. Security for the loan was often taken in houses or other property. The witnesses and con-

tracting parties generally affixed their seals; but where they were too poor to possess any, a nail-mark was considered sufficient. All this appreciation and interchanging of property led, as we might suppose, to testamentary devolution; and no less a document than the private will of Sennacherib is now in the British Museum. As this is the earliest specimen of a will known, the contents of it may be of some interest. The king says: "I Sennacherib, king of multitudes, King of Assyria, have given chains of gold, heaps of ivory, a cup of gold, crowns and chains with them, all the wealth that [I have] in heaps, crystal, and another precious stone, and bird's stone; one and a half maneh, two and a half *cibi* in weight; to Esar-haddon my son, who was afterwards named Assur-ebil-mucinpal according to my wish. The treasure [is deposited] in the temple of Amuk and [Nebo-] irik-erba, the harpists of Nebo." The monarch, it would seem, did not need any witnesses to attest the deed; the royal signature was considered sufficient.

It may appear strange to us to find records of this kind stamped upon clay tablets. But it must be remembered that papyrus and parchment were scarce and dear, although papyrus at any rate was in use, while clay was abundant; and it is fortunate for us that Assyrian literature was entrusted to so durable a material. Even epistolary correspondence was carried on by means of baked clay; and the library of Kouyundjik possessed a collection of royal letters inscribed upon clay tablets, besides despatches from the generals in the field to the Government at home. In fact, the whole literature of the nation was contained in these "*lateres coctiles*" ("baked bricks") as Pliny calls them; and one of the latest discoveries of Mr. Smith is a volume of fables which belonged to a certain Assyrian city. Fragments only of two or three of these have as yet been met with; one of them is a dialogue between the ox and the horse, another between the eagle and the sun. Such a discovery is interesting, because it shows that Egypt or Africa was not the only birthplace of the beast-fable, as has been commonly imagined; but that human ingenuity has hit upon the same means of conveying a lesson in various parts of the world. Among the most valuable portions of this literature in clay are the chronological tablets. These have already enabled us to restore the chronology of Western Asia from the ninth to the seventh cen-

turies B.C., and to correct the corresponding dates in the Old Testament, hitherto the despair of historians; while Mr. Smith has lately found a few remnants of what is probably a synopsis of Babylonian history from the mythical period downwards, in which the length of the reigns is given and the duration of the dynasties summed up.

Such, then, are some of the fruits that have already been gathered in from this abundant harvest. We have suddenly found ourselves brought face to face with the men whose names have been familiar to us from childhood, with Sennacherib, with Nebuchadnezzar, with Tiglath-Pileser. We have Sennacherib's own account of his campaign against Judah, when he shut up Hezekiah in Jerusalem "as a bird in a cage;" we see the Israelites bearing the tribute from Jehu sculptured on Shalmaneser's obelisk; nay, we may examine the archives of that Ur of the Chaldees from which Abraham, we are told, went forth. But more than this. We are made acquainted with the daily life and thought of the people; and the contemporaries of Isaiah and Jeremiah are no longer the unreal phantoms of a fairy-land. We learn that many of our modern discoveries are but re-discoveries after all; and that years ago the inhabitants of the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates had attained a development of civilization and culture of which we have never dreamed. And the beginnings of this civilization are pushed back to so remote an epoch as to be lost amid the mists of a fabulous antiquity. But one thing we now know, and that is that when the Semites—the ancestors of the Hebrews, of the Phœnicians, of the Syrians, and of the Assyrians themselves—first moved from their original home in Arabia across the Euphrates, they found a teeming and highly-civilized population, with great cities and lofty temples and a developed literature. It was there that the Semite learned the elements of culture and knowledge; it was there that he prepared himself for that great work for which he was destined. In the land of Shinar, on the north-western side of Chaldea, the Semitic tribes settled themselves around the mighty cities of Babylon and Erech and Accad and Calneh; and while some remained in the country and finally reduced the old Accadian inhabitants to a state of vassalage, others made their way northward to Haran and Mesopotamia, and eastward to the shores of the Mediterranean Sea.

But the record is still fragmentary. We have to piece together thousands of shreds of broken clay and to trust to the scattered and half-collected relics of a single Assyrian library. Just enough has been revealed to us to show what incalculable treasures still lie buried under the sands and marshes of the far East. The libraries of Babylonia, numerous and rich as they are, still remain unexplored—at all events by Europeans, for Mr. Smith has found that one of those at Babylon has been broken into by the Arabs, and its contents will soon be lost. A corner only of Assyria, so to speak, has as yet been examined; and the results of Mr. Smith's brief and hurried diggings last year in the palace of Assurbanipal prove how much is to be discovered even there. And beyond Chaldea lie the ruined cities of a civilization older even than that of the Accadians; the relics of the once mighty kingdom of Elam. The monuments that line the shores of the Persian Gulf or are hidden among the highlands of Susiana are still untouched. Here indeed there is a vast field for work; and it may be hoped that the example set by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* will find many imitators, and that some small portion at least of the wealth of which we boast may be devoted to the revelation of that past without which we can neither understand the present nor provide for the future.

A. H. SAYCE.

Queen's Coll. Oxon.

From All The Year Round.
WHITBY JET.

JET, a sort of semi-jewellery in its usual applications, is one of those many substances which have a kind of mysterious brotherhood with coal. The beautiful pearly white paraffin for candles comes from coal; so does the benzoline which we use in our handy little sponge lamps; so do the gorgeous magenta and aniline dyes and pigments; and so, some people think, does jet. In this last-named instance, if coal is to be mentioned at all, we should rather say that jet is a kind of coal, not that it is produced from coal. Be this as it may, jet, a shining black substance, is found in seams dissociated from all other black minerals: not in the coal regions, but in other districts of England, notably near Whitby in Yorkshire. It occurs also in Spain,

in Saxony, and in the amber districts on the Prussian shores of the Baltic.

Scientific men, in the language of mineralogy, say that jet is a variety of coal; that it occurs sometimes in elongated masses, sometimes in the form of branches, with a woody structure; that its fracture is conchoidal or shelly, its lustre brilliant and resinous, and its colour velvet black; that it is about twenty per cent. heavier than water; that it burns with a greenish flame, emits a bituminous odour while burning, and leaves a yellowish ash. But the Whitby folks can adduce many reasons for thinking that jet, in some of its forms at any rate, must have been at one time in a semi-liquid state, quite unlike coal derived from a ligneous origin. Mr. Simpson, curator of the Whitby Museum, states that that collection comprises among its specimens a large mass of bone which has had the exterior converted into or replaced by jet. This jet coating is about a quarter of an inch thick. The jetty matter appears to have entered into the pores of the bone, and there to have hardened; during this hardening or mineralizing process the bony matter has been gradually displaced and supplanted by jet, the original form of the bone being maintained. Another reason for thinking that the jet or some of it, must once have been in a gummy or semi-liquid state, is that bits of vegetable and mineral substances are sometimes found imbedded in it, as flies, wings, and small fragments are in amber. Cavities and fissures in the adjacent rocky strata are also sometimes found filled with it, as if it had flowed into them originally. The stratum called "jet-rock," in which the Whitby jet is mostly found, is a kind of shale, which, when distilled, yields ten gallons of oil per ton. That in a remote geological era there was an intimate relation between this oil and the jet is very probable; though its exact nature cannot now be determined. The Yorkshire coast for many miles north and south of Whitby is a storehouse of jet. The deposit occurs in the lias formation, the jet-rock being interlaid with other lias strata. Two kinds are found in different beds or layers, the hard and the soft jet. The hard, which is in all respects the best, occurs in detached compact layers or pieces, from small bits no bigger than dominoes to pieces of many pounds, weight. The largest piece recorded measured six feet long, five to six inches

wide, and an inch and a half thick; it weighed nearly twelve pounds. The British Museum authorities refused to give ten guineas for this fine specimen; whereupon it was sold for fifteen guineas to a dealer, who had it carved into crosses of exceptionally large size.

For how long a period jet, or black amber as it was at one time called, has been found and worked near Whitby, no one can now say; but the time certainly ranges over many centuries. In a tumulus or barrow, opened in the vicinity of the town, was found the skeleton of a lady—supposed to have been ancient British, before the date of the arrival of the Danes—and with it was a jet earring, two inches long by a quarter of an inch in thickness, shaped like a heart, and pierced with a hole at the upper end for the reception of a ring or wire. An ancient document affords presumptive proof that jet was known and used for purposes of ornament before the founding of Whitby Abbey. Caedmon, a Saxon poet, buried in this abbey, wrote some lines which have been modernized thus—

Jeat, almost a gemm, the Lybians find;
But fruitful Britain sends as wondrous kind;
'Tis black and shining, smooth and ever light,
'Twill draw up straws if rubbed till hot and bright!

This last allusion is to the electrical qualities of jet, which are very considerable, and somewhat like those of amber—whence its occasional name of black amber. The substance was, in the middle ages, made at Whitby into beads and rosaries, probably by the monks or friars.

As a branch of regular trade, Whitby jet work was of not much account till about the beginning of the present century. The Spaniards made the principal beads and rosaries for Roman Catholic countries of a soft kind of jet; but when English ladies began to wear jet as mourning jewellery, the superior hardness of the Whitby material induced some of the townsmen to attend to this kind of work. The first workers employed nothing but knives and files in fashioning the ornaments; but one Matthew Hill gave an extension to the trade by finding the means of turning the jet in a lathe—a more difficult matter than turning wood, owing to the brittleness of the material. In a short time there were ten or twelve shops in Whitby where jet beads, necklaces, crosses, pendants, and snuff-boxes were made

and sold. About thirty years ago, Mr. Bryan, the chief representative of the trade, obtained the largest “find” of jet ever known, from a spot in the neighbourhood called the North Bats; it comprised three hundred and seventy pieces, or “stones,” valued at two hundred and fifty pounds. There were fifty workshops engaged in the trade at the time of the first Great Exhibition in 1851; the number now exceeds two hundred.

According to an interesting account of this industry by Mr. Bower, the jet is obtained by two modes of operation, cliff-work and hill-work. Pieces of jet washed out by the sea from fissures in the face of the cliff are, indeed, sometimes picked up on the beach; but these are few in number, unreliable for purposes of regular trade. In cliff-work, portions of the face of the cliff are hewn down, until seams of jet are made visible; and the jet is picked out from these seams, so long as it can be got at. This is somewhat dangerous employment, owing to the precipitous nature of the cliffs. In hill-work, diggings are made in the Cleveland hills, near Bilsdale, about twenty miles inland from Whitby. Tunnels are driven into the hillsides, driftways and lateral passages are driven, and jet-rock is thus laid bare in various spots; picks and other instruments extract the pieces of jet, which small wagons running upon a tramway bring to the tunnel's mouth. The find is always precarious, especially in cliff work; sometimes no jet is obtained in a month's work; while, in other instances a lucky hit will bring to light a valuable harvest. At present the hill-work is most adopted, and there are about twenty small mines at the Cleveland hills. The men rent the workings, as at the Cornish copper and tin mines; their profits represent their wages, and depend on the ratio between the richness of the seam and the rent paid; inasmuch that the miners have every motive for exercising judgment and discrimination in the bargains they may make. The best hard jet will realize, when in large pieces, thirty shillings per pound; whereas the poorest soft pieces are barely worth a shilling a pound: these extremes are separated by many intermediate gradations of value. The Whitby hard is the finest jet known, having more toughness and elasticity than any other, admitting of more delicate working, and taking a higher polish. On the other hand the Spanish soft is better than the Whitby soft; and experts

say that many ornaments sold in the shops as genuine Whitby, came from beyond the Pyrenees, and were never made of Whitby jet at all. They look well at first, but are apt to break up under the influence of sudden heat and cold, and are in other respects far from durable. This fragility is believed to be due to a small percentage of sulphur which most Spanish jet contains.

Let us suppose that pieces of jet, varying much in size and shape, are brought to the workshop. The rough jet has a kind of exterior skin or crust, often marked by impressions of ammonites and other fossils, and presenting various tints of bluish brown. This skin is removed by means of a large chisel. At the sawing-bench the piece is then cut up with saws. This process requires much discrimination, seeing that the size and shape of the piece must determine the kind, size, and number of ornaments obtained from it; the great object is to waste as little of the substance as possible. From the saw-bench, the jet passes into the hands of the carvers and turners. The turning is effected by a careful use of small lathes. The carving is effected by grinding rather than cutting, grindstones of various kinds being used, and the jet applied to them in succession — first to grind away, and then to polish. In this way most of the beads, necklaces, bracelets, crosses, brooches, locket, chain-links, &c., are made, as well as bas-reliefs, floral designs, and monograms. A clever workman will get twenty per cent. more value out of the same piece of jet than a man of less skill and judgment, by adapting his design to the size and shape of the piece. Soft jet is much wasted during working, by the presence of fibres, grit, &c.; it is therefore better fitted for beads than for intricate ornaments. Much use is made of the cutting mill, a disc or wheel of soft metal, about eight inches in diameter; the edge, or rim, made sharp and set in rapid revolution, cuts the jet quickly and smoothly. The surfaces of the carved or turned ornaments are polished by being held against the edge of a revolving wheel, covered with walrus or bull-neck leather, and wetted with copperas and oil. The edges, scrolls, curls, and twists, require that the wheel edge shall be covered with list; and then comes a final application to a brush-wheel. The beads for necklaces, bracelets, &c., are put together with strong twisted threads and small wires. Chains are made by turning

and carving the links separately, splitting some of them, and inserting the unsplit into the split links; small wires are inserted where necessary, and the split closed up with a cement of shellac and resin. Pendants, ear-drops, &c., are linked in a similar way. Some of the jet, when rough-cut at Whitby, is bought by Birmingham jewellers, who finish it according to their own taste.

Whitby suspects that Scarborough affects to look down upon it as a poor imitation of a fashionable watering-place. At any rate, a newspaper in the latter town poked fun at the jet trade of Whitby not very long ago: "All towns have their peculiar industries, and jet is well known to be the industry of Whitby. Jet meets you at every turn and in every shape; even the large black Newfoundland dogs, glossy from their bath, sit as if carved out of jet. Surely no modern manufacture of trumpery ever rivalled this in ugliness. With a refinement of cruelty, some insert sections of ammonites in it; others (this is the *ne plus ultra* of richness) surround it with a fret-work of alabaster; and you may buy a card-tray of this glittering, inconclusive material, with the classic features of Victor Emmanuel staring at you from the bottom. One wonders who can buy such things; but there are some people who must have the speciality of the place they are in, however base and trivial it may be. Those who acquire mosaics at Rome, beads at Venice, inlaid wood at Sorrento, carved paper-knives in Switzerland, iron brooches at Berlin, marble paper-weights in Derbyshire, and all the 'fun of the fair' wherever they go, will surely not fail to carry away some dark memorials of Whitby."

This may be all very well as a passing skit, but is not worth much as an argument. Whether jet is a suitable material for small ornaments is surely a matter of taste, as it is in regard to coral, black pearls, and bog oak. The jet trade is increasing, and now gives employment to fifteen hundred hands in Whitby and its neighbourhood. The influence of fashion is shown in a remarkable way when the death of any great personage at court is announced, such as that of the Duke of Wellington, or of the Prince Consort: at such a time Whitby can hardly meet the sudden demand for jet jewellery suitable for mourning. Once now and then, however, the joy of the nation is the sorrow of jet dealers. When the Prince of Wales lay prostrate with illness, dealers

purchased somewhat largely, in order to be prepared for eventualities. When the Prince recovered there was a larger stock of jet jewellery ready than the public wanted, and so the commodity did not "look up" in the market.

Whitby and Birmingham are trying to improve the designs for jet carvings and turnings; and there is no doubt room for improvement. When a new start was given to the trade at the first great Exhibition, the Art Journal engraved some new designs suitable to this peculiar material. The beneficial result was seen at the next Exhibition eleven years afterwards; and still more decidedly at the second of the two annual International Exhibitions, when jet ornaments took their place in the jewellery display of that year. Two or three years ago the Turners' Company of London having offered prizes for meritorious specimens of turning in wood, ivory, and other material, the judges were agreeably surprised at having placed before them a vase turned in jet. The Whitby maker had skilfully cemented two or more pieces together, to obtain a sufficient bulk of the substance for the purpose; and his honorary reward was, the freedom of the City of London. Jet is usually found in such thin seams that nearly all the ornaments and articles made of it are flat and of small thickness; cementing is occasionally adopted, where two pieces are suitable for being joined face to face; but all attempts to work up fragments, cuttings, turnings, and powder into a paste or homogeneous mass, have hitherto failed. This can be done with amber, and with the meerschau clay for pipe-bowls; but no mode has yet been devised for adopting the same course with jet.

As in most other trades, a love of cheapness acts frequently as a bar to the attainment of any high degree of technical skill. A shopkeeper will show his lady customer two jet brooches or necklaces almost exactly alike in appearance; she is prone to select the cheaper of the two, regardless of the fact that the other presents higher claims as a specimen of art workmanship. If called by its right name, an excellent material of recent introduction would deserve much commendation; but when announced as imitation jet, and still more when allowed to pass for jet itself, it deserves the censure that is due to all shams. We speak of ebonite or vulcanite, a very tough material, prepared with india rubber and other

substances, smooth and black, but not taking so high a polish as jet. Black glass does duty for a large quantity of cheap mourning jewellery, innocently supposed by many of the wearers to be jet. Another substitute is wood-powder, blacked, moulded, and hardened. A still more remarkable material is paper pulp, cast or pressed into blocks, rolled into sheets, cut up, ground on wheels, blacked, and polished. But, naturally enough, these substitutes for the genuine article find no favour in Whitby.

From The Academy.

A LETTER OF LAURENCE STERNE.

IN the short autobiography which Sterne left behind him, he says that at the time of his marriage his uncle Jaques and himself were upon very good terms, "for he soon got me the prebendary of York, but he quarrelled with me afterwards, because I would not write paragraphs in the newspapers; though he was a party man, I was not, and detested such dirty work, thinking it beneath me. From that period he became my bitterest enemy." The events of Sterne's life previous to his emerging to fame in 1759 with his first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy*, are little known, and the researches of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald for the biography of Sterne which he published about ten years ago, threw but little light upon the circumstances which helped to form the character of such an eccentric writer. It is, therefore, important to record that among the autograph letters recently purchased by the Trustees of the British Museum are two, written by Laurence Sterne and his uncle respectively in 1750, which have considerable literary and biographical value. We believe that this letter is the only Sterne autograph in the possession of the Museum, with the exception of the original manuscript of *The Sentimental Journey*, and it has been therefore most appropriately placed in one of the public rooms for inspection. Thanks to the courtesy of the keepers of the MS. Department, we have been allowed to make a complete transcript of it, which we print here at length. The Rev. Francis Blackburne, to whom it is addressed, will perhaps be remembered as the author of the *Confessional*, which raised a considerable ferment in its day.

SUTTON: NOV. 3, 1750.

Dear Sir,—

Being last Thursday at York to preach the Dean's turn, Hilyard the Bookseller who had spoke to me last week about Preaching yrs, in case you should not come yrself told me, He had just got a Letter from you directing him to get it supplied — But with an intimation, that if I undertook it, that it might not disoblige your Friend the Precentor. If my Doing it for you in any way could possibly have endangered that, my Regard to you on all accounts is such, that you may depend upon it, no consideration whatever would have made me offer my service, nor would I upon any Invitation have accepted it, Had you incautiously press'd it upon me; And therefore that my undertaking it at all, upon Hilyards telling me he should want a Preacher, was from a knowledge, that as it could not in Reason, so it would not in Fact, give the least Handle to what you apprehended. I would not say this from bare conjecture, but known Instances, having preached for so many of Dr. Sterne's most Intimate Friends since our Quarrel without their feeling the least marks or most Distant Intimation, that he took it unkindly. In which you will the reader believe me, from the following convincing Proof, that I have preached the 29th of May, the Precentor's own turn, for these two last years together (not at his Request, for we are not upon such terms) But at the Request of Mr. Berdmore whom he desired to get them taken care of, which he did, By applying Directly to me without the least Apprehension or scruple — And If my preaching it the first year had been taken amiss, I am morally certain that Mr. Berdmore who is of a gentle and pacific Temper would not have ventured to have ask'd me to preach it for him the 2d time, which I did without any Reserve this last summer. The Contest between us, no Doubt, has been sharp, But has not been made more so, by bringing our mutual Friends into it, who, in all things, (except Inviting us to the same Dinner) have generally bore themselves towards us as if this misfortune had never happened, and this, as on my side, so I am willing to suppose on his, without any alteration of our opinions of them, unless to their Honor and Advantage. I thought it my Duty to let you know, How this matter stood, to free you of any unnecessary Pain, which my preaching for you might occasion upon this score, since upon all others, I flatter myself you would be pleased, as in genl, it is not only more for the credit of the church, But of the Prebendy himself who is absent, to have his Place supplied by a Preby of the church when he can be had, rather than by Another, tho' of equal merit.

I told you above, that I had had a conference with Hilyard upon this subject, and indeed should have said to him, most of what I have said to you. But that the Insufferableness of his Behaviour (*sic*) put it out of my Power. The Dialogue between us had some-

thing singular in it, and I think I cannot better make you amends for this irksome Letter, than by giving you a particular Acct of it and the manner I found myself obliged to treat him which By the by, I should have done with still more Roughness But that he sheltered himself under the character of yr Plenipo: How far His Excellency exceeded his Instructions you will percieve (*sic*) I know, from the acct I have given of the Hint in your Letter, wch was all the Foundation for what passd. I stepp'd into his shop, just after sermon on *All Saints*, when with an Air of much Gravity and Importance, he beckond me to follow him into an inner Room; No sooner had he shut the Dore (*sic*), But with the awful solemnity of a Premier who held a Letter de Chachêt upon whose contents my Life or Liberty depended — after a minuits Pause, — He thus opens his Commission. Sir — My Friend the A. Deacon of Cleveland not caring to preach his turn, as I conjectured, has left me to provide a Preacher, — But before I can take any steps in it with Regard to you — I want first to know, Sir, upon what Footing you and Dr. Sterne are? — Upon what Footing! — Yes, Sir, how your Quarrel stands? — Whats that to you? — How our Quarrel stands! Whats that to you, you Puppy? But, Sir, Mr. Blackburn would know — What's that to him? — But, Sir, dont be angry, I only want to know of you, whether Dr. Sterne will not be displeased in case you should preach — Go look; I've just now been preaching and you could not have fitter opportunity to be satisfied. — I hope, Mr. Sterne, you are not angry. Yes, I am; but much more astonished at your *Impudence*. I know not whether the Chancellors stepping in at this Instant and flapping to the Dore, Did not save his tender soul the Pain of the last word; However that be, he retreats upon this unexpected Rebuff, takes the Chancellr aside, asks his Advice, comes back submissive, begs Quarter, tells me Dr. Hering had quite satisfied him as to the Grounds of his scruple (tho' not of his Folly) and therefore beseeches me to let the matter pass, and to preach the turn. When I — as Percy complains in Harry ye 4 —

. . . All smarting with my wounds
To be thus pesterd by a Popinjay,
Out of my Grief and my Impatience
Answerd neglectingly, I know not what
. . . . for he made me mad
To see him shine so bright & smell so sweet
& talk so like a waiting Gentlewoman

— Bid him be gone & seek Another fitter for his turn. But as I was too angry to have the perfect Faculty of recollecting Poetry, however pat to my case, so I was forced to tell him in plain Prose tho' somewhat elevated — That I would not preach, & that he might get a Parson where he could find one. But upon Reflection, that Don John had certainly exceeded his Instructions, and finding it to be just so, as I suspected — there being nothing in yr letter but a cautious hint — And being moreover satisfied in my mind, from this and

twenty other Instances of the same kind, that this Impertinence of his like many others, had issued not so much from his Heart as from his Head, the Defects of which no one in reason is accountable for, I thought I shd wrong myself to remember it, and therefore I parted friends, and told him I would take care of the turn, which I shall do with Pleasure.

It is time to beg pardon of you for troubling you with so long a letter upon so little a subject — which as it has proceeded from the motive I have told you, of ridding you of uneasiness, together with a mixture of Ambition not to lose either the Good Opinion, or the outward marks of it, from any man of worth and character, till I have done something to forfeit them, I know your Justice will excuse.

I am, Revd Sir, with true Esteem and Regard, of which I beg you'll consider this letter as a Testimony,

Yr faithful & most affte

Humble Servt

LAU : STERNE.

P. S.

Our Dean arrives here on Saturday. My wife sends her Respts to you & yr Lady.

I have broke open this letter, to tell you, that as I was going with it to the Post, I encountered Hilyard, who desired me in the most pressing manner, not to let this affair transpire — & that you might by no means be made acquainted with it — I therefore beg you will never let him feel the effects of it, or even let him know you know ought about it — for I half promised him, — tho' as the letter was wrote, I could but send it for your own use — so beg it may not hurt him by any ill Impression, as he has convinced it proceeded only from lack of Judgmt.

To

The Reverend Mr. Blackburn
Arch-Deacon of Cleveland
at Richmond.

We note that Hilyard did not live to see Sterne achieve his great success, for the first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy* were "Printed for and sold by John Hinxham (successor to the late Mr. Hilyard), Bookseller in Stonegate," York.

The other letter we have mentioned, written by Dr. Jaques Sterne, begins thus : —

Decem. 6: 1750.

Good Mr. Archdeacon

I wil beg leave to rely upon your Pardon for taking the Liberty I do with you in relation to your Turns of preaching in the Mins-ter. What occasions it is, Mr. Hildyard's employing the last time the Only person unacceptable to me in the whole Church, an ungrateful & unworthy nephew of my own, the Vicar of Sutton; and I should be much obligd to you, if you would please either to appoint any person yourself, or leave it to your Register to appoint one when you are not here. If any of my turns would suit you

better than your own, I would change with you. . . .

Endorsed —

Mr. Jaques Sterne — reprobation of his nephew Yorick — & mention of the Popish nunnery at York.

TO A FRIEND LEAVING ENGLAND IN SEPTEMBER.

DEAR FRIEND, you leave our chary northern climate,

Now that the daylight's waning, and the leaf Hangs sere on chestnut bough, and beech, and lime ;

The husbandman has garnered every sheaf ;
Pale autumn leads us to the lingering grief
Of melancholy winter ; while you fly
On summer's swallow-wings to Italy.

Great cities — greater in decay and death —
Dream-like with immemorial repose —
Whose ruins like a shrine forever sheath
The mighty names and memories of those
Who lived and died to die no more — shall close

Your happy pilgrimage ; and you shall learn,
Breathing their ancient air, the thoughts that burn

Forever in the hearts of after men : —
Yea, from the very soil of silent Rome
You shall grow wise ; and walking, live again
The lives of buried peoples, and become
A child by right of that eternal home,
Cradle and grave of empires, on whose walls
The sun himself subdued to reverence falls.

You will see Naples and the orange-groves
Deep-set of cool Sorrento — green and gold
Mingling their lustre by calm azure coves,
Or like the fabled dragon fold on fold
Curled in the trough of cloven hills, or rolled
Down vales Hesperian, through dim caverned shades

Of palace ruins and lone colonnades :

Capri — the perfect island — boys and girls
Free as spring flowers, straight, tall and musical

Of movement ; in whose eyes and clustering curls

The youth of Greece still lingers ; whose feet fall

Like kisses on green turf by cypress tall
And pine-tree shadowed ; who, unknowing care,

Draw love and laughter from the innocent air :

Ravenna in her widowhood — the waste
Where dreams a withered ocean ; where the hand

Of time has gently played with tombs defaced
Of priest and emperor ; where the temples stand,

Proud in decay, in desolation grand, —
Solemn and sad like clouds that lingeringly
Sail and are loth to fade upon the sky :

Siena, Bride of Solitude, whose eyes
Are lifted o'er the russet hills to scan
Immeasurable tracts of limpid skies,
Arching those silent sullen plains where man
Fades like a weed mid mouldering marshes
wan ;

Where cane and pine and cypress, poison-
proof,
For death and fever spread their stately roof.

You will see Venice — glide as though in
dreams

Midmost a hollowed opal : for her sky,
Mirrored upon the ocean-pavement, seems
At dawn and eve to build in vacancy
A wondrous bubble-dome of wizardry,
Suspended where the light, all ways alike
Circumfluent, upon her sphere may strike.

There Titian, Tintoret, and Giambellin,
And that strong master of a myriad hues,
The Veronese, like flowers with odours keen,
Shall smite your brain with splendours :
they confuse

The soul that wandering in their world must
lose

Count of our littleness, and cry that then
The gods we dream of walked the earth like
men.

About your feet the myrtles will be set,
Grey rosemary, and thyme, and tender blue
Of love-pale labyrinthine violet ;

Flame-born anemones will glitter through
Dark aisles of roofing pine-trees ; and for
you

The golden jonquil and starred asphodel
And hyacinth their speechless tales will tell.

The nightingales for you their tremulous song
Shall pour amid the snowy scented bloom
Of wild acacia bowers, and all night long
Through starlight-flooded spheres of purple
gloom

Still lemon boughs shall spread their faint
perfume,
Soothing your sense with odours sweet as
sleep,
While wind-stirred cypresses low music keep.

For you the mountain Generous shall yield
His wealth of blossoms in the noon of
May —

Fire-balls of peonies, and pearls concealed
Of lilies in thick leafage, glittering spray
Of pendulous laburnum boughs, that sway
To scarce-felt breezes, gilding far and wide
With liquid splendour all the broad hill-side.

Yea, and what time the morning mists are
furled

On lake low-lying and prodigious plain,
And on the western sky the massy world
Contracts her shadow — for the sunbeams
gain

Unseen, yet growing, — while the awful
train

Of cloudless Alps stand garish, mute and
chill,

Waiting the sun's kiss with pale forehead
still, —

You from his crest shall see the sudden fire
Flash joyous : lo ! the solitary snow
First blushing ! Broader now, brighter and
higher,

Shoots the strong ray ; the mountains row
by row

Receive it, and the purple valleys glow ;
The smooth lake-mirrors laugh ; till silently
Throbs with full light and life the jocund sky !

Farewell : you pass ; we tarry : yet for us
Is the long weary penitential way

Of thought that souls must travel, dubious,
With tottering steps and eyes that wane
away

'Neath brows more wrinkle-withered day by
day :

Farewell ! There is no rest except in death
For him who stays or him who journeyeth.

Cornhill Magazine.

J. A. S.

THE *Times* quotes a letter from a St. Louis paper, giving an account of extensive ruins, found some miles east of Florence, on the Gila river. The principal is a parallelogram fortification, 600 ft. in width by 1600 ft. in length. The walls, which were built of stone, have long been thrown down, and are overgrown by trees and vines. In many places the stones have disappeared beneath the surface. Within the enclosed area are the remains of a structure 200 ft. by 260 ft., constructed of roughly-hewn stones. In some places the walls remain almost perfect to a height of some 12 ft. above the surface. On the inner sides of the wall of the supposed palace there are yet perfectly distinct tracings of the image of the sun. There are two towers at the south-east and south-west corners of the great enclosure still standing, one of which is 26 ft. and the other 31 ft. high. These have evidently been much higher. A few copper implements, some small golden ornaments — one being an image of the sun with a perforation in the middle — and some stone utensils, and two rudely-carved stone vases, much like those found at Zupetaro and Copan, in Central America, are all the works of art yet discovered. The ruins are situated in a small plain, elevated nearly 200 ft. above the bed of the Gila. Just west of the walls of the fortifica-

tion there is a beautiful stream of water having its source in the mountains, which crosses the plain, and by a series of cataracts falls into the Gila about two miles below. The fragments of pottery and polished stone reveal a condition of civilization among the builders of these ruins analogous to that of the ancient Peruvian, Central American and Mexican nations. The country in the vicinity is particularly wild and unusually desolate. No clue to the builders of this great fortified palace, with its towers and moat, has been discovered, but it would seem that this whole country was once peopled by a race having a higher grade of civilization than is found among any of the native tribes of the later ages. But whether this race were the ancestors of the Pimos, or some extinct people, is not known. It is understood that these ruins will be thoroughly explored within the present year.

BLACK POWDER FOUND IN SNOW; WHAT IS IT?—In a letter from M. Nordenskjöld on Carbonaceous Dust, with Metallic Iron, observed in Snow (dated from Mossel Bay, lat. 79° 53m. N., received at Tromsøe July 24), the writer remarks that in December 1871 he found in some snow collected towards the end of a five or six days' continuous fall in Stockholm a large quantity of dark powder like soot, and consisting of an organic substance rich in carbon. It was like the meteoric dust which fell with meteorites at Hesse near Upsal in January 1869. It contained also small particles of metallic iron. Suspecting the railways and houses of Stockholm might have furnished these matters, he got his brother, who lived in a desert district in Finland, to make similar experiments; which he did, and obtained a similar powder. In his Arctic voyage the writer has met with like phenomena. The snow from floating ice has furnished on fusion a greyish residue, consisting mostly of diatoms (whole or injured); but the black specks, a quarter of a millimetre in size, contained metallic iron covered with oxide of iron, and probably also carbon. He thinks, therefore, that snow and rain convey cosmic dust to the earth, and invites further observation on the subject. M. Daubree, in presenting the letter, recalled a case of meteoric dust having fallen at Orgueil in 1864. He expressed the hope that M. Nordenskjöld has obtained sufficient quantities of pulverulent matter to be able to determine a characteristic fact—the presence or absence of nickel.

IN the course of a few weeks, the German Imperial corvette *Gazelle*, under the command of Captain von Schleinitz, will leave Kiel with

the staff of astronomers sent by the German Government to observe the transit of Venus (on December 8) on the Kerguelen Islands, in the South Indian Ocean. Another detachment of German observers will at the same time be stationed on the Auckland Islands. In the event of a failure on the part of the former portion of the staff to obtain good observations of the transit, the *Gazelle* will convey them and the other German observers to the Mauritius about the middle of December, and leave them there till the end of January, 1875, when they will enter upon a voyage to the Antarctic Seas with the special object of investigating the polar currents and other phenomena connected with the south-polar region.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *London and China Telegraph*, writing from Kandy (Ceylon), says:—"The changes that have taken place in the matter of coffee cultivation within the last three years are simply marvellous. New districts formerly despised have risen up like magic. Whole country-sides of primeval forest have given way to the axe of the cultivator, and districts whose only inhabitants were the elephant, the chetah and the elk, are now flourishing plantations of coffee." The writer observes that the leaf disease, for which no cure has been discovered, has been very troublesome. "It is a fungus that attaches itself like a miniature mushroom to the lower side of the leaf of the coffee tree, and appears to extract its vitality, for the leaf withers and dies. It has now been among us for four years, and has done an incalculable amount of mischief." The long drought, which has had such a disastrous effect in India, has also unfavourably affected the Ceylon coffee crop this year.

THE exhibition of Colonial products in Paris will contain an enormous nugget of gold coming from Cayenne. At the present moment this mass of precious metal, which is in its crude state, is at the Banque de France, and it will be melted down into an ingot one day next week. It weighs 200 kilogrammes, and is worth 600,000 francs. It was sent to Paris by one of the companies working the mines discovered a few years ago in the French colony of Guayana. The quantity of gold won for some time past from these workings has, it is stated, become so considerable, that the project is seriously considered of diverting the waters of the river Oyapoch and its affluents from their present beds, in order to facilitate the extraction of the gold which there is no doubt is concealed there.

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TO A THRUSH.

A WOODLAND REVERIE.

AH, brother singer, piping there
In a glad hush of golden air,
As though to care unknown ;
Oh, would I were a thrush to wing
The leafy world of woods and sing,
Like you, for joy alone !

Of all, ah me ! that plagues us so ;
Of days of work you nothing know,
Of nights of thought, not rest.
Oh, would I were a bird, and knew
Unclouded singing hours with you,
Unworked, undriven, and blest !

That little bill — to you 'tis sweet
A little bill to have to meet,
Which men can seldom say.
You well may sing ; men moil and toil
But thrushes have no pot to boil,
No small accounts to pay.

"Black care," so sings our Horace, "sits
Behind us still," and all our wits
Are tasked, its weight to bear ;
Your children give you not a thought ;
Within the nest they're clothed and taught ;
You've not for that to care.

And then those songs of yours you trill
And chirp and warble when you will ;
Oh, happy, happy lot !
While we must chirrup at all times
And, sad or glad, must grind out rhymes,
Whether we like or not.

Then critical Reviews we read ;
To all their scoffs you pay no heed :
You mind them not a rush.
Nor lose in peace of mind or cash
Though they should growl your songs are
trash :
Oh, would I were a thrush !

And yet, my jovial singer there,
You too, perhaps, may have your care
And trill with anxious mind ;
Your thrushship, perhaps, may be hen-pecked
If slugs to bring home you neglect ;
Worms may be hard to find.

There may be feathered cares and woes
Unnesting nature never knows ;
We judge but as we can ;
And you there, jolly as you sing,
May think your lot not quite the thing,
And long to be a man.

All The Year Round.

SERENADES.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

I.

SLEEP on thine eyes, peace in thy breast !
White-limb'd lady, lie at rest ;
Near thy casement, shrill of cry,
Broods the owl with luminous eye.

Midnight comes ; all fair things sleep
While all dark things vigil keep ;
Round thy sleep thy scented bower
Foldeth like a lily-flower.

All so still around thee lies,
Peace in thy breast, sleep on thine eyes !
All without is dark as death,
And thy lover wakeneth.

Underneath thy bower I pace,
Star-dew sparkling on my face ;
All around me, swift of sight,
Move the creatures of the night.

Hark, the great owl cries again,
With an echo in the brain,
And the dark Earth in her sleep
Stirs and trembles, breathing deep.

Sleep on thine eyes, peace in thy breast !
Fold thy hands and take thy rest ;
All the night, till morning break,
Spirits walk and lovers wake !

II.

Sleep sweet, beloved one, sleep sweet !
Without here night is growing,
The dead leaf falls, the dark boughs meet,
And a chill wind is blowing.
Strange shapes are stirring in the night
To the deep breezes' wailing,
And slow, with wistful gleams of light,
The storm-tost moon is sailing.

Sleep sweet, beloved one, sleep sweet !
Fold thy white hands, my blossom !
Thy warm limbs in thy lily-sheet,
Thy hands upon thy bosom.
Though evil thoughts may walk the dark,
Not one shall near thy chamber,
But dreams divine shall pause to mark
Singing to lutes of amber.

Sleep sweet, beloved one, sleep sweet !
Though on thy bosom creeping,
God's hand is laid to feel the beat
Of thy soft heart in sleeping.
The brother angels, Sleep and Death,
Stoop by thy couch and eye thee ;
And Sleep stoops down to drink thy breath,
While Death goes softly by thee !

Cassell's Magazine.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
ENGLISH LYRICAL POETRY.

MR. PALGRAVE, in the introduction to his admirable volume, the *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*, observes that he is acquainted with no strict and exhaustive definition of lyrical poetry, and he is content to point out a few simple principles which have guided him in his work. We think that Mr. Palgrave is right, and that he has judged wisely in not giving a definition which must have proved at best partial and unsatisfactory. To say what lyrical poetry is not, is an easy task, to express in a brief sentence what it is, so that if the question be put the answer, like a reply in the Catechism, may be instantly forthcoming, is well-nigh impossible. And the reason is that the lyric blossoms and may be equally beautiful and perfect under a variety of forms. The kind of inspiration that prompts it is to be found in the Ode and in the Song, in the Elegy and in the Sonnet. Its spirit is felt sometimes where it is least expected, its subtle charm is perceived occasionally in almost every kind of poetry save the satirical and didactic. Like life, like light, like the free air of the mountains, the lyric is enjoyed, as it were, unconsciously. We brush the bloom off fruit when we handle it too roughly, and there is perhaps a danger lest, in attempting to criticise lyrical poetry, the critic, by his precision and careful attention to rules, should destroy some of its beauty. We have learnt, however, of late years what was not understood a century ago, that the critic's office is to follow the poet, not to require that the poet should follow him. The poet indeed, like all artists, must be obedient to law, but his genius is less likely to lead him astray than the critic's book-knowledge, and of the lyric poet especially it may be safely asserted that the lack of conventional restraint, the freedom to sing his own song to his own music, is essential to success. In building the lofty rhyme of the epic, in the long narrative poem, in the drama, in the satire, some of the material must necessarily be of a common-place order. No great poem but has its weak points, its prosaic de-

tails, its matter-of-fact lines. The poet-artist who designs a vast work knows that it cannot be of sustained excellence throughout. If his eye roll in a fine frenzy at one part, it is certain to grow dim and sleepy at another; he cannot be always sublime, and if he could his readers would grow weary. His imagination must inevitably flag as he pursues a task which requires time as well as genius, and the utmost he can do is to make his coarser workmanship serve as a foil to that which is more delicate. This has been done with consummate art by Milton, whose sense of fitness and congruity is as remarkable as the lovely harmony of his versification. Lyrical poetry, on the other hand, will not admit of aught that is of inferior quality. Like the sonnet, it should be perfect throughout—in form, in thought, in the lovely marriage of pure words, in the melody that pervades the whole. The lyric at its best—as in the songs of Shakespeare and some of the old dramatists, in the “Epithalamium” of Spenser, a poem of almost unequalled loveliness, in the pretty love-warblings of Herrick, in the artful music of Collins and of Gray, in the ethereal melody of Shelley, in the impassioned songs of Burns—belongs to the highest order of poetry. It is the noblest inspiration of the poetical mind, its choicest utterance, the expression of its profoundest feeling. With the exception of Shakespeare and Milton, each of whom, be it remembered, in addition to his dramatic or epic genius, is a supreme master of the lyric, the greatest poets of this country belong to the lyrical class. Moreover, the poems which live in the memory and which take most hold upon us, are essentially lyrical in character. Not that the most precious of our lyrics are generally the most popular. The finest literary work, no matter what the department may be, will never be the most sought after. It is for the appreciation of the few rather than for the delight of the many. Mr. Tupper has more readers than Spenser, Dr. Cumming than Jeremy Taylor, and there is many an essayist of the day whose writings are better known than the essays of Lord

Bacon. We are accustomed to regard poetry as a kind of inspiration, and so no doubt it is. The gift, like the gift of wisdom, cannot be purchased. The poet, like all artists, may enlarge his range and perfect his skill by labour and intense study, but the power comes from Nature, and even when the power is possessed it can only be exercised at certain periods. Dr. Johnson indeed in alluding to this notion, as held by Gray, calls it a "fantastic foppery," but Johnson, it has been well said, "made poetry by pure effort of diligence as a man casts up his ledger;" in other words he was a clever versifier, not a poet, and the conditions upon which poetry is produced surpassed his comprehension.

Poetry is not a profession, and the poet who dreams of immortality cannot write as Dr. Johnson seems to have thought, and as Southey thought, a given number of lines a day. Verses written to order are as worthless as most prize poems. They may display ability, but genius never. The mechanical art of the verse-maker is, however, often mistaken for the noble labour of the poet, and in Johnson's time especially the one was constantly confounded with the other. We laugh at the old Cumberland dame who on hearing of Wordsworth's death exclaimed "Ay! it's a pity he's gane; but what then? I'se warn't the widow can carry on the business aw t' seame;" but something of the like feeling existed among the poetasters of the eighteenth century, and is perhaps not quite extinct even in our day.

The great age of Elizabeth — an age as remarkable for noble deeds as for noble words — may be taken by the student of our poetry as the birthtime of the lyric. Some sweet snatches of lyrical verse were produced indeed before that period, and in Chaucer, the first splendid name in our literary annals, there may be frequently detected, under the narrative form, marks of the bounding spirit and sweetness which delight us in a lyric poetry. Poets indeed who sing of love can scarcely fail to fall into the lyrical strain, and Chaucer, with his healthy vigorous nature, his love of all outward beauty, especially of the

beauty of women, and his fine ear for music, was not likely to be wholly deficient in this branch of the poetical art. A delicious simplicity, a joyous humour, a skill of delineating character, a manly grasp of his subject — these are among the more prominent features of this great poet's work. but in much of it we may detect the spirit of the lyric poet, although the form of the lyric is wanting.

For our purpose, however, and indeed for any notice of English lyrical poetry that is not severely critical, the sixteenth century is the period in which it seems natural to commence our survey. With the splendid exception of Chaucer (for the works of Gower, Surrey, Wyatt, and others are comparatively of small account), it may be said that our poets performed their first achievements in that wonderful age. And what they did, in the dawn of our poetical literature, remains a living power, so that their words and thoughts influence us and delight us still. The greatest poets then used the drama as the vehicle of their art, and the lyric, although largely employed, was generally made subordinate to the requirements of the dramatist. Not always, however, and some of the loveliest lyrics of that age, although the work of dramatists, had no place in their dramas, while much sweet lyrical poetry is to be found in Elizabethan poets who never catered for the stage. If we ask the reader to spend a few minutes with us while we open some of these old poets, it is not from any doubt that the best which they have written is already familiar and beloved. Those who know it best, however, will be perhaps the best pleased to refresh their memory, and that they may do so, allusion will often serve the purpose of quotation. Of course, the first name we think of is that of Shakespeare, who is not only the greatest of dramatists but stands in the front rank of lyrical poets. But of Shakespeare, simply because he is so great and because his words are so well known to all who read the English tongue, it is scarcely needful to say anything. There is nothing in poetical literature more entirely lovely, more delicately fragrant, more dainty in form, more like

music which once heard must be remembered alway, than the songs or snatches of song scattered through the works of Shakespeare. They are as fresh as roses just bursting into bloom, as grateful as the perfume of violets, or the scent of the sea when the wind blows the foam in our faces. And we are content to enjoy them without criticism as we enjoy the warmth of the sun or the soothing sound of running waters. There seems no art in these little pieces, which appear to fall from the poet like notes from a bird, so consummately is the art concealed.

‘Full fathom five thy father lies ;’
 Under the greenwood tree ;’ “When
 icicles hang by the wall ;” “When daisies
 pied and violets blue ;” “Where the
 bee sucks ;” “Fear no more the heat
 o’ the sun ;” “Come away, come away,
 Death ;” — it is enough surely to quote
 in this way the first line of a Shakespea-
 rian song in order to recall it to the mem-
 ory, and to convince a forgetful reader
 that the charm of musical song is as
 much one of Shakespeare’s gifts, as the
 dramatic strength and the superlative
 imagination which enable him to see
 through the deeds of men. Several of
 the Elizabethan dramatists show an ear
 for melody, and a knowledge of lyrical
 form which gives an abiding vitality to
 their verse. Webster, one of the most
 powerful, although far from the most
 pleasing, of Shakespeare’s contempora-
 ries, throws his grim strength into trage-
 dy which sometimes borders on the gro-
 tesque. He heaps horror upon horror with
 a vehemence of language which enchains
 the reader while it appals him, but this
 gloomy poet does now and then venture
 upon a lyrical strain, sad indeed, accord-
 ing to his wont, but at the same time
 beautiful. Here, for instance, are ten
 quaint lines worthy almost of Shake-
 speare : —

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
 Since o’er shady groves they hover,
 And with leaves and flowers do cover
 The friendless bodies of unburied men.
 Call unto his funeral dole
 The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,

To rear him hillocks that shall keep him
 warm
 And (when gay tombs are robb’d) sustain no
 harm ;

But keep the wolf far hence, that’s foe to men,
 For with his nails he’ll dig them up again.

This song is entitled by Mr. Palgrave
 “A Land Dirge,” and with good judg-
 ment he places it on the same page with
 the sea dirge sung by Ariel. A lovely
 little song of somewhat similar character
 by Beaumont and Fletcher might have
 aptly followed these two famous pieces.

Lay a garland on my hearse
 Of the dismal yew ;
 Maidens, willow branches bear,
 Say I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
 From my hour of birth.
 Upon my buried body lie
 Lightly, gentle earth !

In their lyrics these twin-poets ap-
 proach sometimes very near to Shake-
 speare — so near indeed that it might
 seem as if they had caught the very echo
 of his verse ; and we think that Hazlitt
 is correct in his judgment that, while as
 dramatists they rank in the second class,
 they belong to the first order as lyrical
 and descriptive poets. If we may judge
 from the *Faithful Shepherdess*, Fletcher’s
 genius as a lyrist surpassed that of Beau-
 mont, and it is infinitely sad that so lovely
 a lyrical drama should be deformed by
 gross coarseness and by passages which,
 viewed simply from the artist’s standing-
 point, are out of place in such a poem.
 Coleridge wished that Beaumont and
 Fletcher had written poems instead of
 plays. Had they done so, instead of pan-
 dering as they too often did to the cor-
 rupt tastes of the town, we might have
 had lyrics from these brother-poets
 worthy of a place with the youthful
 poems of Milton. There is a little poem
 ascribed to Beaumont, although it appears
 in a play of Fletcher’s, which must have
 suggested the “Il Penseroso.” So per-
 fect is its beauty, so delicious its music,
 that it is not surprising it laid hold of
 Milton and prompted him to utter on a
 like subject his own beautiful thoughts.

Hence all you vain delights,
 As short as are the nights
 Wherein you spend your folly ;
 There's nought in this life sweet,
 Were men but wise to see 't,
 But only melancholy ;
 O sweetest melancholy !

Welcome folded arms and fixèd eyes ;
 A sigh that piercing mortifies ;
 A look that's fastened to the ground ;
 A tongue chained up without a sound !

Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
 Places which pale passion loves !
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
 Are warmly housed save bats and owls !
 A midnight bell, a parting groan !
 These are the sounds we feed upon ;
 Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley ;
 Nothing so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

It was Francis Beaumont also who wrote the lines on Life, which may remind the reader of similar but not more striking verses on the same topic.

Like to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flights of eagles are,
 Or like the fresh Spring's gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew,
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
 Or bubbles which on waters stood —
 Even such is man, whose borrow'd light
 Is straight called in and paid to-night :
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
 The spring intomb'd in autumn lies,
 The dew's dried up, the star is shot,
 The flight is past and man forgot.

Ben Jonson, whose learning has so encumbered his verse as in a measure to obscure his fame, had also a fine ear for music ; and those who know him only as a dramatist have missed perhaps some of the finest traits in his poetical nature. As we read of Rare Ben, we picture to ourselves a coarse-grained, powerful-looking man, prodigious in waist, and boasting, like Falstaff, a mountain belly — a man who liked good cheer too well, whose love was licence, and who led the life of a town wit in a gross age, when the conscience of a playwright was not likely to be over-sensitive. London life he understood in all its varieties, and as the leader of the Apollo Club, we can picture him enjoying the same kind of honour which was bestowed some years later upon Dryden. Such a man, you might say, was not likely to babble of green fields, or to sing the sweet songs which are inspired by an open-air life, or by that faith in the beauty and purity of womanhood which is the reward of honest thought and generous aspirations. Nevertheless, this fine old dramatist,

man about town though he was, and far, it is to be feared, from a cleanly liver, had an eye for natural loveliness and a heart susceptible to the delicacy and grace of womanly charms, and of all that is lovely and of good report, which surprises and delights us as we read his lyrical poems. To know Ben Jonson at his best, as a man, if not as a poet, the reader should gain a familiar acquaintance with "The Forest" and with "Underwoods," under which headings are to be found the gems of his lyrical poetry as well as much of rare excellence in descriptive and rural verse. This tavern poet and town wit knew and loved nature well, and how charmingly he could sing of love might be proved by a variety of examples. Perhaps the song commencing with —

Drink to me only with thine eyes
 And I will pledge with mine —

is Jonson's best ; at all events it is the one best known, and therefore we shall not venture to quote it. Room, however, must be found for one short and dainty piece, which affords a favourable specimen of this poet's craft as a song-writer, as well as of his hearty way of making love. It is addressed to Celia, and although imitated from Catullus, is not the less original in tone. The man of genius, when he attempts to imitate, generally transforms : —

Kiss me, sweet ; the wary lover
 Can your favours keep and cover
 When the common courting jay
 All your bounties will betray.
 Kiss again ! no creature comes ;
 Kiss and score up wealthy sums
 On my lips, thus hardly sundered
 While you breathe. First give a hundred,
 Then a thousand, then another
 Hundred, then unto the other
 Add a thousand, and so more,
 Till you equal with the store
 All the grass that Rumney yields,
 Or the sands in Chelsea fields,
 Or the drops in silver Thames,
 Or the stars that gild his streams
 In the silent summer nights,
 When youths ply their stolen delights ;
 That the curious may not know
 How to tell 'em as they flow,
 And the envious, when they find
 What their number is, be pined.

In another and nobler strain are the fine lines so often quoted and so quotable, containing, as they do, a world of meaning within briefest compass : —

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make men better be ;

Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :

A lily of a day

Is fairer far in May

Although it fall and die that night —

It was the plant and flower of light.

In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

As a dramatist Ben Jonson deserves to be read, and not only read but studied, for his wit and humour, for his wonderful skill as an artist, for his masterly command of language, for the knowledge his works afford us of the age in which he lived ; but we venture to think that his highest claim upon posterity rests on the pastoral and descriptive passages, and on the lovely specimens of lyrical verse to be found in the little volume that contains his poems. Truly does Hazlitt say that Jonson's "Discourse with Cupid" is "infinitely delicate and *piquant*, and without one single blemish ;" and truly, too, does Leigh Hunt remark of his ode "To Cynthia," which has a place in almost every selection, that it "combines classic eloquence with a tone of modern feeling and a music like a serenade." No man, says Mr. Henry Morley, can be a dramatist in any real sense of the word who cannot produce good lyrics — a just assertion in the main, and one that assuredly holds good with regard to this great poet.

Sentimental, refined, melancholy in temperament and inclined to solitude, Drummond of Hawthornden led a very different life to that enjoyed by his friend Ben Jonson. In his verse there is a lack of vigour, but seldom a want of sweetness, and many of his short pieces deserve, in the quaint language of the age, to be called "sugared." His genius is essentially lyrical, and much that is of genuine beauty may be found among his poems. As a writer of sonnets, his rank among our early poets is a high one, but he has produced nothing that is of supreme excellence, and it is probable that he will be better remembered for his "Notes of Conversations" with Ben Jonson, than for his own work as a poet. Drummond is one of the few notable poets of that age who did not try his hand at the drama, which was as popular among men of letters as the novel is now. A peculiar taste and special leisure are needed for an adequate study of the minor Elizabethan dramatists, and it may be doubted whether a knowledge of a few of the masterpieces of Ford, Webster, Marlowe, and Dekker will not suf-

fice to satisfy most students of our early poetry. The writings of these men partake in large measure of the passion and turbulence of their lives, and the biography of poets has few sadder pages than those which record the careers of Marlowe and of Greene.

Marlowe, the famous author of *Dr. Faustus*, which suggested his incomparable work to the greatest of German poets, perished in a drunken quarrel ; and Greene, after a brief, but grossly dissipated life, died miserably in abject poverty. Both these writers have left some striking pieces of lyric verse. Who does not know the madrigal

Come live with me and be my love

of Marlowe, and the reply written by Sir Walter Raleigh ? Robert Greene has not written any piece popular like these ; but several of his poems, though disfigured by conceits, have the ring of true poetry. Not one of them, however, has been transferred by Mr. Palgrave to his *Golden Treasury*, and he has perhaps rightly judged, so largely is the beauty of Greene's verse mingled with imperfections. Lodge, also a minor dramatist of the period, shows more of artistic skill than his contemporary as a lyric poet. The best of his pieces appeared in *England's Helicon*, a collection of pastoral and lyric poems published at the close of Elizabeth's reign, and reprinted for the service of modern readers by Sir Egerton Brydges. This is but one among many selections of verse which appeared during the period, and the student who would make himself acquainted with the lyric poetry of the age will also read *The Phoenix Nest*, *The Paradise of Dainty Devises* (which, however, belongs rather to the reign of Queen Mary), and *A Handful of Pleasant Delites*. There is much in these selections that is only curious, but sometimes, and especially in the *Helicon*, a poetical gem will repay the reader for his toil. To the *Helicon*, Lodge and Breton are among the most important contributors ; but here, too, will be found the great names of Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, Marlowe, Spenser, and Shakespeare.

Breton is so little known in these days (he has no place in the best selections of English poetry), that one short specimen of his skill as a lyric poet may be transferred to these pages. The following lines, three hundred years old, remember, run almost as smoothly as if they had been written by a modern poet : —

In the merry month of May,
 In a morn by break of day,
 Forth I walked by the woodside,
 When as May was in his pride :
 There I spied all alone
 Phillida and Corydon.
 Much ado there was, God wot ;
 He would love and she would not ;
 She said, never man was true,
 He said, none was false to you ;
 He said he had loved her long,
 She said, love should have no wrong ;
 Corydon would kiss her then,
 She said, maids must kiss no men,
 Till they did for good and all ;
 Then she made the shepherd call
 All the heavens to witness truth
 Never loved a truer youth.
 Thus with many a pretty oath,
 Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
 Such as silly shepherds use
 When they will not Love abuse,
 Love, which had been long deluded,
 Was with kisses sweet concluded,
 And Phillida with garlands gay
 Was made the Lady of the May.

The marvellous genius of Spenser, the poet who beyond all others possesses the finest sense of the beautiful, and whose lovely verse carries us through a land of enchantment, was not wholly expended upon his "Faery Queene." He has written one lyric poem of such incomparable excellence as to place him beyond all controversy in the foremost rank of our lyric poets. Truly does Dr. George MacDonald say of the "Epithalamium" that it is "one of the most stately, melodious, and tender poems in the world," and Mr. Hallam, the calmest and least impulsive of critics, writes of this splendid poem with generous enthusiasm. "It is a strain," he says, "redolent of a bridegroom's joy and of a poet's fancy. The English language seems to expand itself with a copiousness unknown before, while he pours forth the varied imagery of this splendid little poem. I do not know any other nuptial song, ancient or modern, of equal beauty. It is an intoxication of ecstasy, ardent, noble, and pure." Spenser "sage and serious," as Milton calls him, had ever a high and delicate perception of the passion of love. "Noble and pure" are the words applied by Mr. Hallam to the feeling which finds musical utterance in this nuptial song, and better words could not be used. Yet Mr. Palgrave has omitted this almost perfect poem from his selection on the ground that it is "not in harmony with modern manners." So much the worse then, we say, for modern manners, which find sensational novels, many of them of

doubtful purity, in harmony with the morals of society, and reject as unrefined the manly and simple expressions of loyal love and passionate tenderness uttered in this song. Gladly would we quote a portion of the poem, but the verses will not bear separation, and the supreme loveliness of the poetry cannot be justly appreciated unless the entire poem is read. We may add that another piece of similar character called "Prothalamium," although worthy of Spenser's genius, is not to be compared to the glorious "Epithalamium" written on his own marriage. The first is, indeed, of high excellence, but the latter is divine.

To pass from Spenser to Herrick is to descend from the heights of poetry to a comparatively lowly level. Herrick lives in the plain, and his prettinesses are such as belong to a flat country. His verse is often graceful, but it is never elevating, and the dainty love lyrics in which he sings the charms — too minutely specified sometimes — of a score of mistresses are frequently sensual in tone. Hazlitt has pointed out that from Herrick's constant allusion to pearls and rubies one might take him for a lapidary instead of a poet, and it must be allowed that the use he makes of jewellery in describing the eyes and teeth and bosoms and lips of fair ladies is not a little wearisome. It is impossible to say of Herrick's poetry that it is a perpetual feast of nectared sweets where no crude surfeit reigns. The sweets are to be found in it in such abundance that they are apt to induce satiety, and while women's bodily charms are methodically inventoried, their spiritual features, if we may use the term, are left out of the catalogue. Rarely does this poet exhibit feeling or pathos, but his command of language is great, and he has the art, which Prior and Thomas Moore possessed, of saying pretty things in a pretty way. The following little piece of counsel addressed to girls, affords a favourable specimen of his style as a song-writer, but his chief strength, perhaps, lies in the epigram : —

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a-flying ;
 And this same flower that smiles to-day,
 To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
 The higher he's a-getting,
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.

That eye is best which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer ;

But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry:
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

Herrick was born in 1591, but did not reach his poetical prime till he was considerably advanced in life. Among his contemporaries were several minor poets who exhibited remarkable facility and grace as writers of love lyrics. Waller, who has been praised especially for "the softness and smoothness of his numbers," has left little which will be read with pleasure in our day, and nothing that for sweetness and harmony can be compared with the loveliest lyrics of the Elizabethan period. Generally he is correct and tame, sometimes he is feeble, and if we allow that at his best he is graceful, and has some felicities of language, we have given to Waller the highest praise that he deserves. Readers will remember this poet's comparison of old age to a worn-out tenement:—

The soul's dark cottage battered and decayed
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

And his lines on a girdle will also be familiar:—

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It is seldom that we feel disposed to differ from Mr. Palgrave in his critical judgments, but we cannot agree with him that "the poetry of simple passion produced in Herrick and Waller some charming pieces of more finished art than the Elizabethan." Among the love poetry characteristic of this period are some lyrics by Lovelace, Suckling, and Wither, that have all the wit, the graceful turn of expression, and the lightness of touch, which this style of verse demands. Sometimes, as in the case of Suckling, the poetry is disfigured by grossness, but the liveliness and gaiety of the verses in which this poet describes a wedding are unequalled in our language, and who does not know the lines to *Althea* by Lovelace, and the spirited piece beginning—

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?

written by George Wither? A word of praise must be given here in passing to

Thomas Carew, whose little piece commencing—

He that loves a rosy cheek
Or a coral lip admires—

has won a place in our anthologies.

Contemporary with these men, though born a little later than some, and moving apart from them in a lofty and sublime region which has been attained only by one or two of the world's greatest poets, John Milton proved in early manhood that his genius as a lyric poet would have sufficed to perpetuate his fame even if he had not lived to accomplish the chief labour of his life. If he be not the greatest of epic poets—and there is but one that can compete with him for the palm—the author of "*L'Allegro*," "*Il Penseroso*," and "*Lycidas*" stands beyond question in the front rank as a writer of lyrics. There are flaws in these glorious poems which have been painfully dwelt upon by critics, but in spite of some insignificant defects, these three poems, two of them most admirable for description, and one, a pastoral elegy of the rarest poetic beauty—lay hold of the imagination and possess the memory as only the greatest poetry can. They do not merely win admiration, but they are treasured up as a precious portion of our intellectual property. Turn from them to the greatest lyric effort of John Dryden, the "*Alexander's Feast*," and how vast appears the gulf that separates these poets! Dryden's ode is of its kind incomparable. It is written by a consummate versifier, and by a man of brilliant genius. How finely and swiftly the verse rolls along, how full it is of animation, how free from weakness, how great in its variety of language! It is a magnificent piece of poetical rhetoric, but the exquisite and subtle charms of poetry are not to be found in it. It creates no feeling but that of admiration, whereas "*Lycidas*" excites in the reader capable of appreciating noble verse, not admiration only, but a glow of emotion, an elevation of spirit, which lifts him for the moment to the poet's level. Dr. Johnson's praise of Dryden's famous "*Ode to the Memory of Mrs. Anne Killigrew*," which he terms "undoubtedly the finest ode which our language ever has produced," must be regarded from our point of view as overstrained. Again we say it is a great rhetorical effort, not a great lyric poem, and in some portions it lacks

— the full-resounding line,
The long majestic march and energy divine,

for which Dryden is deservedly famous. How stiff and prosaic, for instance, are such lines as the following! Instead of the majestic march, it is as if the poet were hobbling painfully upon crutches:—

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good;
Thy father was transfused into thy blood:
So wert thou born into the tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.

But if thy pre-existing soul
Was formed at first with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last, which once it was
before.

If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born
mind!

Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich
ore:

Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find
Than was the beauteous frame she left be-
hind:

Return, to fill or mend the quire of thy cele-
stial kind.

May we presume to say that, at thy birth,
New joy was sprung in heaven as well as here
on earth?

For sure the milder planets did combine
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
And even the most malicious were in trine.

Dryden stands on a high eminence as a satirist and narrative poet. He is also a vigorous reasoner in verse; and his clear, sinewy style in such poems as "Absalom and Achitophel," and the "Religio Laici," is that of a master of language. In his special domain he need fear no rival; but in his lyric poetry, as in his dramas, the work he has produced is of inferior quality. If this be true of "Glorious John," it is assuredly equally true of his imitator and rival, Pope. The author of the "Dunciad," of the "Imitations of Horace," and of the exquisite "Rape of the Lock," is in his own way inimitable. The perfection of art, the finest satire, the most graceful play of fancy, characterize these poems, but when Pope attempts the lyric the failure is conspicuous. His "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" has been justly called only a feeble duplicate of Dryden, and Mr. Elwin says truly that his "Universal Prayer" is a tame composition, and "never rises above the level of a second-rate hymn." The character of the age was not favourable to lyric poetry, and among the brilliant wits who associated with Pope, Addison, and Swift, one or two only have been successful in this form of verse. There are a few fairly good lyric passages in

Gay's "Acis and Galatea;" and that small poet, who produced also some good ballads, has written one or two tolerable songs. Matthew Prior was far more successful than Gay, and many of his pieces have a brightness and quickness of fancy which remind us of Thomas Moore. The Irish poet was no doubt, in some instances, indebted to his predecessor for the structure of his verse; and readers familiar with the "Melodies," in listening for the first time to some passages in Prior's poems, would at once attribute them to Moore. There are several little love-pieces in Prior so like the prurient poems published under the name of "Mr. Little," that it would be easy to believe they were the productions of the same author. Like Moore, Prior is an apt writer, also, of *vers de société* and a brilliant epigrammatist; but unfortunately many of his pieces are too coarse to be tolerated in our day. Yet Dr. Johnson strangely enough declared Prior's poems to be a lady's book. "No lady," he said, "is ashamed to have it standing in her library." The following piece sounds like a song of Moore's, and the fancy exhibited in it is of the artificial kind, in which Moore delighted. It is an answer to Chloe jealous—

Dear Chloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face,
Thy cheek all on fire and thy hair all un-
curl'd!

Pry'thee quit this caprice; and, as old Fal-
staff says,

Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this
world.

What I speak, my friend Chloe, and what I
write shows

The difference there is between Nature and
Art;

I court others in verse, but I love thee in
prose:

And they have my whimsies, but thou hast
my heart.

The god of us verse-men (you know, child)
the sun,

How after his journeys he sets up his rest:
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.

So, when I am wearied with wand'ring all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come:
No matter what beauties I saw in my way,

They were but my visits, but thou art my
home.

Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war;
And let us, like Horace and Lydia, agree:
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her
As he was a poet sublimer than me.

Prior deserves, we think, more praise as a lyric than he has hitherto received ; for his success, such as it is, was not due to any contemporary influence. The vein of poetry at that period led in another direction, and when the Queen Anne men attempted the lyric they generally blundered. Such laboured and conventional odes as those written by Addison, Hughes, and Congreve, on *St. Cecilia* or in *Praise of Music*, were not uncommon ; but these odes—and there are numbers of equal merit, or demerit, in Chalmers's vast collection—are mere specimens of the versemaker's handicraft in an age when the sole merit of some writers, called poets by courtesy, was mechanical skill.

Charles Dickens once observed of Thomas Gray that no poet ever gained a place among the immortals with so small a volume under his arm. And it may be safely asserted that, little as Gray has written, it does not all belong to the highest class of poetry. It is as a lyric poet that Gray has won his laurels, and his best work is limited to five or six odes and to the "*Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*." This elegy is probably the most popular poem in the language. It lives in the memory of most men who have received a liberal education, and the hold it has upon us is owing to the pensive beauty of the verse, to the naturalness of the thoughts, which are obvious without being commonplace, and to the choice of a subject in which every one must feel a pathetic interest. When the poem appeared, the leading review of the day observed—"The excellence of this little piece amply compensates for its want of quantity ;" and this was all the critic had to say in praise of a poem which ranks with the choicest treasures of poetical literature. In spite of the cold praise of the reviewer, the *Elegy* gained immediate popularity, which Gray imputed to the subject, observing that the public would have received it as well if it had been written in prose ; an extraordinary assertion, for there never was a poem that owed more to the melody of the versification, and to the exact adaptation of the metre to the theme. Of Gray's two greatest odes, the "*Progress of Poesy*" and the "*Bard*," little new can be said, for criticism has exhausted itself upon them. Dr. Johnson's fault-finding in his examination of these poems may be sometimes captious, but it contains a large amount of truth. No doubt amidst much splendour there is also much obscurity, much conventional dic-

tion, many words arbitrarily compounded, many thoughts that are grasped with difficulty and that give little pleasure when the meaning is perceived. The following remarks can hardly be gainsaid : "These odes are marked by glittering accumulations of ungraceful ornaments ; they strike rather than please ; the images are magnified by affectation ; the language is laboured into harshness. The mind of the writer seems to work with unnatural violence. Double, double, toil and trouble ! He was a kind of strutting dignity, and is tall by walking on tiptoe. His art and his struggle are too visible, and there is too little appearance of ease and nature." Gray, who found fault with his friend Mason for the artificial structure of his poetry, fell himself into the same error, and the diction of the Odes is in the highest degree laboured. Yet there are lines in these poems of superlative excellence—lines which none but a genuine poet could have written in his choicest moments of inspiration. The "*Ode on Eton College*" is marked by some of Gray's worst faults, but some of the verses are of perfect beauty, and how lovely is the conclusion, too familiar to be quoted here ! The "*Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat*" has also some felicities of language, but why the cat should be called a "hapless nymph" in one stanza, and a "presumptuous maid" in another, the poet himself might have found it difficult to say. The permanence of Gray's fame depends, not on his Odes but on his *Elegy* ; and it is impossible to conceive of any progress of thought or of society which shall make that poem less acceptable to his countrymen. It is founded, to use one of Mr. Carlyle's phrases, on the eternal verities.

It was Gray's happy fortune to move by one of his poems the universal heart. William Collins—a lyric poet perhaps of equal genius—has not been so successful. Collins's Odes appeal, like Gray's, to a limited circle of readers ; there are men of culture and with some love of poetry who are quite unable to appreciate the peculiar powers of this fine, but occasionally obscure poet. Sometimes, and when in his highest mood, Collins is simple and pathetic, and his language, tortuous perhaps elsewhere, is marked by the most exquisite propriety. Had Collins written nothing else, the "*Dirge in Cymbeline*," the Ode commencing—

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest !

and the unrhymed "Ode to Evening," would suffice to keep his memory green. Throughout his short life, or a large portion of it, he had the burden upon him of a great fear and sorrow, and his verse, the growth of a mournful disposition, is full of plaintive melancholy. Perhaps the most inadequate criticism to be found in Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* is that bestowed on poor Collins ; but the subtle charm of his poetry was not likely to be appreciated by the robust critic who failed to see the loveliness of "Lycidas." Johnson, strange to say,

is far more to admire in the lyric poetry of Shenstone, whose ideas are commonplace and whose verse is jingling. His "Pastoral Ballad," once so famous that it had a place in most selections, is now forgotten. James Thomson, a genuine poet, whose genius, in spite of his artificial diction, has given him a distinct and honourable place in our poetical literature, deserves mention among lyric poets, although his strength lies mainly in description. Either he or Mallet is the author of "Rule Britannia," and it may be noted here in passing that the best patriotic songs or lyrics in our language, and the best battle-songs, are the work of Scotchmen — of Burns and Campbell, of Sir Walter Scott and of Allan Cunningham. Burns, the greatest of all song writers, is too distinctly Scottish to be included in this brief survey of English lyric poets. He needed his native dialect when giving utterance to strong passion and feeling, and his purely English poems are comparative failures. When Burns was delighting some of his countrymen, and shocking others, with his amorous lyrics, a poet of a very different stamp was slowly winning his way to fame amidst the tame scenery of Buckinghamshire. Cowper's chief merit, it has been sometimes said, is, that he freed poetry from the so-called conventional diction popular in his age, and drew his imagery, as all true poets must, direct from nature. Burns, a man of a far stronger intellect, did this more vigorously ; but his prose is full of affectations. Cowper, often unpoetical and commonplace, is never wanting in simplicity, and in his observation of nature he is unerring. As a lyric poet his place is not with the highest. He has no fine sense of harmony, none of those exquisite felicities of language which abound in Spenser, Milton, and Keats, and which form a

striking feature of Mr. Tennyson's poetry ; but he has great clearness of expression, and his pathos is profound. Such lyrical pieces as "The Poplar Field," "On the Loss of the Royal George," "The Castaway," and above all the exquisite lines "To Mary," will always be read and re-read by those who can best appreciate a poet's work.

Cowper died in 1800, when several of the great poets, whose works gave such splendour to the first quarter of this century, were in the full prime of manhood. Wordsworth was thirty, Walter Scott twenty-nine, Coleridge twenty-eight, and Campbell twenty-three. Shelley, Keats, and Hood, were at this date comparative infants, and Byron was a schoolboy of twelve. The French Revolution, exciting ardent hopes in some minds, and profound disappointment and regret in others, created an extraordinary movement in intellectual life. The beautiful but somewhat languid stream of poetry that flowed so calmly in the eighteenth century, burst towards the close of it into a mountain torrent, leaping and foaming with an impetuous energy that amazed the few so-called classic versemakers who retained Pope's style, while lacking his vigour and his wit. Wordsworth, calmest and least impulsive of poets, has described what he felt at this period : —

A glorious time,
A happy time that was ; triumphant looks
Were then the common language of all eyes ;
As if awaked from sleep, the nations hailed
Their great expectancy.

And Coleridge, inspired by the same hopes, writes : —

When France in wrath her giant-limbs up-
reared,
And with that oath, which smote air, earth,
and sea,
Stamped her strong foot and said she would
be free !

Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared !

On various minds this great movement acted in different ways. If for a time it quickened hope and enthusiasm in the breasts of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, it forced Scott into the ranks of Toryism. In every case, however, it served to stimulate intellectual energy, and whatever political view men may take of this extraordinary period, all must allow that poetry, and especially lyric poetry, gained from it in exaltation and fervour. The poets we have mentioned have many claims upon our attention apart from the lyrical bent of their genius,

but our subject leads us to regard their poetry solely in one direction. If we except Shelley—and we do not feel sure that we ought to except him—Coleridge, great in so many ways, takes the foremost rank in the lyric amongst the early poets of this century. The music of his versification is exquisite; so perfect, indeed, is it at times, that the most able critic would be doing a rash act were he to attempt to alter a single word. Read aloud his “Genevieve,” and say whether poet ever framed a more exquisite love poem? read his “Ancient Mariner,” and his “Christabel,” and the perfect movement of the verse will strike you as much as the dazzling imagination which floods every page with poetic light; or read the short poem entitled “Verse and Age,” and you will agree with Leigh Hunt that its music can only be matched by some of the sweet strains of our early poets. Willingly would we quote the whole of this little piece, which contains forty-nine lines. This would, however, encroach too much upon our space, and the poem, which is in almost all selections, should be known to every one. This indeed is a constant difficulty in writing a paper upon English poetry, since to quote the finest illustrations of the subject, is to print verses with which readers are already familiar. Passing as we do now from Coleridge to Shelley, who is his rival in musical expression, it would obviously be absurd to transcribe such poems as the “Ode to the West Wind,” or the “Ode to a Sky-lark,” as examples of his lyrical genius. Of Shelley and of his poetry it may be said in his own words:—

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

Like his sky-lark, Shelley is a “scorner of the ground,” and sings the sweeter the higher he ascends. He is the poet of dreams and aerial fancies; he does not walk in the common ways of men; his beautiful voice speaks to us from a lofty height, and if it does not always speak clearly, it is because while singing he is “hidden in the light of thought.” His song gives to us the same kind of delight we receive from the sounds of inanimate nature. The same kind, but in a larger

degree, for the words Shelley addresses to the sky-lark may be fitly applied to him:—

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh thy music doth
surpass.

It seems natural to turn from Shelley to the young poet whose death he has so exquisitely mourned in “Adonais.” Keats was such a youth when he died, so immature, not in years only but in culture, that it would be ungenerous to dwell too much on the defects of his poetry. His faults arose in part from a lack of liberal training, and still more, perhaps, from the influence of the poetical school in which he was a pupil. The aroma of Leigh Hunt's poetry may be detected throughout the poetry of Keats; whatever is beautiful in colour, delicious in scent, or graceful in form; whatever captivates the fancy, or enchants the ear, gives inspiration to his muse. His verse is full of sweetnesses, but it is apt to cloy. Yet there are indications which can scarcely be mistaken that had the life of this wonderful youth been spared (he was but twenty-six when he died) he would have put aside the pardonable faults of his boyhood, and have exhibited the calm strength and the elevation of purpose which give dignity to poetry as well as to life. In spite of faults which lie upon the surface of his poetry, and need no critical sagacity to detect, what a delightful and exceedingly precious volume Keats has left his country! There is genius visible in every page of it, and not lines only, but whole poems, which entitle the author to claim a place with the great poets of England. The sonnet upon Chapman's Homer is one of the finest in the language. “Hyperion” is a majestic fragment; the “Eve of St. Agnes” is full of glorious poetry; and scarcely any ode produced this century shows a higher power of suggestiveness than the “Ode to a Nightingale.” Listen but to one stanza of it:—

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird.
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I heard this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown;
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick
for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath

Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam

Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Contrast this ode, or Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," with the frigid, conventional, laboured odes which passed for poetry in the last century—they may be read by scores in Chalmers's *Anthology*—and the difference is like walking in a lovely country, with its woods, and meadows, and hill-sides fragrant with heather, after being confined to the formal paths of a London square. The splendid poetical fruit produced during the first thirty years of this century was for the most part lyrical. Of didactic poetry, of satirical poetry, of epic poetry, the specimens produced were comparatively worthless, and although some dramas were written, we know of none save Shelley's *Cenci*, and perhaps Lord Byron's *Sardanapalus*, which retain a living power. Wordsworth, who in spite of great deficiencies (he lacked passion, which, if not the soul of poetry, is one of its chief attributes) held the highest place, and perhaps still holds it, among the poets of his century, is philosophical, and therefore to some extent didactic; but the strength of Wordsworth is not to be found in his philosophy, much of which might have been uttered more suitably in prose. As a meditative poet, his genius finds its truest expression in lyrical verse. There are noble efforts of poetry in "The Excursion" and in "The Prelude," but there are also long distances in those poems over which the poet plods with heavy lumbering feet. For his highest and most poetical thoughts we must look elsewhere—to the "Ode on Immortality," to many of the sonnets, which, if they do not bear a lyrical form, are full of lyrical feeling, to the familiar pieces in which he imparts a human interest to the sights, and sounds, and life of nature.

Some writers upon poetry—notably Mr. E. S. Dallas, in his admirable work "Poetics"—confounding the lyric with the song, declare that while England is strong in the drama she is weak in the lyric. This conclusion is due to a misconception. A song is, no doubt, a lyric; but a lyric—witness Wordsworth—need not be a song, and most of the finest lyrical poems we possess take another shape. As song-writers, our English poets must yield the palm to Scotland, perhaps even to Ireland; but as lyrists they occupy the first rank, and the sceptic has only to read with the care it merits Mr. Palgrave's selection, which covers

the poetry of three centuries, to be convinced that the poetical genius of England finds in this direction its highest expression, or, rather, that it is as great in the lyric as in the drama.

Sir Walter Scott has given the world more of genuine healthful pleasure than any author of this century, than any writer, indeed, in the language, with the one great exception of Shakespeare. And this delight is of a kind which no novelist could impart who was not at the same time a great poet. Scott's finest and most lasting work has no doubt been done in prose, and there is more of poetry in the *Antiquary*, or in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, than in "Marmion," his best metrical composition; but whether he wrote in prose or in verse he was animated by the spirit of poetry; and in "Marmion," a poem which it is difficult to appreciate at its just worth in an age when poetry delights in subtleties of thoughts and intricacies of expression, the fire of the lyric poet gives fervour to the narrative. The death of Marmion is in the highest degree noble; there is no such martial strain in our language, nor anything of the kind equal to it out of Homer, and in another direction Scott's genius for the lyric is also remarkable, for many of his songs possess a plaintive sweetness, a spontaneity, a tenderness and simplicity of feeling which will secure them, one can scarcely doubt, a permanent place in poetry. In some of these pieces the *naïveté* and freshness of the old ballad is blended with the gracefulness of expression which is a characteristic of modern art.

Of Thomas Moore's poetry, even of his *Irish Melodies*, which contain beyond all question his best work, it is impossible to write so confidently. His poetry sometimes goes to the heart of things, and expresses the essential feelings of the race; this, however, is but rarely the case; in general, his pretty songs give utterance to transitory emotions, to fancies which touch the surface of life, or rather of the artificial society in which the poet laughed and sung. Some of his admirers have compared him with Burns: as well might you liken a pretty exotic to the mountain heather, or an artificial cascade to a natural waterfall, or the notes of a bird that has been taught to pipe with the free song of the sky-lark. He was more of a musician than of a poet, and instead of composing music to verse, he wrote his verse to the music. He said he could answer for the sound of his

songs more than for their sense; and it has been justly remarked that it is hardly fair to read them unless you remember the air.

Earl Russell once stated, if we remember rightly, that Lord Byron was the greatest poet of this century; that Scott stood next in eminence, and Thomas Moore third. We are not disposed, according to a fashion of the day, to depreciate the genius of Byron. He possesses some of the highest qualifications of the poet—passion, vividness of perception, pictorial skill, and within a limited range, imagination. Moreover, he had, what Wordsworth and Shelley had not—wit of a high order, and a considerable amount of humour. What, then, it may be asked, did he lack? Just those powers, we reply, which we find in the greatest poets—sincerity and concentration of purpose, breadth of imagination, sympathy with his kind, and the patient culture, without which no poet ever succeeded in attaining the highest eminence in the most difficult of all arts. Of all illustrious poets Byron is perhaps the least remarkable for that exquisite adaptation of language to thought, that *curiosa felicitas* of diction which distinguishes the greatest masters. Oddly enough he asserts somewhere that execution is the sole test of a poet, and yet in execution he is eminently deficient. He considered Pope one of the greatest of poets, but in spite of this extravagant admiration, he has little in common with the author of the “Dunciad.” Wordsworth, whom he admired and laughed at by turns, is in reality the master from whom Byron caught the feeling which inspires his noblest poetry. He is strong, however, where Wordsworth is weak, and writes often with a vigour and point unknown to the calmer poet. He is eloquent, too, as many an orator is eloquent—commanding attention and exciting admiration, but leaving little permanent impression on the mind. As a descriptive poet, as the poet of passion, and as a splendid wit, Byron will always retain a high place in our poetical literature; as a lyric poet, his position is less certain. There is a period of life in which such a piece as “The Isles of Greece” sounds sublime, and is recited with enthusiasm. Have we not all heard it shouted by schoolboys, or impressively delivered by young men devoted to the study of elocution? Sound is dearer than thought in those early days; nor is it easy then to detect the faults of a poem, the lines of which glide along so gallantly. What are

called his “Domestic Poems” will always interest, and in a measure charm, but the interest they call forth is due to the feeling uttered, rather than to the sweetness of the song. The best of Byron’s lyrics, however, although not of the highest order of beauty, are worthy of his reputation.

Mrs. Browning’s name can never be mentioned without profound esteem, and even by those who were not happy enough to know her personally, without a feeling approaching to affection. It is easy of course to say that she was the greatest of all poetesses. The real question to be answered is, what position does she hold among great poets? In many respects her genius was of the noblest order. She had a fine though an undisciplined imagination, an earnestness of purpose, which imprints itself on every page of her work; the largeness of culture which, as we have said, Byron lacked, profound feeling, and a pathos which few readers can resist. She wanted, on the other hand, what Wordsworth wanted, the humour which would have prevented incongruities. Her Pegasus too often gets the bits between his teeth, and rides rashly over metaphors and similes which utterly bewilder us when we attempt to follow in his rear.

It is remarkable that Mrs. Browning’s profound study of the Greek poets produced apparently little influence upon her style of composition, and that the very faults most alien to the spirit of Greek poetry are sometimes visible in her poems. Thus it has happened that some of her sweetest lyrics contain lines which grate upon the ear: discordant thoughts which break the continuity and destroy much of the harmony of the song. This is often evident in that wonderful series of “Sonnets from the Portuguese;” it will be felt in “Lady Geraldine’s Courtship,” in “Bertha in the Lane” (witness, for example, the last stanza), in “The Cry of the Children,” which deserves to be ranked with what Sara Coleridge designates the “high impassioned lyric,” and again and yet again in “Aurora Leigh.” But defects such as these, if they injure Mrs. Browning’s poetry, are but as specks upon the sun in comparison with the splendour of her genius. She may never become a popular poet (though some of her brief lyrics, as perfect in form as in thought, will always hold their place in selections), but her verse will be a solace and a joy to many persons, and those belonging to the fit audience which the poet cares chiefly to attract.

Writing on a theme so fertile as the one we have selected, a number of striking poems occur to the memory composed by men who can scarcely claim a place among English poets. Henry Carey, for example, is an unknown name in our literature, but he has written a little poem, "Sally in our Alley," which is unique of its kind, and of the highest order of excellence. As much almost may be said for the "To-morrow" of John Collins, a lovely lyric, which appeared in a volume of the writer's verse, now deservedly forgotten, entitled *Scriptscrapologia*. The Rev. Charles Wolfe would be unremembered in our day were it not for his immortal lines on the death of Sir John Moore. William Blake, artist and poet, glorious madman as he was, dreaming dreams and painting visions, is an exquisite lyricist; but what he has done in this respect worthy of permanent life might be comprised in a few pages. A single song, indeed, witness the "Auld Robin Gray" of Lady Anne Lindsay, may raise the singer to a place with the immortals, so precious in poetry is quality, so insignificant a factor is quantity in our estimate of a poet's work.

There was a time in the last century, when poetry seemed dead, when verse-making had become a trade, and when the sound thought sometimes uttered in rhyme might have been more fittingly expressed in prose. But the present age, so notable for what may be called matter-of-fact aims, so eager in the pursuit of knowledge that might seem inimical to the special aims of the poet, is remarkable at the same time for the ideality of its poetry, and among living poets are several whose exquisite gifts lie almost wholly in the direction of the lyric. To these it will suffice to allude, for the space to which this paper is necessarily restricted will not allow us to examine the lyric poetry of living poets. Consider for an instant what such an examination would involve. Mr. Browning might possibly be left out of the reckoning, for his chief strength lies in another direction; but Mr. Tennyson, who has produced some of the sweetest lyrics in the language, and who, even in his blank verse and in his "Idylls," writes with the kind of movement that belongs to the lyric poet, has a claim in this respect not readily to be satisfied. "Lord! what a blessed thing it is," exclaims Dickens, of the "Idylls," "to read a man who really can write! I thought nothing could be finer than the first poem, till I came

to the third; but when I had read the last, it seemed to me to be absolutely unapproachable." There is perhaps no modern poet who combines with a genius so exquisite, so profound a knowledge of his art. We may add, what the reader can scarcely fail to observe, that his supreme excellence is always to be found in the lyric. The more indeed that we examine the poetry of the age, the more evident will it appear that its principal achievements have been performed in this field. In America, Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Lowell, and the venerable Bryant, to name three poets only out of many, are chiefly to be distinguished as lyricists. In our own country, it will suffice to mention but the names of Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Rossetti, Mr. Coventry Patmore, Mr. Buchanan, and Mr. Matthew Arnold (whose "Scholar Gipse," and "Forsaken Merman," by the way, are of almost peerless beauty), to show how thoroughly the poetical genius of the age is permeated with the spirit of lyric poetry.

Looking back over three centuries of our literature, it will be evident that the splendid achievements of this century are worthy of the early fathers of English poetry. It is surely remarkable that the most practical race in the world should have produced the noblest fictions, and the most imaginative verse.

J. D.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

CHAPTER XXII.

SIR ROLAND smiled at his mother's position, and air of stern attention, as he came back from his book-room with a small but heavy oaken box. This he placed on a chair, and, without any mystery, unlocked it. But no sooner had he flung back the lid and shown the case above described than he was quite astonished at the expression of Lady Valeria's face. Something more than fear and terror, down right awe, as if at the sight of something supernatural, had taken the pale tint out of her cheeks, and made her fine forehead quiver.

"Dear mother, how foolish I am," he said, "to worry you with these trifles. I wish I had kept to my own opinion —"

"It is no trifle ; you would have been wrong to treat it as a trifle. I have lived a long life, and seen many strange things ; but this is the strangest of all of them."

For a minute or two she lay back, and was not fit to speak or be spoken to ; only she managed to stop her son from ringing for her maid or the housekeeper. He had never beheld her so taken before, and could scarcely make out her signs to him to fasten both doors of the drawing-room.

Like most men who are at all good and just, Sir Roland was prone to think softly, and calmly, instead of acting rapidly ; and now his mother, so advanced in years, showed less hesitation than he did. Recovering, ere long, from that sudden shock, she managed to smile at herself and at his anxiety about her.

"Now, Roland, I will not meddle with this formidable and clumsy thing. It seems to be closed most jealously. It has kept for two centuries, and may keep for two more, so far as I am concerned. But if it will not be too troublesome to you, I should like to hear what is said about it."

"In this old document, madam ? Do you see how strangely it has been folded ? Whoever did that knew a great deal more than now we know about folding."

"The writing to me seems more strange than the folding. What a cramped hand ! In what language is it written ?"

"In Greek, the old Greek character, and the Doric dialect. He seems to have been proud of his classic descent, and perhaps Dorian lineage. But he placed a great deal too much faith in the attainments of his descendants. Poor Sedley would have read it straight off, I daresay ; but the contractions, and even some of the characters, puzzled me dreadfully. I have kept up, as you know, dear mother, whatever little Greek I was taught, and perhaps have added to it ; but my old Hedericus was needed a great many times, I assure you, before I got through this queer document ; and even now I am not quite certain of the meaning of one or two passages. You see at the head a number of what I took at first to be hieroglyphics of some kind or other ; but I find that they are astral or ideoreal signs, for which I am none the wiser, though perhaps an astronomer would be. This, for instance, appears to mean the conjunction of some two planets, and this ——"

"Never mind them, Roland. Read me what you have made out of the writing."

"Very well, mother. But if I am at fault, you must have patience with me, for I am not perfect in my lesson yet. Thus it begins :—

"Behold, ye men, who shall be hereafter, and pay heed to this matter. A certain Carian, noble by birth and of noble character, to whom is the not inglorious name, Agasicles Syennesis, hath lived not in the pursuit of wealth, or power, or reputation, but in the unbroken study of the most excellent arts and philosophies. Especially in the heavenly stars, and signs of the everlasting kosmos, hath he disciplined his mind, and surpassed all that went before him.' There is nothing like self-praise, is there, now, dear mother ?"

"I have no doubt that he speaks the truth," answered the Lady Valeria : "I did not marry into a family accustomed to exaggerate."

"Then what do you think of this ? 'Not only in intellect and forethought, but also in goodwill and philanthropy, modesty, and self-forgetfulness, did this man win the prize of excellence ; and he it is who now speaks to you. Having lived much time in a barbarous island, cold, and blown over with vaporous air, he is no longer of such a sort as he was in the land of the fair afternoons. And there is when it is to his mind a manifest and established thing, that the gates of Hades are open for him, and the time of being no longer. But he holds this to be of the smallest difference, if only the gods produce his time to the perfect end of all the things lying now before him.'"

"How good, and how truly pious of him, Roland ! Such a man's daughter never could have had any right to run away from him."

"My dear mother, I disagree with you, if he always praised himself in that style. But let him speak for himself again, as he seems to know very well how to do : 'These things have not been said, indeed, for the sake of any boasting, but rather to bring out thoroughly forward the truth in these things lying under, as if it were a pavement of adamant. Now, therefore, know ye, that Agasicles, carefully pondering everything, has found, so to say the word, an end to accomplish and to abide in. And this is no other thing than to save the generations descended from him from great evil fortunes about to fall, by the ill-will of some divinity, at a destined time upon them. For a man

of birth so renowned and lofty has not been made to resemble a hand-worker, or a runaway slave, but has many stars regarding him from many generations. And now he perceives that his skill and wisdom were not given to him to be a mere personal adornment, but that he might protect his descendants to the remote futurity. To him, then — it having been revealed that in the seventh generation hence, as has often come to pass with our house, or haply in the tenth (for the time is misty), a great calamity is bound to happen to those born afar off from Syennesis — the sage has laboured many labours, though he cannot avert, at least to make it milder, and to lessen it. He has not, indeed, been made to know, at least up to the present time, what this bane will be, or whether after the second or after the third century from this period. But knowing the swiftness of evil chance, he expects it at the earlier time; and whatever its manner or kind may be, Agasicles in all his discoveries has discovered no cure for human evils, save that which he now has shut up in a box. This box has been so constructed that nothing but dust will meet the greedy eyes of any who force it open, in the manner of the tomb of Nitocris. But if it be opened with the proper key, and after the proper interval, when the due need has arisen — there will be a fairer sight than ever broke upon mortal eyes before.'

"There, mother, now, what do you think of all that? I am quite out of breath with my long translation, and I am not quite sure of all of it. For instance, where he says —"

"Roland," his mother answered quickly, "I am now much older than the prince, according to tradition, can have been. But I make no pretence to his wisdom, and I have reasons of my own for wondering. What have you done with the key of that case?"

"I have never seen it. It was not in the closet. And I meant to have searched throughout his room until I found out the meaning of this very crabbed postscript — 'That fool, Memel, hath lost the key. It will cost me months to make another. My hands now tremble, and my eyes are weak. If there be no key found herewith, let it be read that Nature, whom I have vanquished, hath avenged herself. Whether, or no, have I laboured in vain? Be blest now, and bless me, my dear descendants.'"

"That appears to me," said the Lady Valeria, being left in good manners by her son to express the first opinion, "to be of the whole of this strange affair the part that is least satisfactory."

"My dear mother, you have hit the mark. What satisfaction can one find in having a case without a key, and knowing that if we force it open there will be nothing but dust inside? Not a quarter so good as a snuff-box. I must have a pinch, my dear mother, excuse me, while you meditate on this subject. You are far more indulgent in that respect than little Alice ever is."

"All gentlemen take snuff," said the lady; "who is Alice to lay down the law? Your father took a boxful three times in a week. Roland, you let that young girl take very great liberties with you."

"It is not so much that I let her take them. I have no voice in the matter now. She takes them without asking me. Possibly that is the great calamity foretold by the astrologer. If not, what other can it be, do you think?"

"Not so," she answered, with a serious air, for all her experience of the witty world had left her old age quite dry of humour; "the trouble, if any is coming, will not be through Alice, but through Hilary. Alice is certainly a flighty girl, romantic, and full of nonsense, and not at all such as she might have been if left more in my society. However, she never has thought it worth while to associate much with her grandmother, the result of which is that her manners are unformed, and her mind is full of nonsense. But she has plenty, and (if it were possible) too much, of that great preservative, pride of birth. Alice may come to affliction herself, but she never will involve her family."

"Any affliction of hers," said Sir Roland, "will involve at least her father."

"Yes, yes, of course. But what I mean is the honour and rank of the family. It is my favourite Hilary, my dear brave, handsome Hilary, who is likely to bring care on our heads, or rather upon your head, Roland; my time, of course will be over then, unless he is very quick about it."

"He will not be so quick as that, hope," Sir Roland answered, with some little confusion of proper sentiments "although in that hotbed of mischief London, nobody knows when he may begin. However, he is not in London

present, according to your friend Lady de Lampnor. I think you said you had heard so from her."

"To be sure, Mr. Malahide told her himself. The dear boy has overworked himself so, that he has gone to some healthy and quiet place to recruit his exhausted energies."

"Dear me," said Sir Roland, "I never could believe it, unless I knew from experience, what a very little work is enough to upset him. To write a letter to his father, for instance, is so severe an exertion that he requires a holiday the next day."

"Now, Roland, don't be so hard upon him. You would apprentice him to that vile law, which is quite unfit for a gentleman. I am not surprised at his being overcome by such odious labour; you would not take my advice, remember, and put him into the only profession fit for one of his birth—the army. Whatever happens, the fault is your own. It is clear, however, that he cannot get into much mischief where he is just now—a rural and quiet part of Kent, she says. It shows the innocence of his heart to go there."

"Very likely. But if he wanted change, he might have asked leave to come home, I think. However, we shall have him here soon enough."

"How you speak, Roland! Quite as if you cared not a farthing for your only son! It must be dreadfully galling to him, to see how you prefer that Alice."

"If he is galled, he never winces," answered Sir Roland, with a quiet smile; "he is the most careless fellow in the world."

"And the most good-natured, and the most affectionate," said Lady Valeria, warmly. "Nothing else could keep him from being jealous, as nine out of ten would be. However, I am tired of talking now, and on that subject I might talk forever. Take away that case, if you please, and the writing. On no account would I have them left here. Of course you will lock them away securely, and not think of meddling with them. What is that case made of?"

"I can scarcely make out. Something strong and heavy. A mixture, I think, of shagreen and some metal. But the oddest thing of all is the keyhole. It is at the top of the cone, you see, and of the strangest shape, an irregular heptagon, with some rare complication of points inside. It would be next to impossible to

open this case without shattering it altogether."

"I do not wish to examine the case, I wish to have it taken away, my son. There, there, I am very glad not to see it, although I am sure I am not superstitious. We shall do very well, I trust, without it. I think it is a most extraordinary thing that your father never consulted me about the writing handed down to you. He must have been bound by some pledge not to do so. There, Roland, I am tired of the subject."

With these words, the ancient lady waved her delicate hand, and dismissed her son, who kissed her white forehead, according to usage, and then departed with case and parchment locked in the oaken box again. But the more he thought over her behaviour, the more he was puzzled about it. He had fully expected a command to open the case, at whatever hazard; and perhaps he had been disappointed at receiving no such order. But above all, he wanted to know why his mother should have been taken aback, as she was, by the sight of these little things. For few people, even in the prime of life, possessed more self-command and courage than Lady Valeria, now advancing into her eighty-second year.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AT the top of the hill, these lofty themes were being handled worthily; while, at the bottom, little cares had equal glance of the democrat sun, but no stars allotted to regard them. In plain English,—Bonny and Jack were as busy as their betters. They had taken their usual round that morning, seeking the staff of life—if that staff be applicable to a donkey—in village, hamlet, and farmhouse, or among the lanes and hedges. The sympathy and good-will between them daily grew more intimate, and their tastes more similar; so that it scarcely seemed impossible that Bonny in the end might learn to eat clover, and Jack to rejoice in money. Open air and roving life, the ups and downs of want and weal, the freedom of having nothing to lose, and the joyful luck of finding things—these, and perhaps a little spice of unknown sweetness in living at large on their fellow-creatures' labours, combined to make them as happy a pair as the day was long, or the weather good. In the winter—ah! why should we think of such trouble? Perhaps there never will be winter again.

At any rate, Bonny was sitting in front of the door of his castle (or rather in front of the doorway, because he was happy enough not to have a door), as proud and contented as if there could never be any more winter of discontent. He had picked up a hat in a ditch that day, lost by some man going home from his Inn; and knowing from his patron, the pigman Bottler, that the surest token of a blameless life is to be found in the hat of a man, the boy, stirred by the first heave of ambition, had put on this hat, and was practising hat-craft (having gone with his head as it was born hitherto), to the utter surprise, and with the puzzled protest, of his beloved donkey. It was a most steady church-going hat of the chimney-pot order (then newly imported into benighted regions, but now of the essence of a godly life all over this free country), neither was it such a shocking bad hat as a man would cast away, if his wife were near. For Bonny's young head it was a world too wide, but he had padded it with a blackbird's nest; and though it seemed scarcely in harmony with his rakish waistcoat, and bare red shanks (spread on the grass for exhibition, and starred with myriad furze and bramble), still he was conscious of a distinguished air, and nodded to the donkey to look at him.

While these were gazing at one another, with free interchange of opinion, the rector of the parish, on his little pony, turned the corner suddenly. He was on his way home, at the bottom of the coombe, not in the very best temper perhaps, in spite of the sport in prospect; because Sir Roland had met so unkindly his kind desire to know things.

"What have you got on your lap, boy?" Mr. Hales so strongly shouted, that sulky Echo pricked her ears; and "on your lap, boy," went all around.

Bonny knew well what was on his lap, a cleverly plaited hare-wire. Bottler had shown him how to do it, and now he was practising diligently, under the auspices of his first hat. Mr. Hales was a "beak," of course; and the aquiline beak of the neighbourhood. Bonny had the honour of his acquaintance in that fierce aspect, and in no other. The little boy knew that there was a church, and that great people went there once a week, for very great people to blow them up. But this only made him the more uneasy, to clap his bright eyes on the parson.

"Hold there! whoa!" called the Rev. Struan, as Bonny for his life began to

cut away; "boy, I want to talk to you."

Bonny was by no means touched with this very fine benevolence. Taking, perhaps, a low view of duty, he made the ground hot, to escape what we now call the "sacerdotal office." But Struan Hales (unlike our parsons) knew how to manage the laity. He clapped himself and his pony, in no time, between Master Bonny and his hole, and then in calm dignity called a halt, with his riding-whip ready at his button-hole.

"It is, it is, it is!" cried Bonny, coming back with his head on his chest, and meaning (in the idiom of the land) that now he was beaten, and would hold parley.

"To be sure it is!" the rector answered, keeping a good balance on his pony, and well pleased with his own tactics. He might have chased Bonny for an hour in vain, through the furze, and heather, and blackberries; but here he had him at his mercy quite, through his knowledge of human nature. To put it coarsely—as the rector did in his mental process haply—the bigger thief anybody is, the more sacred to him is his property. Not that Bonny was a thief at all; still, that was how Mr. Hales looked at it. In the flurry of conscience, the boy forgot that a camel might go through the eye of a needle with less exertion than the parish incumbent must use to get into the Bonny-castle.

"Oh hoo, oh hoo, oh hoo!" howled Bonny, having no faith in clerical honour, and foreseeing the sack of his palace, and home.

"Give me that wire," said Mr. Hales, in a voice from the depth of his waistcoat. "Now, my boy, would you like to be a good boy?"

"No, sir; no, sir; oh no, plaize, sir! Jack nor me couldn't bear it, sir."

"Why not, my boy? It is such a fine thing. Your face shows that you are a sharp boy. Why do you go on living in a hole, and poaching, and picking, and stealing?"

"Plaize, sir, I never steals nothin', without it is somethin' as don't belong to me."

"That may be. But why should you steal even that? Shall I go in, and steal your things now?"

"Oh hoo, oh hoo, oh hoo! Plaize, sir, I han't got nothin' for 'e to steal."

"I am not at all sure of that," said the rector, looking at the hermit's hole long

ingly; "a thief's den is often as good as the bank. Now, who taught you how to make this snare? I thought I knew them pretty well; but this wire has a dodge quite new to me. Who taught you, you young scamp, this moment?"

"Plaize, sir, I can't tell 'e, sir. Nobody taught me, as I knows on."

"You young liar, you couldn't teach yourself. What you mean is, that you don't choose to tell me. Know I must, and know I will, if I have to thresh it out of you." He had seized him now by his gorgeous waistcoat, and held the strong horsewhip over his back. "Now, will you tell, or will you not?"

"I 'ont, I 'ont. If 'e kills me, I 'ont," the boy cried, wriggling vainly, and with great tears of anticipation rolling down his sunburnt cheeks.

The parson admired the pluck of the boy, knowing his own great strength of course, and feeling that if he began to smite, the swing of his arm would increase his own wrath, and carry him perhaps beyond reason. Therefore he offered him one chance more. "Will you tell, sir, or will you not?"

"I 'ont tell; that I 'ont," screamed Bonny; and at the word the lash descended. But only once, for the smiter in a moment was made aware of a dusty rush, a sharp roar of wrath, and great teeth flashing under mighty jaws. And perhaps he would never have walked again if he had not most suddenly wheeled his pony, and just escaped a tremendous snap, well aimed at his comely and gartered calf.

"Ods bods!" cried the parson, as he saw the jackass (with a stretched-out neck, and crest erect, eyes flashing fire, and a lashing tail, and, worst of all terrors, those cavernous jaws) gathering legs for a second charge, like an Attic trireme, Phormio's own, backing water for the diecplus.

"May I be dashed," the rector shouted, "if I deal any more with such animals! If I had only got my hunting-crop; but, kuk, kuk, kuk, pony! Quick, for God's sake! Off with you!"

With a whack of full power on the pony's flanks, away went he at full gallop; while Jack tossed his white nose with high disdain, and then started at a round trot in pursuit, to scatter them more disgracefully, and after them sent a fine flourish of trumpets, to the grand old national air of hee-haw.

While the Rev. Struan Hales was thus in sore discomfiture fleeing away as hard

as his pony could be made to go, and casting uneasy glances over one shoulder at his pursuer, behold, he almost rode over a traveller footing it lightly round a sudden corner of the lane.

"Why, Uncle Struan!" exclaimed the latter; "is the dragon of St. Leonard's after you? Or is this the usual style of riding of the beneficed clergy?"

"Hilary, my dear boy," answered the rector; "who would have thought of seeing you? You are come just in time to defend your uncle from a ravenous beast of prey. I was going home to bait a badger, but I have had a pretty good bait myself. Ah, you pagan, you may well be ashamed of yourself, to attack your clergyman!"

For Jack, perceiving the reinforcement, and eyeing the stout stick which Hilary bore, prudently turned on his tail and departed, well satisfied with his exploit.

"Why, Hilary, what has brought you home?" asked his uncle, when a few words had passed concerning Jack's behaviour. "Nobody expects you, that I know of. Your father is a mysterious man; but Alice would have been sure to tell me. Moreover, you must have walked all the way from the stage, by the look of your buckles, or perhaps from Brighton even."

"No; I took the short cut over the hills, and across by way of Beeding. Nobody expects me, as you say. I am come on important business."

"And, of course, I am not to know what it is. For mystery, and for keeping secrets, there never was such a family."

"As if you did not belong to it, uncle!" Hilary answered, good-naturedly. "I never heard of any secrets that I can remember."

"And good reason too," replied the rector; "they would not long have been secrets, my boy, after they came to your ears, I doubt."

"Then let me establish my reputation by keeping my own, at any rate. But after all, it is no secret, uncle. Only, my father ought to know it first."

"Alas, you rogue, you rogue! Something about money, no doubt. You used to condescend to come to me, when you were at school and college. But now, you are too grand for the purse of any poor Sussex rector. I could put off our badger for half-an-hour, if you think you could run down the hill again. I should like you particularly to see young Fox; it will be something grand, my boy. He is the best pup I ever had in all my life."

"I know him uncle ; I know what he is. I chose him first out of the litter, you know. But you must not think of waiting for me. If I come down the hill again, it will only be about eight o'clock for an hour's rabbit-shooting."

Since he first met Mabel Lovejoy, Hilary had been changing much, and in every way for the better. Her gentleness, and soft regard, and simple love of living things (at a time when cruelty was the rule, and kindness the rare exception), together with her knowledge of a great deal more than he had ever noticed in the world around, made him feel, in his present vein of tender absence from her, as if he never could bear to see the baiting of any badger. Therefore he went on his way to his father, pitying all things that were tormented.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SIR ROLAND LORRAINE, in his little book-room, after that long talk with his mother, had fallen back into the chair of reflection, now growing more and more dear to him. He hoped for at least a good hour of peace to think of things, and to compare them with affairs that he had read of. It was all a trifle, of course, and not to be seriously dwelt upon. No man could have less belief in star, or comet, or even sun, as glancing out of their proper sphere or orbit, at the dust of earth. No man smiled more disdainfully at the hornbooks of seers and astrologers ; and no man kept his own firm doubts to himself more carefully.

And yet he was touched, as nobody now would be in a case of that sort, perhaps, by the real grandeur of that old man in devoting himself (according to his lights) to the stars that might come after him. Of these the brightest now broke in ; and the dreamer's peace was done for.

What man has not his own queer little turns ? Sir Roland knew quite well the step at the door—for Hilary's walk was beyond mistake ; yet what did he do but spread hands on his forehead, and to the utmost of all his ability—sleep ?

Hilary looked at his male parent with affectionate sagacity. He had some little doubts about his being asleep, or at any rate, quite so heartily as so good a man had a right to repose. Therefore, instead of withdrawing, he spoke.

"My dear father, I hope you are well. I am sorry to disturb you, but—how do you do, sir ; how do you do ?"

The schoolboy's rude answer to this

kind inquiry—"None the better for seeing you"—passed through Hilary's mind, at least, if it did not enter his father's. However, they saluted each other as warmly as can be expected reasonably of a British father and a British son ; and then they gazed at one another, as if it was the first time either had enjoyed that privilege.

"Hilary, I think you are grown," Sir Roland said to break the silence, and save his lips from the curve of a yawn. "It is time for you to give up growing."

"I gave it up, sir, two years ago ; if the standard measures of the realm are correct. But perhaps you refer to something better than material increase. If so, sir, I am pleased that you think so."

"Of course you are," his father answered ; "you would have grown out of yourself, to have grown out of pleasant self-complacency. How did you leave Mr. Malahide ? Very well ? Ah, I am glad to hear it. The law is the healthiest of professions ; and that your countenance vouches. But such a colour requires food after fifty miles of travelling. We shall not dine for an hour and a half. Ring the bell, and I will order something while you go and see your grandmother."

"No, thank you, sir. If you can spare the time, I should like to have a little talk with you. It is that which has brought me down from London in this rather unceremonious way."

"Spare me apologies, Hilary, because I am so used to this. It is a great pleasure to see you, of course, especially when you look so well. Quite as if there were no such thing as money—which happens to you continually, and is your panacea for moneyed cares. But would not the usual form have done—a large sheet of paper (with tenpence to pay), and, 'My dear father, I have no ready cash—your dutiful son, H. L.' ?"

"No, my dear father," said Hilary, laughing in recognition of his favourite form ; "it is a much more important affair this time. Money, of course, I have none, but still, I look upon that as nothing. You cannot say that I ever show any doubt as to your liberality."

"You are quite right. I have never complained of such diffidence on your part. But what is this matter far more important than money in your estimate ?"

"Well, I scarcely seem to know," said Hilary, gathering all his courage, "whether there is in all the world a thing so important as money."

"That is quite a new view for you to

take. You have thrown all your money right and left. May I hope that this view will be lasting?"

"Yes, I think, sir, that you may. I am about to do a thing which will make money very scarce with me."

"I can think of nothing," his father answered, with a little impatience at his prologues, "which can make money any scarcer than it always is with you. I know that you are honourable, and that you scorn low vices. When that has been said of you, Hilary, there is very little more to say."

"There might have been something more to say, my dear father, but for you. You have treated me always as a gentleman treats a younger gentleman dependent upon him — and no more. You have exchanged (as you are doing now) little snap-shots with me, as if I were a sharp-shooter, and upon a level with you. I am not upon a level with you. And if it is kind it is not fair play."

Sir Roland looked at him with great surprise. This was not like Hilary. Hilary, perhaps, had never been under fatherly control as he ought to be; but still, he had taken things easily as yet, and held himself shy of conflict.

"I scarcely understand you, Hilary," Sir Roland answered quietly. "If you have any grievance, surely there will be time to discuss it calmly, during the long vacation, which you are now beginning so early."

"I fear, sir, that I shall not have the pleasure of spending my long vacation here. I have done a thing which I am not sure that you will at all approve of."

"That is to say, you are quite sure that I shall disapprove of it."

"No, my dear father; I hope not quite so bad as that, at any rate. I shall be quite resigned to leave you to think of it at your leisure. It is simply this — I have made up my mind, if I can obtain your consent, to get married."

"Indeed!" exclaimed his father, with a smile of some contempt. "I will not say that I am surprised; for nothing you do surprises me. But who has inspired this new whim, and how long will it endure?"

"All my life!" the youth replied, with fervour and some irritation; for his father alone of living beings knew how to irritate him. "All my life, sir, as sure as I live! Can you never believe that I am in earnest?"

"She must be a true enchantress so to

have improved your character! May I venture to ask who she is?"

"To be sure, sir. She lives in Kent, and her name is Mabel Lovejoy, the daughter of Mr. Martin Lovejoy."

"Lovejoy! A Danish name, I believe; and an old one in its proper form. What is Mr. Martin Lovejoy by profession, or otherwise?"

"By profession he is a very worthy and long-established grower."

"A grower! I fail to remember that branch of the liberal professions."

"A grower, sir, is a gentleman who grows the fruits of the earth, for the good of others."

"What we should call a 'spade husbandman,' perhaps. A healthful and classic industry — under the towers of CEbalia. I beg to be excused all further discussion; as I never use strong language. Perhaps you will go and enlist your grandmother's sympathy with this loyal attachment to the daughter of the grower."

"But, sir, if you would only allow me —"

"Of course; if I would only allow you to describe her virtues — but that is just what I have not the smallest intention of allowing. Let the wings of imagination spread themselves in a more favourable direction. This interview must close on my part with a suggestive (but perhaps self-evident) proposition. Hilary, the door is open."

From Macmillan's Magazine.
MASTERS OF ETCHING.

I.

REMBRANDT, Ostade, Vandyke, and Claude — these are the four masters of the art of etching; and it is in virtue of their mastery of that art that they receive from many a more enthusiastic admiration than that which their painted pictures call forth from all the world. But what is the nature of that less popular art which they practised? To draw upon the varnished surface of a copper plate, with a steel point, the lines that are to give the form and light and shadow of your picture; to bite those lines by the application of a bath of acid, and finally to transfer your work to paper with ink and a printing-press — that, as far as one rough sentence can explain it, is the process of etching. It is, in many ways, the

complement of the art of mezzotinting. The mezzotinter works by spaces, the etcher by lines. And Turner, in the most interesting and most important of his serial works, the *Liber Studiorum*, effected that marriage of the two arts which, strange to say, has never been repeated. He etched the leading lines of his studies, and mezzotint, executed sometimes under his own supervision and sometimes by his own hand, accomplished the rest. Yet one does not class him among the great etchers, because he only used etching to perform that which by the other process could not have been performed at all. He etched with immense precision and power all that he meant to etch; but he reserved his effects — the things for which he cared — for the other art. That alone clothed the skeleton, and visibly embodied the spirit of each picture. But when one speaks of the great etchers, one speaks of those who gave to their art a wider field, and claimed from it a greater result. They too, like Turner, worked by lines, but their lines were a thousand to his one; for they were the end as well as the beginning — they made the picture, and did not only prepare for it.

The work of the great etchers was usually speedy. Their minds had other qualities than those of the line engravers. On the one side there was quiet intelligence, patience, and leisurely attention to detail; on the other, rapid sympathy, instinctive recognition, and either a vehement passion for the thing beheld and to be drawn, or else, at the least, a keen delight in it. The patience and leisure were for Marc Antonio, the passion was for Rembrandt, the delight for Claude.

It is perhaps because Vandyke was by a very few years the earliest of the etchers — save Albert Dürer, whose greatest achievements were all in a different art — that one finds in many of his prints a poverty of means, never indeed to be confused with weakness or with failure, but tending now and then to lessen the effect and meaning of his work. He was a genuine etcher: there was never a more genuine. But if you think of him with Rembrandt and with Claude — the two great masters who in point of time were ever so little behind him — there comes perhaps to your mind some thought of the diligent schoolboy whose round-hand and whose large-hand are better than his teacher's, but who can write only between those rigid lines which for himself the teacher would discard. Or, if that simile appear offensive, think of the difference

between certain musicians: think of the precision of Arabella Goddard — that faultless, measured, restrained interpretation — and then of Joachim's artistic individuality: firmness at will, a resolute self-control, minute exactness, and then, suddenly, and but for an instant, the divine indecision which is the last expression of supreme mastery, because it is the sign that creator and interpreter are fused into one. But there may be other causes than the one I have suggested for that which, define it how we will, seems lacking to Vandyke. Perhaps not in etching only — that process without precedents — is he something less than he might have been. As a painter, the highest examples were before him. But did he fully profit by them?

He is born in 1599 — the son of traders who are wealthy — and early showing signs of his particular ability, he has no difficulty in entering the studio of Rubens. That master much appreciates him. The youth gives still increasing promise; and he is well advised in early manhood to set out for Italy, so that he may study the treasures of Venice, Florence and Rome. But he has not passed out of his native Flanders before he is enamoured of a young country girl. He wavers. The love of her detains him many months. He is quite happy, painting the portraits of her kinsmen. He has forgotten Italy. Remonstrance on remonstrance comes from Rubens, and it is thanks to this persistence that he finally sets forth. There is then a five years' absence. No absence so long was ever less fruitful in direct influence; and now he is busy at Antwerp. In 1632 he travels to England, hoping for greater gain than work in his native city affords; and he is early patronized by the king, by the Lords Strafford and Pembroke, and by Sir Kenelm Digby, whose wife's portrait (she was the Lady Venetia Stanley) he paints four times. He does not neglect his work, but he does not feed and enrich his faculty. He is amiable, no doubt; he is dashing and brilliant too. But it does not occur to any one to say that he is wise. He dresses lavishly. In the matter of display he attempts an unreasonable rivalry with the wealthiest of the nobles — runs that race which an artist rarely wins, and then wins only at the price of a fatal injury. Vandyke keeps an open house for his friends — an open purse for his mistresses.* And in due

* One of these — Margaret Lemon — appears, says

time he finds he is impoverished — not destitute, indeed, nor living meanly, but shorn of many of his delights. He is advised to marry, and there is found for him the daughter of an eminent physician — Maria Ruthven is her name. With her, in 1640, he goes to Flanders and to France, hoping that Louis Treize will employ him in the decoration of the Louvre, and stirred probably by the ambition to do higher work than portrait painting. But Nicholas Poussin is engaged before Vandyke puts in his claim, and Vandyke must return to England, though English air, in the world of politics and fashion, is thick with a coming trouble. Sir Anthony is ill — ill and unhelpful — and though the king is so far interested in the court-painter as to offer naïvely a gratuity of three hundred pounds to the physician who can save his life, neither royal interest nor medical skill is of any long avail, and Sir Anthony dies on the 9th day of December, 1641 — the day of the baptism of his newly-born child. That child — Maria Ruthven's — is not his only child; for in the will made but a few days before his death there is pathetic mention of "my daughter beyond sea:" and one can fancy that with that wife beside him whom friends had persuaded him to marry, so that his life might be quieter, he, "weake of body, yet enjoying his senses, memorie, and understandinge," thinks somewhat of the long past pleasure days — the bright beginning, in contrast with this end.

Mr. W. H. Carpenter, who has catalogued his etchings, assigns to him but twenty-four. No less than twenty of these are portraits of men. But Mr. Carpenter "does not feel justified in omitting thirteen other etchings, chiefly of sacred and allegorical subjects." With these, in this paper, we have nothing to do.

The practical etcher will praise Vandyke for the frankness and simplicity of his work; for an economy of labour which up to a given point shows only as artistic excellence, and is the proof of knowledge and power. Yet again, it is carried sometimes too near to meagreness, and the praise needs must stop. Does the artist, on the other hand, seek to avail himself to the full of the resources of his art? — then some fault of conception or execution which slighter work

would have left to be unnoticed, or would not even have carried with it at all, is very plainly apparent. A sky is hard and wooden; a background is artificial. Where is the tonality which would have been given by the more complete master? On the whole, then, it is possible that Vandyke is best when he sketches. The lines of the figure, the lines of the face, this and that trait of character, generally true, yet generally not far below the surface — all this Vandyke can render rapidly and readily — a clear thought, not a profound one, expressed with an accurate hand. Here is a cloak set as gracefully as Mr. Irving's in the play. Here is a bearing as manly — but it is more the manner than the man. Here, too, is a suggestion of a collar of lace. How well that lies on the broad shoulders! Sometimes the mind is seized as well as the raiment. The portrait of Snellinx has infinite rough vigour. This man was a painter of battles — there is battle in his eye and in his firm right hand. Will you see a contented countenance; a mind at rest, with no thought of a pose; a graceful head, with long and black disordered hair; a calm intelligence, in eyes and mouth? Look, then, at Paul Pontius, the Antwerp engraver. He is a worthy gallant, standing there, with visible firm throat, stout arm, and dexterous hand. The collar's lace-work makes the firm throat yet more massive by its contrast: the many-folded garment hides nothing of the plain line of that rounded, stalwart arm. There is no date engraved upon the plate, and none is positively known for the man's birth or death; but on an early impression in the Museum Print-Room I see written by a German hand, "Paulus Pontius, geboren 1603," and one takes the portrait to be that of a man close upon seven-and-twenty. It was etched, therefore, in the prime of Vandyke, in 1630, or thereabouts — a year or two before he settled in England.

For pure etching, nothing is finer or more spirited than the print of Antonius Cornelissen, the burly, middle-aged, and rich "collector." And yet one turns away from all with no other impression than that which was formed almost at the beginning. Surely, one says, in the company of artists Vandyke is motioned to too great a place. Technical qualities apart, the value of his work as an etcher is precisely that of his work as a painter. There is the same mind in it — that, and no more — a mind courtier-like, refined, chivalrous, observant, thoughtful at inter-

an authority, "to have been a woman of much notoriety." There are prints after one of the portraits which Vandyke painted of her, by Hollar, Gaywood, Lommelin, and Morin.

vals ; yet not of the highest at any point ; neither the noblest nor the keenest, nor even near to these. Deducting here and there a great exception — such as that grave and gracious Sir Kenelm Digby, in the billiard-room at Knole — his subjects, as he has represented them, are not free from the suspicion of “posing.” There is little intensity in his artistic temperament ; little real appreciation of beauty, or of the truest force. A touch of affectation has no repugnance for him. His works in the main seem wanting in the unerring directness, the unerring strength of a great man’s message sent forth from mind to mind.

II.

ROUGHLY speaking, all our great etchers were contemporaries ; and while Vandyke was a child, there was born, at Lübeck, Adrian van Ostade. Particulars of his life are not abundant, and if we may judge both from that little which has descended to us of his story and from the cold and cynical observant face which makes the frontispiece to his collection of etchings, they would not bear with them any dramatic interest. His life is in his work, and his work is great in quantity and in such qualities as are technical. He came, when very young, to Haarlem, to study under Franz Hals — was the fellow pupil and intimate friend of Brauwer — and in the city of his adoption he soon found ample and remunerative labour. As years passed on, his success and reputation became more general and distinguished, and it is not likely that he would ever have quitted Haarlem, had not difficult times loomed in sight.

Alarmed at the approach of French troops, in 1662, he prepares to leave Holland and return to his own land. He sells his pictures and effects with this intention, and gets as far as Amsterdam, whence he will embark for Lübeck. But in Amsterdam he is well received — his fame has gone before him — and an amateur called Constantine Senneport prevails on him to be his guest. The new friend explains to Ostade the advantages of remaining in a town so great and rich ; and Ostade, with whom love of country held, we may be sure, a very secondary place when love of money had any need to clash with it, is soon persuaded to stay. In Amsterdam, therefore, his easel is set up ; his works are purchased with avidity — they are ordered even more promptly than with all his perseverance they can be executed — and

with increasing celebrity Ostade pursues his labour until old age is well upon him. He dies in Amsterdam in 1685, aged seventy-five, leaving, in addition to some three-hundred highly-finished pictures, many drawings which were done, it is believed, as much for pleasure as for studies of his more arduous works, and fifty etchings in which most of the characteristics of his paintings are reproduced with a dexterity, a mastery of manner, which, whatever be the change of fashion and of culture, will insure for him high rank, as one among the few great etchers.

An accomplished and often sympathetic critic, who has made of etching his particular study, has been unusually severe upon the work of Ostade : not, of course, upon its technical merits — respecting which severity itself must give way to admiration — but upon the sentiment that it expresses by touches so direct, keen, unmistakable. Composition and chiaroscuro, perfect as the subjects selected can possibly give scope for — these two great qualities Mr. Hamerton allows in Ostade’s work. But the sentiment he finds wholly repulsive : repulsive from end to end. The condemnation, though true enough in the main, is certainly a little too sweeping. It is true — need I repeat ? — of much of his work : of much even of that which is technically the best. In the “Tavern Dance” and in “Rustic Courtship,” “the males pursue the females ;” while in “The Family,” “the female gives suck to her young.” It is all animal. And yet a sentiment quite other than this is now and again conveyed ; and in enumerating these pieces, one should not forget those others — how, for instance, in “The Painter” the calm pursuit of labour for labour’s sake is well expressed ; how in “The Spectacle-Seller” a rustic or suburban incident is depicted with point and simplicity. There is nothing animal in “The Knife-Grinder ;” it is a little bourgeois scene of no elevation, but of easily recognized truth. In the “Peasant Family saying Grace” there is even a little spirituality,* a homely but genuine piety ; though the types are poor, with no natural dignity — the father as unintelligent and sheep-like a parent as ever fostered his young, and accepted without struggle or questioning a life of the dulllest monotony. Again, in the “Peasant paying his Reckoning” — the finest and most fascinating, I should say, of Os-

* How this spiritually struck the refined mind of Goethe may be seen in “Goethe and Mendelssohn,” 2nd Edition, p. 70.

tade's smaller plates — it is not the dull bliss of boozing that is primarily thought of, dwelt upon, or presented, but rather the whole scene of this interior — paying peasant who fumbles for the coin, and watchful hostess, and still abiding guests. How good is the space: how good the accessories! — the leisure, how delightful! It is a tavern indeed, but somehow glorified by art. For accurate delicacy of perception, for dexterous delicacy of execution, what is there that surpasses this?

But do you, on the other hand, wish to see work which shall abundantly confirm Mr. Hamerton's opinion of Ostade — already partly justified, as I have indicated, by "The Family," "Rustic Courtship," and the "Tavern Dance," — then you will turn to the pieces numbered 13 and 50 in the catalogue of Bartsch. The first of these is called "The Smokers:" it represents three men, one of whom sits upon a turned-up cask. Chiaroscuro is good, and grouping is good; and that is all. There is as little subject for the mind as beauty for the eye; there is nothing of the *character* with which Meissonier endows such a scene. The second represents an interior with many peasants, of whom some are children and the rest of mature years. They are all delighting in and commending to each other this drink and that — this and that savoury mouthful that fitly crowns with sensual jollity the labour of the day.

Securæ reddamus tempora mensæ
Venit post multos una serena dies.

Take Adrian van Ostade out of doors, and he is a little better. In open air, somehow, he is less grossly animal. Not that in presence of a wide landscape and far-reaching vista there is any hopefulness in him. His own vista is bounded as before. It is not the landscape that he sees with his mind, but the near pursuit of the peasant by the roadside, the peasant by the bridge. In "The Fishers," two boys, with old men's faces, bend over the bridge's railings, and over them hangs a grey Dutch sky, monotonous and dreary as their lives. A wide landscape says nothing to Ostade. It is too great for him — he is never concerned with the infinite in any way. But just outside the cottage door — on the bench, within easy reach of ale-house tap — he and his work are happiest and best. Here is evoked such sense of beauty as he is dowered with by Nature, which is never profuse to him — such sense of beauty as the conditions of his

Netherlands life have enabled him to keep and cultivate. Thus, in "La Fête sous la Treille" we have some charm of open-air life, much movement, some vivacity, and here and there a gleam of grace. In the group of "The Charlatan" there is some dramatic interest, and there are characters more varied than he is wont to present. But as we have seen him in his interiors alive to the picturesqueness of litter — sprawling brush and pot and saucer, and strewn cards upon the floor — so let us take leave of him in recognizing that he was alive also to the picturesqueness of Nature, when that was shown in little things of quite familiar appearance, and alive too, now and again, to such picturesqueness as men can make. The last he proves by the care and thought and delicacy he bestows on the often prominent quaint lines of diamond-patterned casements; and the first, by the lightness and sensitiveness of his touch when he draws the leaf and tendril of the vine by the house-wall, as it throws its slight cool shadow on the rustic bench, or curls waywardly into the now open window, through which there glances for a moment (brief indeed in Ostade's life!) a little of the happy sunshine of De Hooghe.

III.

WELL, we have come now to the chiefest among our Masters of Etching — the last Dutchman with whom we have to deal — he in whose work is resumed the excellence and power of the whole Netherlands school: he whose art, like that of our own more limited Hogarth, is an art of "remonstrance," and not of "rap-ture."

Rembrandt has had biographers enough; but their disagreements have involved his life in mystery. Latest research appears, however, to show that he was born in 1606 — on the 15th of July — and that he died at Amsterdam with proper bourgeois comfort, and not at Stockholm, miserably, in the first days of October, 1669. The son of a miller, whose mill was in the city of Leyden, he went to college in that city as boy and youth; and in days before it was the fashion, in the backward North, to be a painter of culture, he neglected his studies to grapple early with art. Owing little even of technical excellence to any master at all — owing most to perseverance and set purpose, and ready hand and observant eye — he settled in Amsterdam in 1630, when twenty-four years old: sure already to

find profitable service in fixing upon canvas no fleeting beauty of maiden or child, but those stern burgher faces, laden with thought and with past toil, which even then charmed and impressed him more strongly than any other thing he saw in the bounded city streets or under the far-reaching skies — skies, you remember, that stretched, like a grey canopy, over those flats of field, canal, and foot-bridge which formed the landscape of his youth, and touched by a magic hand, passed long afterwards into the landscape of his art.

His success was early: perhaps not very brilliant at the beginning, but from the first substantial. He has taken to etching two years before his settlement in Amsterdam, and has pursued that art diligently during the first years of his residence. His mother's face — wise, worthy, and even handsome; his own face, rough and keen, and beautiful, like his work, by its expression; incidents, light or low, of the city streets or long-stretching highways — these are his subjects in the earlier years. Then he turns to religious work, and then to portrait-painting. It is probable that he painted many an obscure portrait before we have record of his labours in this kind; but however that may be, he gradually takes his place in good burgher society — rich, pious, or intellectual — executing, in 1635, his portrait of Uytenbogaert, the minister of the sect known as the Remonstrants; in 1636, the portrait of Janus Sylvius. This second divine was probably made known to him through his young wife — for Rembrandt, prospering early, had somewhat early married: had married, too, a woman of fair fortune and good position in the town. Saskia Uylenburg was her name. She died eight years after her marriage; leaving one child, a boy, Titus, who in due time became a painter, never much known or greatly esteemed, and who died in 1668: a year or two before his father.

Rembrandt, a widower, is busy with his work and with society; living in a house in the Breestraat, in the Jewish quarter, near St. Anthony's Bridge, and collecting in that house a whole museum of works of art: mediæval armour, and antique bronzes, prints by Lukas van Leyden, and prints as precious by Mantegna, and oil-paintings by contemporary hands. Mediæval and Renaissance work are alike interesting to him; but it is from the mediæval spirit rather than from that of the Renaissance that he

learns. In his "Christ driving the Money-changers out of the Temple" he takes the whole figure of Christ from a woodcut of Albert Dürer's. Italian art of the sixteenth century he admires, but he borrows nothing from it. "*Ce fut précisément le plus grand trait de son génie, d'avoir admiré tout sans rien imiter; d'avoir connu les beautés d'un autre art, et d'être resté toujours dans le sien.*"

In the Breestraat he opened his studio. There Gerard Dow, Ferdinand Bol, Van Vliet, Philippe de Koning, and Gerbrandt van den Eckhout were his pupils. He did not make mere imitators. An individual capacity, brought within the influence of his power and fame, was strengthened and developed, but remained individual still. It was for the preservation of individuality that he decreed that each pupil should work unobserved of the rest; each in his place apart.

I have said that Rembrandt was occupied with society, but not indeed with society as the word is very often understood. He sought the company of grave and thoughtful men to feed his intellect — sought also, I suppose, some company less elevated, in hours when his object was either frank diversion or the observation of things outside his common circle. His nature was developed on many sides; his friendships and associations were of many kinds. Even the habits of his home — the time and quality of his meals — varied from day to day. Now he has a banquet with a citizen who is famous; now he eats a herring and some cheese by himself. And so one is told that his nature was mean and stingy and low — that the god of his idolatry was money, and that his best-loved friends were friends of the pot-house in the Breestraat. Yet this is the man who waits all day in an auction-room to buy a print by the great engraver of Leyden — the man who waits there and will pay any price rather than fail to acquire it. This is the man to whom the great public banker — Receiver-General to the States of Holland — gives, year after year, his friendship and support; the man who year after year is hand-in-glove with Jan Six, a youthful burgomaster, collector, and all-accomplished poet, who must almost realize the ideal of Matthew Arnold. Rembrandt was not "low" in his tastes: his friends were the wisest men in a sober city. He was not sordid in his ways, adding coin to coin. Instead of that, he added picture to picture, till

he became insolvent through love of an art, or of a school, not his.

Not indeed that his insolvency was of the usual sort. For household expenses there was money enough, no doubt. But his son Titus, being of age, was to inherit his mother's property, and the painter had expended some of this. To complete the sum, there was a sale in the house, and as the times were hard times for Holland, the sale was not as fruitful as it should have been. The value of all works of art had suffered a depreciation; the proceeds of the sale left Rembrandt in poverty, and his friends were all unable to help him. Their concerns were out of joint, like his own.

And yet, in some sense, this scattering of his precious things was a voluntary act with Rembrandt. Had he remained a widower, Titus could only have inherited at his father's death; but Rembrandt—careless in some moods, as he was careful and sagacious in others—had fallen in love with the fine figure of a peasant girl, of the village of Rarep, in Waterland. He had married the girl in 1654; and two years afterward, failing otherwise to discharge his obligations towards his son, there came the sale by auction, and the apparent, nay, for a little while, the genuine, poverty. But with a healthy man of genius, whose genius is recognized, things have a tendency to right themselves. Soon enough Rembrandt is paid for his work again; his etchings too are sought after as of yore. He takes to academical subjects: we know not why, unless it be that M. Blanc's conjecture is a correct one, and that the model is constantly his wife. And then he ceases altogether to etch—confines himself to work with the palette and the brush, and then perhaps illness comes upon him, for work of any kind is rare, and it can hardly be that he is rich and idle. And then there is that break in the story of his life which has enabled some to say that he went to England for a while: some, that he went to Stockholm, and died there, miserably. The rest is mystery, and almost silence. There is but one more record, and it is of recent finding, and it attests that on the 8th day of October, 1669, in the church called Westerkirk, in the city of Amsterdam, there was laid down, with all the common pomp of pall and taper, "bell and burial," the body which during three-and-sixty years had held the restless soul of Rembrandt.

"The restless soul!" Is that word

the key to all his variety of aims and arts?—for he is various, not alone in subjects, but in methods of expression. Now the brush serves him; now the tool of the engraver; and now the needle of the pure etcher is the instrument with which he works. With one or with the other, he essays the representation of all things within his ken: his own face, plain and shrewd, his mother's face, his wife's, the preacher's, burgomaster's, printseller's; then the gait of the beggar on the doorstep, the aspect of the fields and dykes beyond the town. And then he takes the Bible for his theme, and portrays what is told there, from Adam's temptation to the death of Christ. Perhaps nowhere else have you such a range of effort: I do not say such excellence of achievement.

Yet sometimes, even in his endeavours, and obviously in his achievements, he was quickly limited by the conditions of his life and time. Take, for an instance, his treatment of the figure. Perhaps that shows better than anything else how very far he was removed from the great masters of the Renaissance, and how—though it is strange to say it—he had some fellowship with the earlier practitioners of a ruder art. An Italian, bred to work at an epoch when there were apparent in glowing freshness, not only "the materials of art," which are "at Florence," but "the results," which are "at Rome," devoted himself to perfection of line and modelling. He represented the body only that he might extol it; and while Fra Angelico's labour was prayer to the Spirit, his own was praise to the Flesh. But certain plain conditions were required to produce this result; and these conditions were wanting to Rembrandt and his period in the Netherlands. The revival of learning, and its diffusion, had flooded Italy with the waters of Greek thought; had stirred in men's minds the sleeping worship of beauty; and had done this too at a moment when the enthusiasm of the old religion was waning and the world seemed ripe for a change, and in a land where there was beauty abundant to feed the newer faith. But things were different in the Netherlands. How could physical qualities be one's ideal in the Netherlands, when the best that were to show were those that Rembrandt has drawn in "Diana at the Bath," and "Danaë and Jupiter"? Clearly the worship of such beauty as that was an impossible thing.

But there are other reasons not a whit

less strong. In Holland, Protestantism had been a safety-valve of faith. Men had saved in sound health the half of their creed by resolutely lopping off the rest of it. What remained to them—to Dutchmen of the time of Rembrandt—was strongly alive and active; and in the midst of a half-hideous world, that creed summoned them to think of a world that was better, though they lacked imagination to conceive what the better might be. The influence of common Protestantism upon beauty in art—that may have been wholly bad; but this is not the place in which to speak of it. The influence of Protestantism such as Rembrandt's, upon the intellectual and spiritual sides of art, as art was practised at Amsterdam—that was probably a more mixed thing, and we do well to glance at it ere passing on. The stunted yet sturdy, realistic, unpoetical faith of the Netherlands induced in art some recognition of possible dignity in present poverty and suffering, and did, though very roughly, still unmistakably proclaim that mind and spirit were masters, and flesh but the servant of these. This Christianity did not recoil from what was physically hideous. Pity, remonstrance: these were her belongings; and they needed but too often to be used. Patiently one must accept the ugly facts of life, though passionately indeed one may sorrow and declaim, if passion of remonstrance can remove but one of them. And thus it is that Rembrandt etches seven-and-twenty plates representing in diverse phases and stages the lives and sufferings of beggar, and hunchback, and cripple, and leper, as these crouch wretchedly in the corners of hovels, or uselessly solicit some succour from the rich, or hide in solitude their foulness and degradation. Is it not an unparalleled thing?—this array of the miserable. They are not drawn, like the beggars of Murillo, that you may behold the picturesqueness of their rags; nor like the beggars of Callot, that you may laugh at them and notice well the adroitness which will serve their ends. There is no comedy nor farce in them, nor any beauty in their garments' shreds and patches. They are a serious fact in life: theirs is a common condition of humanity. So Rembrandt drew them, like a philosopher who accepted all things; but touched in this case by that pity for their Present, that hope for their Future, which his religion had taught him.

And here his religion is distinctly a

spiritual gain to his Art. Where then, and why, is it a loss? It is a loss because somehow or other, with all this useful faith in a better future—faith which the true Renaissance held but slackly, and showed but little in its Art—the Art of Rembrandt has no scope for wide imagination: no sweet and secret thing is revealed through it: there flows through it to the minds of men no such divine message as even we of these latter days can read in the art of the earlier Florentines. True and real, very likely—it is rarely high and interpretive. The early Art of Italy, fed on a fuller faith, could do more with infinitely smaller means. Turn from the soberest of Rembrandt's sacred pictures—the picture most filled with piteous human emotion—I mean the "Death of the Virgin," which is real as the death of his mother—turn from this to the still glowing canvas on which Botticelli has imaged his conception of a Paradise with countless companies of little children, children only, round the throne of God, and in circles ever more distant, the great ones of the world—the *last*, who were *first*—and you feel at once, more strongly than can be told by any words, what Netherlands Protestantism has cost to Rembrandt; for, instead of this parable and this revelation, he can give you but a human sorrow.

Look at him for a moment, such as he is, as a religious artist; and considerable as are the merits forced upon your view, you will find that other allowances will have to be made for him than those which you have made already on account of his epoch's limited though genuine faith. Take his "Adam and Eve"—he calls it "The Temptation"—and note the absolute vulgarity in the conception of that scene. What is our first father in this print, if not a low-bred, low-minded, but still prudent bourgeois, tempted, as such a one conceivably might be, by the leers of this squat woman and the good big mouthful of rare fruit which she holds in her outstretched hand? No doubt a part of the failure of this work is to be attributed to the heavy northern ugliness of the women of the land—an ugliness which, more than anything else, tells against Rembrandt in his treatment of the nude—but part of it is due to a cause within himself: he lacked the imagination to conceive poetically: there is nothing of seductiveness in his work; there is nothing of sweetness; there is very little of pleasure.

He lacked, I say, imagination to conceive poetically; but the subject once well found for him, he could contrive embellishments which were effective enough, and neither thought nor work was spared to give it these. His imagination did not play happily about the spirit and idea of the scene: it plied its task only to add to the strangeness or the picturesqueness of the setting. And yet the print which all the world knows as the "Hundred Guilder Piece" shows that in exceptional moods Rembrandt could conceive as worthily as he could execute. True dignity, nay, majesty, of attitude is shown in the "Raising of Lazarus;" and in the "Death of the Virgin" the artist himself has been profoundly moved—else how portray that piteous gaze and that gesture of sorrow and resignation which lift this work out of the usual level of his sacred Art! But commonly his pictures from the Testaments suffer not only under the necessary conditions of Dutch Protestant creeds, but from the absence of elevation in the types selected, the absence of spiritual imagination, and the temptation to which the artist sometimes yielded to forget his subject and its meaning, and to see in the Scriptural groups little else than a happy opportunity for the distribution of strong lights and stronger shadows.

Many, then, of his professedly religious pictures had no reason to exist. They were in truth less religious than his troop of beggar-pictures—they were less spontaneous results of his own thought. *Raison d'être* is still more lacking to some of his Academical pieces, unless indeed one is content to allow the presence of these without the justifying beauty. Action, they have; and little else. Anatomically, the drawing is not bad, for Rembrandt understood anatomy; but the figures are constantly ill-proportioned. Yet certain of these pieces, if at the same time *less*, are also *more* than Academical. Rembrandt did not much believe in Diana, and troubled himself little about Antiope. But present facts of all kinds interested him; and having etched everything under the grey Dutch sky but the bare bodies of men and women in Amsterdam, he set himself, in his later days, to etch these. These baboon or gorilla-like gaunt monsters of men—"The Bathers"—it is not possible that Rembrandt admired them, as he drew. There was more of satire than admiration. And in the whole short Academi-

cal series, what strikes you most is the cruel brutal truthfulness. There is no glimpse of *any* one's ideal: not even the poor and fleshy ideal of Rubens could be satisfied here. These round and palpitating figures—they begin well, perhaps, but is there one that is completely good? We single out the "Woman with the Arrow" as an exception to the common rule of ugliness—though even here we find that among critics there is no general consent of praise—and now contentedly pass on from ground where Rembrandt seems well-nigh lowest among the low, to meet him again where among the great he is almost the greatest.

There is no doubt that Rembrandt painted many portraits of persons who were never near to fame. You meet with some in public exhibitions and in private houses. Very often, like the etched portrait of Uytenbogaert, the "gold-weigher," they are not only portraits, but elaborated compositions. Of these an example called "The Ship-builder"—seen at Burlington House, in January 1873—will occur to many readers. But the etched portraits were often of distinguished men. Failing these persons of distinction—as when, in his youth, sitters of the desired rank were unattainable—he etched the faces that he knew most thoroughly: chiefly, indeed, his mother's. It is also to his delight in reproducing that with which he was most familiar that we must attribute the abundance of portraits of himself: now leaning at his ease upon the window-sill; and now with drawn sabre; and now with hand on hilt of sword—magnificent in meditation—and now with plainest raiment, a keen, plain face looks up at you from the drawing-board. But the etched portraits, as I have said, when they were not of himself, nor of his mother, nor of the so-called "Jewish Bride," whom M. Blanc believes to be his first wife, Saskia Uylenburg, were generally of men of thought or action: of men indeed, whose thought or action had "told" upon the life of Amsterdam. "The Burgomaster Six" is a city magnate, as well as a poet and art-connoisseur. "John Asselyn" is a painter of repute. "Ephraim Bonus" is a famous physician. And Uytenbogaert, the "gold-weigher," is Receiver-General to the States of Holland.

Among a thousand excellences in these portraits, let us note a few. See how the "Uytenbogaert" is more than a portrait—for it is a composition—and see how the keen perception, the analytical yet

synthetic mind, the assured knowledge, and the hand that moves in accurate obedience to the will, have in their all but unparalleled combination enabled the artist to say clearly a dozen things instead of one, in this picture. It is a gold-weigher's room: a place for quiet business and weighty affairs. There are places enough for laziness and laughter: *this* is for serious, anxious, yet methodical and ordered toil. See, on the table, the scales and the ranged money-bags: on the floor an iron-bound coffer whose strength, quite apart from size and proportion, the etcher has shown by lines of indefinable cleverness. To the right, the trusty servant kneels to take from his master a bag of coin, which instantly he will pack in this cask upon the floor; and then he will be off upon his errand. We know him, thanks to Rembrandt's never-tiring study of his minor characters, even the Salanios and Salarinos of the drama—a prompt man, he, we say, and ever at his master's call. And Uytenbogaert? What is he, if these be his surroundings? There is a double expression in his face and gestures, conveyed with I know not what subtlety of Art, reached sometimes in the finest moments of a great player—one has seen it in Fargueil and Kate Terry. The gesture says to the servant—*no*, says to all of us—how infinitely precious is that gold-weighted bag; how great must be the care of it! And the face says this too. But such a thought is only momentary. The mind reflected in the face is seen to be preoccupied by many an affair. "Here, how much gold remaining to be dealt with! What accounts to finish! What business to discharge!"

Now place by the side of Uytenbogaert the portrait of Janus Lutma. The two have the same dignity: the dignity of labour. It is the Netherland spirit. With his back to the window, from which a placid light falls on his age-whitened head, sits Janus Lutma, goldsmith, meditating on his work. By him are the implements of his art. They were used a little, but a minute ago, and soon will be resumed. Meanwhile, the nervous, active hand—an old hand, but subtle still—is relaxed, and there is no anxiety, not even the anxiety of a pleasant busy-ness, in the goldsmith's face. It is a happy, tranquil face: still keenly observant, yet greatly at rest. For in the main the work of life is done, and it has prospered—a goodly gift has been well used. There is rest in the thought of past

achievements: a kindly smile on the aged mouth—mouth happily garrulous of far-away work-days. And Lutma sits there, waiting, only less plainly and immediately than the tired bell-ringer of Rethel's one great picture—waiting for Death, who will come to him "as a friend," and find him smiling still, but with a finished task and a fulfilled career.

But in our admiration of the sentiment and character of this almost unequalled work, let us not forget the wholly marvellous technical skill which the observer may easily find in it. The play of sunshine, bright and clear, without intensity, throughout the upper half of the picture; the cold, clear stone of the slanting window-sill *washed* as it were, with light; the strain of the leather fabric, stretched from post to post of the chair, on either side of the old man's head, which rests, you see, against it, and presses it back; the modelling of the bushy eyebrows and short grey beard—these are but some points out of many. They may serve to lead us to the rest.

To be closely imitative is not the especial glory of etching; and Rembrandt himself is fuller of suggestion than of imitation. He does suggest texture very marvellously: sometimes in the accessories of his portraits, as in the flowered cloth of the gold-weigher's table; and sometimes in the portraits themselves, as in the long hair of the "Jewish Bride":—

Hair, such a wonder of flax and floss;
Freshness and fragrance; floods of it, too!

The quality of this woman's hair is best observed in the early state of the print. There too the light is natural, the inspiration direct. Thus far the thing has been done at a sitting. In the finished picture the light is a studio light, and the work, while very vigorous and scientific, lacks the particular delightfulness of a sudden transcript from nature and the life.

"A transcript from the life"—it is that, more than any qualities of *technique* and elaboration, that gives an interest so intense to Rembrandt's portraits. It is hardly too much to say of him that his labour is faithful in proportion as it is speedy. He must have observed with the utmost keenness and rapidity, and it is with a like rapidity that he must have executed all that is intellectually greatest in his work. Absorbed in his own labours,—singularly free, we may be sure, from petty personal vanities,

and the desire to please unworthily — Rembrandt has given to his sitters the same air of absorption. They are not occupied at all with the artist who is drawing them: no, nor with those who will notice his work. The Burgomaster Six, leaning against the window-sill, is deep, I take it, in his own manuscript play. Bonus, the physician, halts upon the stair, not quite resolved whether he shall turn back to ask one other question or give one other counsel. Coppenci is absolutely occupied in giving the boy his writing lesson. Rembrandt himself, looking up from the drawing-board, looks up only for observation. And it is thanks to the absence of detachment from habitual life and work — it is thanks to the every-day reality of the faces and their surroundings — that these portraits of Rembrandt, when considered together, give us the means of transport across two hundred years. We are in Amsterdam, in the 17th century; mingling with the city's movement; knowing familiarly its works and ways. Absolute individuality of character, — truth, not only to external appearance, but to the very mind and soul of the men who are portrayed — and truth, be it noted, arrived at very swiftly, and expressed with an unfaltering hand, cramped by no nervous and fidgeting anxiety — this, I suppose, the world may recognize in the etched portraits of Rembrandt.

How true the hands are to the faces and the lives! Care, and not over-care, has been bestowed upon them. There is in every hand Rembrandt has drawn prominently, a master's rapid facility and a master's power. Mark the fat hands of Renier Anslloo, — that stolid Anabaptist minister, — and the fine, discerning, discriminating hand of Clement de Jonghe, the printseller, a man accustomed to the deft fingering of delicate papers. Mark too the nervous hand of that brooding student, Haaring the younger, whom one knows to have been something finer than a common auctioneer. And for physical feebleness, seen in an old man's hand, note the wavering hand of Haaring the elder. For physical strength in an old man's hand — a tenacious hand for sure, yet subtle uses — see the sinewy's craftsman's hand of Lutma.

It has long been the fashion to admire, indiscriminately, the chiaroscuro of Rembrandt, which does indeed very often deserve a wholly unlimited admiration, but which is open now and then to Mr. Ruskin's charge, that it is both forced

and untrue. What people perceive the soonest and praise the most are the more "sensational" of his effects of light and shade. Seeing these, they think that they see all. But it takes long to understand how much of consummate art there is in that real power of Rembrandt's: how it is something much more than the mere brutal force of contrast. The violence of contrast is usually presented in interiors, — especially in fancy subjects, — and when one passes to the landscapes, one ceases to remark it frequently. The *disposition* of light and shade is not less masterly in these — but sometimes rather more — but its *effect* is less immediate. There are two exceptions: for we get the old familiar juxtaposition of strongest light and deepest dark in the "Grotto with a Brook" — here chiefly in the first state — and we get it to some extent in the "Three Trees," which, though the lines of the sky are hard and wiry, is yet justly esteemed among the best of Rembrandt's landscapes, because of its extraordinary vigour and passion of storm, and because of that clear sense of space and open country which you have as you look at it. But for an example of the most subtle qualities of chiaroscuro in Rembrandt, one must go back for an instant to the portraits, and look at the picture of Abraham Franz. He was a devoted amateur — an example to all amateurs; for he denied himself many necessities of life, so that he might possess a collection of great prints. Look at his portrait, in the first state only. He sits in a room just light enough for him to be able to examine his print, critically, lovingly, at his chosen station in the window. Behind him is a curtain, and across the curtain, fall certain streaks of gentle sunlight, which are among the really greatest, most ordered, most restrained achievements of a master's art.

As a landscape painter, Rembrandt was in advance of his age; or rather, he had the courage to interpret the spirit of his own time and country. While Poussin still peopled his glades with gods and goddesses, and Claude set the shepherd and shepherdess of Arcadian days reclining in the cool shadows of his meadows, Rembrandt drew just such things as were before him whenever he went forth from Amsterdam to any neighbouring village, trudging slowly along the high road, edged with stunted trees, or wandering by the side of the weary canal. Thus it is that at one point at least he touched

the moderns, but at other points he was very far removed from them. If he sketched the woman going to market and the farmer on his horse, he did so because these objects happened to be before him and could give some animation to his landscapes. But he did not seek in any other way to connect the scenery with the figures. The poetry of country life and country pursuits did not exist for him, any more than there existed for him Turner's sense, now of the terrible accord, but oftener of the yet more terrible discord, between the face of Nature and the weary work and wearier life of Man. To show the "pollard labourers" of England as they are — human life at its poorest, and the country at its dreariest — the immortal artist of *Liber Studiorum* devotes a plate to Hedging and Ditching. He means you to see clearly that these battered peasants are as stunted and as withered as the willow trunk they hew. To show the undertone of sympathy between the fleeting day and the brief sweetness of human joy, the great Venetian places the music party in the garden, by the fountain, and paints the figures when the viol has stopped : —

And the brown faces cease to sing,
Sad with the whole of pleasure.

But the one thing and the other are alike far from Rembrandt. He cannot take into his landscape the passion of humanity.

Sometimes, — not often, — Rembrandt etched landscapes because he found them fascinating : one can hardly say, beautiful. More often he etched them because they were before him ; and whatever was before him roused his intellectual interest. They are not indeed without their own peculiar beauty, nor was the artist quite insensible to this. Sometimes he even seeks for beauty ; not at all in individual form, but in the combinations of a composition, in blendings of shadow and sunshine, and in effects of storm and space. Once — it is in the view of Omval — the figures in the landscape take their pleasure. It is a Dutch picnic, for Omval is the Lido or the Richmond of Amsterdam. There is quiet water, pleasant air, and a day's leisure ; and it gives a zest to joy to keep in view the city towers, under which at the day's end we shall return.

But generally it is the common facts of life that Rembrandt chronicles in landscape. Men and women, when they are there at all, pursue their common tasks.

Thus, in the "Village with the Canal" there is a woman trudging with her dog ; there is a distant horseman who presently will cross the bridge ; and a boat with set sail is gliding down the stream. In a "Large Landscape, with Cottage and Dutch Barn," there is more than the ordinary beauty of composition. It is a fine picture for space, for sunniness, for peace, and is a master's work in its grouping of rustic foreground, and country-house half hidden by the trees, and tranquil water, and distant town. In the "Gold-weighter's Field" the composition is less admirable. The picture sprawls. There is too much subject for one plate, or too little subject that is prominently first, or too much that is dangerously *near* to the first, — so that the eye is diverted, and at the same time fatigued. Here Rembrandt falls into the fault of some of our earlier water-colour painters. His picture is a map : a bird's eye view. Accuracy is sought after till sentiment is lost : details are insisted on till we forget the *ensemble*. Too anxious is Rembrandt to include the greatest and the least of Uytenbogaert's possessions : the villa, the farm, the copse, the meadows — we must know the capacities of the estate. But commonly, indeed, this is not the fault. Commonly there is a master's abstraction, a master's eye to unity. It is so in the few lines, of which each one is a guiding line, of "Six's Bridge" — a piece which shows us the plain wooden foot-bridge placed athwart the small canal, and the stunted trees that break, however so little, the flatness of the earth-line and the weary stretch of level land, under an unmoved grey sheet of sky. It is so, still more notably, in the "View of Amsterdam," while miles away, behind the meadows of the foreground, there rise above the long monotony of field and field-path, slow canal and dyke and lock, the towers of the busy town.

Great in composition, abstraction, unity, Rembrandt is also great in verisimilitude. What restful haunts in shadow under the meeting boughs of the orchard trees ! — how good is the thatch that covers the high barns and the peaked house-roofs of the village-street ! And a last excellence — perfect tonality — is to be found in "Rembrandt's Mill ;" a plate upon which a great amount of quite unfounded sentiment has been expended, since it is now proved that this mill was not the painter's birthplace, nor for any cause cherished by him with exceptional affection, — a plate, which, nevertheless,

has to be singled out as perhaps the most wholly satisfactory of his landscapes: certainly for tonality and unity of expression it is the most faultless. Etching has never done more than it has done in this picture, for it seems *painted* as well as drawn,—this warm grey mill, lifting its stone and wood and tile-work, mellow with evening, against the dim large spaces of the quiet sky.

The work of Claude must be left to a future opportunity.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

From Chambers' Journal.

AN OLD ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

In the early part of the seventeenth century there was an Englishman, named Fynes Moryson, who had a passion for travelling, and has left an account of *Ten Years of Travel through Great Britain and other Parts of Europe*, 1617. Moryson's book, a bulky folio, is now as scarce as it is curious. Few know anything about it.

He begins by telling us of his experiences as a traveller in Bohemia. Then, he goes off in a visit to Jerusalem and Constantinople. At this point, we are reminded of a strange custom adopted by the younger sons of good houses, about the time of Queen Elizabeth, to increase their slender patrimony. Travelling with them was a kind of lottery. Before leaving the country, they would deposit in the hands of some speculator a sum of money, which was to be doubled, trebled, or in some degree proportionately increased, according to the dangers or difficulties attending their task, in the event of their safe return. Their journey was a kind of wager. Moryson found, when he came back from his first expedition, that his brother Henry was about to start on a voyage, having for that purpose put out four hundred pounds, to be repaid twelve hundred pounds, should he not die on the journey. In spite of his observation, that "these kind of adventures were grown very frequent, whereof some were indecent, some ridiculous, and that they were in great part undertaken by bankrupts and men of base condition," Moryson shewed no reluctance to accompany his brother, and, he says, gave only one hundred pounds, to receive three hundred pounds at his return, among his brethren and friends; and a hundred pounds to

five friends, on condition they should have it if he died, or, after three years, should give him one hundred and fifty pounds if he returned. The speculation, from a pecuniary point of view, proved a bad one. The great expenses of the journey, his brother's death, of his own sickness, were far from being defrayed by the money to which he was entitled on his return; and, of course, the four hundred pounds put out by his brother were forfeited.

In the year 1600, Moryson went to Ireland as secretary to Mountjoy, Lord-deputy. Of the person, apparel, diet, manners, and other particulars of his patron, he gives a graphic account, and we cannot resist the temptation of straying a little from the purpose of this article by giving a portion of it here. Before Mountjoy went to Ireland, Moryson tells us his usual breakfast was panada and broth; but during the war (against Tyrone), he contented himself with a dry crust of bread, with butter and sage in the spring-time, washed down with a cup of stale beer, sometimes mixed with sugar and nutmeg. At dinner and supper he had the choicest and most nourishing meats and the best wines. He indulged in tobacco abundantly; and to this practice our author ascribes his good health while among the bogs of Ireland, and the relief of the violent headaches which regularly attacked him, like an ague, for many years, every three months. "He delighted in study, in gardens, a house richly furnished, and delectable for rooms of retreat, in riding on a pad to take the air, in playing shovel-board, or at cards, in reading play-books, and especially in fishing and fish-ponds, seldom using any other exercise, and using these rightly as pastimes, only for a short and convenient time, and with great variety of change from one to the other." Particular delight did Mountjoy take in the study of divinity, and especially in reading the Fathers and Schoolmen; some chapters of the Bible were each night read to him, and he never omitted prayers at morning and night.

With such touches as the above, does Moryson portray to us the character of a Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

At the time Moryson travelled, he informs us, fifty or sixty pounds yearly sufficed to bear the charge of his diet, apparel, and two journeys yearly in the spring and autumn; such as have servants to attend them must reckon upon each one spend-

ing as much for their diet as the masters do, "especially in Germany, where passengers of all sorts sit at the same table, and pay the like shot." Germany, indeed, is the country into which he recommends all Englishmen first to pass. "We use," says he, "too much the help of our servants, and despise the company of mean people; there we may learn to serve ourselves, as he that enters a shoemaker's shop must find out the shoes that will fit him, and put them on himself; there we may learn to feed on homely meat, and to lie in a poor bed. All strangers in Germany," he concludes, "are free among that honest people from all cozenages and deceits, to which they are subject in other parts."

We have no space, however, to follow our traveller through the many countries of Europe which he visited, rich and instructive as are the particulars with which he furnishes us. Still more interesting are the observations he has to make on England itself, every part of which would appear to have been thoroughly explored by him. First, we will take a little paragraph relating to the proverbial speeches of the country. "Londoners," he says, "and all within the sound of Bow-bell, are in reproach called Cockneys. The Kentish men were of old said to have tails, because trafficking in the Low Countries, they never gave full payments of what they did owe. Essex men are called calves (because they abound there); Lancashire men, egg-pies, and to be won by an apple with a red side. Norfolk wiles (for crafty litigiousness), Essex stiles (so many as make walking tedious), Kentish miles (of the length), Lincolnshire bells and bagpipes, Devonshire white-pots, Tewkesbury mustard, Banbury cakes, King's-Norton cheese, Sheffield knives, Derby ale, are proverbially spoken of." From his description of the counties, it appears that several of them differed then, in many particulars, very much from their present characteristics. Cornwall had then such abundance of corn, that large quantities were annually exported thence to Spain. On the other hand, in no part of England did the ground require more expense than in Devonshire, "for in many places it is barren, till it be fatted with the ooze or sand of the sea, which makes it wonderfully fruitful." Bristol he represents as next to London and York, being preferred to all other cities of England, on account of its fair buildings, and its public and private houses.

Malmesbury was at this time celebrated for its woollen cloths; Wakefield, too, was famous for the same manufacture; Rye, in Sussex, as the most frequented passage into France. "The town of Romney, one of the five ports, in our grandfathers' time, lay close upon the sea, but now is almost two miles distant from the same." The town of Stony Stratford is well known for its fair inns and stately bridge of stone. The little city of Westminster, of old more than a mile distant from London, is now, by fair buildings, joined to it. The city of London hath the sumptuous church of St. Paul, beautified with rich sepulchres, and the Bourse, or Exchange, built for the meeting of merchants; a very sumptuous and wonderful bridge built over the Thames; rich shops of goldsmiths in Cheapside, and innumerable stately palaces, of which a great part lay scattered in unfrequented lanes. Lynn, in Norfolk, is represented as famous for the safety of its haven, most easy to be entered, for the concourse of merchants, and the fair buildings. Cambridgeshire is famous for its barley, "of which, steeped till it spring again, they make great quantity of malt, to brew beer, in great quantity, as the beer is much exported into foreign parts, and there highly esteemed." The ale of Derby was, for goodness, proverbially preferred before that kind of drink in any other town. Coventry, Moryson declares, is the fairest city within land, of which the chief trade had been the making round woollen caps, but these being, at the time he wrote, very little used, the trade was decayed. Coals and veins of iron were to be found in South Staffordshire; but the greatest quantity and best kind of coal was in Nottinghamshire. No other county had so many knights' houses as Cheshire; "it is rich in pastures, and sends great quantites of cheeses to London." "Manchester is an old town, fair and well inhabited, rich in the trade of making woollen cloth, and the cloths called Manchester cottons are vulgarly known." These cottons, however, were in fact woollen goods, as the manufacture of real cotton goods was not begun until about half a century later.

Moryson had evidently a wide experience of the inns and houses of entertainment in all parts of England and Scotland, and writes of them with much minuteness of detail and quaintness of illustration. "There is no place in the world," says he, "where passengers may so freely

command as in the English inns. They are attended for themselves and their horses as well as if they were at home, and perhaps better, each servant being ready at call, in hope of a small reward in the morning." In no other country did he see the inns so well furnished with household stuff.

As soon as a passenger comes to an inn, we are told, the servants run to him; one takes his horse, and walks him about till he be cool, then rubs him down, and gives him meat; another servant shews the passenger his private chamber, and kindles his fire; the third, pulls off his boots, and makes them clean. Then the host and hostess visit him; and if he will eat with the host, or at a common table with the others, his meal will cost him sixpence, or in some places fourpence; but if he will eat in his chamber—for which superior accommodation a charge of something like two shillings is made—he commands what meat he will, according to his appetite. The kitchen is open to him, to order the meat to be dressed as he likes best. After having eaten what he pleases, he may with credit set by a part for next day's breakfast. His bill will then be written for him, and should he object to any charge, the host is ready to alter it.

In Scotland, they have no such inns as were in England, but in all places some houses were known where passengers might have meat and lodging; but they have no "bushes" or signs hung out [this is not quite correct]; and as for the horses, they were generally set up in stables, in some "out-lane," not in the same house where "the passenger lay." "If any man be acquainted with a townsman, he will go freely to his house, for most of them will entertain a stranger for his money."

On the subject of coaches, horses, and the other different modes of conveyance, Moryson speaks with equal authority. Sixty years ago, he tells us, coaches were very rare in England; but in his day, pride was so far increased, that there were few gentlemen of any account (meaning "elder brothers," as he parenthetically explains) who had not their coaches; so that the streets of London were almost stopped up with them. We may here remark, that we have ample evidence, from other sources, of the annoyances caused to the ordinary dwellers in London by the great amount of coach-traffic through the narrow thoroughfares, and many methods were suggested of

abating the nuisance. In 1619, a tax of forty pounds a year (which is equivalent to two hundred pounds, at least, of our present currency) was proposed to be levied on all persons below a certain degree who kept a coach; and in January 1635-36 King Charles found it necessary to issue a proclamation "for restraint of the multitude and promiscuous use of coaches about London and Westminster." From the terms of this, we gather, that of late times the great numbers of hackney-coaches in London and Westminster, and the general use of coaches therein, had grown to a great disturbance to the king, queen, the nobility, and others of place and degree, in their passage through the streets; the streets also were so "pestered," and the pavement so broken up, that the common passage was hindered and made dangerous; and the prices of hay and provender made exceedingly dear. His Majesty therefore commanded that no hackney coach should be used, except to travel three miles out of London, and that no person should go in a coach in the streets of London except he kept four horses for His Majesty's service whenever his occasions should require.

For the most part, continues Moryson, Englishmen, especially in long journeys, used to ride upon their own horses; for hired horses, two shillings was paid for the first day, and eighteen pence for each succeeding day that he was required by the traveller. Lastly, the carriers had long covered wagons, in which they carried passengers from city to city; but this kind of journeying is described by our author as so tedious, that none but women and people of inferior condition, or strangers (among whom he particularly instances the Flemings, their wives and servants), avail themselves of it.

We have only space enough left for Moryson's account of the mode of living and manners of the Scotch. At the house of a knight where he staid, he writes, there were many servants in attendance, who brought in the meat with their heads covered with blue caps; the table being more than half-furnished with great platters of porridge, each having a little piece of "sodden" meat. When the table was served, the servants also sat down at it; but the upper mess, instead of porridge, had a pullet, with some prunes in the broth. And he observed "no art of cookery, or furniture of household stuff," but rather rude neglect of both; though himself and his companion

—sent from the governor of Berwick about Border affairs—were entertained after their best manner. The Scotch were then living in factions, and used to keep many followers, thus consuming their “revenue of victuals,” and living in some want of money. They commonly ate hearth-cakes of oats, but in cities had also wheaten bread, which for the most part was bought by courtiers, gentlemen, and the best sort of citizens. When he lived at Berwick, the Scotch used weekly, on the market-day, to obtain leave from the governor to buy pease and beans, of which, as also of wheat, the merchants sent great quantities from London into Scotland.

Pure wine was the favorite Scotch drink, not mixed with sugar, after the English fashion; though, at feasts, they put comfits to it, like the French. The better sort of citizens brewed ale, their usual drink (which, says the writer, will distemper a stranger’s body), and the same citizens will entertain travellers upon acquaintance, or entreaty. Their bedsteads were then like cupboards in the wall, with doors to be opened and shut at pleasure, so that they had to climb into their beds. When travellers went to bed, it was the custom to present them with a sleeping-cup of wine at parting. The country-people and merchants used to drink largely, the gentlemen somewhat more sparingly; yet the very courtiers, at feasts, by night-meetings, and entertaining any stranger, used to drink healths not without excess, and (to speak truth without offence, interposes Moryson) the excess of drinking was then far greater among the Scotch than the English—a fact which, looking at the consumption of liquors in the present day, does not excite any surprise.

From The Victoria Magazine.

THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.

IN an age whose best thinkers are occupied with the question of individual rights there should be room for considering the claims of the children.

That “the law of the subject is the will of the sovereign,” that slaves have no rights which the master is bound to respect, are exploded traditions; but among the traditions not yet exploded is one no less mischievous; one never expressed in words, but embodied in our

daily acts; namely, that children have no rights that adults are bound to respect.

It is not unlikely that I may be met with the assertion that children already monopolize too much attention: that the best authors are engaged in writing their books, any number of artists in making pictures for their amusement; that every street has its stores filled with their toys, and that more is expended on the wardrobes of the young people of the present day than would have sufficed to clothe a family of twelve in the days of our grandfathers. Children are denounced as forth-putting, irreverent, disobedient; their destructive tendencies are the abhorrence of landlords and boarding-house keepers; their encroachments and ill-timed speeches the terror of guests; their wilfulness and ingratitude the despair of parents. These charges, in so far as they are true, afford the strongest possible evidence that the rights of children neither have been nor are respected.

The first right of every child is to be well-born; and by this I mean that it has a right to the best conditions, physical, mental, and moral, that it is in the power of the parents to secure. Without this the child is defrauded of his rights at the outset, and his life can hardly fail of being a pitiful protest against broken laws. Centuries of preparation fitted the earth for man’s occupancy, hinting thus the grandeur of his destiny, and suggesting that, in an event of such magnitude as the incarnating of a soul, prevision should be exercised, and all the best conditions secured in aid of a harmonious and happy result.

Good health, good habits, sound mentality, and reverend love should form the basis of every new life that is invoked. The mother who gives herself up to morbid fancies, who considers her health an excuse for petulance and non-exercise of self-control, proves herself unworthy of the holy office of mother, and ought not to be surprised if she reap at a later day the bitter harvest of her unwise sowing.

The form of the Madonna is draped in a more solemn mystery than enveloped Rachel following her dead.

To be born into a peaceful, loving atmosphere is another right that inheres in every child. To have its tender organism protected from discordant noises, from abrupt movements, from the din of eager or angry discussion, to linger undisturbed in the twilight vestibule of existence, till the eye is prepared for light, the ear for sounds, and the brain for im-

pressions. Tread softly in the presence of this great mystery, old as humanity, yet ever new. Be not too loud in your exultation, for the Life-Bringer walks arm in arm with his twin brother Death, and for the winning of this new joy a soul has descended into the valley of Shadow, and stood alone with God.

To be made physically comfortable, to breathe pure air, untainted by the fumes of the paternal cigar, or the bad breath of a gin-drinking nurse; to enjoy quiet sleep, free from the nightmare of tightly pinned bands, or the shocks occasioned by the inconsiderate banging of doors; to be shielded from the flippant curiosity of visitors, and the harassing endearments of friends and relatives; to be exempt from rocking, and trotting, and drugs; to have opportunity for natural, unforced development, and care that is not fussy, love that is not fidgety, and a great deal of judicious letting alone; all these are among the earliest, and some of them among the most enduring rights of the child.

Second in importance to none, as a means of securing the happiness and best good of childhood and youth, is the right to be taught obedience. It is easy to submit to what we know is inevitable, and to the little child the requirement of the parent should be law without appeal.

The tender, immature being, shut in by the unknown, where every relation is a mystery, and every advance an experiment, has a right to find itself everywhere sustained and directed by the parent. It should not be tempted to resistance by laws that are imperfectly enforced, nor subjected to the injurious friction of discussion by having a long list of reasons given for every requirement.

The habit of obedience to the parents may be formed before the child is two years old, and this is a necessary precedent of obedience to law, the next stage of a true development.

The disciple of Hebert Spencer may take issue with me, and insist that there should be no coercion of the child at any period of its existence, but I claim that if Mr. Spencer's premises were strictly carried out, no child could reach Maturity.

The most helpless of animals, the newborn child is brought to a stage of its development where it can begin to act for itself by a long series of measures more or less coercive.

Education has for its object the formation of a character, but the very alphabet

of this education is the formation of certain habits, among which none is more important than the habit of obedience. Coercion precedes reason, habit intelligent self-direction. Both coercion and habit are to be got rid of at the earliest possible moment, but neither can be safely dispensed with at the outset. It is with extreme reluctance that I admit even the provisional necessity of habit, for to my thinking this same habit, is above all others, the tyrant that has enslaved the world. I never hear any one expatiate upon the importance of forming good habits without feeling a disposition to protest that nothing deserves to be called good that is *merely* a habit. Shoulder-braces may be of service to a sickly frame, and a life of routine to a weak will, but for the morally healthy man or woman slavery to good habits is only less vicious than slavery to bad habits, and any sort of slavery is an inversion of divine order.

The child has a right to employment and the free use of its faculties. "What shall I do?" is the plaintive wail of many a little one imprisoned in rooms where everything is too nice to be played with, and among grown-up people who cannot endure noise. "Sit down and keep quiet," is too often the impatient answer—an answer which I never hear without an indignant mental protest.

I admonish you, father, mother, guardian, into whose hands God has committed the sacred trust of a child's life, be careful how you betray it! Beware how you hinder a soul's development by a selfish seeking of your own convenience!

Do you talk of ennui—you, an adult, with memories, hopes, plans, the world of people, and the world of books? What do you suppose must be the ennui of a child? the hunger of an active, eager intelligence, repressed, unsatisfied, thrown back upon itself, with all the needs of an immortal being—needs which only Heaven can satisfy—clamoring importunately? "Keep quiet," indeed! do you rather bestir yourself, O ease-loving mother, newspaper-reading father, frivolous elder sister, and find occupation for the restless hands, thought-fibre for the eager intelligence that makes to you its plaintive appeal—"What shall I do?" nor dare to leave the beautiful temple of a child's soul to be taken possession of by the demons of idleness and unrest.

Absolute reliance on the love of the parents, faith in their wisdom that for-

bids doubt, are indispensable conditions of a healthy and happy development. They constitute the fertile soil and genial atmosphere in which all beautiful human affections bud and blossom.

"Father does what is right," "Mother knows better than I," are the instinctive utterances of a child whose life and education have been rightly begun. That these utterances are not oftener heard is a severe commentary upon our methods, a sad indication how much the rights of children have been neglected.

The parent who scolds, who is alternately severe and indulgent, who forbids to-day what he permitted yesterday, who is controlled by moods, and whose government must, consequently, be capricious and contradictory, disregards the most sacred obligations, and mars the foundations of a character which duty requires him to lay wisely and well.

"But," says an objector, "the habit of obedience to another once formed, how is it to be superseded by intelligent self-direction?" Supporting a child in its first efforts to walk does not prevent its acquiring the use of its limbs. That the alphabet is learned a letter at a time does not imply that all reading is to be so laboriously performed.

From a very early age there are some matters that come so fully within the child's apprehension that they may safely be left to its decision; and it should be the constant aim of the parent to exercise the faculties and strengthen the judgment by increasing as rapidly as possible the number of such decisions.

Every one who has had much to do with children knows how they differ in the matter of assuming responsibility. One wishes to decide every thing for himself, another wants every particular decided for him, and this difference should constantly be taken into account.

"Mamma, what dress shall I put on my dolly?" said a little girl of the latter type in my hearing. "Any one that you like," replied the mother. "But I wish you would tell me which one, mamma," persisted the child, in an aggrieved tone. "I want my little girl to learn to decide for herself," was the reply of the judicious mother.

Accustom the child to the idea that it is to think and act independently, and never do for him what he is able to do for himself. Teach him to take pride in being self-helpful, and in adding each day to the number of things which he knows how to do.

The child has its rights of property; and how keenly its sense of justice is outraged by their invasion may be inferred from its passionate and almost inconsolable grief. The little girl's love of her doll is considered a legitimate subject of ridicule by her older brothers, and her grief at any indignity shown this object of her affection is regarded by them as good fun; and yet, the instinct outraged is nothing less than incipient maternity, and the rights violated are no less sacred than those of society itself.

Calling on a friend one day, I found the usually sunny-faced pet of the household convulsed with sobs. A glance into the playroom, where I had had many a good frolic with the small mamma and her large family of dolls, showed what was amiss. "The destroyer" in the shape of a big brother had "come down like a wolf on the fold," and all the dollies were doing duty as Blue Beard's slaughtered wives. Some were suspended by their hair, others by their necks, while several had been beheaded and were scattered in ghastly confusion about the floor. "Never mind, darling," said the mother — "never mind, brother Will has only ripped off their heads; I can easily mend them and make them just as pretty as they were before." "Yes, mamma," sobbed the little one; "but you can't mend their feelings." And just here is the trouble; a child's feelings, wounded by injustice, are difficult to mend. I once saw an elegant woman draw herself up proudly, on hearing the name of a gentleman who had asked to be presented to her: "Excuse me," said she, ignoring the proffered hand; "when I was a very little child, I received at your hands the one injury which I have never forgiven. You may have forgotten the jest of coiling a dead snake about a little girl's arm, but the little girl has not forgotten it, and never will." It would be well to remember that no impressions are so enduring, as those made upon the mind of the child.

No amount of indulgence can atone for a wrong, and the constant aim of every parent should be *to be just*. The property of a child, no less than that of an adult, should be respected. However worthless it may be in itself, it should not be disposed of without his consent. Let him feel that he has a realm peculiarly his own, and that in that realm he is supreme; that his possessions are absolutely his, and that his proprietorship is recognized and respected. More eloquent than any amount of admonition, far more

effective in forming correct ideas in the mind of the child, is the daily recognition of his personal rights.

See to it that the little one has the exclusive use of his personal belongings, whatever these may be; that no one else appropriates his spoon, or fork, or cup, his place at the table, or his chair in the family circle. Among the ancients Limitation was a god: and "mine" and "thine" are oracular utterances commanding reverence, even when they issue from the lips of a child.

Children at an early age should begin to learn the use of money, and this they can only do by having money to use. Let a small sum be given at stated intervals, and the child made to feel that it is his to keep, to spend, or to give away; that to the extent of his allowance he is a capitalist, and as much at liberty to choose his investments as any grown man. The traffic in marbles and other small articles of personal property shows that the spirit of trade is no less active in the boy than in the man; and the little girl's desire to select the objects of her charity, and to provide for her dolls, indicates the capacity for a practical education that ought not to be neglected. This independence does not preclude counsel, which the child will be quite as ready to ask as the parent to give, but that the money and its use may be a means of education, he must feel that the final decision is his.

At a much earlier age than is customary with most parents, I would have them begin to teach the child to provide for its own wants, and meet the exigencies of its daily life. And there need be no such difference between boys and girls in this matter as custom has led us to suppose. The boy, no less than the girl, can be taught to take pride in a neatly kept room, in orderly closets, and tastefully arranged bureau-drawers; to have a place for everything and everything in its place; to know what garments will be needed for the coming season, and to ask father or mother to go with him to select them, instead of having everything provided without thought or care on his part. I have even a secret conviction that the mastery of his own buttons might be acquired by a boy of average intelligence, and that to take the entire care of his room would not necessarily lessen his chances of a noble and self-respecting manhood.

As for the girl, I see no reason why she should not be taught the use of the jack-knife, the hammer, and the saw, to drive a nail, tighten a screw, or put up a

shelf in her room. She should, if possible, have a garden and be taught to take a pride in her acquaintance with nature, in her good health and ability to endure fatigue. Each should be taught what is traditionally proper for the sex to which he or she belongs, but I should be very far from saying

Only this and nothing more.

The child has a right to the full use of his powers, to be taught the mastery of the wonderful instrument by means of which he is to communicate with the world outside of him; to know how to make good the faculties of himself, how to command from the abundant resources of the world what is suited to his needs, and in turn, how to bestow all that he has and is upon the world in beneficent giving.

He should be taught such mastery of himself as will insure the mastery of any situation in which he may be placed; such consideration for others and such a habit of helpfulness as will make him quick to see and prompt to administer to their wants; such an abiding faith in God and His divine order as no untoward circumstance can disturb.

We know many persons who live so uneasily in their bodies that they seem rather the chance tenants of a night than authorized proprietors, and legitimate life-owners; whose souls and bodies are so illy adjusted to one another, that they are constantly getting in their own way, and helplessly stumbling over their own toes. Almost every family has its members who walk over things without seeing them, who never hear till they are addressed a second time, whose hands are so helpless or so clumsy that they might almost as well have been made hoofs or fins. The child should be taught that his eyes, ears, hands, all the organs of his body, all the faculties of his mind are his servants, and that it is his business to see to it that they serve him faithfully—that they report accurately what is passing about him, and respond promptly and fully to his demands. Such sentences as "I didn't notice," "I heard, but I don't remember," have no business in a child's vocabulary. He should be taught to apprehend clearly that to say "I forgot" is only another way of saying "I did not care enough to remember." Educate the faculties to prompt action, teach the senses to respond fully to every impression made upon them. When you give a command or communicate a

thought to a child, secure his attention, use the simplest and most direct terms, and *do not repeat them*. Superfluous words are demoralizing, and iteration a bid for inattention. Some of us are born clods; more of us become so through vicious training. Make the child self-conscious, and you have established an enduring feud between him and his capabilities; henceforth his feet are an embarrassment to him, and no number of pockets is adequate to the satisfactory bestowal of his hands. He fancies all eyes are upon him, and his very blood turns mutinous and flies in his face without just cause or provocation. It is his right to be unconscious; to develop from within outward as sweetly and unostentatiously as a flower; not to be thrust into notice by having his sayings and doings repeated in his presence, nor snubbed into silence and conscious inferiority by being constantly reminded that "children should be seen and not heard." Hardly anything is more essential in the management of children than the kindly ignoring eye that does not notice too much. I pity the child who is the centre of a blindly doting or injudiciously critical family — whose every saying is repeated, every act commented upon, and where, in consequence, naturalness is impossible.

We all know how it fared with the bean that, after being planted, was dug up every morning to see if it had begun to grow, and which, after having made a brave struggle for life and got its head above ground, was declared out of order, and ruthlessly pulled up and turned upside down.

Much of our interference with children is no less impertinent, and in its results no less mischievous. Nature abhors meddling; to reverent co-operation she yields her happiest results; but she will not be diverted from her purpose by your homilies, nor submit her plans for your revision. Handmaiden of the great Architect, she never loses sight of the original intention. If you thwart her, it is at your peril, and she leaves on your hands the work you have spoiled.

The child in his normal condition is an embodied interrogation.

He cannot wait for the eyes alone to report the objects about him; every finger-tip is pressed into the service and made to convey tidings to the eager intelligence. The little creature is overwhelmed with impressions, stunned by the music of the spheres, blinded by

excess of light. His greatest need is a wise and tender interpreter; some one to walk beside him and explain the significance of what he sees and hears, to distinguish between the important and the unimportant, the high and the low, the near and the far. Do we realize what we are doing when we sit stolid and dumb under a child's questions, allowing the keen intelligence to be blunted against our indifference, the glowing enthusiasm to be damped by our apathy, the buoyant hope crippled by our unbelief? Having eyes we see not, having ears we hear not, and standing before the great wonder-book of God's universe, we watch the turning of its leaves with scarcely an emotion. Verily, we need to be taught of the child.

What one *is* determines his possessions, and whether the child shall be beggar or prince depends upon the training of his faculties and the education that he receives. In the fairy story, it was only the children of the king who were invested with the golden key to which all doors swung open, but every child is of the blood royal, heir of the King of kings, a prince in his own right, lord of a province peculiarly his own, for the unlocking of all whose treasures he should carry the golden key.

As it is the child's right to observe, it is also his right to arrive at conclusions; in other words, to have opinions and to express them — not at all times, nor in all places, but to the wise and tender interpreter already referred to, one who will listen patiently, who will help the imperfect utterance, shed light on the confused impression, and place in the hand the clew that will lead to the just conclusion.

"I don't like Mrs. D," says the little boy who has sat quietly observant through the morning call of a visitor. "Little boys mustn't talk about not liking people," says the well-intentioned but unwise mother. A better course would be to learn upon what the antipathy rests.

The intuitions of a child are seldom at fault, and in the brief summing up contained in the words, "I like or I don't like Mr. So and So," there is often a subtle analysis of character of which we should do well to learn the secret.

No one would expect fulness of muscle or strength of sinew in a limb that was denied freedom of action; but is it not equally absurd to expect intelligent opinion and soundness of judgment from the adult whose childhood has been

spent in enforced repression, and the non-use of its powers of observation and reflection?

The child has a right to ask questions and to be fairly answered; not to be snubbed as if he were guilty of an impertinence, nor ignored as though his desire for information were of no consequence, nor misled as if it did not signify whether true or false impressions were made upon his mind.

He has a right to be taught everything which he desires to learn, and to be made certain, when any asked-for information is withheld, that it is only deferred till he is older and better prepared to receive it.

Answering a child's questions is sowing the seeds of its future character. The slight impression of to-day may have become a rule of life twenty years hence. A youth in crossing the fields dropped cherry-stones from his mouth, and in old age retraced his steps by the trees laden with luscious fruit. But many a parent, whose heart is lacerated by a child's ingratitude might say,

The thorns I bleed withal are of the tree I planted.

To answer rightly a child's questions would give scope for the wisdom of all the ancients; and to illustrate needed precept by example would require the exercise of every Christian virtue.

I have hinted at the child's right to be let alone, by which I mean he should have the sovereignty of his person and immunity from invasion. It may be fine sport for grown people to victimize children as they do; to tumble their hair with a clumsily caressing hand, pinch their cheeks or ears, tweak their noses, or playfully trip them up as they are crossing the room; to catch a timid little girl and toss her to the ceiling, or subject a sensitive, bashful boy to the ordeal of indiscriminate kissing. But every such act is an unwarranted liberty, and no less an invasion of personal rights than if practised upon the highest dignitary of the land. In fact, it is rather more so than less, for the child cannot protect himself, nor even show displeasure without subjecting himself to rebuke. If there is any right that is inalienable, it is that of every human soul to the tenement with which God has invested it; to be safe from so much as the touch of a finger except at its own option. To profane with a careless hand the shrines of the gods was a grave offence and subjected the offender to fearful pen-

alties, but is not every human organism a shrine no less sacred?

The beauty of all our relations is marred by this coarse familiarity. We need to learn more reverence; to be reminded that every human form, whether of adult or of little child, embodies a thought of God; to hear anew the voice from the bush, saying, "Put thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

The child has a right to his individuality, to be himself and no other; to maintain against the world the Divine fact for which he stands. And before this fact father, mother, instructor, should stand reverently; seeking rather to understand and interpret its significance than to wrest it from its original purpose. It is not necessarily to be inscribed with the family name, nor written over with family traditions. Nature delights in surprise, and will not guarantee that the children of her poets shall sing, nor that every Quaker baby shall take kindly to drab colour, or have an inherent longing for a scoop-bonnet or a broad-brimmed hat.

In the very naming of a child his individuality should be recognized. He should not be invested with the cast-off cognomen of some dead ancestor or historical celebrity, a name musty as the grave-clothes of the original wearer—dolefully redolent of old associations—a ghostly index finger forever pointing to the past. Let it be something fresh; a new name standing for a new fact, the suggestion of a history yet to be written, a prophecy to be fulfilled. The ass was well enough clothed in his own russet, but when he would put on the skin of the lion every attribute became contemptible. Common-place people slip easily through the world, but when we find them heralded by great names we resent the incongruity, and insist upon making them less than they are. George Washington selling peanuts, Julius Cæsar as a boot-black, and Virgil a vender of old clothes, make but a sorry figure. Leave to the dead kings their purple and ermine, to the poets their laurels, and to the heroes of the earth sole possession of the names they have rendered immortal.

Let the child have a name that does not mean too much at the outset, but which he can fill with his individuality, and make by-and-by to stand for exactly the fact that he is. Swedenborg tells us that in the spiritual world the name of an angel is the epitome of all his ex-

periences, the expression of his whole being.

The child has a right to companionship. Not more surely does the plant turn its leaves to the light than does the child seek to share with the parent every thought and emotion. If your boy does not talk to you of his projects, of his successes at school and his mishaps on the play-ground ; if your little girl has nothing to say of her experiences during the hours that she is away from you, of the play-mates whom she loves, or of the teacher who, to her thinking, is not quite fair ; if, in a word, you have not your child's full confidence, be sure that it is your fault, not his ; that you have somehow failed in your duty towards him, and you should not rest till you have bridged over the chasm and placed yourself beside him as faithful counsellor and tenderest friend.

But while giving needed support, do not fail to recognize in the clinging, dependent child of to-day, the responsible man or woman of a few years hence. Leave space between you for growth. Separate the young life sufficiently from your own to secure to it the conditions most favourable to its proper development.

The object to be attained is not the illustration of your theories, not by any means your pleasure or convenience, not even the embodiment of your ideal ; but a recognition from the outset of a fact beyond you, a character to be developed according to the laws of its own being : the unfolding from a child of a self-centred, self-directing man or woman ; the securing to a soul the power to make good the faculties of itself.

Do not forget that in all matters that may with safety be left to the child your office is merely that of counsellor, not by any means that of autocrat. Make him feel from the first that your government is only provisional, and that he is to fit himself as rapidly as possible for the sovereignty of his own life. Do not burden him with laws, nor hedge him about with orders, nor bind him with promises. Implant at the centre of his being the desire to do right, and having done this, be sure that you have provided for every emergency in the best manner that is possible for you.

You need not fear to tell him that the whole of life is a school for the learning of that one lesson ; that you as well as he are often in the wrong ; and that you no less than he need daily to kneel and

ask God to forgive your mistakes and help you to become better. Not a Pope but a parent is the child's need ; not an assumed infallibility, but candour and integrity of purpose ; not a guide who is never in error, but one, who, in spite of errors, can command confidence. To be always near enough to give needed support, always far enough removed not to invade, and to consider first, last, and always the best interests of the child ; these are the offices of a good parent, offices rendered extremely difficult by two strong elements of human nature — the love of exercising authority, and the love of serving one beloved. "Ask no questions, but do as I bid you," is the language of the first ; "I will do all for you," is the language of the second. Both utterances are selfish, and below the standard of a true paternity. "Do you realize that you belong to me ? that but for me you had never been ?" said a father to his son. "And had I been consulted I would sooner not have been, than have been the son of such a father," was the bitter but not inappropriate answer.

The old barbarism still clings to us. We interpret too literally the term "my child," and assume ownership where only guardianship was intended. They are not ours, these young immortals ; not wax, to be moulded to any pattern that may please us ; not tablets, to be inscribed with our names, or written over with our pet theories. Images of God, filled with His life, consecrated to His work, destined to an immortality of growth and individual development, we may not confiscate them to our uses, nor prescribe their sphere, nor fancy that our care of their infancy has mortgaged to our convenience their after life.

Paternity imposes duties, it does not establish claims. Even between parent and child comes the inexorable fiat of the gods, "You shall have only what you are strong enough to take." I confess I have little sympathy for parents who complain of the ingratitude of children. If the stream is muddy, it is safe to infer that the fountain was not pure. All talk about obligation is futile ; "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." If you would have love, be lovable as well as loving ; if loyalty be loyal ; if large-hearted devotedness, be magnanimous in giving.

Look to it, oh fathers and mothers, that your love be something nobler than mere instinct ; that it be unselfish, long-

suffering, far-seeing, large enough to welcome every good influence that comes into your child's life, to rejoice that it is not dependent solely upon you, but is enriched by manifold affections; that it is joyous and happy in all innocent ways, though the happiness be not of your providing. Look to it, that in all your relations you be just and considerate, tender and wise; that you live so nobly, that love, honour, reverence, must needs attend you and run with alacrity to do your bidding; that through self-control you learn the secret of wise government, and by the practice of self-abnegation win from your children a loving consideration of your highest claim.

All our lives we have been hearing of the debt children owe their parents; do we think enough of what parents owe their children? To my mind this is by far the greater question. We owe them harmonious organizations, favourable conditions, a true development; but this is not all. Aside from these things we owe to them a debt beyond our power to estimate. If they need us materially, we no less need them spiritually. I pity the man or woman who can spend an hour with a little child and not be made wiser. Children utter the only oracles, and are the most truly inspired, because the most unconscious of teachers. By the directness and simplicity of their questions they rebuke our pretence and artificiality, constantly reminding us how much there is that we do not know; by their loving trust they shame our doubts, by the play of their fancy and the buoyancy of their spirits they banish our despair. Said a little seven-year-old girl, looking up musingly from the doll she was tending, "Mamma, what is the good of us, and what are we all living for?" Could the mother answer that question without drawing near to the heart of God, feeling her own life and that of her little one sheltered in His all-embracing love? I remember sitting one afternoon last summer in a room where a dusky little face was pressed against the window-pane, intently watching a coming thunder-storm; suddenly it flashed round upon us with the exclamation, "Oh, mamma! do come here and see how God is writing short-hand across the clouds."

What shadow would not be dispelled by the quaint answer of the little one, who, having been naughty, was asked by her mother if she was not going to ask God to forgive her. "No, mamma, I

don't like to talk with God, for if he gets too well acquainted with me, He may want me to go and live with Him and leave you."

"Who was the dark's mother?" enquired a little boy coming back suddenly from the border of dream-land to ask the question; and what mother has not been startled by the solemn enquiry, "How did God begin?"

Could any mother afford to spare out of her life the children's hour? Not the one described by the poet — not the one that we all know so well, tinged with the last rays of sunset, deepening into the mystery of twilight, and suddenly blossoming into merriment with the incoming of the evening lamp. That is also father's and mother's hour — a care-free, happy time, interposed between the day's work and the evening's sociability; very enjoyable with its snatches of talk, its brief chapters from the day's experience, its ripples of laughter, and its stories murmured softly to the little ones; very enjoyable, but not like an hour that comes later, when, having unfastened the last hook, picked out the last troublesome knot, and buttoned the comfortable night-gown over the dimpled shoulders, the mother lies down beside the little one and takes the chubby hand in hers for the good-night talk — when questions are asked and answered, grievances told and kissed away — when the naughty word or act is acknowledged, and the how and why of wrong and of right doing is explained.

This is the true confessional, approved by the angels and blessed of God; of more value to the child than a whole library of catechisms, and with a ministration to the mother in comparison with which fasts and festivals are of small account, and even sermons and sacraments of secondary importance.

We are indebted to our children for constant incentives to noble living; for the perpetual reminder that we do not live to ourselves alone, for their sakes we are admonished to put from us the debasing appetite, the unworthy impulse, to gather into our lives every noble and heroic quality, every tender and attractive grace.

We owe them gratitude for the dark hours which their presence has brightened, for the helplessness and dependence which have won us from ourselves; for the faith and trust which it is evermore their mission to renew; for their

kisses on cheeks wet with tears, and on brows that but for that caressing had furrowed into frowns.

We bless them for the child-world which they keep open to us — the true fairy-land, where all that we once hoped and dreamed is still possible; the Paradise of humanity, which they perpetually dress and keep; a Paradise which, spite of the angel with the scythe and hour-glass who has driven us forth, we shall yet regain, and through all whose beatitudes a little child shall lead us.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE ROMANCE OF THE JAPANESE
REVOLUTION.

VISITORS to the Vienna Exhibition were grievously disappointed at one part of the promised show. They had been told that all the nations and peoples of the remote orient would come crowding in the wake of their miscellaneous exhibits to the palace of industry on the semi-oriental Danube. They came in faith and hope, to see few signs of anything of the kind. There were no flowing draperies in silk or flowered calico, no jewelled turbans or high-crowned caps of fur. If there were any Pagan visitors from the Tartar steppes, they were so completely disguised *en Chrétien* that there was no detecting them. If there were gentlemen from the Caucasus or the Persian frontier, they had dismantled themselves of their ambulant armories, had left their cartridge-quilted vests at home. The Anglicised Hindoo was conspicuous by his absence. We believe there was but a single Chinaman, and he was on duty in the department of the Flowery Land; nay, even the Osmanli from the neighbouring Bosphorus had not been stirred sufficiently from his habitual apathy to trouble himself to undertake the easy voyage by rail and steamboat. *En revanche*, there was one strange type of nationality you met at every turn — small, slight-made men with olive complexions and black twinkling eyes slit almond-fashion. But on their way to Vienna they had probably passed by Paris, and were dressed in such garments as are to be procured at the Belle Jardinière or the Bon Diable, with tall chimney-pot hats that came well down upon their foreheads. They had taken wonderfully kindly to these new clothes of theirs, and yet there was something about

them that told you that they were masquerading cleverly. On the first glance you were conscious of an impression you had seen them somewhere before, and then it gradually dawned on you that it was on porcelain vases and lacquered cabinets you had met them. For these were the Japanese, the sprightly children of "the Land of the Rising Sun;" and it was not only in the ease with which they had slipped into their European clothes that they showed their happy faculties of adaptation. They were little versed as yet in foreign tongues; they knew next to nothing of German gutturals. But there they were, working their way about everywhere, giving the freest play to their inquiring minds, and dispensing for the most part with interpreter or cicerone. They hopped on behind the crowded tramway cars with an utter absence of the dignity we regard as the birthright of oriental blood; they submitted to be jostled and trodden upon with as little sign of temper or prejudice as the good-humoured Viennese themselves; they bartered their base Austrian coin for conductors' tickets as if they had been accustomed to street railways from their boyhood. You saw them everywhere, because they had been sent so far upon their travels at the Government expense, to act on the maxim of the sage Bacon. Travel with them was indeed a part of education, and they were studying men as much as things. The shrewd interest shown in their sharp eyes seemed never to flag for a moment; the flesh might sometimes be weary, but the spirit was always willing. If they had shipped any prejudices with them in Japan, they had thrown them overboard on the outward voyage. High-caste Hindoos, even if they had consented to come across the "black water," would have thought themselves contaminated had they been brought in contact with unbelievers at their meals. The Chinaman would have showed himself all abroad had he not been permitted to bring his chopsticks into society. But these Japanese gentlemen frequented the French restaurants, and gulped down Dreher's beer in the Austrian "breweries" like all the rest of the world; they handled our knives and forks as if they had been to the fashion born, and, in short, behaved themselves in every respect like easy and liberal men of the world.

To those who remarked the ease and *aplomb* of their bearing, it seemed scarcely

credible that they came from a country that had maintained itself in the most churlish isolation until within the last twenty years : a country so jealously self-contained that until the other day permission to leave it would have been denied to its highest dignitaries. We know how an Englishman looks when he sets his foot for the first time in a strange city—half shy, half suspicious, moving about in a chilling atmosphere of repulsion which numbs his good-fellowship and faculties, and obscures his vision. Frenchmen may be more versatile and impressionable, yet fugitive impressions disappear from their casing of vain self-complacency, like breath from a plating of polished steel. These Japanese rubbed their eyes when they woke up in a new world of wonders, and there they were, wide awake at once. Their lively brains must have been in a perpetual whirl of excitement, but surprises stimulated instead of stunning them. They came to Europe eager to learn, and from the first day of their landing they began to do like the Europeans. The imitation of externals came naturally to them : they were quick at catching up the manners and customs of the people who jostled them. They acted like a shrewd man who finds himself in more refined society than he has been used to, and is not sure of the ways of his company. They observed and copied with smiling self-confidence and an off-hand assumption of original action. They were learning from everything around them without an appearance of effort ; and under their *insouciant* exterior, they were remodelling their minds with marvellous rapidity. Whether minds so mobile, and made of material so plastic, are the best materials for forming a great nation and founding a stable power, is another question. It is at least certain that these Japanese were the genuine representatives of that spirit of progress or innovation which is hurrying the ancient empire of the Mikados towards a future that no one can foretell.

Had the Japanese been a nation of quick and docile barbarians, we could better understand all that has passed among them of late years. But until Americans and Europeans bombarded them into the brotherhood of nations, they had been conservative to bigotry, and with no little reason. The past they are now impatient to break with was one of which any untravelled people might well be proud ; and it was odd enough that, at the moment when they were flocking

to Vienna, they were playing a game of cross purposes with the most advanced nations of the Western world. While they were doing their best to denationalize themselves with astounding success, we Europeans were servilely copying their arts, and humbly confessing that our attempts at imitation were failures. Wherever you moved about among the ornamental works of the Exhibition—especially among the ceramics, the wood-carving, and the precious metals—you saw Japanese ideas in the ascendant. If there were extraordinary grace in an outline, or wonderful delicacy in a fabric, you might be pretty sure it was borrowed from the Japanese. Although there are follies in fashions, and our connoisseurs have launched into many an absurd extravagance since Dutch monsters fetched fabulous prices, in the early days of the Hanoverian dynasty, there could be no mistake about the æsthetic purity of this fashion. In the court of the Japanese you could judge for yourself of the admirable superiority of their models. You crossed the threshold to find yourself in an artistic fairyland, where fancy might be said to have run the wildest riot, had it not been subordinated so invariably to the sense of the beautiful. There was much that was grotesque, for rich drollery and quaint humour abounded. There was a great deal of ingeniously imagined deformity : but in the grotesqueness there was never anything to scandalize, and often the deformity had its positive fascination. Everywhere the perfect elaboration of the patient execution did ample justice to the vigorous originality of the design. The monsters, marine and terrestrial, exquisitely moulded in brass or bronze, were instinct with life ; while, fabulous or not, they impressed you with a conviction of the general correctness of their anatomy. The snakes and lizards coiling themselves on the covers of vases, or twining themselves into handles or hinges, looked like nature itself in all their fantastic contortions. There was a world of expression in the eyes of the elephants and the sagacious curl of the animals' trunks. As for the fabrics of the famous pottery-ware, the colouring of the painted flowers and the tints of the plumage of the birds, they were the envy and despair of Staffordshire potteries and Parisian artists. With all their taste, appliances, and experience, neither Deck in France nor Mr. Binns in England could surpass, or even equal, the delicate ivory of the Sut-

suma-ware, with its waving lines, or the red and grey of the exquisite Kago. No European fingers had the nicety to manipulate those minute *plaques* of gold that were wrought into those wondrous designs on the exquisitely finished cabinets; while the *repoussé*-work on vases, caskets, and incense-burners was inimitable in its delicacy. Painting, no doubt, was in its infancy with them. They had crude notions of perspective; they had not gone on educating themselves through successive centuries to develop schools and styles; nor did they show any of the highly varnished canvasses we hang on the walls of academies and *salons*. With them the painter was rather in the pay of the upholsterer and house-decorator. They dashed in a pattern in outline on screens and hangings, with men and heads, birds and fishes, fruits and flowers. But in the measure and within the scope of their designs, they showed something more like genius than talent. There were flights of water-fowl streaming through the air, there were fishes cleaving the water. There was but a line, a dot, or a shadow here and there to convey the idea of water or the atmosphere. It eluded your critical sagacity altogether to discover how the artist had conveyed so easily the idea of motion, lightness, and buoyancy; but there could be no mistake about the vivid reality of your impressions. And yet the collection that excited the admiration of connoisseurs only indicated faintly the extent and value of the art-treasures of the Japanese empire; for the rage for Japanese art has prevailed among us for a good many years, and dealers and brokers have picked up most that were for sale, and transferred it before now to wealthy amateurs. It is true that the Government, when it decided on exhibiting, advertised for industrial objects, to be produced regardless of cost. But the Mikado and the great nobles were not likely to strip their palaces and risk their most treasured objects on a perilous sea-voyage, even in order that they might raise the reputation of their country in the opinion of remote barbarians. Such as the exhibition was, however, it showed you sufficient to indicate the existence of an old civilization of a very high character; for when a country has made such advances in the arts, it implies a strong social organization, refined tastes, and the leisure and security to indulge them. Anarchy and irresponsible despotism arbitrarily exercised, are altogether incompatible with

the calm thought and patient labour that for many centuries had been working those precious materials into those costly heirlooms. There had been wars and troubles in Japan, no doubt,—indeed the Japanese have been a military nation *par excellence*; and the sword was the most honoured of all the professions, for the military caste took rank after the nobles. But the manner of conducting wars and feuds may be a proof the more of the progress and spirit of a nation; and these ancient vases and cabinets must either have been saved by sound engineering from siege and storm, or been spared by the victors in a spirit of appreciation, or else by capitulations honourably observed.

The Japanese have notoriously been a nation of warriors, and that in all probability was the reason why the exhibition was so surprisingly pacific in its character. They have just been fighting out their revolution in a sharp series of civil wars; throwing aside the weapons that served their fathers and used to satisfy themselves, and snatching eagerly at those that were offered them by European traders. Of late years it was European war-steamers and field-pieces, Sniders, Enfields, powder and cartridges, that figured most conspicuously among the imports at the treaty ports; but as yet they had scarcely found time to establish gun-factories for themselves, and so they had nothing to exhibit among native productions by way of competing with Essen or Woolwich. Yet one warlike object they did exhibit, and a very significant one, for it was eloquent of the marvellous transitions they are passing through, as well as of the extraordinary dangers which beset the foreigners who have settled among them. The chain-armour of a Japanese foot-soldier, with the plumed morion to match, had slipped in somehow among the china and the cabinets. It embodied in itself many of the odd contrasts and inconsistencies which still strike the stranger in Japan, although they are fast disappearing before revolutionary legislation: it reminded you of the recent vitality of that formidable, aggressive, and reactionary feudal system which consented of a sudden to its own happy despatch in the very flush of a crowning victory. It expressed the intense antagonism of the immemorial institutions of Japan to that trading spirit which has carried all before it, imbuing to all appearance in a few short years the natural leaders of the

feudal aristocracy of the empire. It was eloquent of the romantic side of the Japanese life and manners, which in their very picturesqueness were a standing menace to strangers. It recalled the times—they are only of yesterday—when the streets, highroads, and houses of entertainment swarmed with the swordsmen retainers of the daimios; when these men, who, by training and tradition, were utterly reckless of life and consequences, regarded every foreigner they set eyes upon as the symbol of all that was most vile and objectionable; when the country was infested by bands of masterless men-at-arms, something of a cross between the knight-errant and the *condottiero*. Chain-armour of this kind was going out of fashion with us when the Black Prince and his father won Crecy and Poitiers; morions of the sort have been out of date since the wars of the Long Parliament; but they were the uniform worn by the soldiers of Chosiu and Satsuma when they were settling their domestic differences the other day, within range or hearing of the rifled guns in our ironclads. The armour of yesterday is relegated to-day to museums, with all the antiquated institutions it symbolized; but the men who wore it can scarcely have changed their natures, or renounced the feelings inculcated as the religion of their caste.

Japan has always been enveloped in mystery, thanks to its jealous policy of exclusion; and now that its ports are thrown open to us, it is more of a mystery than ever. The story of our intercourse with it during the last quarter of a century has resembled in all respects a historical romance. It has abounded in sensations and startling surprises. It has been a succession of plots cleverly contrived to puzzle us, and of which we scarcely yet hold the clue. The grand *dénouement* is yet to come, and the best-informed observers are watching for it in hopeless mystification. As for exciting episodes, they are endless. Peaceful diplomatists have been sitting and negotiating under keen-edged swords that have been literally suspended by threads. Merchants have been pushing their trade in the teeth of prejudices, and in defiance of threats,—buying and selling on the treacherous edge of an abyss. Now the country is apparently inundated with European ideas, and the loyal subjects of the galvanized Mikado are supposed to have renounced their most cherished prejudices, and to have taken for their

models foreigners and traders—the people they detested, following a calling they despised. But to measure the movement, and to estimate the dangers our countrymen have so far tided over in comparative safety, we must glance at what we know of the condition of the empire before the recent revolution and fall of the Shogun.

There are a good many excellent works on the subject—excellent at least, according to their authors' light at the time of writing; for we have gradually been fathoming the depths of our ignorance. But of the works that have been written, there is none, perhaps, that gives a more thorough insight into Japanese society than one of the lightest and least pretending—Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan." One veracious native history like that of the "Forty-seven Ronins" is worth any quantity of speculative commentary on passing events, hit off superficially from the European point of view. The features in the national character and institutions, brought out by Mitford in the boldest relief, are precisely those that would make the events that have been happening lately under our eyes appear most improbable. We see a martial spirit in the ascendant everywhere: the soldier class ranking after the nobles; the agriculturist taking precedence over the ingenious artisan; and the trading counterpart of the foreign settlers occupying the lowest place of all. We see the central Government, with which foreigners would naturally treat, divided against itself; while powerful feudatories, paying but an illusory allegiance to their liege lord, overshadowed the throne altogether, and carried the system of decentralization to an extreme. We see the patriarchal principle almost more absolute than it ever was among ourselves in the Highlands of Scotland; the system of clanship in the fullest force, with a self-sacrificing devotion on the part of the clansmen so sublime as sometimes to border on the ludicrous. The point of a tragic story often lies in the grim humour with which a vassal gravely insists on despatching himself for a mere bagatelle—for nowhere perhaps do men part more lightly with their lives than in Japan. Not only do the Japanese possess the passive indifference to death of the Chinaman, who will make a bargain for his life as for anything else that belongs to him; but they have the active and high-flown courage which inspired the fantastic chivalry of our middle ages.

Setting their personal feelings out of the question altogether, the very idea that the foreigners were objects of detestation to their lords, with the knowledge that their being under the protection of the Government made it a somewhat dangerous matter to meddle with them, was quite sufficient to provoke the swaggering Samurais to undertake the adventure of cutting down individuals. No doubt assassination and attempts at assassination occurred not unfrequently. The only marvel is, that massacres have not been universal, and that either the legations or the mercantile communities have survived so far to see their perseverance rewarded.

Take the tale of the "Forty-seven Ronins" by way of illustrating our argument. The Ronins, who figure so conspicuously in Japanese legends, are, to borrow the old Scotch phrase, "broken men" — literally "wave men" — who, by some crime or accident, are masterless for the time being, and who have taken to living by sword and stirrup, in defiance of the law and at war with society. The famous Forty-seven were part of the following of a high dignitary of the Shogunate. Being thrown on the world by his untimely and violent death, they banded themselves together in secret to avenge him. Their unfortunate master had been condemned to the *hara-kiri* — solemn suicide, with all the forms of state ceremony — for attempting to right a wrong of his own within the sacred precincts of the Shogun's palace. They vowed to carry out the work that their master had been interrupted in; but his enemy and theirs was wary and vigilant, and formidably guarded in his fortified residence. In their loyalty they deliberately decided to sacrifice their own careers, their lives, their character, their happiness, and their tenderest affections. To disarm suspicion, their leader betakes himself to a life of low debauchery, haunts houses of ill-fame, and rolls about the public ways in a state of swinish intoxication. Nay, more, he quarrels with his dearly-loved wife when she remonstrates; and to make sure that his part shall be played out to perfection, he does not take her into his confidence. On the contrary, he divorces her with abusive words, sending her away sorrowing, to the scandal of their grown-up family. So much for the preparation; and the circumstances of the night attack, when it comes off at last, are scarcely less significant of the national manners. The palace to be as-

sailed is in the crowded metropolis of Yeddo; and the Forty-seven send round the quarter to warn its inhabitants not to be alarmed should they hear a disturbance. The formal announcement runs thus: "We, the Ronins, who were formerly in the service of Asano Takumi no Kami, are this night about to break into the palace of Kôtsuké no Suké, to avenge our lord. As we are neither night robbers nor ruffians, no hurt will be done to the neighbouring houses. We pray you to set your minds at rest." Accordingly, not a soul stirs, although the desperate fight is maintained for hours. For the body-guards of Kôtsuké no Suké show themselves just as stanch as the Ronins, and, taken by surprise as they were, they fight it out till they fall to a man. The palace is carried, and its occupant ferreted out, hiding himself in rather ludicrous circumstances. Yet the chief of the Ronins, warm from the fray, in spite of his inveterate animosity and the contemptible appearance presented by his trembling victim, makes it a point of honour to resume the calm dignity of a warrior's training. He is exceptionally punctilious in observing the forms of humble respect due to a superior. He briefly recalls the circumstances that have brought about the present catastrophe, apologizing with much courtesy for the disagreeable necessity to which he and his companions have been driven, and respectfully prays the wounded nobleman to execute the "happy despatch" volunteering himself for "the honour" of acting as second. Kôtsuké, however, won't hear of this. He is one of those rare characters in Japanese legend or history — a coward who even shrinks from death when it is inevitable. So he figures passively in place of actively as, principal in the drama that is hastily enacted, and the Ronins evacuate his palace, carrying off his head. It is their intention to offer it on their master's tomb. Although the city is all in excitement by this time, no one attempts to obstruct their retreat. It is understood that the head of their late master's family has got his retainers all under arms, ready to come to their support if necessary. He will protect them from the populace, or the followers of other princes; he even offers them a banquet of honour; yet he will not interpose between them and the law. Their lives were devoted beforehand, and they had counted the cost when they swore themselves to the desperate adventure. They

feast themselves solemnly with "gruel" and wine before completing their pious work, by offering the head of his enemy to the manes of their master. Then they calmly await their fate in the sanctuary where they had taken refuge, although the country is before them, and they can fly if they please. The sentence comes at last in an order that the whole forty-seven shall perform hara-kiri. They have knowingly broken the law, and there is no remitting the penalty. But, although divided in their deaths, they are once more reassembled in an honoured sepulchre, around the master they loved so well; and from that day until now their memory has been revered, and they have been worshipped.

Now this is no picturesque legend of another and earlier state of society, like an exploit of Robin Hood or Rob Roy, or even of some highwayman on Bagshot Heath. Until the other year, if not to the present day, the unfaltering loyalty of the warlike Samurais to their feudal lords was similar in kind, if not in intensity, to that which has immortalized the Forty-seven Ronins. Suicides on the point of honour were just as common lately as then, and were often committed with far less reason. Thus Mr. Mitford tells us how, so late as 1868, a man had solemnly disembowelled himself among the graves of the Ronins, simply because he had been refused admission among the followers of the Prince of Chosiu; and no one seemed to think the proceeding anything but natural. An individual act may be prompted by fanaticism or insanity; but there is no misinterpreting the annals of the recent wars. One of the most striking instances we can recall is furnished by the repeated revolts of that Prince of Chosiu, the warlike and turbulent daimio of Naguto. Chosiu took the field in 1864 with fifty thousand men; and of course, in any ordinary war, the men he nourished would naturally follow him. But he flew at high game, and actually assaulted the palace of the Mikado. Now the explanation of the late revolution offered by Iwakaura, the present premier, and other leading politicians, is, that it has its springs in the profound reverence of the nation for the person and office of the Mikado—a reverence which survived the usurpation of his authority by the Shoguns during a period of seven hundred years. Yet Chosiu's troops stood by him in his deed of sacrilege, and they fought gallantly, though the assault failed. The Shogun

and the daimios in alliance with him turned out, and came to the rescue: Chosiu had to succumb to the forces of the League; he and his son shaved their heads and retired from public life to sanctuary in a temple, just as the beaten monarchs of early Christian monarchies were sometimes permitted to withdraw into convents. His contrition and submission were both feigned; but, to give a lively colour to them, and to carry off his part successfully, he informed his great officers who had headed his troops that it was his pleasure they should perform hara-kiri. Then he duly transmitted the heads of these stanch friends of his to the Shogun by way of vouchers. A more cruel, cowardly, and treacherous proceeding—one better fitted to alienate the affections of the most loyal subjects—it is difficult to conceive. Yet in the following year, when he was again in the field, his men followed him as loyally as ever, although the military odds were all against him, and although in the disturbed state of the country they could have deserted him with absolute impunity.

But in truth, not only was there blind devotion among the men-at-arms to their immediate chiefs, but a most deferential submission among all classes to those above them. First came the nobles, then the soldiers, then the agriculturists, artisans, traders. The men who tilled the ground held high honour comparatively in the social hierarchy; but they submitted in resigned acquiescence to the imposts of their landlords, until sometimes when their burdens became at last absolutely intolerable. To venture on remonstrance or appeal needed heroism almost as self-sacrificing as that which animated the Ronins; and next to the tale of the Forty-seven, the story in Mitford which is most characteristic is that of the ghost of Sakurá. Sôgorô is headman of a village in a district which is being ground to the dust by exactions. The miserable inhabitants take heart of grace and petition their lord, who is an absentee proprietor residing in Yeddo. They take nothing by their petition but a warning not to do it again. Driven to desperation, Sôgorô, knowing full well what he has to expect in any case, resolves on appeal to the Shogun, stops him as Richie Moniplies stopped King James, and thrusts a petition into his litter. The "siffication" is favourably received, the truth of its contents being admitted on inquiry—things must have

come to a melancholy pass with the villagers before such an act of insubordination was approved — and the lord is commanded to do justice. He dare not disobey the Shogun, but Sôgorô is his, to deal with as he pleases; nor does the Shogun, in the full plenitude of his power, feel it his province to interpose for the unlucky villager's protection. Sôgorô is condemned to crucifixion, with his wife and family. The population of the district he has saved are full of sympathy, although not greatly surprised. Sôgorô is a lost man, they see; indeed, his life is forfeited by custom, if not by law. But they make an effort to save his wife and children, and nothing can be more thoroughly Japanese than the quaint wordling of their petition. "With deep fear we humbly venture" — "With reverence and joy we gratefully acknowledge the favour," squeezed out of this vindictive lord — "With fear and trembling we recognize the justice of Sôgorô's sentence." Sôgorô has been "guilty of a heinous crime." "In his case we reverently admit there can be no reprieve."

In fact, when we established relations with Japan, it was a federation of feudal despotisms, administered more or less benevolently according to the individual dispositions of the daimios, and all nominally subjected to the Shogun, who was despotic within his own territories, and so far as his power extended beyond them. The great daimios resided for a good part of the year in Yeddo, the Shogun's capital, in vast palaces that covered whole quarters. The barracks of potentates like Satsuma or Chosiu had accommodation for 10,000 or 15,000 men, and were often overflowing. And these formidable body-guards were not regularly drilled and disciplined troops. They were reckless swashbucklers, idle and penniless, for their bread literally depended on their masters, and they subsisted on the daily rations of rice by which their masters measured their incomes. We have seen how lightly life is held by all classes; and these men were trained from their boyhood to show contempt for death. Not a man of the gentlemen among them but had been regularly instructed in the ceremonial of the hara-kiri, with the view of dying with dignity and credit should he ever be condemned to solemn suicide. The Japanese youths were taught to die as boys with us are taught to dance. Not a man among them but would have thought himself honoured at being singled out to

commit an assassination on his prince's behalf, and who would not have felt his mission the more flattering had he been commanded to make himself a scapegoat, and keep his prince's counsel. They were far quicker to take murderous hints than the duller brains of the Barons to whom Henry spoke so plainly, when he longed to be rid of the overbearing Becket. Without hints of any sort they understood the spirit of their masters' minds, and knew they could rely upon the protection of their clansmen should they come home red-handed after cutting down a foreigner. Even when they went abroad with no particular design — when they were swaggering about in the tea-houses with those naked blades of theirs, the keener of which are warranted to cut through three corpses at a blow — the temptation to have a slash at a passing foreigner must often have been almost irresistible. As we remarked before, the wonder is, not that foreigners were occasionally slaughtered, but that a single individual of them was suffered to exist. When a crime was committed, and the Shogun declared, in answer to remonstrances, that his justice was baffled, it is more than likely that he generally spoke the truth. It might have puzzled a daimio to detect a culprit among the crowd of his followers, although, no doubt, had he declared that a scapegoat was wanted, there would have been keen competition for the honourable service.

Such were the daimios and their retainers when the American and European war squadrons were prevailing on the Shogun to give us access to the country. So long as the daimios were courteous to the Shogun, and spoke reverentially of the Mikado, they had pretty much *carte blanche* to do as they pleased even in Yeddo. In their own dominions they were absolute. They were very bigoted; the chief of them were very rich; they had good reason to be satisfied with the island-empire they had locked themselves up in; they dreaded change; they detested foreigners, and especially despised them in their capacity of traders, the capacity in which the strangers claimed admission to Japan. They had formed their idea of Europeans, Christians, and traders, from the Dutch they penned up in Nagasaki harbour, — for their intercourse with the Portuguese was an old story. The abject submission of these Dutch strangers must have confirmed the Japanese in their contempt for the trading classes. For the sake of

profit, the Dutch had consented to all manner of inflictions and restrictions; and it had been the consistent policy of the authorities to degrade them in the eyes of the people. They were shut up in an artificial island; they had to send a solemn deputation annually to play the mountebanks in the presence of the Mikado by way of court ceremony; they were said to have renounced their religion by trampling on the symbol of their salvation, although that may have been calumny. So when Commodore Perry sailed his squadron into Yeddo Bay in the summer of 1853, the Japanese no doubt believed that he brought a fresh batch of humble petitioners for toleration. They were quickly undeceived, and the American took a bold line from the first. He spoke as equal to equal, with an insinuation of unknown resources in reserve that was calculated to impress an intelligent people. On shore he could have done nothing, and the followers of a daimio of the third class might have disposed of the party of marines he might have landed. But then, on the other hand, he was invulnerable at sea. There his squadrons were floating in the hitherto inviolate waters of the Empire, flaunting their dragon pendants with the stripes and stars, and resolutely declining to be put off with speeches, either soft or imperious. He was mistaken, like the rest of the world, as to who was the legal sovereign; but he was aware that the Shogun was actual ruler, and he declined to enter into negotiations with anybody but officials of the highest rank. There he was, and there he seemed likely to stay. For the Japanese had no navy in their archipelago, although the light coasting vessels that scouted about their enemy's ships were models of grace and skilful construction in their way.

We have no intention of even sketching in outline the history of negotiations since the Americans first broke ground in their straight-forward fashion. We will only repeat that they went the right way to work with their practical sagacity; and very soon — such was the force of their example — the Dutch actually got up from their knees, and provoked a snub by their sudden change of demeanour. In the earliest days of foreign interposition, we think we can comprehend the progress of thought and the shifting relations of parties in the empire. The Mikado had nothing to say in the matter, and probably neither he nor his Court nobles felt any great interest in it. The

Shoguns had administered the realm for centuries, and it was the province of the Shoguns to deal with those importunate barbarians. The daimios were disgusted with the overweening pretensions of the new arrivals; they detested them heartily, with the strange forms of civilization they had imported, and they resented the Shogun not having got rid of them at once. As for the Shogun, he was very sensible of the increasing pressure he was being subjected to. Sharp and intelligent like all his countrymen, he made it his business to find out what forces those intrusive foreigners could dispose of, and to discover whether they were in a position to make good their promises. For while they hinted that he must be coerced in case of recalcitrancy, they were very eloquent as to all he would gain were he only to give in to them with a good grace. At first, unquestionably, it was his purpose to get credit with his countrymen by throwing dust in the strangers' eyes, for his position was excessively delicate and dangerous, as events have proved. As the strangers would not be blinded, he had to choose the lesser of two evils: he went in for the speculative alternative of obtaining for himself and his country great gains by means of trade, at the risk of provoking unpopularity and strong animosities. We talk of the Shogun, for such seems to have been the successive policy of the men who filled the office while foreigners had anything to do with them. But in those few years the Shoguns changed fast. An acting regent was assassinated in broad day close to the very gates of his palace; while one, if not two others, died under strong suspicion of poison. But in reality it was the last of the Shoguns — the instigator of that audacious assassination of the regent — who voluntarily embodied in his conduct the policy that had been forced on his predecessors by the very decided line he adopted. He hurried matters to the crisis that crushed the Shogunate.

Yoshi Hisha, a prince of the family of Mito, began to be so firmly persuaded of the profits of this foreign connection, that he fell under the suspicion of desiring to monopolize them for his own advantage. Seventeen years had elapsed since Commodore Perry's arrival in Japanese waters, and the daimios all the time had been in process of conversion to European ideas. Satsuma had been bombarded in his capital of Kagosima. A descent had been made on Chosiu's territo-

ries, in retaliation for his firing upon passing shipping; his batteries had been spiked in the straits of Nagasaki, and the obstructions cleared away that he had laid down in their intricate channel. The daimios had learned the value of European weapons, and the comparative worthlessness of their own. They had begun to buy armour-plated steamers and rifled guns; but each was nervously apprehensive that his neighbour might get the start of him. What chance had a body of irregular swordsmen clothed in chain-armour, with regularly drilled battalions armed with breech-loaders? And there was the Shogun at head-quarters treating directly with the foreigners; increasing a strength they were already jealous of, and which had no superstitious sanction, like that of the Mikados. He made concession of treaty ports after a great show of resistance, and all of them were in territories that were under his personal control. The eighteen great feudatories could only conduct their transactions with the strangers through the intermediacy of the Shogun's officers; the Prince of Satsuma being perhaps an exception, for he always kept himself on a somewhat exceptional footing. At first these feudatories had been as bitterly opposed to new-fangled innovations as our English squires when their properties were threatened by the railway companies. Now, like the Englishmen, when they saw that money was being lavished all around them, they recognized their mistake, and tried to retrieve it. They were eager for opening treaty ports of their own; and the Shogun, who saw that discontent was rife, and war imminent in any case, was more resolved than ever not to concede these. Were the war to break out, arms might counterbalance numbers, and he had no idea of renouncing what advantage he possessed in the way of obtaining superior equipments. Already it appeared that the warlike prince of Nagato had managed to get the start of him in that respect, probably in great measure by way of contraband trade, if trade may be called contraband when the rebellious potentate was strong enough and bold enough to carry it on in defiance of his superior.

While the Shogunate was being threatened by this formidable coalition, it occurred to both parties to turn to the Mikado. In the seven hundred years of the Shogunate it had been the interest and policy of the reigning Shogun to ignore the *empereur fainéant* of Kioto; and this

policy of neglect had succeeded so well that the daimios had come to regard the Mikado as a phantom. When Lord Elgin and Baron Gros had treated with the Shogun as supreme sovereign, that usurping dignitary had left them in their mistake; and when the treaties were solemnly signed and sealed, no one else had cared to undeceive them. Indeed, what had once been usurpation had since been sanctioned by time and custom; and if prescription and acquiescence go for anything in a matter of the kind, the Shogun was sovereign by acquiescence of the Mikado. If might as well as right had remained with the Shoguns, we should have heard nothing of reviving the temporal supremacy of the Mikados. But the intercourse with the foreigners had shaken the political and social relations of the country to their foundation. The influence of the Shogun had depended not so much on his personal territorial power as on a solidarity of interest with the most powerful daimios; for the Shogunate was not hereditary in a single family, but elective among four of the leading houses. Now the daimios being divided against themselves, the Shogun who was their chief began to totter. The hostile daimios had bethought themselves of flying the Mikado's flag, thus turning the tables on the Shogun, and declaring him a rebel *de jure*. The last but one of the Shoguns was a lad and a puppet, but those who advised him made counter-advances to the Mikado in self-defence, thus accepting the false position the hostile daimios had made for them. The last of the Shoguns, elected from a rival family — he was a cadet of the powerful family of Mito — was a singularly clear-sighted man, and probably he discerned the signs of the times as plainly as anybody. He accepted office with pretended reluctance; by certain stipulations he insisted upon, he admitted himself to be merely a viceroy and commander-in-chief, charged with carrying out the wishes of the Mikado and leading the forces of the empire. He was ambitious, no doubt, or he would not have put himself forward in these troublous times; but his ambition was regulated by sound judgment. By taking office on the terms he did, he opened for his ambition a double alternative. Things might settle back into the old position, in which case he might again be governor *de facto*, as his predecessors had been. Or if the Shogunate was doomed, as was much more likely, he might resign his state without

loss of dignity, and still remain the foremost man in the country, administering affairs as minister of the Mikado. It would only be exchanging his residence in Yeddo for a residence in Kioto.

Things turned out as he probably expected, and we need not trace their history. The Shogun was driven to abdicate, but he had to abdicate under the pressure of unsuccessful campaigns, and far too late for the fulfilment of that alternative hope of his. The victors spared his life and his property; and although he has since been recalled to inferior office, it is probable that he has passed from the history of Japan. One sharp successful war had dispossessed him. A second campaign disposed of his north-eastern allies, who had tried to revenge and restore him, in their jealousy of the south-western daimios. The Mikado remains, nominally, absolute master; actually, exercising such an authority as none either of his predecessors or of the Shoguns had ever exercised in the long annals of the empire. He—or his advisers—lost not a moment in putting his newly-regained powers to the test. They struck while the metal was hot with a vengeance, and sent showers of sparks flying over the length and breadth of the country, that might have caused explosions everywhere among a far less inflammable people. Yet, until the other day, everything passed off peaceably; and now we are assured that the recent disturbances are a mere question of the popularity of a foreign war. We ask ourselves question upon question, and can find satisfactory answers to none of them, if we are to judge by historical precedent elsewhere, or our ideas of human nature all the world over. Who were the real promoters of the revolution? Were they the four great daimios whose names have been put forward so conspicuously, or were they adroit wire-pullers in humbler ranks, who made use of their great men for their own purposes? What was the spell they used to subvert the most sacred institutions, to conciliate the feelings and the prejudices of the nation? Did it all originate—as we are told it originated—in a profound veneration for the Mikado's person and office? How came it that the victorious daimios were prevailed upon to execute a happy despatch—to part with their authority and their lands, and their formidable military following? Then there are a variety of other questions, with respect to the future, scarcely less interesting, and of more practical

consequence. We should be glad to know, for example, who are the real rulers of the country; what is the actual state of feeling under the apparent calm; how the foreigners are regarded, for they have undoubtedly been at the bottom of everything; what has become of the hordes of disbanded swordsmen whose occupation is gone, and who are reduced to penury; whether the secularized and disendowed priests of a once popular religion still retain their hold on their devotees, and are disposed to preach a holy war by invoking the support of the interests that have suffered. And last, but not least, comes the financial question; indeed it must take precedence of all the others, in states that rank as Japan aspires to do. Will the new financial machinery, so suddenly improvised, support the strain of those heavy burdens that are the consequence of this general imitation of all things European?

On all these points we own we can hazard nothing better than conjecture; and it is the very uncertainty in which they are involved that has induced us to call attention to affairs in Japan. The most trustworthy authorities frankly confess themselves puzzled, while more credulous individuals are content to accept Japanese explanations—which is simply absurd. Only time can elicit the truth, and time is likely to bring it out speedily, if matters keep moving as they have been doing hitherto. It is possible that some of these problems may be left unsolved for the benefit of posterity, for we are never likely to have better means of forming an opinion than at present,—and at present we are all abroad—as to the action of the insurgent daimios, for instance, and the use they made of the Mikado's name. Iwakura, the present prime minister, volunteered an explanation to Baron Hübnér, the Austrian *diplomat*, whose account of Japan is the best that has lately been published. Iwakura's explanation was that the Shogunate had been accumulating a heavy load of unpopularity, while the principle of veneration for the Mikado had remained profoundly rooted in every heart in the country. In other words, it only needed an appeal to that veneration to work miracles; when by a sudden process, resembling that of religious revivals in our own country, it softened simultaneously the hearts of all the daimios in a moment of intense political agitation, and made them sacrifice, in evidence of their sincerity, everything they had most

dearly cherished. These unselfish converts to a patriotic principle commenced their revolt with a combined attack on the palace of the Mikado, and a violation of the sanctity of his sacred person. Having once mastered his person, they sent out their proclamations in his name; and in the ecstatic sublimity of its reviving faith, the country resigned itself to the most revolutionary measures, ignoring all that was suspicious in the transaction. We may grant readily enough that the people prudently pretended a faith they did not feel, and shrank from trying conclusions with the forces of the victorious princes. But what are we to think of the conduct of the daimios themselves? The princes of Satsuma, Chosiu, Hitzen, and Tosa had overthrown the Shogun, apparently because he was menacing their feudal authority, or at least because he seemed likely to increase his own in virtue of his more intimate relations with the strangers. And the first step they took after this victory was to resign all they had been fighting for, and infinitely more than any one would have dreamed of exacting of them, even had they been prostrated in a series of disastrous campaigns. They volunteered the abolition of the feudal system, to which they owed their very existence. They offered guarantees for their sincerity by resigning the bulk of their vast territories into the possession of the Crown. They surrendered their valued titles of honour. They consented to receive Crown *préfets* into their hereditary dominions, to administer them absolutely in the name of the central authority. In further proof of straightforward dealing, they consented to direct upon Yeddo all the troops they did not disband, with all that *matériel* of war whose costly accumulation had probably been at the bottom of the overthrow of the Shogun.

Let us admit, for the sake of argument, that the four leaders of the movement did all this for a blind — that they knew they could make better use of their men and *matériel* at the capital than in their outlying dominions. The admission is quite inconsistent with the fact that six-and-thirty other daimios, openly opposed to the movement, or else outsiders, imitated them blindly. The memorable document, the protocol of the political harakiri they were executing, was drawn up by the Minister Kido, who has taken a leading part in the revolution all along. Till then Kido had been a simple Samurai of the Prince of Chosiu, and his re-

markable ability and sagacity are beyond all dispute. This is one of the passages embodied in his famous State paper: "The place where we live is the property of the Mikado, and the food we eat is grown by his subjects. How then can we make the land we possess our own?" It is as audacious a bit of humour as we have ever come across, considering what manner of men they were whose ideas it professed to embody. These were the men who had made themselves unconstitutionally absolute in the course of seven hundred years, and it was late in the day to ask so delicate a question without a syllable of apology for deferring it so long. Yet if the daimios have been playing a game hypocritically in their own ambitious interests, it must be admitted that the game is a very desperate one. They had so very little to gain, and so very much to lose. Only one of them could attain to a dictatorship, and that he could not make hereditary; while the rest have in any case taken a step they cannot recede from, even should they care to provoke a counter-revolution. There is no restoring a feudal system that has been the gradual growth of centuries. They have broken up their clans, and subverted the castes on which their feudal supremacy depended. Their disbanded swordsmen are seeking service in the national army, or betaking themselves to the agriculture and handicrafts they used formerly to despise. Either they have been hoodwinked into the most unparalleled act of abnegation recorded in history, or in their short-sighted ambition they have been guilty of a most egregious and suicidal piece of folly.

It is possible that their self-sacrifice may be for the permanent benefit of the empire; and that Japan may date a new era of prosperity from the self-denying ordinance promulgated by its nobles. In the course of half-a-dozen years, Japan has transformed itself into a civilized kingdom, and has advanced itself more decidedly in many respects than some of the ancient monarchies of Europe. It has State Councils and Privy Councils — a house of representatives, subdivided into committees; it has sixty-six *arrondissements*, each with its *préfet*; it has railways and telegraphs, mints and educational establishments with European professors; it has sent its legations abroad, resident or with roving commissions; and it has a national debt that bids fair to increase rapidly if the credit of the country holds good. But if the

successive coatings of civilized varnish have not been laid on far too quick, the atmosphere of Japan must be altogether exceptional. The revolution was in no sense a popular one, whatever its promoters may allege. If the people have the vigour of intellect they are credited with, the country must be pregnant with the elements of discontent and disturbance. There are the inferior daimios, whose teeth have been filed, and whose claws have been cut, and who must begin to repent their surrender when they become conscious of their comparative impotency. There are the priests of Buddha, who may consider the permission to marry but poor compensation for the loss of the endowments and offerings they could have afforded to marry upon. There are the lower orders, who used to flock in crowds to the temples of Buddha, and who are now commanded to go back to the established church, and return to the more orthodox worship of Shinto. There is the vexatious imposition of increased taxes, which must be rigorously enforced if the Government is to pay its way. In old times the feudal vassals paid contributions in kind; and they paid nothing or very little when the rice crop was a failure. In old times it was only the agriculturists who paid, and the industrial and commercial classes escaped altogether. Now, all are rated alike. Nor is the Government content to interfere merely with the consciences and the pockets of its subjects—both of them points on which men are extremely sensitive all the world over. It extends its initiatory regulations to their persons, and nothing is too great or too small to be legislated for in elaborate detail. Now-a-days the greatest nobles are denied the liberty of living where they please. Formerly, they were bound to spend half the year in the capitol of the Mikado; now, they must pass the whole of the twelve months there, and are forbidden to reside on their patrimonial domains. It may be right to put a stop to the sale of young girls, and to restrict the unbounded licence of divorce. But it was a strong measure to lay down sumptuary laws for the ladies' toilets, and to compel every Japanese to cut his top-lock and let his hair grow all over his head. These miscellaneous measures of all sorts and sizes may be right and wise in themselves, or they may not. But this much seems certain, that no nation with a real capacity for progress and self-education can sit down complacently

and contentedly under legislation at once so trivial and imperious.

In making our rapid summary of the vested interests that have been injured or outraged, we have left one class for special mention, because our countrymen settled in Japan are specially concerned in its future. We have no means of estimating the numbers of the disbanded Samurai. We only know that each of the daimios used to entertain a host of these irregulars, according to his degree and the extent of his revenues; that, as we said, Satsuma and Hitzen thought nothing of bringing fifty thousand men into the field, or of keeping a fifth of that number on permanent garrison duty at Yeddo. And we know that, roughly speaking, the new national army, including the line and the imperial guard, consists of no more than some thirty infantry battalions. A few of the Samurai have taken service with the Government; the rest are thrown on their wits and the world. These are the men who would have turned Ronins a few years ago, roaming the country in search of reckless adventure. Some very inadequate provision has been made for them by the legislature, and they are officially recommended to betake themselves to more peaceful professions. Even were they ready and willing to do so, it must be long before industrial society could absorb so many individuals utterly unfitted by previous training for ordinary work. But in reality, work of any kind must be intensely repugnant to their training and tastes. It is derogating from their superiority of caste, and renouncing their *esprit de corps*. Agriculture is relatively respectable; but it can scarcely be pleasant for a Court swashbuckler to exchange the sword for the spade. As for handicrafts, they are contemptible, and commerce is still more so. Thus these men who are strong enough to coerce the community, and who possibly might get the better of the troops of the State in spite of breech-loaders and rifled field-pieces, have everything in the world to gain by a revolution. Even domestic disturbances or a foreign war would restore them in the mean time their old occupation. And in the event either of a revolution or an *émeute*, what would be their feelings towards foreign merchants and the foreign legations? for it is certainly foreign interference that has turned their world upside down.

So far as we can judge, a knot of able and pushing statesmen are the only per-

sons who as yet have profited by the changes, and all of these are adventurers more or less. There are Iwakaura, who is Provisional Prime Minister; and Sanjo, who was President of the Council. Both are men of the first rank and connections, but they are both taken from the class of the Kugos or nobles of the Court of the Mikado, and the Kugos had neither the territorial influence nor warlike following of the daimios. There is Kido, whom we have already spoken of, perhaps the ablest of them all; and there is Okuma. Kido came to power as delegate for the Chosiu clan, as Okuma for the Hijen, and Itagaki for the Satsuma; and previous to the revolution, Kido was nothing but an ordinary Samurai, while Okuma was a humble student on his promotion. Whether they worked upon more powerful men or were put forward by them, it appears clear that at the present moment they actually direct the State policy. In other words, the formidable elements of the old society are being dexterously set off against each other, by sleight-of-hand or shrewdness of brain. The recent troubles are said to have arisen out of the question of the Corea war, and it is reported that they have been pretty nearly suppressed. Yet the symptoms were very ominous. There was an attempt to assassinate Iwakaura, which nearly proved successful; and men who are well informed assure us that the mutiny in the island of Kiusiu is believed to have been fomented by those princes of Satsuma, Tosa, and Chosiu, who already begin to repent the precipitate surrender of their feudal powers. Be that as it may, it is certain that the disbanded Samurais must have set their hearts upon a foreign war, and that the pacific policy of the present Minister must have gone far to aggravate the prevailing discontent. We hope the best, because everything we have lately seen of them assures us that the Japanese have great capabilities for improvement. But just because they have great capabilities, because they have shown themselves thoughtful and intelligent, with quick feelings and earnest convictions, we can hardly help apprehending the worse. The Ministry who have made the revolution must understand their countrymen far better than we do, and may be able to guide it through shoals and breakers. In any case, the progress of events must speedily give us a clue to the *dénouement* of the historical drama.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
THE THIRD EMPIRE.

THE quarrel between the Legitimists and the Orleanists seems to have become too bitter and too declared to leave any room for a reconciliation, and a necessary consequence of that quarrel is the final exclusion from the throne of both branches of the Bourbons. The Comte de Chambord has made a Legitimist and an Orleanist restoration alike impossible. His obstinacy has prevented him from accepting the Crown for himself, and at the same time it has stirred up so much anger against the Orleanists in the minds of his followers that it is very doubtful whether even if he were now to die the Legitimists would consent to transfer their allegiance to the Comte de Paris. Without the Legitimists, it is needless to say, a Royalist restoration is out of the question. The hereditary Monarchists being thus cleared out of the way, the field is open to the Republicans and the Imperialists. If this fact were as apparent to Frenchmen as it is to outsiders, the prospects of the Republic would be very much better than they are. The progress which it made under M. Thiers was in every way remarkable, and though the Imperialist reaction is already strong, and is every day growing stronger, there is little doubt that if the Assembly proclaimed the Republic at this moment, and then appealed to its constituents to say whether it had done well, the answer would be an unmistakable affirmative. But this is precisely what to all appearance the Assembly cannot be got to do. Very little dependence can be placed upon a working majority of one, and this is the outside support which the Republic can at present command in the Chamber. It is true that if the Orleanists were to come over in a body to the Left the whole aspect of affairs would be changed, and a time will probably come when the Orleanists will have brought themselves to do this. But the question is whether this time will come soon enough to exercise any real influence upon events. The adhesion of the Right Centre now would establish the Republic, the adhesion of the Right Centre at some future day may only give the Republic a larger band of mourners.

This inability of the Assembly to found any settled Government cannot but force the nation to consider what chances there are of founding a settled Government without the Assembly, and if once Frenchmen take seriously to thinking

about this the return of the Empire is as good as assured. It is the only Government that can appeal directly to the people without making itself distrusted by the people. If the Republicans were to try to sever themselves from the Assembly, they would throw away their only chance of victory. It is in the new power they have displayed of enlisting sober politicians in their ranks, and of adapting themselves to parliamentary necessities, that the origin of their popularity is to be looked for. But the Empire can afford to be democratic because in the hands of Napoleon III. Imperialism was not associated with disorder. If we imagine an intelligent Frenchman, ready to give the Republic a fair trial if it can but succeed in getting itself tried fairly, seeing the faults of the Empire as France has hitherto known it, but convinced, above all, of the necessity of having a Government which shall at any rate claim to be something more than provisional, he might, as he looks at the growth of Imperialist ideas, reason something in this way: It is impossible not to see that the probability of an Imperialist restoration grows greater every day. Is there any reason to fear that the Third Empire will do as much harm to France as the Second Empire did? The worst feature of the Second Empire was not the Emperor but the Emperor's friends. Napoleon III. had been an adventurer all his life, and when he came to the throne he brought with him the companions with which such a career naturally surrounds a man. Napoleon IV. will be better off in this respect. Death has taken away most of the advisers who did so much harm to his father, and his own chief adviser has been his father himself. Defeat, imprisonment, and exile must have cleared away many delusions from the ex-Emperor's mind. At Chiselhurst probably he saw the faults and mistakes of his own career with a clearness of vision that came too late, and his son must have listened to and may have benefited by his father's counsels. If ever the experience of one man can be of any use to another, the experience of Napoleon III. is likely to be useful to Napoleon IV. The only one of his father's advisers who is left to the young Prince, M. Rouher, was mixed up, it is true, with most of the failures and vices of the Imperial administration; but a place of repentance must not be denied to politicians. There was a time when M. Thiers himself might have been ranked as an unscrupulous politician. M. Rouher

has seen the breakdown of one system, and he will hardly care to build it up again without change or improvement. Even the points in which the Third Empire will be inferior to the Second—especially the absence of military or diplomatic prestige—will have a tendency to check the reproduction of the old mistakes. It must be long before a French ruler can again be tempted to divert attention from home blunders by rushing into a foreign war, and the very circumstance that there will be no glory with which to dazzle the nation is a guarantee that popularity must be won in a more sober way. If Frenchmen take the Empire again, they will take it with their eyes open and of their own free choice. Consequently there will be nothing illegitimate about its origin, no birth mark which can only be got rid of by dangerous experiments in political chemistry. Napoleon IV. will have his reputation to make, and he can only make it by a course of steady good government. He will have been called to the throne in no paroxysm of enthusiasm. On the contrary, the main foundation of his title will be the weariness of a nation which has been unable to keep France a Republic or make it a Kingdom, and so comes back, by a process of exhaustion at once logical and political, to the only Government which is left. There is nothing in this position to turn a Sovereign's head, nothing to blind him to the fact that the Empire has been re-established on the implied condition that it is to show itself different from what it has been. It will be a further advantage that, supposing the Empire to be again set up, it will have no serious rival. Republicans and Royalists will each have tried their hand at giving the country settled institutions, and will each have failed. Governments which reign by an undisputed title commonly improve as they go on. The exigencies of administration are found to require the best men that can be had, and the politicians who answer to this description are induced by degrees to take hold of the only opportunities which are open to them. As to the depreciation of parliamentary government which is part of the Imperial theory, the spectacle of a Legislature which will not dissolve itself and cannot be dissolved by any one else, and of an electorate which shows at every turn that it is not represented by the Assembly and yet appears perfectly content to remain unrepresented, is admirably calculated to soothe any undue sus-

ceptibility on this head. The most ardent lover of parliamentary government must admit that the existence of proper materials out of which to construct it is a necessary condition of its successful creation.

It would not be easy to devise a conclusive answer to these speculations. They are prompted by a spirit which in itself is a valuable element in political training, the desire to make the best of what is inevitable. On the assumption that the Republic cannot be founded at once, the Empire is the only alternative that remains for France; and if this is admitted it is the business of a good citizen to look at the fair side of the prospect, in the hope that in this way he will be doing all in his power to make that fair side the true side. That there is another side to the prospect of the Empire is true, and the very fact that its return is so hateful to all moderate French politicians will of itself be a great impediment to a good choice of instruments. But this hostility on the part of moderate politicians may be modified if a Bonapartist restoration becomes inevitable, especially when it is remembered that it will be their own shortsighted dislike of the Republic that will have opened the gates to its adversary.

From The Spectator.

EXAMINATION-MARKS.

THE *Daily Telegraph* tells us of the great triumph which the system of Examination-marks has obtained by its extension to the science of Cookery, and gives us in proof questions with marks attached which have been set at South Kensington by the examiners in that great art to students emulous of diplomas. "A paper of twenty-five questions, in which a possible total of 1,000 marks can be reached, lies before us," says the *Telegraph* of Wednesday. "How would you grill a pound of rump-steak?" asks the twelfth question. "How would you prevent it from getting dried up? What time would it take to cook?" is a question for the perfect answering of which 60 marks are allowed. Then comes,— "How would you prepare a dish of mutton cutlets? Describe the whole process (45 marks)." "How would you make what is called melted butter? (25 marks)." "How would you prepare a cup of bright, clear, and fine-flavoured coffee? Which

of the various kinds of berries should you select, and what quantity of ground coffee would you allow for each cup? (25 marks)." This is indeed a great advancement for the Marks system, but hardly so great a one as the development given it the other day by a vacation party of University men who, in their delight at the discriminating power of the system, agreed to give marks privately to every unit of beauty or sublimity Nature should present to them on their travels and to compare their results on the close of their examining tour, when, so the report says, it was discovered that the various examiners had come to very near the same conclusion, not only as to the hills and river-reaches and waterfalls and glens which had passed in the Honours division, in the first division, and in the second division, and had been plucked altogether by these adventurous measurers of nature's charms, but even as to the individual rank to be assigned to each in each class. The statement is definite enough, though we have no sufficient information as to the beauties of nature which were "gulfed" or "ploughed," and whether the marks given were independent of the weather in which the particular landscapes were seen, or were awarded to units of landscape and weather combined. One can imagine the Jungfrau in a storm of thunder and lightning coming out Senior Wrangler, but the Jungfrau in a day of mist and drizzle being very properly "gulfed." Thus there must have been even more, much more, difficulty in deciding on the unit of phenomenon to which marks should be assigned, than Lady Barker, of the Kensington Cookery School, can ever have had in this respect, for a white soup, or a rump-steak, or a dish of melted butter, or a dish of cutlets, is a perfectly separable phenomenon, the absolute excellence of which cannot depend on any adjuncts, whether of climate or even of temper. If the University enthusiasts were really able to apply their mark system with any substantial agreement to the beauties of nature, it seems pretty clear that they would have been able to apply them with certainly greater success to the beauties of society. A woman or a man is at least as definite a phenomenon as a dish, and would clearly include everything in him or her calculated to impress a companion agreeably or the reverse. If the mark system could but be generalized, how happy it would make Mr. Galton! And why not? With a thousand marks' scale

for everything, it might be possible to determine that a perfect lobster patty should gain the same number of marks among dishes which "Peter Plymley's Letters" should receive in the rank of political literature, or the late Henry Drummond among successful members of the House of Commons, or "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings" amongst Charles Dickens's works. Perhaps the information thus conveyed might not be very definite, but then, as a very excellent examiner said the other day in a learned body, "Whenever I commit myself to a given number of marks as the exact equivalent of any candidate's merit, I always feel I am telling lies;" and if it is useful to commit yourself to a misleading scale of appreciation in judging of definite answers to questions, it may be useful to generalize the information so gained, and compare the place at which one candidate stands in one table of relative merit with that at which another stands in a quite different table of relative merit.

No doubt, in carrying out minutely in practical life this fanciful mark system, the doubts which have already often occurred to puzzled examiners would repeat themselves. For instance, examiners have contended, we think justly, that it would be only right to give negative marks for answers which not only show ignorance, but betray so false a conception of principles, that even the questions answered rightly must be right more by accident than through any intelligent comprehension of the subject. Such a principle, we think, should certainly be imported into the Cookery examination at South Kensington. If any one there replied that a mutton-chop should be fried, the candidate making so radical a mistake of principle should not only gain no marks, but should have, say fifty, deducted from any he or she might otherwise gain. Of what account would it be that he or she could write out a description of the proper way of making short-crust, or of serving up a dish of grilled mushrooms, if, in the elementary fact of all cooking, the use and abuse of the frying-pan, gross ignorance were shown? So, too, if any candidate declared that in order to make good tea, the tea should be allowed to "brew" for five or ten minutes, there should be no mercy shown to one so grossly ignorant of the first great principle of tea. Again, in the vacation rambles of the enthusiasts for marks to whom we have referred, we have no doubt that a corresponding principle must have been

adopted. How could you fairly compare the relative beauties of two glacier-views, without deducting marks for the ugly desolation of moraine and mud in any glacier landscape in which the moraine was a conspicuous feature? How could you estimate the beauty of a Surrey heath, without taking off a great deal for such a blot upon it as a brick-field, with all its clay and hideous monotony of dull cubes? How could you give marks to an English village, without large deductions for obtrusive pigstyes and advertising-boards covered with notices of all the papers that have the "largest circulation in the world," and all the four-post bedsteads which are "sent free by post." No doubt Mr. Boyce, who has an eccentric taste in pictorial art, is apt to introduce ground "to let on building leases," with all its litter, into his clever pictures, but we think he must have some notion that painting should not deal by preference with the beautiful, but rather with the imitable,—and these things are certainly very easily imitable on canvas. Again, if ever marks should be applied, as they may one day be, in case our examining tourists follow up their own precedent, by young men to the qualities of young ladies, or *vice versa*, with the view of selecting as a partner for life the candidate who gains the largest number of marks in a competitive examination for general companionability, it will certainly be necessary to strike off marks very freely for what may be called negative qualities. If a thousand marks were the maximum that could be gained, age, of course, being previously determined, a sagacious examiner would probably allow 100 marks for beauty, 50 for elegance in dress, 400 for character—including sweetness of temper—300 for activity of sympathy with the tastes and pursuits of others, and 150 for a general margin of unenumerated graces. But then, of course, under all these heads, it would be necessary to have the right of making large positive deductions. If a girl were not only plain, but vacant-faced, and yet had the languishing airs of a particular class of beauties, it would become necessary to make large positive deductions, both under some subordinate division, such as "Sincerity," of the head of "Character," and also under the head of "Beauty," on the distinct ground that such a characteristic both grievously enhances every fault of feature and carriage, and also gives an air of pinchbeck and falsehood to the character itself. So, too, if she not only did not dress well,

but insisted on wearing a jeweller's shop on her hands and arms and in her ears, bell-pulls on her head, and fifty pounds' weight of flounces about her skirts,—or on the other hand, on making herself hideously neat in close-fitting brown holland, without any touch of relief to the monotony of the dreary ensemble,—then, clearly, instead of allowing any marks for dress, a great many more should be deducted than the maximum which might have been gained. Again, if instead of being active in sympathy with the tastes and pursuits of others, she could talk of nothing but servants and shopping, and regarded all the occupations and thoughts of men as the kind of things which keep them "out of mischief," but have no meaning in themselves for the more rational sex, clearly a minus quantity of 300 would not be an inadequate appreciation of so formidable a demerit. Just as a cook who sent up a potato in a sodden condition should hardly be allowed to take credit at all, even for a *chef d'œuvre* in the shape of a mayonnaise; just as a man who wore a blue coat with brass buttons should be plucked for dress without even glancing at his hat, his tie, or his shirt-front; just so a girl who could only gossip or giggle with girls, and not feel the least interest in any subject that men understand, should be rejected at once in an examination for companionability as a wife, without even weighing any of the *per contras*.

But these are great subjects. Instead of flying so high,—though even this would hardly be so audacious as giving marks to woodland, mountain, and lake, to glacier and tempest, to dawn and sunset,—we would suggest to those enthusiasts for the mark system to take a hint from the Cookery School at South Kensington, and begin with more humble attempts. They might try giving marks to the various parties of the season, and publishing the estimates of the different examiners in the *Morning Post*, for the sake of ultimate comparison; or estimating in the same way the various orators at Exeter Hall, giving a negative quantity for every sign of Pecksniffian ostentatiousness and pretence. In that fashion they might gradually feel their way to the more elaborate use of marks for appreciating the character of an omelette or a sunrise on the plan now adopted at Kensington and by the enthusiasts of the University. But at present, the attempt has been too sudden for success. If the Recording Angel estimates our merits

and demerits by marks, even though he has the range of the whole series of numbers between a negative infinity and a positive infinity, he must have had a very careful training in the method, to apply it with anything like justice. And perhaps, on the whole, human arithmetic is as yet hardly equal to the task of estimating by marks even the difference between a good cup of tea and a bad one, much less the difference between the beauty of Venice and the beauty of Rotterdam, or between the loveliness of a rainbow on the sea, and the loveliness of a triumphal arch decorated with flags and ribbons.

From The Spectator.

MR. LOCKER'S "LONDON LYRICS." *

THE number of editions which this little book has reached,—aided, we admit, by periodical accessions, often of some of the best things in the volume to each edition,—shows sufficiently in itself that Mr. Locker has managed to hit the tone of the society for which he writes, and to give a delicate expression in verse to the eddies of hope and fear, of ambition and humiliation, of laughter and tears, of pathos and persiflage, by which in turn the drawing-rooms of London are agitated. We should like Mr. Locker's poems even better than we do—and we never take them up without being attracted to read on—if there were a little less of the persiflage of polite society, and rather more of those under-currents of true feeling which he so well knows at times how to sing for us,—but then we quite admit that if it were so, he would be less the poet of society, and more of the poet of feeling than he is. The couple of lyrics "On an Old Muff," the lines on "An Old Buffer," even the piece called "At Hurlingham," but most of all the bit headed "Mr. Placid's Flirtation," and perhaps one or two others, are to our minds almost unworthy of the society in which they find themselves. They represent, no doubt, something more than *true* phases, perhaps the most common of all phases, of life in society; but then they represent that element of life in society which makes one feel the frivolity and the dross of society, without conveying, even by an undertone, that that frivolity

* *London Lyrics*. By Frederick Locker. Seventh Edition. London: Isbister and Co.

and dross are painful and wearisome ; and this, lyrics, however light and unpretending, are almost bound, we think, in the name of poetry, to bring home to us. Mr. Locker is very skilful in condensing the sneer, and the shallow mirth, and the shallower regrets of society into his verses ; but then he usually shows that he can do so much more, that he can put so true, though delicate, a note of pathos, so tender a gleam of affection, and so wholesome a touch of scorn, into his verse, that one is a little impatient of stanzas in which the polished vulgarities of the world are delineated in a tone of even half-sympathy. It seems to us that Mr. Locker's humour is at its best when there is a touch of depth in it, as in the charming verses on "The Old Oak-tree at Hatfield Broadoak" and on "Bramble-rose," or the very happy ones on "A Human Skull," "The Housemaid," "The Jester's Moral," "To Lina Oswald," and most others ; not but what his chiefly playful and bantering ones are often extremely good, such as "To my Grandmother," "My Mistress's Boots," or "The Castle in the Air" which so gracefully introduces the volume. But the finest of all Mr. Locker's poems, to our taste, are those in which the jest passes into earnest, and the smile dies away in an emotion that is higher and keener, like the lines on "The Unrealized Ideal," "It might have been," "The Widow's Mite," and "'Her quiet resting-place is far away.'" The only poems we do not like, and which seem to us unworthy of Mr. Locker, are those, comparatively few we admit, in which the levity of society gives the key-note not only to the picture (for that it must do), but to the background of the picture also. Nor do we care much for the merely sentimental ones, such as those on "Gerty's Glove" and "Gerty's Necklace," where the sentiment strikes us as too superficial for the serious manner, or the manner as too little tempered with playfulness for the superficial character of the sentiment.

We have said too much, however, of the few exceptions to the easy and graceful pleasantry or pathos of this attractive volume, and will now give some illustrations of Mr. Locker's success in different manners. We will take the first, from "My Neighbour Rose," a playful little poem, for the whole of which we have hardly room, but two verses of which will bear, without injury, separation from the happy context. Mr. Locker has been de-

lineating Rose's childhood, and thus proceeds : —

Indeed, farewell to bygone years ;
How wonderful the change appears !
For curates now, and cavaliers,
In turn perplex you :
The last are birds of feather gay,
Who swear the first are birds of prey ;
I'd scare them all had I my way,
But that might vex you.

At times I've envied, it is true,
That hero, joyous twenty-two,
Who sent *bouquets* and *billets doux*,
And wore a sabre.
The rogue ! how close his arm he wound
About her waist, who never frown'd.
He loves you, Child. Now, is he bound
To love *my* neighbour ?

The happy expression of fanciful jealousy, the humorous play on the command to love your neighbour as yourself, and complaint that that is not equivalent to loving somebody else's neighbour, is in Mr. Locker's quaintest manner, — just the same manner in which, addressing the picture of his late grandmother, he declares in reference to that other and better world in which she now is, with a grotesque realism that no one has ever been able to borrow from Mr. Locker, —

I fain would meet you there ; —
If, witching as you were,
Grandmamma,
This nether world agrees
That the better you must please
Grandpapa.

These are the turns which give the distinctive, macaroon-like flavour to Mr. Locker's humour, and make us read the playful poems with a zest which humorous poetry, since Hood died, has seldom provoked in us. And how pleasantly Mr. Locker praises and chaffs children. There is nothing in the poems tenderer and livelier than the lines to little Geraldine's boots, or the description of the child who wears them, —

What soles to charm an elf !
Had Crusoe, sick of self,
Chanced to view
One printed near the tide,
Oh, how hard he would have tried
For the two !

For Gerry's debonair,
And innocent and fair
As a rose :
She's an angel in a frock,
With a fascinating cock,
To her nose,

— except, indeed, it be the second set of lines to Lina Oswald, in which she is rallied so gaily on the great age of ten years, which she has attained, and so happy a transition is made from mirth to deeper sentiment : —

Your Sun is in brightest apparel,
Your birds and your blossoms are gay,
But where is my jubilant carol
To welcome so joyous a day ?
I sang for you when you were smaller,
As fair as a fawn, and as wild :
Now, Lina, you're ten and you're taller —
You elderly child !

I knew you in shadowless hours,
When thought never came with a smart ;
You then were the pet of your flowers,
And joy was the child of your heart.
I ever shall love you, and dearly ! —
I think when you're even thirteen
You'll still have a heart, and not merely
A flirting machine !

And when time shall have spoil'd you of passion, —
Discrown'd what you now think sublime,
Oh, I swear that you'll still be the fashion,
And laugh at the antics of time.
To love you will then be no duty ;
But happiness nothing can buy —
There's a bud in your garland, my beauty,
That never can die !

A heart may be bruised and not broken,
A soul may despair and still reckon ;
I send you, dear child, a poor token
Of love, for your dear little neck.
The heart that will beat just below it
Is open and pure as your brow —
May that heart, when you come to bestow it,
Be happy as now.

Or to pass to poems with a more pathetic turn in them, what can be tenderer in its raillery than "The Old Government Clerk" ? or what more genuinely pathetic, in the restrained and reticent fashion which suits the great world, than these simple verses on "The Widow's Mite" ? —

A Widow — she had only one !
A puny and decrepit son ;
But, day and night,
Though fretful oft, and weak and small,
A loving child, he was her all —
The Widow's Mite.

The Widow's Mite — ay, so sustained,
She battled onward, nor complain'd
Tho' friends were fewer :

And while she toil'd for daily fare,
A little crutch upon the stair
Was music to her.

I saw her then, — and now I see
That, though resign'd and cheerful, she
Has sorrow'd much :
She has, HE gave it tenderly,
Much faith ; and, carefully laid by,
A little crutch.

But after all, though Mr. Locker knows, as every mocking poet should, how to write without the laugh or the scornful gleam of something bright and bitter in his verse, when he is expressing a mood of pure, grave feeling, his most characteristic mood is that in which the jest and the kindlier emotions are equally mingled, and we hardly know whether it is the feeling which we like the better for the sarcasm with which it is blended and by which it is veiled, or the taunt which we appreciate the more for the tenderness by which it is half betrayed. It is the mixed feelings by which the surface of society is agitated which Mr. Locker has the greatest skill in embodying in his verse. We like his pure pathos to the full as well as his sadder banter, but it is possibly the less difficult to write of the two, and probably the less unique when it is written. Mr. Locker closed some very graceful verses, which appeared in conjunction with other literary contributions in aid of the operatives who suffered by the cotton famine of 1862, with these two verses, which exactly describe the satiric tenderness of the best things in this volume. Nothing we could quote would illustrate better the character of the singer, or the polished warmth of sympathy which so often underlies the smiling levity of the song : —

I do not wish to see the slaves
Of party stirring passion,
Or psalms quite superseding staves,
Or piety "the fashion."
I bless the Hearts where pity glows,
Who, here together banded,
Are holding out a hand to those
That wait so empty-handed !

Masters ! may one in motley clad,
A Jester by confession,
Scarce noticed join, half gay, half sad,
The close of your procession ?
This garment here seems out of place
With graver robes to mingle,
But if one tear bedews his face,
Forgive the bells their jingle.

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OF THE LADY PIETRA DEGLI SEROVIGNI.

To the dim light and the large circle of shade
 I have clomb, and to the whitening of the
 hills,
 There where we see no colour in the grass,
 Nathless my longing loses not its green,
 It has so taken root in the hard stone
 Which talks and hears as though it were a
 lady.

Utterly frozen is this youthful lady,
 Even as the snow that lies within the shade ;
 For she is no more moved than is a stone
 By the sweet season which makes warm the
 hills
 And alters them afresh from white to green,
 Covering their sides again with flowers and
 grass.

When on her hair she sets a crown of grass
 The thought has no more room for other lady ;
 Because she weaves the yellow with the green
 So well that Love sits down there in the,
 shade, —

Love who has shut me in among low hills
 Faster than between walls of granite-stone.

She is more bright than is a precious stone ;
 The wound she gives may not be healed with
 grass :

I therefore have fled far o'er plains and hills
 For refuge from so dangerous a lady ;
 But from her sunshine nothing can give
 shade, —

Not any hill, nor wall, nor summer-green.

A while ago I saw her dressed in green, —
 So fair, she might have wakened in a stone
 This love which I do feel even for her shade ;
 And therefore as one woos a graceful lady,
 I wooed her in a field that was all grass
 Girdled about with very lofty hills.

Yet shall the streams turn back and climb the
 hills

Before Love's flame in this damp wood and
 green

Burn, as it burns within a youthful lady,
 For my sake, who would sleep away in stone
 My life, or feed like beasts upon the grass,
 Only to see her garments cast a shade.

How dark soe'er the hills throw out their
 shade,

Under her summer-green the beautiful lady
 Covers it like a stone covered in grass.

Dante, Translated by Rossetti.

BALLAD.

WHY is it so with me, false Love,
 Why is it so with me ?
 Mine enemies might thus have dealt ;
 I fear'd it not of thee.

Thou wast the thought of all my thoughts,
 Nor other hope had I :

My life was laid upon thy love ;
 Then how could'st let me die ?

The flower is loyal to the bud,
 The greenwood to the spring,
 The soldier to his banner bright,
 The noble to his king :

The bee is constant to the hive,
 The ringdove to the tree,
 The martin to the cottage-eaves ;
 Thou only not to me.

Yet if again, false Love, thy feet
 To tread the pathway burn
 That once they trod so well and oft,
 Return, false Love, return ;

And stand beside thy maiden's bier,
 And thou wilt surely see,
 That I have been as true to love
 As thou wert false to me.

Cornhill Magazine.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

[“Clytemnestra, from the battlements of Argos, watches for the beacon-fires which are to announce the return of Agamemnon.”]

THE stars are clear above the Argive height,
 Where soon shall blaze a redder, angrier
 fire, —

Signal of answer to a long desire,
 Sending the doom of Troy across the night.
 When shall it flash upon thy steadfast sight,
 Thou whose child bled beneath a father's
 hand, —

When shall the Fury lift the flaming brand,
 O Clytemnestra ! calling thee to smite ?

But he, the king, thy lord, by Ida's hill,
 Hears even now the pæan sound on high,
 Feels even now that hour's triumphant thrill
 When wifely welcome and a city's cry
 Shall drown in joy the faint, sad memory
 Of her who perished when the winds were
 still.

Spectator.

R. C. JEBB.

SONNET.

WEEP lovers, sith Love's very self doth weep,
 And sith the cause for weeping is so great ;
 When now so many dames, of such estate
 In worth, show with their eyes a grief so deep :
 For Death the churl has laid his leaden sleep
 Upon a damsel who was fair of late,
 Defacing all our earth should celebrate, —
 Yea all save virtue, which the soul doth keep.
 Now hearken how much Love did honour her.
 I myself saw him in his proper form
 Bending above the motionless sweet dead
 And often gazing into Heaven ; for there
 The soul now sits which when her life was
 warm

Dwelt with the joyful beauty that is fled.

Dante, translated by Rossetti.

From The New Quarterly Review.
DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

BY GEORGE BARNETT SMITH.

AN excursion into the domains of the old English poets is one of the pleasantest recreations in literature. This field of research certainly shows no paucity of attractions for the patient and enthusiastic student, though it is one which has been too often neglected. The names of some of the sweetest writers in the language are probably entirely unknown to the vast majority of readers. Nor, perhaps, ought we greatly to wonder at this, seeing that it is a work of extreme difficulty to keep abreast of the writers of our own era. The multiplication of books compels the individual reader to restrict his acquaintance to those works which either his taste or necessity suggests. Occasionally, however, it is well to take note of the progress we have made since the age of the Renaissance in England, and useful to turn from the busy highways of the modern world to those by paths which lead to forsaken garden lands which have yielded so much richness and fragrance. Perchance we may discover that, after all — and setting aside those great lights of the earlier ages of letters — there were still in these ages many who, though now comparatively unknown, were the equals in genius of the favourite authors of our later time. Where shall we look, for instance, for a repetition since their own period of the grace of Herrick, of the delicious feeling and tenderness of Suckling, or of the stateliness of Shirley? One searches in vain for any approach to the music of the poets of the Renaissance amongst the later singers. Possibly, very probably, this age of iron and gold has stamped its impress upon the poetry too, which loses in graceful fancy what it gains in realistic power. And the change may be justified when we remember that with changing ages come changing manners. The romance that clung to the lives and characters of our forefathers has very nearly died out amongst us; our virtues are more solid, our vices are not so obnoxious, but with these strikingly preponderant advantages, we have lost the ease

and the courtliness which made life pleasurable. Poets no longer wander in sylvan glades, or indite “sonnets to their mistress’s eyebrows.” The lives of many of the most excellent lyric poets, if led now, would be accepted as affording ample evidence of insanity; but we, who would never think of imitating them in that respect, never laugh at those lives of theirs. A charm clings to them because of their work. They were the fore-runners of the giants of mind; they sang before the times were fully ripe; their notes were delightful, if not strong; and because their music was true we hold them in reverent and continual remembrance.

Amongst these early singers who deserve well of posterity was William Drummond, commonly called Drummond of Hawthornden. He was decidedly the best poet of his age in Scotland, and there were few in England who could be accounted his superior. It was no small tribute to his work that old Ben Jonson, the acknowledged sovereign of the realms of contemporary English literature, should take upon himself a journey from London to the North to see him, when that rough and burly Briton was scarcely in a fit condition to do so.

The lowest estimate which has ever been given of Drummond still leaves him a very high rank as a poet, whilst the highest lifts him to a pedestal so lofty as almost to be inconceivable. Hazlitt, a critic of no mean power and acumen, says: “Drummond’s Sonnets, I think, come as near as almost any others to the perfection of this kind of writing, which should embody a sentiment and every shade of a sentiment, as it varies with time, and place, and humour, with the extravagance or lightness of a momentary impression.” On the other hand, Hallam, the ever calm and philosophic, treats these same sonnets rather contemptuously, affirming that they “have obtained probably as much praise as they deserve.” The historian, however, doubtless wished by this not so much really to dispraise the sonnets themselves, as to give a soberer tone to the opinions which had been generally current respecting them, and to

moderate the enthusiasm with which they were cherished in certain quarters. Turning from Hallam's view to that expressed by Phillips, Milton's son-in-law, who edited the edition of Drummond's poems published in the year 1656, we are not a little startled at meeting with this dissimilarity of language:—"To say that these poems are the effects of a genius, the most polite and verdant that ever the Scottish nation produced, although it be a commendation not to be rejected (for it is well known that that country hath afforded many rare and admirable wits), yet it is not the highest that may be given him; for should I affirm that neither Tasso, nor Guarini, nor any of the most neat and refined spirits of Italy, nor even the choicest of our English poets, can challenge to themselves any advantages above him, it could not be judged any attribute superior to what he deserves." This language must be admitted, even by the greatest admirers of Drummond, to be extravagant, and it leads to the conclusion that had its writer been as conversant with the Italian poets he has named as he was with Drummond, he must have moderated the strength of his assertions. For in Tasso, at any rate, we find qualities which are either absent in Drummond, or present in so subdued a degree as to forbid his being placed on a position of equality with the Italian poet. The great poet of Sorrento possessed a great breadth of view and a width of imagination to which Drummond could lay no claim; for fancy at its highest, however graceful and active, must not be confounded or compared with the greater product of the mind, which we very justly distinguish from it as imagination. These contradictory estimates, however, only afford a strong argument in favour of a thorough reconsideration of Drummond's work, and of an endeavour to assign to him his true place in the ranks of poets. Should we fail in this attempt, there is still sufficient interest left in the life and labours of this old Scotch poet to make a consideration of him and of his work pleasant and desirable.

Notwithstanding that this man was one of the most prominent writers of his age,

and in some measure identified with important political and literary movements, the materials available for his biography are scanty in the extreme. A brief memoir by Bishop Sage, and a few of Drummond's letters prefixed to a collection of his prose works and poems, published at Edinburgh in 1711, and a paper read before the Society of Scotch Antiquaries by the learned David Laing, form nearly all the trustworthy materials for a life of the poet.

It has been reserved for Professor Masson to supply a biography* which is not only the fullest yet written, but may at once be accepted as all that is necessary to a just appreciation of his character. All the well-known assiduity and conscientiousness of the biographer have been brought to bear upon the task, and the result is one that must inevitably please the lovers of Drummond. Mr. Masson's style is a little too limp; he occasionally becomes too colloquial, and is sometimes scarcely on a level with the dignity of his subject; but his book is a perfect mine of facts. Wherever it has been possible, by force of industry, to obtain anything which shall collaterally afford elucidation to any portion of his hero's history, such industry has not been wanting. The whole results of his researches have been tabulated with care; the facts marshalled in chronological order, and the story written with a clearness which is charming. The history of the time and the relations between England and Scotland have been reviewed with a calmness befitting the theme, and an absence of political and religious bias, all the more praiseworthy when we consider that on these points the poet and his biographer are at opposite poles. It is upon Mr. Masson's work chiefly—though not to the exclusion of other authorities whom we have examined—that we shall rely in the present article.

The first Drummond of the now classic Hawthornden was John, second son of Sir Robert Drummond, of Carnock, in

* "Drummond of Hawthornden; the Story of his Life and Writings." By David Masson, M.A., LL.D. London, Macmillan & Co., 1873.

Stirlingshire ; the latter being of a family of Drummonds who had branched off from the more ancient Drummonds, of Stobhall, in Perthshire, whose chiefs had ranked in the Scottish peerage from 1471 as Lords Drummond. The poet was the eldest son of this first Laird of Hawthornden, and was born in 1585. From his earliest years young Drummond was thrown under the shadow of court influence — his father being gentleman usher to the king — and this may serve partly to explain his espousal of the cause of royalty in after life. Educated first at the High School of Edinburgh, he afterwards went to the University of that city, where he graduated. Shortly before this took place, King James was summoned to London to assume the English crown, and before leaving he distributed numerous honours, amongst which was that of a knighthood to the poet's father. Not long afterwards a greater honour was conferred upon another branch of the family, Drummond of Stobhall being advanced to the dignity of Earl of Perth. The next we hear of the poet (and the information concerning his earlier years is very scanty) is of his going abroad to obtain instruction in the law.

It is certain that Drummond must have gained much from his several years of Continental travel, and the study of the riches both of literature and art which he made during that time ; especially when we consider that at this period foreign courts and nations were so much in advance of our own in matters of taste, music, and the arts of design. For all of these matters Drummond had evidently a natural bent and inclination ; and his poetry would give one the impression, if all other kinds of evidence were wanting, that its author was a man of cultivated tastes, well versed in the polite arts, and of courtly bearing and demeanour.

On his return from the Continent, and in the midst of preparations to join the Scottish bar, an event occurred which changed the whole current of his life, as fortunate a one, perhaps, for posterity as the chance which prevented John Milton

from devoting himself to the Church. Drummond's father died, leaving his son Laird of Hawthornden at the comparatively early age of twenty-four. There was now no necessity for him to adopt a profession ; and it can be imagined with what joy one who had been described by his professor to the pupils under his care as another Quintilian, betook himself to his favourite pursuit of literature. Evidence exists that Drummond's reading at this period was of the most extensive and erudite character ; in fact, it is stated in Mr. Laing's Hawthornden Manuscripts, that in the short space of eight years he had read more than two hundred and twenty separate books, many of being in several large volumes. When we remember the somewhat limited number of works at that time produced, it would seem that Drummond must have been acquainted with the great bulk of contemporary literature. It is interesting to note, that among the works which he had well studied were many in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Italian, French, and Spanish. Most educated persons in his position at that period read French, but the chief studies of the secluded Laird were in Greek and Latin, with a great leaning also to the Italian. A glimpse respecting his ambition as to the course of his future life is obtained in the remark of his biographer, that "the delicacy of his wit ran always on the pleasantness and usefulness of history, and on the fame and softness of poetry." It is pointed out, however, that if he really desired to excel in the two walks just indicated, there was little encouragement for him to do so in the then existing condition of Scottish poetry. The grand flush of genius in Scotland had apparently ceased about thirty years before, and had been succeeded in England by the highest perfection of literary greatness. Professor Masson assigns several reasons for the intellectual sterility of Scotland at this time. One cause, he affirms, had been the incessant political strife in the northern kingdom ; another, perhaps, is to be found in the strict and repressive nature of the Presbyterian system, except in a few grooves where it

chose to recognize individual efforts of mind; and a third cause was the great controversy between Presbyterianism and Prelacy. In England there was for the time freedom from all such distracting questions; and we can well understand, therefore, that while in Scotland the polemical fields were sown with the seeds of quick and lively thought, the field of literature became correspondingly bleak and barren.

At the time Drummond first devoted himself to literature, the first poet in Scotland—the only one of conspicuous talent—was William Alexander, afterwards Sir William Alexander, and finally Earl of Stirling. Of this poet, who earned considerable repute from both his English and Scotch contemporaries, Chalmers says: "His versification is in general very superior to that of his contemporaries, and approaches nearer to the elegance of modern times than could have been expected from one who wrote so much. There are innumerable beauties scattered over the whole of his works." To us he appears to have had but a small endowment of genius, though he possessed much scholarly feeling and talent. We do not intend, nevertheless, by this, to sum up the whole of the merits of one who undoubtedly made a considerable figure in both literature and politics: what we are concerned to notice is, that Drummond attached himself to Sir William Alexander's school; that is, he followed him in his determination to choose the English language, and not the northern dialect, as the vehicle for his poetry. It was not only after his retirement to Hawthornden that Drummond must have done something in verse, for we find that in one of his letters to a lady he made some references to poems which had either seen the light or were then in manuscript. Speaking of these poems, he observes: "Keep them, that hereafter, when time, that changeth everything, shall make wither those fair roses of your youth, among the other toys of your cabinet they may serve for a memorial of what once was."

Drummond's first public appearance as an author was on the occasion of a melancholy event affecting the entire nation, viz., the death of the Prince of Wales. This prince, though only eighteen years of age, was, judging by all contemporary accounts, a youth of unusual promise, and was so beloved that the mourning for him was universal. His death set in motion all the springs of elegiac poetry; and

amongst the poems produced there were few which could compete in merit with Drummond's first striking piece, entitled "Teares on the Death of Mœliades." This elegy has a good deal of vigour, beauty, and stateliness about it, though we should not be disposed to adjudge it such high praise as has been commonly awarded it, for it lacks that profundity of feeling which should pre-eminently distinguish such poetry. Mr. Masson thinks that the "Lycidas" of Milton most resembles it; but, except in the one point of pastoralism, we fail to detect any kinship. Milton had more skill than to use an unbroken succession of heroics wherein to depict his grief. The following lines will give some idea of Drummond's style at his early period: they are the closing lines of the elegy, just mentioned, on Prince Henry:—

Rest, happy ghost, and wander in that glass
Where seen is all that shall be, is, or was,
While shall be, is, or was shall pass away,
And nought remain but an eternal day:
Forever rest; thy praise fame may enrol
In golden annals, whilst about the pole
The slow Boötes turns, or sun doth rise
With scarlet scarf, to cheer the morning skies:
The virgins to thy tomb may garlands bear
Of flowers, and on each flower let fall a tear.
Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.

There can be no doubt that these verses are both elevated and impressive, but the unchanging measure in which the poem is written (except under the manipulation of transcendent genius) does not afford scope for the display of the variations and paroxysms of grief, which can infinitely better be expressed by means of a somewhat uneven and varying metre.

About this time, and subsequent to the friendship which sprang up between him and Sir William Alexander, Drummond did what most susceptible poets have done in the course of their lives—he fell in love. But the course of his love was brief and its ending melancholy. "Notwithstanding his close retirement," says an old memoir, "and serious application to his studies, love stole in upon him, and did entirely captivate his heart; for he was, on a sudden, highly enamoured of a fine, beautiful young lady, daughter to Cunningham of Barns, an ancient and honourable family. He met with suitable returns of chaste love from her, and fully gained her affections; but, when the day for the marriage was appointed, and all things ready for the solemnization of it,

she took a fever and was suddenly snatched away by it, to his great grief and sorrow." This tragic event occurred about 1615, and had for its result the still deeper seclusion from the world of the sorrowing lover. The only outward effect it had, consisted of the publication of a volume of poems in 1616, in which he set forth his love for his mistress, and the grief which her untimely death had caused him. The title of the volume was of some length, "Poems: Amorous, Funerall, Divine, Pastorall: in Sonnets, Songs, Sextains, Madrigals: by W. D., author of the Teares on the Death of Mœliades." This was published by Andw. Hart of Edinburgh, and had so good a sale that a second edition was published with the briefer title, "Poems: by William Drummond, of Hawthorne-Deune." It is said that of the first edition of this work only one copy is in existence at the present time. His love story is told with some fulness in the course of these poems, which exhibit a tolerably wide range of verse, and have an elevated ideality, which had probably been touched into quicker and warmer action by the events which they celebrate. The heaping up of epithets and the constant use of metonymy, which distinguish the earlier poets, are found in the sonnets in the first part of Drummond's work. He seemed, in fact, to be constantly on the search for a profusion of comparisons. Take the following sonnet as a specimen, in which the poet ransacks nature only to pour contempt upon her most valuable treasures as compared with the charms of his lady:—

Vaunt not, fair heavens, of your two glorious
lights
Which, though most bright, yet see not when
they shine;
And shining, cannot show their beams divine
Both in one place, but part by days and nights.
Earth, vaunt not of those treasures ye en-
shrine,
Held only dear because hid from our sights,
Your pure and burnish'd gold, your diamonds
fine,
Snow-passing ivory that the eye delights;
Nor, seas, of those dear waves are in you
found,
Vaunt not rich pearl, red coral, which do stir
A fond desire in fools to plough your ground.
Those all, more fair, are to be had in her;
Pearl, ivory, coral, diamond, suns, gold,
Teeth, neck, lips, heart, eyes, hair, are to
behold.

The comparisons in the last two lines are very ingenious, if somewhat extrava-

gant; but in respect of extravagance they fall far short of many poems written by fellow poets of the same period. There are other sonnets on the beauty of his mistress which are more general in character, and exhibit a great delicacy of touch and ease of versification. We cannot here unravel the whole of the story as related in the poems. Suffice it to state, that the exquisiteness of the feeling of love, when it first broke upon his spirit, is told in a more impassioned manner than we should have expected from Drummond. We are then led through the various stages which distinguish love affairs generally—the bliss of a returned passion, the horrors of separation, the joy of reunion; indeed, the whole anatomy of the subject is laid bare before us. In the second part, however, the poet is in another mood, the grave has swallowed up all that beauty which he held so dear, and there is nought left for the survivor but lamentation and woe. He no longer joys in the glories of earth and heaven, because she is reft from him, and cannot tread the fair meadows by his side. He wishes to die to all that the world has to offer in the shape of bribes to happiness. He has lost all, and the treasure cannot be recovered. The minor chords of his being give forth their wailing sound in a variety of sonnets, all intensified with the one feeling of loss. The nature of the poet must have been one peculiarly susceptible to the feeling of despondency. He was very reserved, and, doubtless, at times somewhat austere, wrapping himself up in his own feelings, feeding upon his grief, and refusing to find in society the opportunity of assuaging his sorrow. A little light occasionally dawns in upon his soul, but after flickering for a brief period it dies away again, and leaves the darkness as dense as it previously existed. There are some noble strains appended to the volume which we have been examining in the form of "Spiritual Poems," where the soul of the poet seems for the moment to have caught a higher tone, and in which he enlarges on the advantages and the comforting power of faith in the Unseen. But here he only struggles with adversity; he cannot overcome it and rejoice. His nature re-asserted itself, and he could not shake off his mood.

A time came, notwithstanding, when the poet was perforce compelled to rise from his lethargy and gloom. The sombre covering of the spirit was to be doffed, and brighter garments assumed.

Drummond was sensibly affected by the general rejoicing which took place when King James, after an absence of fourteen years, revisited Scotland, and his presence amongst his Scotch subjects drew forth Drummond from his retirement.

In celebration of the happy event he set his muse to work, and produced "Forth Feasting," a long panegyric on the King. The poem is full of the most extravagant praise of the royal literary dabbler, who is credited with being one of the greatest sovereigns the world has ever seen, and his reign one of the most glorious and beneficent on record. Some latitude must be allowed, of course, to all who speak within the shadow of "the divinity which doth hedge a king;" but if history is to be believed, James was not credited with much dignity by any of his contemporaries when once outside of his presence.

Posterity has awarded the royal singer very different praise from that accorded to him by Drummond; and has relegated him to his due position amongst fourth or fifth-rate bards.

Amongst the most interesting periods of Drummond's life, and one which has drawn forth a considerable amount of animadversion upon him, is that of his acquaintanceship with Ben Jonson. It was scarcely likely that a poet of Drummond's mark could long pass unrecognized by that band of poets who made the literary world of London, at that time scarcely past its zenith. The great leader of this literary circle of brilliant wits and dramatists was, as we have said, Jonson. The "Devil Tavern," in Fleet Street, that street which has had more literary associations connected with it than any other street in the world, was Ben's headquarters, and there he published his flats on poetic and other matters, in which he was considered to be supreme. The sovereign of letters was personally as little of an ideal king as the monarch who filled the political throne; ugly of visage, unkempt of person, and careless as to cleanliness, he was, take him for all in all, the most extraordinary specimen of a leader of men which it is possible to conceive. However, Shakespeare out of the way, there was no disputing his talent and his right to supremacy. With all his roughness, however, and somewhat blatant speech, there was in him a sense of uprightness and honour, and in his better moods he was indubitably conscious of a far higher ideal than he ever reached.

It was in the year 1618 that Ben Jonson visited Drummond; on the whole the most curious and interesting of recorded literary rencounters. The statement that Jonson went to Scotland purposely to visit Drummond is now disposed of as a mere invention. Mr. Masson preserves in his pages the myth as to how the two first met.

Drummond was sitting under the great sycamore tree in front of his house, expecting his visitor, when at length, descending the well-hedged avenue from the public road to the house, the bulky hero hove in sight. Rising, and stepping forth to meet him, Drummond saluted him with "Welcome, welcome, royal Ben!" to which Jonson replied, "Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden!" and they laughed, fraternized, and went in together.

It was while Jonson was under his hospitable roof, or at any rate immediately after he had left it, that Drummond put in writing his impression of the man. This it was which caused the northern poet to be so adversely criticised when his opinions were published after his death. It seems a somewhat singular thing to do, without doubt, but a man is surely at liberty to make what private memoranda he likes without any infringement of the laws of hospitality, and there is no evidence whatever that Drummond intended to publish these impressions of his guest. One can well understand that in many respects Drummond must have suffered a revulsion of feeling when he discovered what manner of man his hero really was. Much of the halo which he had thrown round Ben's character must have disappeared as he saw him ply the wine bottle with such terrible assiduity, Drummond himself being a man of but moderate appetites. But the biographer hints at another reason why Drummond should have been a trifle disappointed with his guest. Being at the head of literature in his native country, "it may have been a little hard to hear Ben Jonson talk patronizingly of recent Scottish attempts as not bad for a region so far from the London centre, and recommend a course of Quintilian and English grammar as discipline for something better." This rough-shod riding over the sensibilities of one who could feel so keenly as Drummond, cannot have been very pleasant, and his patriotism as well as his personal vanity was clearly wounded; and we have reason to rejoice that this was so, for we have obtained thereby the portrait of a very distinguished poet, drawn by one of his con-

temporaries, and with no flattering lines in it whatever. Here it is :—

He (Ben Jonson) is a great lover and praiser of himself ; a contemner and scorner of others ; given rather to lose a friend than a jest ; jealous of every word and action of those about him (especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth) ; a dissembler of ill parts which reign in him, a bragger of some good that he wanteth ; thinketh nothing well but what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done ; he is passionately kind and angry ; careless either to gain or keep ; vindictive, but, if he be well answered, at himself. For any religion, as being versed in both. Interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst. Oppressed with phantasy, which hath ever mastered his reason—a general disease in many poets. His inventions are smooth and easy ; but, above all, he excelleth in a translation.

More valuable even than this issue to his visit, nevertheless, were the notes made by Drummond of his conversations with Jonson. These were really noteworthy and most interesting, and had there been no other record of the meeting they would have made us quite contented. A good deal of the dramatist's genius shines through this recorded gossip, and we get also glimpses of eminent people, more serviceable for the formation of our judgment upon them than whole pages of speculation. Let us see what he remarked of some whose names are "familiar in our mouths as household words." Of Inigo Jones, he said, that, "When he wanted words to express the greatest villain in the world, he would call him an Inigo." "Queen Elizabeth never saw herself after she became old in a true glass : they painted her, and sometimes would vermilion her nose." "Spenser's stanzas pleased him not, nor his matter ; and Sir Walter Raleigh esteemed more of fame than of conscience." The world will venture to differ from Ben Jonson on both these latter points. Then, after considerable gossip as to Sir Philip Sidney's pimply face, he says, "Shakespeare wanted art. In a play, he brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where there is no sea near by some hundred miles." This is hypercriticism with a vengeance, especially as no other observations are made concerning the universal poet. "Had he (Ben Jonson) written that piece of Southwell's 'The Burning Babe,' he would have been content to destroy many of his. He esteemeth John Donne the first poet in the world for some things, but

that, from not being understood, he would perish." It is pleasant to hear him speak nobly of Selden. "J. Selden liveth on his own ; is the law book of the judges of England ; the bravest man in all languages." "Francis Beaumont loved too much himself and his own verses. Next himself, only Fletcher and Chapman could make a masque." In addition to much gossip of this character, Jonson narrated his own history to Drummond, which the latter carefully preserved, and he furthermore criticised the poetry of the Scottish bard with considerable freedom, as might be imagined from his character. Drummond reports that, after telling him his verses smelt too much of the schools, "he said to me that I was too good and simple, and that oft a man's modesty made a fool of his wit. He dissuaded me from Poetry, for that she had beggared him, when he might have been a rich lawyer, physician, or merchant." All this is very acceptable, for nothing can possess greater interest than the unbiassed opinion upon men and things generally which genius may entertain. We must leave the two poets, nevertheless, making complimentary verses to each other after their separation, and indulging in a friendly correspondence. Their intimacy appears to have terminated as suddenly as it commenced, and we next find Drummond, with his friend Sir William Alexander, assisting King James with his version of the Psalms. The royal conceit was far in advance of the royal talent, but it behoved the assistants of their august master to preserve a quiet tongue on this matter. Drummond seems to have executed the translation, which was very well received ; but who can gauge the depth of Alexander's sorrow at having to listen and to applaud the King's excruciating efforts at versification ?

Our next experience of him in the capacity of author is the publication of "Flowers of Sion," to which work was adjoined his "Cypresse Grove," the volume being issued in 1623. He had for some time back established himself in the public eye as the rising poet of his native country, and this new venture comprised all the fugitive pieces he had written during the previous six or seven years. He had now risen above the feeling which dominated his spirit after the loss of his mistress—that feeling that there was no other fact in the universe for him but the one expressed in the word bereavement. It was manifest that his soul, having been for a long period at its utmost tension,

had now relaxed a little, and Drummond was able to look out upon Nature with the true vision of the poet, seeing there the grand beauty of the physical All. The later poems are touched, as were also the earlier ones, by a kind of mysticism which is not too powerful to prevent them from being excellent in form, and generally susceptible of being grasped by the ordinary mind. Many of the poems are on strictly Scriptural themes; for Drummond possessed much reverential feeling. For the poems which take rather a scientific and astronomical turn, we have little affection, preferring, when we must have such facts dressed up for us in the form of poesy, to go to Milton for them, where the art is carried to its greatest perfection. But when any inferior mind attempts this class of work, the result is invariably dull and wearisome. The "Cypresse Grove" is an essay in prose on the subject of death, and upon this essay Mr. Masson passes the following very high judgment:—"Here, in a short series of prose pages, we have a meditation on death, by our poet of Hawthornden, which, for its pensive beauty, its moral highmindedness, and the mournful music that rolls through it, surpasses any similar piece of old English prose known to me, unless it be here and there, perhaps, a passage in some of the English divines at their best, or Sir Thomas Browne of Norwich in the finest parts of his 'Urn Burial.' It is matter of surprise that such a rare specimen of poetical and musical prose should have dropt out of sight." The essay bears out this encomium. Its philosophy is reasonable and consoling, deprecating the fear of disaster to the soul because earthly and material things bear ruin stamped upon them. The mind having originated from the Deity, it is superior to all the accidents which overtake inert matter, and man can find solid ground for his feet in this truth. Such is the leading argument of the essay, which is clothed in the rich and quaint language of one who was evidently no stranger to prose composition.

After the death of King James, and in the early years of his successor, we come upon Drummond in an entirely new character, and one the exact opposite to any we should have associated with him. It has been discovered, by means of a Latin document, that King Charles gave a patent to his "faithful subject, Mr. William Drummond," for the making of military machines. It is certainly somewhat astounding to find in our hero the Whit-

worth or Armstrong of his age. He appears to have taken up the matter heartily, and to have been very diligent in the discovery of weapons, the profits of which were to be reserved to him, because, as His Majesty expressed it, "there are not wanting certain envious and grasping persons who, from a sordid and base spirit, strive to get for themselves the use and fruits of other people's labours." It does not appear what became of all the inventor's improvements in deadly weapons, and whether his patent, which was for three years, was of any pecuniary service to him.

Passing from the death of Drayton, which naturally affected Drummond very deeply, we arrive at an interesting point in the career of the latter—viz., his marriage to Elizabeth Logan, grandchild of Sir Robert Logan of Restalrig, a great and ancient family. Though married at the mature age of forty-six, the poet lived to have by his wife the numerous family of five sons and four daughters. The next year after his marriage, Charles made his Coronation journey to Scotland, accompanied by a brilliant retinue. Drummond, nearly always openly and avowedly loyal to the Crown, composed an elaborate address, which was delivered before the King on his arrival at Edinburgh. But more serious events than were at the time dreamt of soon followed this visit. Charles and Laud were very much dissatisfied with affairs in Scotland, both Episcopal and otherwise. That celebrated struggle between King and people, which was afterwards to have so disastrous an ending for the former, now began. The leading features of that struggle are common history; but we must note here that "by temperament and culture Drummond was a philosophical Conservative, the friend of prerogative and constituted authority in all things, and adverse to all popular movements and democratic ideas as mere roarings of the Blatant Beast." This description will easily assure the reader of the cause he espoused in the struggle. His constitution abhorred political storms and disturbances: he desired, more than all else, peace; and at one time it is believed that he imagined sincerely it would be compatible with the introduction of a moderate Prelacy into Scotland.

At the age when most poets have only just attained their greatest poetic vigour, Drummond seems to have forsaken the Muse, and to have taken to prose. That he had no mean gift in the latter was ob-

ious by his production of the "Cypresse Grove," to whose excellence reference has already been made. The only question remained, what form of composition was his genius to favour now? In 1633, the question was decided for him by a correspondence between himself and the Earl of Perth. Burying himself in the genealogy of the family with which he was connected, the poet proposed to produce a table and statement of its various ramifications. One point which had considerable attraction for him was this — that in the records of the Drummonds there was related the story of an Annabella Drummond, wife of King Robert III. of Scotland; and from her, it was alleged, had descended all the Stuarts, some of whom had intermarried with other crowned houses of Europe. This was something to be proud of, and especially for the direct relative and descendant of Annabella — the Earl of Perth, who was the representative of the Drummonds of Stobhall. The researches of the poet in this new field resulted in "History of Scotland during the Reigns of the Five Jameses" (1424–1542), which took many years to complete, the writer having been drawn insensibly on to widen his original intention, which was to write the story of King James I., who was the son of the Annabella Drummond already mentioned.

During this period political matters were assuming a threatening aspect. Laud had already commenced his high-handed policy in Scotland; and we find Drummond interrupting his literary studies to write a bold letter on behalf of Lord Balmerino, who was prosecuted by the Archbishop for what was designated "an infamous libel against the King's Government;" but which was, in reality, nothing more than a protest against tyranny — or, as he called it, and those who signed the document with him, a "Supplication." The prosecution made considerable stir, but virtually ended in smoke; and the next serious political event was the order by the King for the adoption of the new Service-book. After this came the Presbyterian rising, and the adoption of the Scottish Covenant — one of the most remarkable instances of unanimity in a nation, in the matter of religion, on record. At the head of this movement — or, at least, of the clergy who fostered it — was Alexander Henderson; and in a short time the chief landed gentry of Scotland had identified themselves with it. There is no evidence that

Drummond signed the Covenant; but he gave evidence of his satisfaction in a printed address, when he learnt that the Marquis of Hamilton, on behalf of the King, had come to terms with the leaders of the great movement. There are many noble passages in this address, some of which celebrate the glory and beauty of freedom; but the writer does not omit to support the idea of Prerogative, to which he had invariably been loyal. It is singular, nevertheless, to note that, in the matter of individual liberty of conscience, he was far in advance of the Covenanters, and gave much practical advice to the Presbyterian Clergy, which they needed, but were not too grateful for. The upshot of all was, that Episcopacy was banished from Scotland, and the Kirk re-established with an almost unparalleled amount of bell-ringing and bonfire celebrations. Drummond chose this time in which to rebuild his ancestral mansion; and the present house of Hawthornden bears the inscription (in Latin): — "By the Divine favour, William Drummond of Hawthornden, Son of Sir John Drummond, Knight, that he might rest in honourable ease, founded this house for himself and his successors."

The Gordian knot of politics in Scotland, which had apparently been solved, anon became more complicated than ever, and Drummond was in a difficulty. He could not approve the King in all his measures, and yet the bent of his inclinations was still to support the prerogatives of the monarch. He expressed his dissent from the majority in more than one epigram, but he finally conformed, if he did not consent, to the views of the larger and stronger party. So far did this submission extend, that it is supposed he at last signed the Covenant. At the same time he continued to write pamphlets, in which he urged moderation on the part of his countrymen. It is noteworthy that in one of these papers he made use of an expression which was afterwards regarded as veritable prophecy. "During these miseries," he observes, "of which the troublers of the State shall make their profit, there will arise perhaps one who will name himself Protector of the Liberty of the Kingdom. He shall surcharge the people with greater miseries than ever before they did suffer." It was subsequently pointed out, however, that Drummond was not thinking of England at all, but of Scotland, so that the prophecy was, in fact, no prophecy at all. During the Bishops' war Drummond had

a bitter pill to swallow ; he was compelled to send men to swell the ranks of the army which fought against the King, while sympathizing with the latter, and the only revenge within his power was the issue of the following epigram, which had its rise in the fact that Drummond was obliged to supply his men to the army in fractions, his estates lying in three different counties :—

Of all these forces raised against the King,
'Tis my strange hap not one whole man to
bring :

From diverse parishes yet diverse men ;
But all in halves and quarters. Great King,
then,

In halves and quarters if they come 'gainst
thee,

In halves and quarters send them back to me.

In writing squibs and pamphlets Drummond passed the next few years of his life. In secret sympathy with the King, he was obliged to be somewhat circumspect in public. After his death many papers were discovered, most of which his family considered it prudent to destroy, some of them being severe animadversions upon the leaders of the great English revolution. One of the pieces preserved is the following verse, written on the death of Pym, the distinguished Parliamentary leader :—

When lately Pym descended into hell,
Ere he the cups of Lethe did carouse,
What place that was, he called aloud to tell ;
To whom a devil, "This is the Lower
House."

Matters gradually got worse for the Royalists, and Drummond wrote a plea for Charles. The King, however, was finally surrendered, and a tragic end was the sequel to the stirring series of events. The last year of the sovereign's life was also the last in this world for Drummond. There is no doubt that the troubles of his native country must have embittered the closing days in Drummond's career (though not to the extent of hastening his end) ; for, whatever might be thought of his views, and his wise or unwise advocacy of them, he had at any rate in a marked degree the virtue of patriotism. The death of Charles was a tremendous shock to his spirit. With many others who were Royalists in heart, he never dreamt that the victorious Parliamentarians at Whitehall would dare to consummate their successes by the execution of the sovereign. The old gloom and melancholy from which the poet had nearly recovered returned with tenfold

force, and Drummond gave vent to his surcharged feelings in despondent sonnets and verses.

Drummond's death occurred at the close of 1649, and the biographer in recording it says that he was much weakened with close studying and diseases, besides being overwhelmed with extreme grief and anguish. He wanted but a few days to complete his sixty-fourth year. He was buried in his own aisle, in the church of Lasswade, near to Hawthornden. Mr. Masson disbelieves the statement that his end was actually accelerated by the King's execution, and (though his spirit must, as we have remarked, have been sore vexed), there is some plausibility in this, considering that ten months had elapsed between the two events.

Whatever fame Drummond has secured is of course due to him as a poet. He was pre-eminently a student and a man of letters. He had no qualifications as a leader of men. In the first place, he had a feeling half pity, half contempt, for the majority of the human race ; and in the second, he lacked the strong sinews necessary "to breast the waves of circumstance," and to grapple with the opposition of foes. As a writer he could occasionally, in a happy moment, cast off an effective polemical sonnet or stanza, but even that was foreign to his nature, and when he did this, it was simply to relieve his feelings, which were unusually active. These political efforts have, however, long ago well-nigh sunk out of sight, except to those who really desire to see what the Laird of Hawthornden accomplished in more ways than the one in which he became justly famous. As to his position amongst the poets, Phillips's dictum is one which cannot possibly be upheld ; but Milton himself, Phillips's uncle, had a high opinion of Drummond, and regarded his poetic vein as most true in kind, though not of the highest rank. His principal distinguishing characteristics are sensuousness (a quality which most of his critics have credited him with), pastoral beauty, and spirituality of thought. The sensuousness is sometimes strong and rich, and at others spends itself in dainty conceits, as when he sings of Phillis :—

In petticoat of green,
Her hair about her eyne,
Phillis beneath an oak
Sat milking her fair flock :

Among that strained moisture, rare delight !
Her hand seemed milk in milk, it was so
white.

For his period, too, Drummond was remarkably pure, there being very few lines in the whole of his works to offend the taste of the most fastidious. His song was not high, but it was strangely musical and captivating. He has not left us lyrics which will vie with Herrick's, but he has given us more sustained efforts in poetry, if not of the very loftiest order. He never degraded his genius; he was true to the powers with which he was endowed. By no means the equal of Ben Jonson, Drayton, Marlowe, and Massinger in genius, he was superior to any Scotch poet of his time. He belonged rather to that school which had for its chiefs Chaucer and Spenser, though he was far from approaching these in strength of wing. His sonnets are justly considered as amongst the best in the language — a point respecting which, indeed, few critics will be found to differ. They possess some of the dignity we find in Milton, combined with some of the sweetness of Shakespeare. And another advantage which Drummond enjoyed was that his sensuousness and feeling were tempered by the reflective faculty; this has given substance to his verses, and made them worthy of occupying a prominent place in literature, instead of being merely the hasty record of transient emotions. A study of his works must inevitably result in yielding to him a prominent place amongst the national bards. Fancy, elegance, exquisiteness, tenderness — all these are to be found in abundance in him, and if he was not sufficiently powerful to make an age for himself in the literary annals of his country, he unquestionably adorned and strengthened the poetic era in which he was cast.

From All The Year Round.
THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

CHAPTER I.

OLD Tony Spence kept a second-hand book-shop at the corner of a back street in the busy town of Smokeford; a brown dingy little place with dusty windows, through which the light came feebly and yellowly. From the door one could peer down the narrow interior, with its book-lined walls and strip of counter, to the twinkling fire at the far end, where the old fellow sat in his arm-chair, poring over ancient editions, and making acquaintance with the latest acquisitions to his stock. He was a dreamy-looking old man, with a

parchment-like face and a snuff-coloured coat, and seemed made of the same stuff as the books among which he lived, with their dusty-brown covers and pages yellowed by time. He had been a school-master in his youth, and had wandered a good deal about the world, and picked up odds and ends of a queer kind of knowledge. Of late years he had developed a literary turn, and now and again gave forth to his generation a book full of quaint conceits, a sort of mosaic fragment of some of the scraps of knowledge and observation stored up in his brain, which was as full of incongruous images as a curiosity shop. In the morning he used to turn out of his shuttered dwelling about six, when there was light, and go roving out of the town to the downs beyond it, where he would stroll along with his hands behind his back and his head thrown upward, musing over many things he found puzzling, and some that he found delightful in the world.

His house consisted of four chambers, and a kitchen above a ladder-like stair, which led up out of the bookshelves; and his family of an ancient housekeeper, a large tom-cat, and his daughter Hetty, soon to be increased by the addition of a young girl, the child of his dead sister, to whom he had promised to give a shelter for a time. Hetty was often both hands and eyes to him, and wrote down oddities at his dictation when the evening candles burned too faintly, or his spectacles had got dim — oddities whose flavour was not seldom sharpened or sweetened by the sentiment or wit of the amanuensis.

"That's not mine, Hetty; that's your own!" the old man would cry.

"Only to try how it would go, father."

"'Tis good, my little girl; go on."

And thus in scribbling on rusty foolscap, and poring into musty volumes, tending a small roof-garden, and sketching fancies in the chimney-corner, Hetty had grown to be a woman almost without knowing it.

She possessed her father's good sense, with more imagination than was ever owned by the bookseller. She saw pictures with closed eyes, and wove her thoughts in a sort of poetry which never got written down, giving audience to strange assemblages in her dingy chamber, where a faded curtain of tawny damask did duty for arras, and some rich dark woodcuts pasted on the brown walls stood for gems of the old masters in her eyes. Lying on her bed with hands folded and eyes wide open, she first decorated then

peopled her room, while the moonshine glimmered across the shadows that hung from roof and beam. Sleep always surprised her in fantastic company, and with gorgeous surroundings, but waking found her contented with her realities. She was out of her window early, tending the flowers which flourished wonderfully between sloping roofs, in a nook where the chimneys luckily stood aside, as if to let the sun in across many obstacles upon the garden.

One summer morning she was admiring the crimson and yellow of a fine tulip which had just opened, when a young man appeared, threading his way out of a distance of house-top, stepping carefully along the leads as he approached Hetty's flower-beds, and smiling to see her kneeling on the tiles of a sloping roof and clinging to a chimney for support. He carried in his hand a piece of half-sculptured wood and an instrument for carving. Hetty, looking up, greeted him with a happy smile, and he sat on the roof beside her, and praised the tulips and chipped his wood, while the sun rose right above the chimneys, and gilded the red-tiled roofs and flamed through the wreaths of smoke that went silently curling up to heaven above their heads, like the incense of morning prayer out of the dwellings.

"I have got a pretty idea for your carving," said Hetty, still gazing into the flower as if she saw her fancy there. "I dreamed last night of a beautiful face, half wrapped up in lilies, like a vision of Undine. I shall sketch it for you this evening, and you will see what you can make of it."

"What a useful wife you will be!" said the young man. "If I do not become a skilful artist it need not be for want of help. Even your dreams you turn to account for me."

"They are not dreams," said Hetty, merrily. "They are adventures. A broomstick arrives for me at the window here at night, and I am travelling round the world on it when you are asleep. I visit very queer places, and see things that I could not describe to you. But I take care to pick up anything that seems likely to be of use."

Hetty stood up and leaned back laughingly against the red-brick chimney, with the morning sunshine falling all around her. She was not very handsome, but looked now quite beautiful, with her smiling grey eyes and spiritual forehead, and

the dimples all a-quiver in her soft pale cheeks. She had not yet bound up her dark hair for the day, and it lay like a rich mantle over her head and shoulders.

"I want to talk to you about something, Hetty. I have made up my mind to go abroad, and see the carvings in the churches; and we might live awhile in the Tyrol, and learn something there."

"Oh, Anthony!" the girl clasped her hands softly together, and gazed at her lover. "Is it possible we could have been born for such good fortune?"

Anthony was a young man who had come to the town without friends, to learn furniture-making, and developing a taste for carving in wood, had turned his attention to that, instead of to the coarser part of the business. His love of reading had led him to make acquaintance with the old book-man and his daughter. Evening after evening he had passed, poring over Tony Spence's stores, and growing to look on the book-lined chimney-corner as his home. He and Hetty had been plighted since Christmas, and it was now June.

That evening, when the evening meal was spread in the sitting-room above the shops, Anthony came up the ladder out of the book-shelves, just as Hetty appeared at another door carrying a dish of pancakes. The old man was in his chair by the fire, his spectacles off duty thrust up into his hair, gazing between the bars, ruminating over something that Hetty had told him.

"So," he said, looking up from under his shaggy brows, as Anthony sat down before him at the fire. "So you want to be off to travel! It's coming true what I told you the day you asked me for Hetty. I said you were a rover, didn't I?"

"Yes," said Anthony, smiling and tossing back his hair, "but you meant a different kind of a rover. I have not moved from Hetty. I shall not move a mile without Hetty. And you too, sir, you must come with us."

Old Spence lay back in his chair, and peered through half-closed eyes at the speaker. Anthony had a bright keen face, with rapidly changing expressions, spoke quickly and decidedly, with a charm in his pleasant voice, and had a general look of skilfulness and cleverness about him. There was not to be seen in his eyes that patient dreamy light which is shed from the soul of the artist; but that was in Hetty's eyes, and would be supplied to him now and evermore to make

him really a poet in his craft. Hetty's fancies were to be woven into his carvings that he might be famous.

"I don't know about breaking up and going abroad," said the old book-worm. "I'm too old for it, I'm afraid. Leaving the chimney-corner, and floating away off into the Nibelungen Land! You two must go without me, if go you must."

"I will not leave you alone, father," said Hetty.

"And I will not go without Hetty," said Anthony. "In the meantime, just for play, let us look over the maps and guide-books."

These were brought down, and after some poring the old man fell asleep, and the young people pursued their way from town to town and from village to village, across mountains and rivers, till they finally settled themselves in the Bavarian Tyrol. From a pretty home they could see pine-covered peaks and distant glaciers, and within doors they possessed many curious things to which they were unaccustomed.

"And I wonder if the mountains are so blue and the lakes of that wonderful jasper colour which we see in pictures," said Hetty. "How beautiful life must be in the midst of it all!"

"Yes," said Anthony, "and Hetty, you shall wear a round-peaked hat with silver tassels on the brim, and your hair in two long plaits coming down your back. 'Tis well you have such splendid hair," he said, touching her heavy braids with loving pride in his eyes and finger-ends.

Hetty blushed with delight and looked all round the familiar room, seeing blue mountains and dizzy villages perched on heights, people in strange costumes, brass-capped steeples, and strange wooden shrines, all lying before her under a glittering sun. Twilight was falling, the homely objects in the room were getting dim, the dream-world was round her, and with her hand in Anthony's she could imagine that they two were already roaming through its labyrinths together. It was not that in reality she could have quitted the old home without regret; but the home was still there, and the visions of the future had only floated in to beautify it. They had not pushed away the old walls, but only covered them with bloom.

The love of Anthony and Hetty was singularly fitting. He had gradually and deliberately chosen to draw her to him for the happiness and comfort of his life; his character was all restlessness, and hers was full of repose. She refreshed

him, and the sight of her face and sound of her voice were as necessary to him as his daily bread. Hetty's was that spiritual love which spins a halo of light round the creature that leans upon it, and garners everything sweet to feed a holy fire that is to burn through all eternity. In the hush of her nature a bird of joy was perpetually singing, and its music was heard by all who came in contact with her. No small clouds of selfishness came between her and the sun. She knew her meetness for Anthony and her usefulness to his welfare, and this knowledge lay at the root of her content.

It was quite dusk, and the scrubby lines on the maps which marked the mountains of Hetty's dreamland were no longer discernible to peering eyes, when a faint ting-ting was heard from the shop-bell below. The lovers did not mind it. It might be a note from the little brazen belfry up among the pines against the Tyrolese sky, or from the chiming necklace of a mule plodding along the edge of the precipice, or from the tossing head of the leader of a herd on a neighbouring Alp; or it might be the little pot-boy bringing the beer for Sib's supper. Sib, the old serving-woman, had come to the latter conclusion, for she was heard descending by a back way to open the door.

After an interval of some minutes there was a sound of feet ascending the ladder, and the door of the sitting-room was thrown open. The light figure of a girl appeared in the doorway, and behind followed Sib, holding a lamp above her head.

"Who is it?" cried Hetty, springing forward. "Ah, it must be Primula, my cousin from the country. Come in, dear; you are welcome!" and she threw an arm round the glimmering figure and drew it into the room. "Sib, put down the lamp and get some supper for her. Father, wake up! here is your niece at last. Tell us about your journey, cousin, and let me take your bonnet."

Hetty took the girl's hat off, and stood wondering at the beauty of her visitor.

Primula's father had brought her up in a country village where he had died and left her. She had come to her uncle, who had offered to place her with a dress-maker in Smokeford. The fashions of Smokeford would be eagerly sought at Moor-edge, and it was expected that Primula would make a good livelihood on her return, with her thimble in her pocket and her trade at her finger-ends.

She had been named by a hedgerow-loving mother, who died eighteen years ago in the spring-time, and left her newly-born infant behind her in the budding world. The motherless girl had, as if by an instinct of nature, grown up to womanhood modelled on her mother's fancy for the delicate flower whose name she bore. She had glistening yellow hair, lying in smooth uneven-edged folds across her low fair forehead. A liquid light lay under the rims of her heavy white eyelids, and over all her features there was a mellow and exquisite paleness, warmed only by the faintest rose-blush on her cheeks and lips. She wore a very straight and faded calico gown, her shawl was darned, and her straw hat was burned by the sun.

"She is very lovely — prettier far than I," thought Hetty, with that slight pang which even a generous young girl may feel for a moment when she sees another by her side who must make her look homely in the eyes of her lover. "But I will not envy her, I will love her instead," was the next thought; and she threw her arms round the stranger and kissed her.

Primula seemed surprised at the embrace.

"I did not think you would be so glad to see me," she said. "People said you would find me a deal of trouble."

Old Spence was now awake and taking his share in the scene.

"Bless me! bless me!" he cried, "you are like your mother! a sweet woman, but with no brains at all, nor strength of mind. Nay, don't cry, child! I did not mean to hurt you. I have a way of my own of speaking out my thoughts. Hetty does not mind it, nor must you."

Primula was trembling, and had begun to cry; and Hetty and Anthony drew nearer and comforted her.

CHAPTER II.

"THIS is a dull place, after all," said Primula next day, when Hetty, having shown her everything in the house, took her a walk through the best streets to see the shops. "I thought that in a town one would see gay ladies walking about, and soldiers in red coats, and a great deal of amusement going on about us. Moor-edge is as good nearly, and there isn't so much smoke."

"You thought it was a city," said Hetty, laughing. "I never thought about it being dull, but perhaps it is. We have gay ladies in Smokeford, but they do not

walk about in the streets. You may meet them sometimes in their carriages. It is a manufacturing town, and that makes the smoke. I don't wonder at all that Moor-edge should be prettier."

"Oh, there is a lady! Look at her hat! and there is certainly embroidery on her dress. I should like a dress like that, only I've got no money. Do you never see any company in your house, cousin Hetty?"

"Anthony comes often," said Hetty, happily, "and others come in and out, but we have nothing you could call company. You will see more of life when you go to the milliner's. There will be other young girls, and you will find it pleasant."

"I ought to have a better dress to go in," said Primula. "All the girls in the shops are nicely dressed. Have you got any money, cousin Hetty?" she added, hesitatingly.

Hetty blushed and was embarrassed for a moment. She had indeed a pound, the savings of years, about the expending of which she had made many a scheme — a present for her father or for Anthony, she had not quite decided. Well, here was her cousin who wanted clothing. She could not refuse her.

"I have a pound," said Hetty, faintly "and you can buy what you please with it."

"Oh, thank you," said her cousin. "Let us go in and buy the dress at once!" And they went into the finest shop, where the counter was soon covered with materials for their choice.

"This lilac is charming," said Primula, longingly. "What a pity it is so dear!"

"The grey is almost as nice," said Hetty; "and I assure you it will wear much better."

"Do you think you have not got five shillings more?" pleaded Primula. "The lilac is so much prettier?"

"No," said Hetty, in distress; "indeed I have not a penny more."

"The young lady can pay me at some other time," said the shopman, seeing the grieved look in Primula's face.

"Oh, thank you!" murmured Primula, gazing at him gratefully.

"No, no, cousin; you must not indeed think of going into debt," said Hetty. "Come home and let us talk about it."

"Ah, I shall never get it," said Primula, with a heavy sigh, and the tears rushed into her eyes.

"I will take off the five shillings," said the fascinated shopman. "You may have the lilac for the same price as the grey."

Primula blushed scarlet, and murmured some tremulous enraptured thanks ; and the shopman bowed her out of the shop with the parcel in her arms.

Though Primula was going to be a dressmaker, Hetty had to make this particular dress. "I don't know how to do it yet, cousin," said Primula ; "at least not the cutting out." When the cutting-out was done, the owner of the dress was not at all inclined for the trouble of sewing it. Hetty had turned her room into a work-room, and stitched with goodwill, while the new inmate of the chamber sat on the little bed which had been set up for her accommodation in the corner, and entertained Hetty with her prattle about the life at Moor-edge, the number of the neighbours' cows, and the flavour of their butter ; the dances on the green in summer-time, the pleasure of being elected Queen of the May. When the dress was finished and put on, Primula willingly took her steps to a house in a prominent street, with "Miss Betty Flounce" on a brass plate on the door, and was stared at on her first appearance by all the new apprentices, who never had had so pretty a creature among them before.

Summer was past, and the dark evenings had begun.

"Anthony," said Hetty one day, "your work-place is near to Primula's. Could you call for her every evening and bring her home ?"

Anthony changed colour, and looked at Hetty in surprise.

"Not if it annoys you," said Hetty, quickly ; "but I don't think you would find it much trouble. She is greatly remarked in the streets, and some one who calls himself a gentleman has been following her about lately."

Anthony frowned. "I should not wonder," he said, angrily ; "she is a thoughtless creature."

"You need not be so hard on her," said Hetty. "She is soft and childlike, and does not know how to speak to people and frighten them off."

"Well, I will be her knight, only to please you," said Anthony. "And see, here is the carving of the design out of your dream. Don't you remember ?"

"The face among the lilies !" cried Hetty, examining it. "And it has turned out quite beautiful. Why, Anthony, I declare it looks like Primula !"

"So it does, indeed," said Anthony turning away.

"I suppose her face must have come

in my dreams," said Hetty, "for I never had seen her when this was designed. I have heard of dreams foreshadowing things, but I never believed it. However, you could not have a lovelier model, I am sure."

"No," said Anthony ; and thenceforth he called for Primula every evening and brought her home. Sometimes Hetty came to meet them ; more often she remained at home to have the tea ready. At first Primula did not like being so escorted, for she had made many acquaintances, and had been accustomed to stop and say good evening to various friends whom she met on her way from Miss Flounce's door. And Anthony walked by her side like a policeman, and kept everybody at a distance. But she had to submit.

"Hetty," said Anthony, one day, when things had gone on like this for some time, "don't you think it is time she was going home ?"

"What ! Primula ?" cried Hetty, surprised. "Why, no ; she does not think of it : nor we, neither !"

"She is sometimes in the way," said Anthony, moodily.

"I never saw you so unkind," said Hetty. "Poor little Primula, whom everybody loves !"

"You and I are not the same to each other since she came."

"Oh, Anthony !"

"We never have any private talks together now. You never speak as you used, because Primula is present, and she does not understand you."

"I have noticed that," said Hetty ; "but I thought you did not. I believed it was not my fault. You often talk to Primula about the things that please her. I thought it seemed to amuse you, and so I was content."

Anthony lifted Hetty's little brown hand off the table, and kissed it ; then he turned away without another word, and went out of the house.

The kitchen was a pleasant enough place that evening, with firelight twinkling on the lattice-windows ; coppers glinting on the walls ; Hetty making cakes at a long table ; Anthony smoking in a chimney-corner ; while Primula moved about with a sort of frolicsome grace of her own, teasing Hetty and prattling to Anthony, playing tricks on the cat, and provoking old Sib, by taking liberties with the bellows to make sparks fly up the chimney. She stole some dough from Hetty, and kneaded it into a grotesque-

looking face, glancing roguishly at Anthony, while she shaped eyes and nose and mouth.

"What are you doing, you foolish kitten?" said Anthony, taking the pipe from his lips.

"Making a model for your carving, sir," and Primula displayed her handiwork.

"Bake it," said Anthony, "and let me eat it; and who knows but it may fill me with inspiration."

Primula laughed gaily, and proceeded to obey; and Hetty looked over her shoulder to enjoy the ridiculous scene which followed.

"It was a sweet face certainly," said Anthony. And Primula clapped her hands with glee at the joke.

Anthony put away his pipe and seemed ready for more play. It was no wonder, Hetty had said, that he seemed to like Primula's nonsense.

By this time Primula had learned to find Smokeford a pleasant place. Her beautiful face became well known as she passed through the streets to and from her work. Young artisans and shopkeepers began to look out of their open doors at the hour of her passing, and idle gentlemen riding about the town did not fail to take note of her. Her companions were jealous, her mistress was dissatisfied with the progress of her work, and the head of the little apprentice was nearly turned with vanity.

One night Hetty, going into her bedroom, found Primula at the glass fastening a handsome pair of gold ear-rings in her ears.

"Oh, Prim!" cried Hetty, in amazement. "Why, where did you get anything so costly?"

"From a friend," said Primula, smiling, and shaking her head so that the ear-rings flashed in her ears. "From some one who likes me very much."

"Oh, Primula!"

"How cross you are, Hetty; you needn't envy me," said Primula, rubbing one of her treasures caressingly against her sleeve. "I'll lend them to you any time you like."

"You know I am not envious, cousin. You know I mean that it was wrong for you to take them."

"Why?" pouted Primula; "they were not stolen. The person who gave them is a gentleman, and has plenty of money to buy what he likes."

"Oh, you silly child! You are a baby! Don't you know that you ought not to take jewellery from any gentleman?"

"You are unkind, unkind!" sobbed Primula, with the tears rolling down the creamy satin-smooth cheeks that Hetty liked to kiss and pinch. "Why do you get so angry and call me names? I will go home to Moor-edge and not annoy you any more."

"Nonsense, Prim! I won't call you baby unless you deserve it. Do you know the address of the gentleman who gave these to you? You must send them back at once."

Primula knew the address, but vowed she would keep her property. He bought them, he gave them to her, and there was nothing wrong about it. Hetty gave up talking to her and went to bed, and Primula cried herself to sleep with the treasures under her pillow.

The next day Hetty, in some distress, consulted Anthony about Primula's ear-rings. Anthony was greatly disturbed about the matter.

"I will talk to her," he said; "leave her to me, and I will make her give them back." And he spent an hour alone with her, breaking down her stubborn childish will. At the end of that time he returned to Hetty, flushed and triumphant — looking as if he had been routing an army, and bearing in his hand a little box containing the ear-rings and a piece of paper on which Primula had scrawled some words. The present went back to its donor, and Primula was sulky for a week.

One evening when the spring was coming round again, Anthony called as usual for Primula, but found that she had left the work-room early, as if for home. Arrived at the old book-shop he learned that she had not returned there since leaving, as usual, in the morning for her work.

"She has gone for a walk with some of her companions," suggested Hetty.

"She went alone," replied Anthony; and he thought of the ear-rings. "I must go and look for her."

Outside the town of Smokeford there were some pleasant downs, where, in fine weather, the townspeople loved to turn out for an evening walk. It was too early in the season as yet for such strollers; and yet Anthony, when he had gone a little way on the grass, could descry two figures moving slowly along in the twilight. These were Primula and the gentleman who had given her the ear-rings; a person whom Anthony had been watching very closely for some time past, whom he had often perceived following upon

Primula's steps, and whom, for his own part, he detested and despised.

"Primula!" he said, walking up to the young girl and ignoring her companion. "Come home! It is too late for you to be here unprotected."

Primula pouted and hung her head.

"The young lady is not unprotected," said the gentleman, smiling. "And pray, sir, who are you?"

"I am her nearest masculine friend," said Anthony, wrathfully; "I stand here at present in her father's place."

The gentleman laughed. "You are too young to be her father," he said. "Go away, young man, and I will bring her safely to her home when she wishes to go."

"Primula," said Anthony, white with anger, "go yonder directly to the tree, and wait there till I join you." The girl, terrified out of her senses, turned and fled as she was bidden; the gentleman raised his stick to strike this insolent tradesman who had dared to defy him; but, before it could descend, Anthony had grappled with him. There was a struggle, and Primula's admirer lay stretched on the green.

Anthony brought home the truant in silence, and for many days he came in and out of the house, and did not speak to her. Primula sulked and fretted and was miserable because Anthony looked so crossly at her. Anthony was moody and dull, and Hetty, with a vague sense of coming trouble, wondered what it all could mean.

CHAPTER III.

OLD Tony Spence was taken ill that spring, and Hetty was a good deal occupied in attending on him. Anthony came as usual in the evenings, but he did not expect to see Hetty much, and Primula and he amused themselves together. Hetty's face got paler during this time, and she fell into a habit of indulging in reveries which were not happy ones, if one might judge by the knotted clasp of her hands, and the deep lines of pain between her brows. Her housekeeping duties were hurried over, she fetched the wrong book from the bookshelves for customers, her sewing was thrown aside, her only wish seemed to be to sit behind her father's bed-curtain, with her head leaned against the wall and her eyes closed to the world. Sorrow was coming to seek for her, and she hid from it as long as she could.

One night old Spence asked to have a

particular volume brought him from the shop, and Hetty took her lamp in hand and went down to fetch it for him. There was a faint light already burning in the place, which Hetty did not at first perceive, as she opened the door at the top of the staircase, and put her foot on the first step to descend. She went down a little way, but was stopped by the sound of voices. Anthony and Primula were there.

"Yes," Primula was saying, in her soft cooing voice, "I love you better than any one. You fought for me, and I love you."

"Hetty ——" murmured Anthony.

"Hetty won't mind," whispered Primula. "She gives me her money and her ribbons. She won't refuse to give me you too — I'm sure of that."

They moved a little from behind the screen of a projecting stand of books, and saw Hetty standing on the stairs, gazing straight before her and looking like a sleep-walker. Primula gave a little cry, and covered her face. Hetty started, turned and fled up into the sitting-room, shutting the door behind her.

She sat down at the table, and leaned her head heavily upon her hands. The blow which she had been half dreading, half believing to be an impossibility, had fallen and crushed her; Anthony loved her no more. He had taken away his love from her, and given it to Primula; who with pleading eyes and craving hands, had robbed and cheated her. The greediness which she had tried to satisfy with ribbons and shillings, had not scrupled to grasp the only thing she would have kept, and held till death as her very own. Hetty's thoughts spun round and round in the whirl of new and uncomprehended agony. She had no thought of doing or saying anything, no wish to take revenge nor to give reproach. She was stunned, bruised, benighted, and willing to die.

Primula came creeping up the staircase, after crying for an hour all alone among the old books. Life was very troublesome, thought Primula, everybody was selfish and cross, and everything was either wrong or disagreeable. People petted and loved her one moment, and were angry with her the next. Anthony had rushed away from her in a fit of grief, although she had told him she loved him, and had given up a fine gentleman for his sake. Hetty, who used to be so tender with her, and so ready to give her everything, had looked so dreadfully there on that step of the stairs, that she,

Primula, was afraid to go up, though she was tired and longing to be in bed. Sobbing, and fretting, she crept up the staircase, and her desire to be comfortable overcoming her fear, she opened the door of the sitting-room, and came in. Hetty was sitting quietly at the table, with her head leaned on her hands, and she did not look up. "That is a good thing," thought Primula. "How dreadful if she were to scold me! 'Tis well it is not her way to make a talk about things." And she stole across the floor and shut herself up in the bed-room.

It was quite late at night when Hetty followed her into the bed-room, and then Primula was fast asleep, with the sheet pulled over her head and face, as if she would hide herself from the glance of Hetty's anger, even while she was happily unconscious of it. Hetty's lamp burned itself out, and she kneeled down in the dark to say her prayers. Her knees bent themselves mechanically in a certain corner of the room, but no words would come to Hetty's lips, and no clear thoughts to her mind. She only remembered that she ought to pray, and stretched out her arms, dumbly hoping vaguely that God would know what she meant. Nothing would come into her mind but pictures of the happy hours that Anthony and she had spent together in their love. She fell asleep stupidly dwelling on these memories, and unable to realize that Anthony had given her up; then she dreamed that she had wakened out of a terrible dream, in which Anthony had seemed to have forgotten her for Primula. How joyful she was in that dream! How she laughed and sang for ecstasy, and chattered about the foolish fancies that will come into people's minds when they are asleep! And then she wakened, and saw the dawn-light shining on Primula's golden head, and sweetly-tinted face, and she knew and remembered that Primula was the beloved one, and that she, Hetty, was an exile and an outcast from her Paradise forevermore.

Then, in that moment of exquisite anguish, in the leisure of the quiet dawn, a terrible passion of anger and hatred broke out in her breast. Everything that the light revealed had something to tell of her lost happiness, every moment that sped was bringing her nearer to the hour when she must rise up and give Anthony to Primula, and stand aside and behold their bliss and accept their thanks. She dared not let that moment come, she would not have it, she could not confront

it. She should do them some mischief if she were to see them together again before her as she had seen them last night. What, then, was she to do with herself? She dared not kill them, she could not wish them dead. It would not comfort her at all that they should suffer or be swept out of the world to atone for their sins. They had murdered her heart, and they could not by any suffering of theirs bring back the dead to life. What, then, must she do with herself? The only thing that remained for her was to get away, far out of their sight and out of their reach, never to behold them, nor to hear of them again, between this and the coming of her death.

She sprang out of bed and dressed herself hastily, keeping her back turned upon sleeping Primula, and, creeping down the stairs, she got out of the house. She felt no pang at leaving her home, and never once remembered her father; her only thought was to get away, away, where Anthony could never find her more. She hurried along the deserted streets and got out on the downs, and then she slackened her speed a little, quite out of breath. She knew that the path across the downs led to a little town, about ten miles away, in the direction of London. She had been too long accustomed to the practical management of her father's affairs, not to feel conscious, from mere habit and without reflection, that she must work when she got to London, in order to keep herself unknown. She would help in a shop somewhere or get sewing at a dressmaker's. In the meantime her only difficulty was to get there.

The whirl of her passion had carried her five miles away from Smokeford, when she came to a little roadside inn. She was faint with exhaustion, feeling the waste caused by excitement, want of sleep and food, and by extraordinary exertion. She bought some bread and sat on a stone at the gate of a field to eat it. She saw the ploughman come into the field at a distant opening, and watched him coming towards her; a grey head and stooping figure, an old man meekly submitting his feebleness to the yoke of the day's labour, though knowing that time had deprived him of his fitness for it. Hetty watched him, her eyes followed him as if fascinated; the look in his face had drawn her out of herself somehow, and made her forget her trouble. She wanted to go and help him to hold the plough, to ask if he had had his breakfast; to put her hand on his shoulder and be

kind to him. She did not know what it was about him that bewitched her. He turned his plough beside her, and as he did so, he noticed the pale girl sitting by the gate, and a smile lit up his rugged face.

Then it was that Hetty knew why she had watched him. He looked like her father. Her father! He was ill, and she had deserted him; had left him among those who would vex and neglect him! The untasted bread fell from Hetty's hands; the tears overflowed her eyes; she fell prone on the grass, and sobbed for her own wickedness, and for the grief and desolation of the sick old man at home.

"What is the matter, lass?" asked the old ploughman, kindly bending over her.

Hetty rose up ashamed.

"Sir," she said, humbly, "I was running away from my father, who is ill; but I am going back to him."

"That is right, lass. Stick by the poor old father. Maybe, he was hard on you."

"No, no, no; he never was hard on me. I have a sorrow of my own, sir, that made me mad. I forgot all about him until I saw his look in your face. I shall run back now, sir, and be in time to get him his breakfast."

The clock of the roadside inn struck six, and Hetty set off running back to Smokeford.

She ran so fast that she had not time to think of how she should act when she got home. When arrived there, she found she could have a long day to think of it, for Primula had gone to her work-room, and there was nobody about the house but Sib, and her father, and herself.

The old man had never missed her; but Sib met her on the threshold and looked at her dusty garments with a wondering face.

"Well, Hetty!" she said, "you did take an early start out of us this morning."

"I wanted a walk," said Hetty, throwing off her cloak, and making a change in her forlorn appearance. "Is my father's breakfast ready? I'm afraid I am late."

Old Tony Spence did not even remark that his daughter was unusually pale, nor that her dress was less neat than usual as she carried in his tea and toast. She was there, and that was everything for him. That she had been that morn-

ing flying like a hunted thing from Smokeford, sobbing in the grass five miles away from her home; that he had lost her forever, only for a strange old man following a plough in a distant field; of these things he never could know. Hetty was one of the people who do not complain of the rigour of the struggle that is past.

All day she sat by her father's side, in the old place behind the bed-curtain. He was getting better, and showed more lively interest in the world than she had seen in him since he first fell ill. Through the window he could see, as he lay, the little roof-garden which had been accustomed to look gay every summer for years. It was colourless now and untrimmed.

"Hetty, dear," he said, "how is it that you have been neglecting your flowers? Perhaps, you think it isn't worth while to keep up the little garden any longer? You will be going off with Anthony. Is any day settled for the wedding?"

"No, father," said Hetty, keeping her white, drawn face well behind the curtain. "We could not think of that until you are on your feet again."

In spite of her effort to save him the pain of an unhappy thought just now, something in her voice struck upon the old man strangely. He was silent for a while, and lay ruminating.

"Hetty, let me see your face."

Hetty looked forth from her hiding-place unwillingly, but kept her face as much as possible from the light.

"What do you want with it, Daddy? You have seen it before."

"'Tis a comely face, Hetty; and others have thought so besides me. I don't like the look on it now, my girl. Child! what's the matter with you? Out with it this minute! If he's going to fail you, it will be a black day for the man. I'll murder him!"

"Hush! hush! I have told you nothing of the kind."

"Deny it, then, this moment; and tell me no lie."

Hetty sat silent and scared.

"Is it that doll from Moor-edge that has taken his fancy?"

"He has not told me so."

"My lass! why do you play hide and seek with your old father? I know it is as I have said. Let me rise! Do not hold me; for I will horsewhip him to death!"

Hetty held him fast by the wrists.

"I will turn her out-of-doors without a character; and, though I am a weak, old

man, I will punish him before the eyes of the town."

For a moment Hetty's angry heart declared in silence that they would deserve such punishment; and that she could bear to see it. But she said —

"Father, you know you will do neither of those cruel things. Listen to me, father. I am tired of Anthony! Let him go with — Primula. You and I will be happy here together when they are gone."

The old man fell back on his pillow exhausted. After a time, he drew his daughter towards him, took her face, between his hands, and looked at it.

"Let it be as you say," he said, "only don't let me see them. You're a brave girl; and I'll never scold you again. We'll be happy when they're gone. We'll finish that little book of mine, and — and — and —"

His voice became indistinct, and he dropped suddenly asleep. Hetty sat on in her corner, thinking over her future, and thanking Heaven that she had at least this loving father left to her. After an hour or two had passed, she looked up and noticed a change in the old man's face. He was dead.

CHAPTER IV.

It was new and awful to Hetty to have neither father nor lover to turn to in her desolation. She got over one terrible week, and then when the old man was fairly under the clay she broke down and fell ill, and Sib nursed her. Primula hung about the house, feeling guilty and uncomfortable, and Anthony came sometimes to ask how Hetty fared. He brought fruit and ice for her, offering them timidly, and Sib accepted them gladly and poured out her anxiety to him, all unconscious that there was anything wrong between the lovers. Primula sulked at Anthony, who seemed to be thinking much more of Hetty than of her. The old book-shop was closed for good, and the Spences' happy little home was already a thing of the past.

Hetty thought she would be glad to die; but people cannot die through mere wishing, and so she got better. When she was able to rise Sib carried her into the little sitting-room and placed her in her father's old arm-chair; and seated here, one warm summer evening, she sent to beg Anthony to come and speak with her.

Anthony's heart turned sick within him as he looked on the wreck of his

once adored Hetty. Her wasted cheeks and hollow eyes made a striking contrast to Primula's fair smooth beauty. Yet in her spiritual gaze, and on her delicate lips, there still sat a charm which Anthony knew of old, and still felt; a charm which Primula never could possess.

"We are not going to talk about the past," said Hetty, when the first difficult moments were over. "I only want to tell you that Primula and you are not to look on me as an enemy. I am her only living friend, and this is her only home. She shall be married from here; and then we will separate and meet no more."

"You are too good," he stammered, "too thoughtful for us both. Hetty," he added, hesitatingly, "I dare not apologize for my conduct, nor ask your forgiveness. I can only say I did not intend it. I know not how it came about — she bewitched me."

Hetty bowed her head with a cold, stately little gesture, and Anthony backed out of the room, feeling himself rebuked, dismissed, forgiven. He went to Primula; and Hetty sat alone in the soft summer evening, just where they two had sat a year ago planning their future life.

"She is too good for me," thought Anthony, as he walked up the street. "Primula will vex me more, but she will suit me better."

Still he felt a bitter pang as he told himself that Hetty's love for him was completely gone. Of course it was better that it should be so, but still — he knew well that Primula could never be to him the sweet enduring wife that Hetty would have been. He knew also that his love for Primula was not of the kind that would last; whereas Hetty would have made his peace for all time. Well, the mischief was done now and could not be helped. He hardly knew himself how he had slipped into his present position.

When Hetty found that she had indeed got to go on with her life, she at once set about marking out her future. She had a cousin living on an American prairie with her husband and little children, who had often wished that Hetty would come out to her. And Hetty determined to go. She sold off the contents of the old book-shop, only keeping one or two volumes, which, with her father's unfinished manuscript, she stowed away carefully in her trunk. Primula had given up her work at the dress-maker's, and was busy making her clothing

for her wedding. Hetty was engaged in getting ready for her journey. The two girls sat all day together sewing. They spoke little, and there was no pretence of cordiality between them. Hetty had strained herself to do her utmost for this friendless creature, who had wronged her, but she could find no smiles nor pleasant words to lighten the task. Pale and silent, she did her work with trembling fingers and a frozen heart. Primula, on her side, sulked at Hetty, as if Hetty had been the aggressor, and sighed and shed little tears between the fitting on and the trimming of her pretty garments. In the evenings, Primula was wont to fold up her sewing, and go out to walk; with Anthony, supposed Hetty, who sometimes allowed herself to weep in the twilight, and sometimes walked about the darkening room, chafing for the hour to come which would carry her far away from these old walls, with their intolerable memories.

So Hetty endured the purgatory to which she had voluntarily condemned herself. Anthony came into the house no more; Primula had her walks with him, and sometimes it was very late when she came home. But Hetty never chided her now. Primula was her own mistress, and could come and go as she liked, from under this roof, which her cousin's generosity was upholding over her head.

One evening, a gossip of the neighbourhood, one who had known Hetty in her cradle, came in with a long piece of knitting in her hands, to sit an hour with Hetty, and keep her company.

"And so they do say you are going to America," she said, "all alone, that long journey, and everybody thinking this many a day that it was you that was to marry Anthony Frost. And now it is that Primula. People did say, my dear, that they have treated you badly between them, but I couldn't believe that, and you behaving so beautifully to them. Of course it shuts people's mouths to see the girl stopping here with you and preparing for her wedding."

Said Hetty, "I cannot take the trouble to contradict idle stories. Anthony Frost is a very old friend, and Primula is my cousin. It would be strange if I did not try to be of use to them."

"Of course, of course, when there's no reason for your being angry with them; but all the same, my dear, you'd have been a far better wife for him than that flighty little fool that he has chosen. He has changed his mind about many a

thing it seems, for he has taken a house in Smokeford, and is setting up as a cabinet-maker, instead of turning out a sculptor, no less, as some people said he had a mind to do. Well, well! it's none of my business to be sure, and I do hope they'll be as happy as if they had both been a bit wiser."

"I see no reason why they should not be happy," said Hetty, determined to act her part to the end. And the gossip went away protesting to her neighbours that there never could have been anything but friendship between Anthony and Hetty.

"There's no girl that had been cheated could behave as she's doing," said the gossip, "and she's as brave as a lion about the journey to America." And after this people found Hetty not so interesting as they had thought her some time ago.

The time for the wedding approached. Primula's pretty dresses and knick-knacks of ornament were finished and folded in a trunk, and she arranged them and re-arranged them; took them out and tried them on, and put them back again. She went out for her evening's walks, and Hetty waited up for her return, and let her into the house in the fine clear starlight of the summer nights, and the two girls went to bed in silence, and neither sought to know anything of the thoughts of the other. And so it went on till the night that was the eve of Primula's wedding. On that night Primula went out as usual and did not come back.

The arrangement for the next day had been that Anthony and Primula should be married early in the morning, and go from church to their home. Hetty intended starting on her own journey a few hours later, but she said nothing about her intention, wishing to slip away quietly out of her old life at the moment when the minds of her acquaintance were occupied, and their eyes fully filled with the wedding.

She did not wonder that Primula should stay out late on that particular evening. It was a beautiful night, the sky a dark blue, the moonlight soft and clear. Hetty wandered restlessly in and out the few narrow chambers of her old home, once so delightful and beloved, now grown so dreary and haunted, and saw the silver light shining on the roofs and chimneys, and on the dead flowers and melancholy evergreens of her little roof-garden. Only a year ago she had cherished those withered stalks, with Anthony by her

side, and they had smiled together over their future in the glory of the sunrise. Now all that fresh morning light was gone, the blossoms were withered away, and her heart was withered also. Faith and hope were dead, and life remained with its burden to be carried. She shut her eyes from sight of the deserted walls, with their memories, and thought of the great world-wide sea, which she had never beheld, but must now reach and cross ; and she longed to be on its bosom with her burden.

The hours passed and Primula did not return. Hetty thought this strange, but it did not concern her. Primula and her lover and their affairs seemed to have already passed out of her life and left her alone. She did not go to bed all night, and she knew she was waiting for Primula, but her mind was so lost in its own loneliness that it could not dwell upon the conduct of the girl. The daylight broke, and found her sitting pale and astonished in the empty house, and then her eyes fell on a letter which the night-shadows had hidden from her where it lay on the table. It was written in Primula's scratchy writing, and was addressed to Hetty.

"I am going away to be married," wrote Primula. "Anthony and you were both very good to me once, but you are too cold and stern for me lately. The person I am going with is kinder and pleasanter. I am to be married in London, and after that I am to be taken to travel. When I come back I shall be a grand lady, and I shall come to Smokeford ; and I shall order some dresses from Miss Flounce, I can tell you. I am very glad that Anthony and you can be married after all. He was always thinking of you more than me ; I could see that this long while back. I hope you will be happy, and that you will be glad to see me on my return. Your affectionate PRIMULA."

Hetty sat a long time motionless, quite stupefied, with the letter in her hand.

"Poor little ungrateful mortal," thought she ; "Heaven shield her, and keep her from harm !" And then she thought of her own little cup of life-happiness spilled on the earth for this.

"Oh, what waste ! what waste !" moaned poor Hetty, twisting the note in her fingers. And then she straightened it and folded it again, and put it in an envelope addressed to Anthony, and she

hastened to send it to him, lest the hour should arrive for the wedding, and the bridegroom should come into her presence seeking his bride.

When this had been despatched, she set about cording her trunks, and taking her last farewell of Sib, who was too old to follow her to America, and was nigh heart-broken at staying behind. When the last moment came she ran out of the house without looking right or left. And she was soon in the coach, and the coach was on its way to the sea-port from whence her vessel was to sail.

When Anthony received the note, he felt much anger and amazement, but very little grief. Primula's audacity electrified him ; and then he remembered that she was not treating him worse than he had treated Hetty. Let her go there ! she was a light creature, and would have brought him misery if she had married him. Her soft foolish beauty and bewitching ways faded from his mind after half an hour's meditation ; and Anthony declared himself free. And there was Hetty still in her nest behind the old book-shop ; as sweet and as precious as when they were lovers a year ago. The last few months were only a dream, and this was the awaking.

Hetty's pale cheeks would become round and rosy once more, and she must forgive him for the past, so urgently would he plead to her. How badly he had behaved !

Anthony put on his hat and went out to take a walk along a road little frequented, eager to escape from the gaze of his acquaintance in the town, anxious to think things thoroughly over, and to consider how soon he could dare to present himself to Hetty. Not for a long time, he was afraid. He remembered her stern pale look when he had last seen her, and how sure he had felt when turning away from her that her love was dead. A chill came over him, and he hung his head as he walked. Hetty was never quite like other girls, and it might be — it might be that her heart would be frozen to him forevermore.

Just at this moment a cloud of dust enveloped Anthony, and the mail coach passed him, whirling along at rapid speed. Hetty was in the coach and she saw him, walking dejectedly on the road alone with his trouble. She turned her face away lest he should see her ; and then her heart gave one throb that made her lean from the window, and wave her hand

to him in farewell. He saw her; he rushed forward; the coach whirled round a bend of the road.

Hetty was gone.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE POETS AT PLAY.

IF we were not told it by the poets we should not all of us take so readily for granted that childhood was our happiest time. They are so entirely agreed upon it—however much they differ from one another in other matters—they are so unanimous here, that we accept it as true to a truism. "The heart of childhood is all mirth," says the "Christian Year," and its generations of readers have echoed "of course" without asking each of himself if it were indeed so in his individual case. But whether it be true universally or no, it probably is true with the poets; and if so, then common consent derived from a common experience proves one point, that high animal spirits and exceptional vivacity are as essential to the making of a poet as what we call genius. Considering how exceedingly dismal is some of the poetry of the world, and on the other hand how much lively verse lacks every quality of true poetry, this may not be at once accepted. No doubt mere vivacity hurries many people into mistaking fervour of temperament for inspiration: like Doeg in the satire, who was

Too warm on picking work to dwell,
But fagoted his notions as they fell,
And if they rhymed and rattled all was well.

But the effort of giving harmonious voice to genuine inspiration cannot be sustained without a constitutional elation, a keen enjoyment in the exercise. Rhymes even will only run when the spirits are serene to gaiety. Verse would not be the accepted vehicle for effervescing gaiety if the writer did not show *himself* all alive with the delight of his theme. We do not think of Milton as a man of mirth, but spirits dance and sparkle in "L'Allegro," that perennial fount of cheerfulness. No doubt the temperament capable of exaltation to the point of rapture has its relapses, to be made excellent capital of when the cloud is blown over. But the vivacity which helps poets to make verses does not confine itself to this office. It belongs to their nature, often passing the bounds, and through excessive indulgence

inducing reaction, but still there and part of themselves so long as they write poetry that deserves the name: though it is now not the common fashion of poets to own to this capacity for jollity as frankly as Prior in his epitaph upon himself—

And alone with his friends, lord, how merry was he!

No poetry is written in the dumps, though the remembrance and experience of this gloomy condition are fertile themes. Thus Coleridge in justifying the egotism of melancholy verse. "Why then write sonnets or monodies? Because they give me pleasure when perhaps nothing else could. After the more violent emotions of sorrow the mind demands amusement, and can find it in employment alone; but full of the late sufferings it can endure no employment not in some measure connected with them."

Cowper, who might seem an instance against this view, is in reality a strong support of it: so long as he could keep the despondency of insanity at arm's length, he was the cheerfulest of men. "I never could take a *little* pleasure in anything," he writes; and his constitutional vivacity was such that, as a boy exulting in his strength and activity, and observing the evenness of his pulse, he began to entertain with no small complacency a notion that perhaps he might never die. He was fully conscious of this vivacity as a stimulus, as when playfully addressing Lady Austen—

But when a poet takes the pen,
Far more alive than other men,
He feels a gentle tingling come
Down to his finger and his thumb.

Wordsworth says—

We poets begin our life in gladness,
But thereof comes in the end satiety and madness.

With Cowper they ran side by side, the one quite as marked as the other. Pleasure in his work contended with horror. "You remember," he writes to his friend, "the undertaker's dance in the Rehearsal, which they perform in crape hats and black cloaks to the tune of Hob and Nob, one of the sprightliest airs in the world. Such is my fiddling and dancing." So long as he could describe his despair in sapphics, and illustrate it in such harmonious stanzas as his "Cast-away," we detect pleasure of some sort in the exercise of his gift, just as we see it in Burns, "still caring, despairing," in

his beautiful ode. The two influences are in visible contention. Many poets have the stigma in a lesser degree of depression of spirits; but if they wrote well, it was when the incubus was shaken off. Johnson was, he used to say, miserable by himself, and hated going to bed; but while he could get people to sit up with him he exultingly enjoyed life, and constituted the life and inspiration of the company, which no desponding man can possibly be.

Grey is a genuine instance of a poet without this exceptional vivacity of temperament. He was witty and humorous, but habitually his spirits were in a low key, and the consequence was, no poet who got himself a name ever wrote so little. He had everything of a poet but social instincts and animal spirits; but these deserted him wholly for long periods during which his muse was absolutely tongue-tied. When his friends urged him he answered, "It is indeed for want of spirits that my studies lie among the cathedrals, tombs, and ruins. At present I feel myself able to write a catalogue or to read a peerage-book or Miller's Gardeners' Dictionary, and am thankful there are such employments in the world."

All this does not prevent the composition of poetry being the hardest work the mind can exercise itself upon: nor does the fact contradict its being the highest form of enjoyment. All vigorous intellectual pleasure needs to be worked up to with effect. We cannot read fine poetry which opens and revives in us a world of keen sensation without a degree of labour from which men too often shrink, preferring lower satisfactions more easily and lazily come by.

The poet, knowing what his real achievements cost him, never withholds them from the world of readers. We need expect no discoveries of this nature in the private records he leaves behind him, unless, like Wordsworth, he deliberately postpones the publication of some cherished manuscript till after his death. But if the gift of verse is a pleasure, it will be played with apart from solemn duty either to the world or the poet's own fame. There will be amusement in adapting it to homely purposes — it will break out at odd times and in odd places, and be characteristic of the man often beyond what he designs for a larger and more critical audience. Whatever a man of genius writes because it pleases him to write it, will tell us something of

himself; though it be but a direction to his printer, an invitation to dinner, or a receipt for the cook. These little spurts of the Muse are quite distinct from the *vers de société* which amateurs turn off, whether easily or laboriously, as the best they can do — specimens of their powers in an unfamiliar field. They are especially not examples; we were never meant to see them; neither "reader" nor critic was in the poet's mind, but something closer and more intimate. The most prosaic doggerel of the true poet stands on a different footing from the rhymes of a writer with whom verse is not a natural medium. He would not commit himself to it, but as the indulgence of some impulse which belongs to his poet nature. With his name attached — and this proviso is sometimes necessary, for we have not all the discrimination to detect the master-hand under the homely disguise — we see something that distinguishes it, and stamps his character upon it. An impulse of some kind drives him to express a thought in verse, because it is easier to convey it that way, because it wraps it up so as to allow of a thing being said which might have looked awkward, or bold, or egotistical in prose, or because it best expresses relief from a task or a burden. With the poet, verse is his natural medium for a good deal that the Muse is not generally invoked for; and we like to see how far verse is a language, not a task — to see the "numbers come" on any stimulus. There are poets who never willingly wrote a careless line. Crabbe might have been thought one of these — so careful, so measured, so little egotistical; but we once find him indulging in the repetition of some verses which he acknowledged were not of the most brilliant description, but favourites, because they had amused the irksome restraint of life as chaplain in a great house: —

Oh! had I but a little hut
That I might hide my head in;
Where never guest might dare molest
Unwelcome or forbidden.
I'd take the jokes of other folks,
And mine should then succeed 'em;
Nor would I chide a little pride,
Nor heed a little freedom.

With Wordsworth every verse was a brick in the temple his life was building; he would have thought it profanation to despatch an ephemeral jingling joke by post and keep no record. Consequently we have no example of verse

from him inspired by the humour of the moment, written on a subject not poetical. But take Sir Walter Scott's correspondence with James Ballantyne as a specimen of what we mean; he suits as an early example, for very rarely are rhymes strung together as he strung them, literally for only one ear, or indeed only for his own; so heartily careless of his poetical credit. Though not poetry, what a great deal these jingling lines tell us of a poet; how they let us into the character and feeling of the man; how much there is that he would not, and perhaps could not, have unveiled in prose! It is through such effusions that we learn something of him as author, about which he was so reticent. After finishing "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," on whose name he plays somewhat carelessly, we see the "Antiquary" in his mind's eye:—

Dear James — I'm done, thank God, with the long yarns

Of the most prosy of apostles — 'Paul;
And now advance, sweet heathen of Monk-barns,

Step out, old quiz, as fast as I can scrawl.

In simple prose he would never have betrayed this confidence and fondness for any creature of his imagination. He thus rejoices over the completion of "Rob Roy":—

With great joy
I send you Roy;
'Twas a tough job,
But we're done with Rob;

the "tough job," referring to the agonies of cramp and the lassitude of opium under which the novel was written. He was the most patient of men under interruption; only in verse does he indulge in a murmur, his temper really worn to a hair's breadth:—

Oh James, oh James, two Irish dames
Oppress me very sore:
I groaning send one sheet I've penn'd,
For, hang them, there's no more.

In momentary discouragement, when "Quentin Durward" did not go off at the rate anticipated, "he did not sink under the short-lived frown," but consoled himself with a couplet—

The mouse who only trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.

When overwhelmed with books, preparatory to his life of Buonaparte, he thus condenses his experience, and blesses himself in prospect of his gigantic task:—

When with poetry dealing,
Room enough in a shieling,
Neither cabin nor hovel
Too small for a novel;
Though my back I should rub
On Diogenes' tub,
How my fancy could prance
In a dance of romance;
But my house I must swap
With some Brobdingnag chap,
Ere I grapple, God bless me, with Emperor
Nap.

When adversity came, the slipshod muse was his confidant, the depository of his resolutions, cheering him onward in the untried stony path of authorship under compulsion, — the inexorable demand of duty. After soliloquies which would have done credit, both in matter and manner, to Shakespeare's fallen kings, we find him writing —

I have finished my task this morning at half-past eleven, easily, early, and I think not amiss. I hope J. B. will make some notes of admiration!!! otherwise I shall be disappointed. If this work answers — if it *but* answers, it must set us on our legs; I am sure worse trumpery of mine has had a great run. I remember with what great difficulty I was brought to think myself anything better than common, and now I will not in mere faintness of heart give up hope. So hey for a Swiftianism —

I loll in my chair
And around me I stare,
With a critical air,
Like a calf in a fair;
And, say I, Mrs. Duty,
Good-morrow to your beauty,
I kiss your sweet shoe-tie,
And hope I can suit ye.

Fair words butter no parsnips, says Duty: don't keep talking then, but go to your work again; there's a day's task before you — the siege of Toulon. Call you that a task? hang me, I'll write it as fast as Bony carried it on! —

And long ere dinner time I have
Full eight close pages wrote;
What, Duty, hast thou now to crave?
Well done, Sir Walter Scott.

These dialogues with his conscience could hardly have been recorded without the playful veil of verse to hide their deep seriousness of self-sacrifice and atonement. Who can grudge him his escape to the country from the uncongenial scene of them celebrated in these valedictory lines? —

So good-bye, Mrs. Brown,
I am going out of town,
Over dale, over down,
Where bugs bite not,
Where lodgers fight not,
Where below you chairmen drink not,
Where beside you gutters stink not;

But all is fresh, and clear, and gay,
And merry lambkins sport and play.

Scott wrote too easily to value himself on his gifts, or to be very sensitive to criticism. The poet jealous of his reputation, fastidious on his own account, or keenly hurt by adverse opinion, would never commit himself thus, even to the privacy of his diary, secured by lock and key. It thus illustrates a very marked characteristic. We can hardly fancy Waller, who, somebody said, spent a whole summer in correcting ten lines — those written in the Tasso of the Duchess of York — disporting himself in this way.

Scott here is addressing himself. The poet playing with his gift more commonly adopts the epistolary form, and compliments a friend with some facile careless specimen of his art. We do not want the amusement to become general out of the charmed circle; but where once a name is won, a tribute of verse is felt to be a real token of friendship, and treasured among the most flattering of compliments, as a private communication from Parnassus; especially when it illuminates some grave subject, or assumes an unexpected form, in which the poet selects you as the recipient of a new and choice conceit.

It must have been a delightful discovery to the diplomatist when Canning's Despatch first unfolded itself to eye and ear. And that Canning was a universal genius does not prevent the writer of the *Anti-Jacobin* and the famous Pitt lyric, "The Pilot that Weathered the Storm," being a poet in especial. Canning's general principle, it should be explained, was, that commerce flourished best when wholly unfettered by restrictions; but as modern nations had grown up under various systems, he judged it necessary to discriminate in the application of the principle; hence the Reciprocity Act placing the ships of foreign States importing articles into Great Britain on the same footing of duties as British ships, provided our ships were treated by the same rule in their turn; reserving, however, a retaliative power of imposing increased duties when the principle was resisted or evaded, as it was in the case of Holland — M. Falck, the Dutch Minister, having made a one-sided proposition, much to the advantage of his own country. A tedious negotiation dragging on from month to month ensued, without arriving one step nearer consummation; at last Canning's patience was exhausted. Sir Charles Bagot, our ambassador at the

Hague, was one day (as we are told) attending at Court when a despatch in cipher was hastily put into his hand; it was very short, and evidently very urgent, but unfortunately Sir Charles, not expecting such a communication, had not the key of the cipher with him. An interval of intense anxiety followed, until he could obtain the key, when, to his infinite astonishment, he deciphered the following despatch from the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs: —

In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much;
With equal advantage the French are content,
So we'll clap on Dutch bottoms a twenty per cent.

Twenty per cent.,

Twenty per cent.,

Nous frapperons Falck with twenty per cent.

GEORGE CANNING.

Tom Moore, subsequently meeting this M. Falck when ambassador at our Court, calls him a fine sensible Dutchman. Whether he ever knew the form in which the tables were turned upon him is nowhere stated. Surprise constitutes some of the fun and attraction of a very different rhymed letter, where Cowper fills a sheet — prose alike in aspect and matter — with a flow of the most ingenious and facile rhymes. It shows remarkable mastery over words; and the little turns of humour, the playing with his own serious aims and with his friend's gravity of calling and reputation, are pleasantly characteristic of the man. The letter is long, but does not admit of curtailment, and the lurking rhymes keep up the reader's vigilance and attention.

July 12, 1781.

To the Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, — I am going to send, what when you have read, you may scratch your head, and say I suppose, there's nobody knows whether what I have got, be verse or not: by the tune and the time, it ought to be rhyme; but if it be, did you ever see, of late or of yore, such a ditty before? The thought did occur to me and to her, as Madam and I, did walk and not fly, over hills and dales, with spreading sails, before it was dark to Weston Park.

The news at *Oney* is little or none, but such as it is, I send it — viz., poor Mr. Peace cannot yet cease, addling his head with what you have said, and has left Parish Church quite in the lurch, having almost sworn, to go there no more.

Page and his wife, that made such a strife, we met them twain, in Dog Lane; we gave them the wall, and that was all. For Mr. Scott, we have seen him not, except as he

pass'd in a wonderful haste, to see a friend, in Silver End. Mrs. Jones proposes, ere July closes, that she and her sister and her Jones Mister, and we that are here, our course shall steer, to dine in the Spinney; but for a guinea, if the weather should hold, so hot and so cold, we had better by far, stay where we are. For the grass there grows, while nobody mows, (which is very wrong), so rank and long, that so to speak, 'tis at least a week, if it happens to rain, ere it dries again.

I have writ "Charity," not for popularity, but as well as I could, in hopes to do good; and if the Reviewer should say, "To be sure, the gentleman's muse wears Methodist shoes; you may know by her pace, and talk about grace, that she and her bard have little regard, for the taste and fashions and ruling passions, and hoidening play of the modern day; and though she assume a borrowed plume, and now and then wear a tittering air, 'tis only her plan, to catch if she can, the giddy and gay, as they go that way, by a production on a new construction. She has baited her trap, in hopes to snap all that may come, with a sugar-plum." His opinion in this, will not be amiss; 'tis what I intend, my principal end: and if I succeed, and folks should read, till a few are brought to a serious thought, I shall think I am paid, for all I have said, and all I have done, though I have run, many a time, after a rhyme, as far as from hence, to the end of my sense, and by hook or crook, write another book, if I live and am here, another year.

I have heard before, of a room with a floor, laid upon springs, or suchlike things, with so much art in every part, that when you went in, you were forced to begin a minuet pace with an air and a grace, swimming about, now in now out, with a deal of state, in a figure of eight, without pipe or string, or any such thing; and now I have writ, in a rhyming fit, what will make you dance, and as you advance, will keep you still, though against your will, dancing away, alert and gay, till you come to an end, of what I have penn'd; which that you may do, ere Madam and you are quite worn out, with jigging about, I take my leave, and here you receive, bow profound, down to the ground, from your humble me, W. C.

P. S. — When I concluded, doubtless you did think me right, as well you might, in saying what I said of Scott; and then it was true, but now it is due, to him to note, that since I wrote, himself and he has visited we.

This was written in a poetical year, when verse and matter crowded upon him. After finishing "Table Talk," we find him resolving to hang up his harp for the remainder of the year, and —

Since eighty-one has had so much to do,
Postpone what yet is left for eighty-two.

Charles Lamb and Cowper are as little associated in our minds as poets can well be; but there were points, especial-

ly of temperament, in common, and the Muse was a handmaid to them both; they each liked to adapt her to domestic uses. Cowper acknowledged homely favours by giving a verse for a dish of fish, apostrophizing a halibut in high-sounding blank verse, and explaining in neatly-turned heroics how the barrel of oysters was delayed on the road by the imprudent kindness of paying the carriage beforehand. Charles Lamb asked a favour through the same medium: —

TO WILLIAM AYRTON, Esq.

My dear friend,

Before I end

Have you any

More orders for Don Giovanni

To give

Him that doth live

Your faithful Zany?

Without raillery

I mean Gallery

Ones;

For I am a person that shuns

All ostentation,

And being at the top of the fashion,

And seldom go to operas

But *in formâ pauperis*.

I go to the play

In a very economical sort of a way,

Rather to see

Than be seen,

Though I am no ill sight

Neither.

By candle light

And in some kinds of weather.

You might pit me

For height

Against Kean;

But in a grand tragic scene

I'm nothing;

It would create a kind of loathing

To see me act Hamlet;

There'd be many a damn let

Fly

At my presumption

If I should try,

Being a fellow of no gumption.

By the way, tell me candidly how you relish

This which they call

The lapidary style?

Opinions vary.

The late Mr. Mellish

Could never abide it;

He thought it vile

And coxcombical.

My friend the poet-laureate,

Who is a great lawyer at

Anything comical,

Was the first who tried it;

But Mellish could never abide it:

But it signifies very little what Mellish said,

Because he is dead.

&c. &c.

It does not seem, by the way, to have been Southey's turn, however much he played with fantastic measures, to versify for the amusement of his friends alone. All his composition—even his fun—had its destination for the press; but we find him slipping into rhythm to his friend Bedford:—

How mortifying is this confinement of yours! I had planned so many pleasant walks to be made so much more pleasant by conversation;

For I have much to tell thee, much to say
Of the odd things we saw upon our journey—
Much of the dirt and vermin that annoyed us.

Charles Lamb was never careless or rapid. It was his amusement to play with his thoughts. The labour of investing a quaint fancy in fit wording was his pleasure. As in many other sports, the fun lay in the dressing. In fact, all that was characteristic in his mind needed exact expression; and now and then verse comes in to give the last point, as, after denouncing a cold spring, and May chilled by east winds, he concludes—

Unmeaning joy around appears,
And Nature smiles as though she sneers.

In complete contrast to this is the rapidity of Scott's habits of composition. His domestic verse has all the air of extempore. He seems to have considered it a duty to his chief to retain the minstrel character in his letters. In them he liked to exercise his pen in unfamiliar measures, proving how easy they all were to him. Canning had told him that if he liked he could emulate Dryden in heroics, his letter from Zetland beginning—

Health to the chieftain from his clansman
true;
From her true minstrel health to fair Buccleugh—
Health from the isles where dewy Morning
weaves
Her chaplet with the tints that Twilight
leaves—

is a very happy experiment in them; but his account of the sea-serpent in dancing anapæsts better suits our purpose, as bearing also upon the late reappearance of that tantalizing fable. He writes from Kirkwall—

We have now got to Kirkwall, and needs I
must stare
When I think that in verse I have once called
it fair.

He dates August the 13th, 1814.

In respect that your Grace has commissioned
a Kraken,
You will please be informed that they seldom
are taken;

It is January two years, the Zetland folks say,
Since they saw the last Kraken in Scalloway
Bay,

He lay in the offing a fortnight or more,
But the devil a Zetlander put from the shore,
Though bold in the seas of the North to
assail

The morse and the sea-horse, the grampus
and whale.

If your Grace thinks I'm writing the thing
that is not,

You may ask at a namesake of ours—Mr.
Scott

(He's not from our clan, though his merits de-
serve it;

He springs, I'm informed, from the Scotts of
Scotstarvit);

He questioned the folks who beheld it with
eyes,

But they differed confoundedly as to its size.
For instance, the modest and diffident swore
That it seemed like the keel of a ship, and no
more;

Those of eyesight more clear, or of fancy
more high,

Said it rose like an island 'twixt ocean and
sky—

But all of the hulk had a steady opinion,
That 'twas sure a *live* subject of Neptune's
dominion;

And I think, my Lord Duke, your Grace
hardly would wish

To cumber your house such a kettle of fish.
&c. &c.

Verse in such easy hands is a very useful instrument for turning a disagreeable incident into a joke, the poet can be impetuous in it without giving offence, apologetic without meanness or servility. Thus in Lockhart's unlucky false quantity which made such a stir over Maida's grave. James Ballantyne had run off post-haste with the epitaph thinking it Scott's, and printed it with an additional blunder of his own. All the newspapers twitted the supposed author, and Lockhart properly desired that the blame should lie on the right shoulders. Scott, however, cared much more for the reputation of his son-in-law, the author of "Valerius," than his own, and rattled off an epistle to Lockhart with many reasons for letting the matter rest, of which the third is—

Don't you perceive that I don't care a boddle,
Although fifty false metres were flung at my
noddle;

For my back is as broad and as hard as Ben-
lomôn's,

And I treat as I please both the Greeks and
the Romans;

And fourthly and lastly, it is my good pleasure
To remain the sole source of that murderous
measure.

So *stec pro ratione voluntas* — be tractile,
Invade not, I say, my own dear little dactyl ;
It you do, you'll occasion a break in our in-
tercourse.

To-morrow will see me in town for the winter
course,

But not at your door at the usual hour, sir,
My own pye-house daughter's good prog to
devour, sir ;

Ergo — peace, on your duty, your squeamish-
ness throttle,

And we'll soothe Priscian's spleen with a
canny third bottle ;

A fig for all dactyls, a fig for all spondees,
A fig for all dunces and Dominie Grundys.
&c. &c.

We do not often catch him taking the
high line about himself that really lies
hidden under this disparagement of his
scholarship. Tom Moore has recourse
to the epistolary Muse under a very
different mortification ; though there
may be many tingling sensations after
giving a bad dinner near akin to the dis-
covery of being even party to a false
quantity. The man in both cases feels
lowered, and has to give himself a fillip
to reinstate himself in his own good
opinion. The dinner in question seems
to have been an utter breakdown ; and
where Luttrell and brother epicureans
were the guests, all can sympathize in
the mishap ; while it is only given to
poets to express in becoming terms a
consciousness of disaster. Prose apolo-
gies in such cases are heavy aggravations
of the original ill-usage. Moore sitting
down after seeing his guests off, aided
by his lantern, and soothing his spirits
by an imitation of Horace, might be glad
he was a poet ; for what trouble does not
in a degree dissipate itself under neat
definition ?

That bard had brow of brass, I own,
Who first presumed, the hardened sinner,
To ask fine gentlemen from town
To come and eat a wretched dinner ;
Who feared not leveret, black as soot,
Like roasted Afric at the head set,
And making towards the duck at foot,
The veteran duck, a sort of dead set ;
Whose nose could stand such ancient fish
As that we at Devizes purvey —
Than which I know no likelier dish
To turn one's stomach topsy-turvy.
&c. &c.

Luttrell himself could turn a verse,
and was no doubt recompensed in some
degree by the opportunity afforded for
airing his talent, owning indeed that

"your cook was no dab at her duty," but
making the answering line "end with
poetry, friendship, and beauty."

And then to increase our delight
To a fulness all boundaries scorning,
We were cheered by your lantern at night,
And regaled with your rhymes the next
morning.

We must go back to an earlier date to
find dinners a cheerful subject for the
poet's muse. When a couple of dishes
furnished a table to which it was not un-
becoming to invite a lord, Matthew Prior
could gaily extemporize an invitation to
Harley ; with no fears of a *contretemps*
when a joint of mutton and a ham sup-
plied the board : —

AN EXTEMPORE INVITATION TO THE EARL OF OXFORD, HIGH TREASURER, 1712.

My Lord, —

Our weekly friends to-morrow meet
At Matthew's palace in Duke Street,
To try, for once, if they can dine
On bacon-ham and mutton-chine.
If, wearied with the great affairs
Which Britain trusts to Harley's cares,
Thou, humble statesman, may'st descend
Thy mind one moment to unbend,
To see thy servant from his soul
Crown with thy health the sprightly bowl ;
Among the guests which e'er my house
Received, it never can produce
Of honour a more glorious proof —
Though Dorset used to bless the roof.

And when Gay versified the receipt for
stewed veal, we may take for granted that
the dish so glorified would not be lost in
a crowd of rival candidates for favour,
but was, no doubt, a crowning attraction
of the occasion. "As we cannot enjoy
anything good without your partaking of
it," he writes to Swift, "accept of the
following receipt for stewed veal : —"

The receipt of the veal of Monsieur Davaux,
Mr. Pulteny's cook, and it hath been approved
of at one of our Twickenham entertainments.
The difficulty of the saucepan I believe you
will find is owing to a negligence in perusing
the manuscript. If I remember right, it is
there called a stew-pan. Your earthen vessel,
provided it is close-topped, I allow to be a
good *succedaneum* : —

Take a knuckle of veal —
You may buy it, or steal ;
In a few pieces cut it,
In a stewing-pan put it.
Salt, pepper, and mace
Must season this knuckle ;
Than what's joined to a place *
With other herbs muckle,
That which killed King Will,†

* *Vulgo* salary.

† Supposed sorrel.

And what never * stands still ;
 Some sprigs of that bed
 Where children are bred ; —
 Which much you will mend if
 Both spinnage and endive,
 And lettuce and beet,
 With marygold meet, —
 Put no water at all,
 For it maketh things small ;
 Which, lest it should happen,
 A close cover cap on.
 Put this pot of Wood's metal †
 In a hot boiling kettle,
 And there let it be
 (Mark the doctrine I teach)
 About — let me see —
 Thrice as long as you preach. ‡
 So, skimming the fat off,
 Say grace with your hat off.
 Oh, then with what rapture
 Will it fill dean and chapter !

The mention of Twickenham, where Swift was so keenly missed, reminds us of Pope's lines suggested by the vexed question of his descent. Swift in Ireland was contented to be called an Irishman ; but the monument he put up to his grandfather in Goodrich (or Gotheridge) Church, to which he also presented a cup, implies, as Pope also took it, a desire to assert his English origin. He had sent a pencilled elevation of the tablet to Mrs. Howard, who returned it with these lines on it scribbled by Pope. The paper was found endorsed in Swift's hand, "Model of a monument to my grandfather, with Mr. Pope's roguery : " —

Jonathan Swift
 Had the gift
 By fatheridge, motheridge,
 And by brotheridge,
 To come from Gotheridge,
 But now is spoil'd clean
 And an Irish dean.
 In this church he has put
 A stone of two foot ;
 With a cup and a can, sir,
 In respect to his grandsire.
 So Ireland change thy tone,
 And cry O hone, O hone !
 For England hath its own.

Swift is rarely spoken of in these days but as a misanthrope, abhorring as well as despising his fellow-creatures. Misanthrope as he might be towards parties and people he did not like or did not know, he could not live without friends, who were more necessary to him than they are to many philanthropists, and more constantly in his mind for their amusement and his own ; and trusting, no doubt, to their immense opinion of his genius, he delighted,

* Thyme or *time*.

† Copper. The allusion is to Wood, the coiner of Irish halfpence, who furnished the text of the Drapier Letters.

‡ "Which we suppose to be near four hours."

among other uses of the "Little language," in stringing together, in a sort of horse-play, jingling rhymes and interminable lines, in bold defiance of metrical rule, like the following, — certainly never designed for the public eye, though they found their way to it : —

SWIFT'S AND HIS THREE FRIENDS' INVITATION TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Dear Tom, this verse, which, however the beginning may appear, yet in the *end's good metre*,

Is sent to desire that, when your *august* vacation comes, your *friends you'd meet here* ;
 For why should stay you in that filthy hole —
 I mean the *city so smoaky* —

When you have not one friend left in town, or
 at least *no* one that's *witty to joke wi' ye* ?

How he served his friends is shown, in one instance, by Gay's acknowledgments, who attributes to his good offices his appointment to attend Lord Clarendon to the House in capacity of secretary. "I am every day," he writes, "attending my Lord Treasurer for his bounty to help me out, which he hath promised me upon the following petition, which I have sent him by Dr. Arbuthnot : —"

THE EPIGRAMMATICAL PETITION OF JOHN GAY.

I'm no more to converse with the swains,
 But go where fine people resort.
 One can live without money on plains,
 But never without it at court.
 If, when with the swains I did gambol,
 I arrayed me in silver and blue,
 When abroad and in courts I shall ramble,
 Pray, my lord, how much money will do ?

Instead of the terrors of a competitive examination, his wardrobe was obviously Gay's first care on entering the public service : for subdivision of labour is a modern idea. A genius or a clever fellow used to be considered fit, and to hold himself fit, at a moment's warning, for any employment that would bring him an income. A place or an appointment, whatever the duties, was an appropriate recognition of any form of merit or success. Scarcely more than half a century ago, Theodore Hook was made accountant-general to the Mauritius, and treasurer to the colony, for rattling off such verses as these in ridicule of the tag-rag deputations to Queen Caroline : —

A rout of sham sailors
 Escaped from their jailors,
 As sea-bred as tailors
 In Shropshire or Wilts,
 And Mark Oldi's smile, and her's,

Greeting as Highlanders,
Half a score Mile-enders
Shivering in kilts.

It was a fit sequel to such a choice that the luckless treasurer, having got the money affairs of the island into inextricable confusion, was brought back in disgrace, entertaining his custodians, and amusing the tedium of the voyage by extemporizing songs, of which himself and his own predicament was the theme, and denouncing

The atrocious, pernicious
Scoundrel that emptied the till at Mauritius.

But we are digressing, and must not leave the elder generation without one specimen, gathered from his letters, of Swift's graver epistolary style, addressed to the honoured friend who was emphatically the poet of the brilliant circle. It is an example of his delightfully easy versification, so peculiarly adapted for familiar uses : —

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE,

While he was writing the "Dunciad."

Pope has the talent well to speak,
But not to reach the ear ;
His loudest voice is low and weak,
The *Dean* too deaf to hear.

A while they on each other look,
Then different studies chuse ;
The *Dean* sits plodding on a book —
Pope walks and courts the muse.

Now backs of letters, though design'd
For those who more will need 'em,
Are filled with hints, and interlined,
Himself can hardly read 'em.

Each atom by some other struck,
All turns and motions tries ;
Till in a lump together stuck,
Behold a *poem* rise !

Yet to the *Dean* his share allot ;
He claims it by a canon ;
That without which a thing is not,
Is causa sine qua non.

Thus, Pope, in vain you boast your wit ;
For, had our deaf divine
Been for your conversation fit,
You had not writ a line.

Of prelate thus for preaching fam'd
The sexton reason'd well ;
And justly half the merit claim'd
Because he rang the bell.

Amongst epistolary effusions, Gray's lines to Mason must find a place. Whether Mason had any idea of editing Shakespeare we cannot now remember, but doubtless Gray had been irritated by

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a good deal of the criticism laboriously bestowed on the poet by his numerous commentators, and thus expressed his opinion of their value : —

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

July 16, 1765.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE to MRS. ANNE,
regular servant to the Rev. Mr. Precentor of York.

A moment's patience, gentle Mistress Anne :
(But stint your clack for sweet St. Charitie) :
'Tis Willey begs, once a right proper man,
Though now a book, and interleav'd, you see.

Much have I borne from canker'd critic's
spite,

From fumbling baronets, and poets small,
Pert barristers, and parsons nothing bright ;
But what awaits me now is worst of all.

'Tis true our Master's temper natural
Was fashion'd fair in meek and dove-like
guise ;

But may not honey's self be turned to gall
By residence, by marriage, and sore eyes ?

If then he wreak on me his wicked will,
Steal to his closet at the hour of prayer ;
And (then thou hear'st the organ piping
shrill),

Grease his best pen, and all he scribbles
tear.

Better to bottom tarts and cheesecakes nice,
Better the roast meat from the fire to save,
Better be twisted into caps for spice
Than thus be patched and cobbled in one's
grave.

So York shall taste what Clouet never knew,
So from our works sublimer fumes shall
rise ;

While Nancy earns the praise to Shakespeare:
due,

For glorious puddings and immortal pies.

"Tell me, if you do not like this," writes Gray, "and I will send you a worse." We think them good lines to find their home only in a letter ; and Gray had no eye beyond his correspondent : and so thought Mason, who writes answer, "As bad as your verses were, they are yours, and therefore, when I get back to York, I will paste them carefully in the first page of my Shakespeare, for I intend it to be put in my marriage settlement, as a provision for my younger daughters."

Editors have been often provocatives of verse. Tom Moore has his thoughts on editors, though on different grounds, but mingled in his case also with good cheer. The following querulous effusion fails to distinguish between the private, the social, and the public duties of the critic. "I see my Lord Edward," he writes, "announced as one of the articles

in the 'Quarterly,' to be abused, of course ; and this so immediately after my dinings and junketings with both editor and publisher." Having occasion to write to Murray, he sent him the following squib :—

THOUGHTS ON EDITORS.

Editur et Edit.

No, editors don't care a button

What false and faithless things they do ;
They'll let you come and cut their mutton,
And then they'll have a cut at you.

With Barns I oft my dinner took,
Nay, met ev'n Horace Twiss to please him ;
Yet Mister Barnes traduced my book,
For which may his own devils seize him !

With Doctor Bowring I drank tea,
Nor of his cakes consumed a particle ;
And yet th' ungrateful LL.D.
Let fly at me next week an article.

John Wilson gave me suppers hot,
With bards of fame like Hogg and Pack-
wood ;
A dose of black strap then I got,
And after a still worse of "Blackwood !"

Alas ! and must I close the list
With thee, my Lockhart, of the "Quar-
terly !"
So kind, with bumper in thy fist —
With pen, so *very* gruff and tarterly.

Now in thy parlour feasting me,
Now scribbling at me from thy garret,
Till 'twixt the two in doubt I be
Which sourest is, thy wit or claret.

Byron never made verse his plaything. Even where it affected to be, it was a weapon which would have altogether failed of its purpose if it did not find its way and hit far beyond its seeming destination. Self-banished, he felt his exclusion from the intellects of the day, and sought for some medium of communication with them which should not compromise his pride. This medium was his distinguished publisher, at whose house his restless fancy imagined constant gatherings of wits and poets. To them he sent messages, as it were, to keep his name and fame still in men's mouths — and the fear of him, an abiding influence. Mr. Murray was thus the depository of some lively *critiques* on men and books, as where Byron supplies him with a civil refusal of the "Medical Tragedy" (Dr. Polidori's), spoken in his (Murray's) own person. We give it as so far to our point that it is verse applied to a personal use, and affecting to be thrown off for the amusement of his correspondent :—

There's Byron too, who once did better,
Has sent me folded in a letter
A sort of — it's no more a drama
Than Darnley, Ivan, or Kehama ;
So altered since last year his pen is,
I think he's lost his wits at Venice.

. . . But, to resume :

As I was saying, sir, the room —
The room's so full of wits and bards,
Crabbes, Campbells, Crokers, Freres, and
Wards,

And others, neither bards nor wits.
My humble tenement admits
All persons in the dress of gent,
From Mr. Hammond to Dog Dent ;
A party dines with me to-day,
All clever men who make their way ;
They're at this moment in discussion
On poor De Stael's late dissolution ;
Her book they say was in advance,
Pray Heaven she tell the truth of France ;
Thus run our time and tongues away —
But to return, sir, to your play, &c., &c.

His publisher's name suggests other verses in a more genuinely playful vein, as well as more for the individual recipient. He felt Murray the link between him and his country, as apart from a few personal intimacies. His mind, we see, ran on the scene where his name was spoken and his works inquired after. He liked to recall "the table's baize so green," the comings and goings, the literary gossip, and all that was most opposed to the line he had chosen for himself. It associated him with poets, not only of the day, but of the earlier times :—

Strahan, Jonson, Lintot of the times,
Patron and publisher of rhymes,
To thee the bard up Pindus climbs,
My Murray.

To thee with hope and terror dumb
The unfledged MS. authors come ;
Thou printest all — and sellest some —
My Murray.

Upon thy table's baize so green
The last new Quarterly is seen,
But where is thy new Magazine
My Murray ?

Along thy sprucest book-shelves shine
The works thou deemest most divine —
The "Art of Cookery" and mine,
My Murray.

Tours, travels, essays, too, I wist,
And sermons to thy mill bring grist !
And then thou hast thy "Navy List,"
My Murray.

And Heaven forbid I should conclude
Without the Board of Longitude,
Although this narrow paper would,
My Murray.

Complimentary verses, if premeditated, scarcely come within our subject. Playful they may be, but no style of composition has more severely tasked the faculties of versifiers, or been less congenial to the poet proper. We mean, of course, social verse; for addresses and dedications, profuse of compliment, swell the pages to a very inconvenient extent, of generations of poets. One exception, however, we must make to our exclusion of this vehicle for forced liveliness. What more easy and playful lines can we find than the following, or more suggestive of fun and enjoyment in the writer? and if any question the choice of subject, let them remember the argument of the "Splendid Shilling"—

Sing, heavenly muse!

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,—
A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

These lines were addressed to Mrs. Legh on her wedding-day, in reference to a present of a pair of shooting-breeches she had made to Canning while he was a Christ Church undergraduate:—

TO MRS. LEGH.

While all to this auspicious day,
Well pleased, their heartfelt homage pay,
And sweetly smile, and softly say
A hundred civil speeches;
My muse shall strike her tuneful strings,
Nor scorn the gift her duty brings,
Tho' humble be the theme she sings,—
A pair of shooting-breeches.

Soon shall the tailor's subtle art
Have made them tight, and spruce, and smart,
And fastened well in every part
With twenty thousand stitches;
Mark, then, the moral of my song;
Oh, may your loves but prove as strong,
And wear as well, and last as long,
As these my shooting-breeches!

And when, to ease the load of life,
Of private care, and public strife,
My lot shall give to me a wife,
I ask not rank or riches;
For worth like thine alone I pray,
Temper like thine, serene and gay,
And formed, like thine, to *give away*,
Not wear herself, the breeches.

No man that has much in him can write to amuse himself in ever so easy a vein, without telling something that will convey information a hundred years or so after. Take, for example, Cowper's song on the History of a Walk in the Mud. What a picture it raises of the roads and paths of his day! Often it occurs to the reader to speculate on the use that is made of gardens in literature of a former date. How constantly Pepys, e.g., "walks up and down," in discussion! what provision was made for this exercise in all old gardens! A terrace, we see, is no affair of mere state, it was a

necessity of health; for if people walk for exercise in narrow bounds, it must be on a straight line, not one winding and turning. A country walk was an adventure for ladies in those days. Witness the immense preparations when the Duchess of Portland on first succeeding to Welbeck wished to walk to Creswell Crag, two miles and a half from the great house. The ladies were accompanied by the steward to show them the way, and two pioneers to level all before them. Paths were cut through thickets and brambles, and bridges made for swampy places. It was an expedition to be proud of. Walking was necessary to Cowper, and a lady companion equally necessary; hence the point he makes of having leave to walk in the Throckmortons' grounds. It is really sad to read (February 1785), "Of all the winters we have passed at Olney, this, the seventeenth, has confined us most. Thrice, and but thrice, since the middle of October, have we escaped into the fields for a little fresh air and a little change of motion. The last time it was at some peril we did it, Mrs. Unwin having slipt into a ditch; and, though I performed the part of an active squire upon the occasion, escaped out of it upon her hands and knees." The occasion of the following composition was four years earlier, the Sister Anne addressed at the close being Lady Austen:—

THE DISTRESSED TRAVELLERS, OR LABOUR IN VAIN.

*An excellent new song, to a tune never sung
before.*

I.

I sing of a journey to Clifton,
We would have performed if we could,
Without cart or barrow to lift on
Poor Mary and me through the mud
Slee sla slud,
Stuck in the mud;
O it is pretty to wade through a flood!

2.

So away we went, slipping and sliding
Hop, hop, *à la mode de deux* frogs.
'Tis near as good walking as riding,
When ladies are dressed in their clogs.
Wheels no doubt,
Go briskly about,
But they clatter and rattle, and make such a
rout!

3.

She.

Well! now I protest it is charming;
How finely the weather improves!

That cloud, though, is rather alarming ;
How slowly and stately it moves !

He.

Pshaw ! never mind ;
'Tis not in the wind ;
We are travelling south, and shall leave it behind.

4.

She.

I am glad we are come for an airing,
For folks may be pounded and penn'd
Until they grow rusty, not caring
To stir half a mile to an end.

He.

The longer we stay
The longer we may ;
It's a folly to think about weather or way.

5.

She.

But now I begin to be frightened
If I fall, what a way I should roll !
I am glad that the bridge was indicted, —
Stop ! stop ! I am sunk in a hole !

He.

Nay, never care !
'Tis a common affair ;
You'll not be the last that will set a foot there.

6.

She.

Let me breathe now a little, and ponder
On what it were better to do ;
That terrible lane I see yonder,
I think we shall never get through !

He.

So think I ;
But, by the by,
We never shall know if we never should try.

7.

She.

But, should we get there, how shall we get home ?
What a terrible deal of bad road we have passed !
Slipping and sliding ; and if we should come
To a difficult stile, I am ruin'd at last.
Oh, this lane ;
Now it is plain
That struggling and striving is labour in vain.

8.

He.

Stick fast there while I go and look.

She.

Don't go away, for fear I should fall !

He.

I have examined in every nook,
And what you have here is a sample of all.
Come, wheel round ;

The dirt we have found
Would be worth an estate, at a farthing a pound.

9.

Now, sister Anne, the guitar you must take ;
Set it, and sing it, and make it a song.
I have varied the verse for variety's sake,
And cut it off short, because it was long.

'Tis hobbling and lame,
Which critics won't blame,
For the sense and the sound, they say, should
be the same.

Southey calls this one of the playfulness and most characteristic of his pieces. We are glad to have a poet's testimony to its merits. It is a remarkable example of Cowper's special power of picturesquely reproducing a scene, incident, or situation ; and by touches minutely true, playing with the trivialities of life as an exercise of his apt and choice resources of language. The editors have probably thought the subject too trivial, for it has been "overlooked" in every edition of his poems that we know of. There is a poem of Coleridge's which comes under our class, having been clearly written with friends only in view ; but as it is inserted in his works, we will only indicate it by a few lines. It is that Ode to the Rain, composed in bed on the morning appointed for the departure of a very worthy but not very pleasant visitor, whom it was feared the rain might detain : —

But only now, for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain, do go away !
O Rain ! with your dull twofold sound,
The clash hard by, and the murmur all round !
You know, if you know aught, that we
Both night and day but ill agree.
For days, and months, and almost years
Have limped on through this vale of tears,
Since body of mine and rainy weather
Have lived on easy terms together.
Yet if, as soon as it is light,
O Rain ! you will but take your flight,
Though you should come again to-morrow,
And bring with you both pain and sorrow ;
Though stomach should sicken and knees
should swell,
I'll nothing speak of you but well,
But only now, for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain, do go away !

Of all the intellectual gifts bestowed on man, the most intoxicating is readiness — the power of calling all the resources of the mind into simultaneous action at a moment's notice. Nothing strikes the unready as so miraculous as this promptitude in others ; nothing impresses him with so dull and envious

a sense of contrast in his own person. To want readiness is to be laid on the shelf, to creep where others fly, to fall into permanent discouragement. To be ready is to have the mind's intellectual property put out at fifty or a hundred per cent.; to be unready at the moment of trial, is to be dimly conscious of faculties tied up somewhere in a napkin. What an engine—we are speaking of “the commerce of mankind”—is a memory ready with its stores at the first question, words that come at your call, thoughts that follow in unbroken sequence, reason quick at retort! The thoughts we may feel not above our level; the words we could arrange in as harmonious order; the memory, only give it time, does not fail us; the repartee is all the occasion called for, if only it had not suggested itself too late, thus changing its nature from a triumph into a regret. It is such comparisons, the painful recollection of panic and disaster, the speech that would not be spoken, the reply that dissolved into incoherence, the action that belied our intention, or, it may be, experience in a humbler field, that gives to readiness such a charm and value. The ready man does seem such a very clever fellow. The poet's readiness does not avail him for such practical uses, and does not contribute to his fame or success at all in the same degree. It is the result—the thought, the wit, the sense—not the speed of performance, which determines the worth of his efforts. But we delight in an extempore effusion because of the prestige of readiness called into play in busy life; at least this adds to the pleasure. The poet's best verses are the greatest, least imitable, wonder about him; but we are apt to be most surprised when he shows his powers under immediate command: and good lines struck off at a heat, do give us a vivid insight into the vivacity and energy of the poetical temperament, prompt in its action, ready at a call, and gaily willing to display its mechanical facilities. There is a specimen of Dryden's fluency in extempore verse, communicated and authenticated by Malone, which shows that foresight and composite action which a strong imagination seems to possess, uttering what it has prepared, and composing what is to follow, at one and the same time—a habit or faculty observed in Sir Walter Scott by his amanuenses. This double action must belong to all rapid complex expression; but the difficulty is enhanced and the feat magnified

in proportion when rhythm and rhyme are added to the other requirements.

Conversation one day after dinner at Mrs. Creed's running upon the origin of names, Mr. Dryden bowed to the good old lady and spoke extempore the following verses:—

So much religion in *your* name doth dwell,
Your soul must needs with piety excel;
Thus names, like [well-wrought] pictures drawn of old,
Their owner's natures and their story told.
Your name but half expresses, for in you
Belief and justice do together go.
My prayers shall be, while this short life endures,
These may go hand in hand with you and yours;
Till faith hereafter is in vision drown'd,
And practice is with endless glory crown'd.

Dr. Johnson, readiness itself in his conversation, has left some remarkable examples of the extemporizing power. Mrs. Thrale relates that she went into his room at Streatham on her birthday and complained, “Nobody sends me verses now, because I am five-and-thirty years old; and Stella was fed with them till forty-six, I remember.” “My having just recovered from illness will account for the manner in which he burst out suddenly; for so he did without the least previous hesitation whatsoever, and without having entertained the smallest intention towards it half a minute before:”—

Of in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five.
Could philosophers contrive,
Life to stop at thirty-five,
Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to soar, and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five;
For howe'er we boast and thrive,
Life declines from thirty-five.
He that ever hopes to thrive
Must begin by thirty-five:
And all who wisely wish to wive,
Must look on Thrale at thirty-five.

And now [said he, as I was writing them down], you may see what it is to come for poetry to a dictionary-maker; you may observe that the rhymes run in alphabetical order exactly,—and so they do.

His extempore parodies are by no means feats like this, which is really a bundle of valuable maxims; but how easily flow the lines to Miss Reynolds, in imitation of the “Penny Ballads,” and how well the rhythm is caught!—

I therefore pray thee, Renny dear,
That thou wilt give to me,
With cream and sugar softened well,
Another dish of tea.

Nor fear that I, my gentle maid,
Shall long detain the cup,

When once unto the bottom I
Have drunk the liquor up.

Yet hear, alas ! this mournful truth,
Nor hear it with a frown,
Thou canst not make the tea so fast,
As I can drink it down.

Swift had an "odd humour" of extemporizing rhymed proverbs, which he brought out with such apt readiness as to puzzle collectors of old saws. Thus, a friend showing off his garden to a party of visitors without inviting them to eat any of the fine fruit before them, Swift observed, "It was a saying of my dear grandmother's —

Always pull a peach,
When it is within your reach,"

and helped himself accordingly, an example which, under such revered sanction, the rest of the party were not slow to follow.

The value of all specimens lies a good deal in the assurance of their authenticity as unprepared efforts, sudden plays of humour or ingenuity. The following professes also to be extempore; but there must have been finishing touches, — it surely passes human power to have been hit off in one sustained unbroken flow. That it answers our leading requirement as poet's play work, there can be no doubt. Whitbread, it seems, had perpetrated the unpardonable sin against taste and parliamentary usage, of introducing personal and family matters into his speech on a great public occasion, at a time when party feeling against Lord Melville was carried to a point of savage virulence. It is no wonder his witty friend was inspired by such an opportunity for firing a shot in return.

FRAGMENT OF AN ORATION.

Part of Mr. Whitbread's speech on the trial of Lord Melville, 1805, put into verse by Mr. Canning at the time it was delivered.

I'm like Archimedes for science and skill;
I'm like a young prince going straight up a hill;

I'm like (with respect to the fair be it said),
I'm like a young lady just bringing to bed.
If you ask why the 11th of June I remember
Much better than April, or May, or November,
On that day, my Lords, with truth I assure ye,
My sainted progenitor set up his brewery;
On that day in the morn he began brewing
beer;

On that day too commenced his connubial
career;

On that day he received and he issued his
bills;

On that day he cleared out all his cash in his
tills;

On that day he died, having finished his sum-
ming,
And the angels all cried, "There's old Whit-
bread a-coming!"

So that day I still hail with a smile and a sigh,
For his beer with an E, and his bier with
an I;

And still on that day in the hottest of weather,
The whole Whitbread family dine altogether.
So long as the beams of this house shall sup-
port

The roof which o'ershades this respectable
court,

Where Hastings was tried for oppressing the
Hindoos;

So long as that sun shall shine in at those
windows,

My name shall shine bright as my ancestor's
shines;

Mine recorded in journals, his blazoned on
signs.

Our examples have been uniformly taken from biographers' collections of letters and private recollections. In only one case have we referred to the poet's "poems" for the specimen in point; though our extract may, in one or two instances, have been removed from its original standing to a niche in what are emphatically called an author's works.

It is obvious, on this and other grounds, that our poets at play can include no living brother within their circle. Poets must first be known and valued by their works. They must have done great things before we care for trifles from their hands. But this knowledge once acquired, and an estimate formed, a further intimacy may be promoted by some acquaintance with performances which do not rank among their works. It would be very unjust to measure them by such specimens as we have strung together; but having established their reputation with us, trivialities, like many of these, if they do not contribute to their fame, yet suggest versatility, and in most cases add an engaging touch of homely nature to a great name. They are all examples, as we began by saying, of that essential element of the poet's nature when in working effective order — exceptional life and spirits. Nobody writes verse for his own pleasure, or even relief, without the barometer of his spirits being on the rise. They are tokens of that abiding youthfulness which never leaves him while he can write a living line. The poet, we need not say, is forever sighing over the youth that is past and gone, not taking note of the youth that remains to him, altogether independent of years. But in fact he is a boy all his life, capable of finding

amusement in matters which the plodding man of the world considers puerile, and so conferring on his readers and lovers some share of his own spring, some taste of the freshness which helps to keep the world alive.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOT CHEEKS AND TEARFUL EYES.

HALF-AN-HOUR later Bathsheba entered her own house. There burnt upon her face when she met the light of the candles the flush and excitement which were little less than chronic with her now. The farewell words of Troy, who had accompanied her to the very door, still lingered in her ears. He had bidden her adieu for two days, which were, so he stated, to be spent at Bath in visiting some friends. He had also kissed her a second time.

It is only fair to Bathsheba to explain here a little fact which did not come to light till a long time afterwards: that Troy's presentation of himself so aptly at the roadside this evening was not by any distinctly preconcerted arrangement. He had hinted—she had forbidden; and it was only on the chance of his still coming that she had dismissed Oak, fearing a meeting between them just then.

She now sank down into a chair, wild and perturbed by all these new and fevering sequences. Then she jumped up with a manner of decision, and fetched her desk from a side table.

In three minutes, without pause or modification, she had written a letter to Boldwood, at his address beyond Casterbridge, saying mildly but firmly that she had well considered the whole subject he had brought before her and kindly given her time to decide upon; that her final decision was that she could not marry him. She had expressed to Oak an intention to wait till Boldwood came home before communicating to him her conclusive reply. But Bathsheba found that she could not wait.

It was impossible to send this letter till the next day; yet to quell her uneasiness by getting it out of her hands, and so as it were, setting the act in motion at once, she arose to take it to any one of the women who might be in the kitchen.

She paused in the passage. A dialogue was going on in the kitchen, and Bathsheba and Troy were the subject of it."

"If he marry her, she'll gie up farming."

"'Twill be a gallant life, but may bring some trouble between the mirth—so say I."

"Well, I wish I had half such a husband."

Bathsheba had too much sense to mind seriously what her servitors said about her; but too much womanly redundancy of speech to leave alone what was said till it died the natural death of unminded things. She burst in upon them.

"Who are you speaking of?" she asked.

There was a pause before anybody replied. At last Liddy said, frankly, "What was passing was a bit of a word about yourself, miss."

"I thought so! Maryann and Liddy and Temperance—now I forbid you to suppose such things. You know I don't care the least for Mr. Troy—not I. Everybody knows how much I hate him.—Yes," repeated the froward young person, "*hate* him!"

"We know you do, miss," said Liddy, "and so do we all."

"I hate him too," said Maryann.

"Maryann—O you perjured woman! How you can speak that wicked story!" said Bathsheba, excitedly. "You admired him from your heart only this morning in the very world, you did. Yes, Maryann, you know it!"

"Yes, miss, but so did you. He is a wild scamp now, and you are right to hate him."

"He's *not* a wild scamp! How dare you to my face! I have no right to hate him, nor you, nor anybody. But I am a silly woman. What is it to me what he is? You know it is nothing. I don't care for him; I don't mean to defend his good name, not I. Mind this, if any of you say a word against him you'll be dismissed instantly."

She flung down the letter and surged back into the parlour, with a big heart and tearful eyes, Liddy following her.

"O miss!" said mild Liddy, looking pitifully into Bathsheba's face. "I am sorry we mistook you so! I did think you cared for him; but I see you don't now."

"Shut the door, Liddy."

Liddy closed the door, and went on: "People always says such foolery, miss."

I'll make answer hencefor'ard, 'Of course a lady like Miss Everdene can't love him ;' I'll say it out in plain black and white."

Bathsheba burst out: "O Liddy, you are such a simpleton! Can't you read riddles? Can't you see! Are you a woman yourself!"

Liddy's clear eyes rounded with wonderment.

"Yes, you must be a blind thing, Liddy!" she said, in reckless abandonment and grief. "Oh, I love him to very distraction and misery and agony. Don't be frightened at me, though perhaps I am enough to frighten any innocent woman. Come closer—closer." She put her arms round Liddy's neck. "I must let it out to somebody; it is wearing me away. Don't you yet know enough of me to see through that miserable denial of mine? O God, what a lie it was! Heaven and my Love forgive me. And don't you know that a woman who loves at all thinks nothing of perjury when it is balanced against her love? There, go out of the room; I want to be quite alone."

Liddy went towards the door.

"Liddy, come here. Solemnly swear to me that he's not a bad man; that it is all lies they say about him!"

"But, miss, how can I say he is not if —"

"You graceless girl. How can you have the cruel heart to repeat what they say? Unfeeling thing that you are. . . . But I'll see if you or anybody else in the village, or town either, dare do such a thing!" She started off, pacing from fireplace to door, and back again.

"No, miss. I don't—I know it is not true," said Liddy, frightened at Bathsheba's unwonted vehemence.

"I suppose you only agree with me like that to please me. But, Liddy, he *cannot* be bad, as is said. Do you hear?"

"Yes, miss, yes."

"And you don't believe he is?"

"I don't know what to say, miss," said Liddy, beginning to cry. "If I say No, you don't believe me; and if I say Yes, you rage at me."

"Say you don't believe it—say you don't!"

"I don't believe him to be so bad as they make out."

"He is not bad at all. . . . My poor life and heart, how weak I am!" she moaned, in a relaxed, desultory way, heedless of Liddy's presence. "Oh, how I wish I had never seen him! Loving is

misery for women always. I shall never forgive my Maker for making me a woman, and dearly am I beginning to pay for the honour of owning a pretty face." She freshened and turned to Liddy suddenly. "Mind this, Lydia Smallbury, if you repeat anywhere a single word of what I have said to you inside this closed door, I'll never trust you, or love you, or have you with me a moment longer—not a moment."

"I don't want to repeat anything," said Liddy with womanly dignity of a diminutive order; "but I don't wish to stay with you. And, if you please, I'll go at the end of the harvest, or this week, or to-day. . . . I don't see that I deserve to be put upon and stormed at for nothing!" concluded the small woman, bigly.

"No, no, Liddy; you must stay!" said Bathsheba, dropping from haughtiness to entreaty with capricious inconsequence. "You must not notice my being in a taking just now. You are not as a servant—you are a companion to me. Dear, dear—I don't know what I am doing since this miserable ache o' my heart has weighted and worn upon me so. What shall I come to! I suppose I shall die quite young. Yes, I know I shall. I wonder sometimes if I am doomed to die in the Union. I am friendless enough, God knows."

"I won't notice anything, nor will I leave you!" sobbed Liddy, impulsively putting up her lips to Bathsheba's, and kissing her.

Then Bathsheba kissed Liddy, and all was smooth again.

"I don't often cry, do I, Liddy? but you have made tears come into my eyes," she said, a smile shining through the moisture. "Try to think him a good man, won't you, dear Liddy?"

"I will, miss, indeed."

"He is a sort of steady man in a wild way, you know. That's better than to be as some are, wild in a steady way. I am afraid that's how I am. And promise me to keep my secret—do, Liddy! And do not let them know that I have been crying about him, because it will be dreadful for me, and no good to him, poor thing!"

"Death's head himself shan't wring it from me, mistress, if I've a mind to keep anything, and I'll always be your friend," replied Liddy, emphatically, at the same time bringing a few more tears into her own eyes, not from any particular necessity, but from an artistic sense of making herself in keeping with the remainder of

the picture, which seems to influence women at such times. "I think God likes us to be good friends, don't you?"

"Indeed I do."

"And, dear miss, you won't harry me and storm at me, will you? because you seem to swell so tall as a lion then, and it frightens me. Do you know, I fancy you would be a match for any man when you are in one o' your takings."

"Never! do you?" said Bathsheba, slightly laughing, though somewhat seriously alarmed by this Amazonian picture of herself. "I hope I am not a bold sort of maid—mannish?" she continued, with some anxiety.

"Oh no, not mannish; but so almighty womanish that 'tis getting on that way sometimes. Ah! miss," she said, after having drawn her breath very sadly in and sent it very sadly out, "I wish I had half your failing that way. 'Tis a great protection to a poor maid in these days!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

BLAME: FURY.

THE next evening Bathsheba, with the idea of getting out of the way of Mr. Boldwood in the event of his returning to answer her note in person, proceeded to fulfil an engagement made with Liddy some few hours earlier. Bathsheba's companion, as a gage of their reconciliation, had been granted a week's holiday to visit her sister, who was married to a thriving hurdler and cattle crib-maker living in a delightful labyrinth of hazel copse not far from Yalbury. The arrangement was that Miss Everdene should honour them by coming there for a day or two to inspect some ingenious contrivances which this man of the woods had introduced into his wares.

Leaving her instructions with Gabriel and Maryann that they were to see everything carefully locked up for the night, she went out of the house just at the close of a timely thunder-shower, which had refined the air, and daintily bathed the mere coat of the land, all beneath being dry as ever. Freshness was exhaled in an essence from the varied contours of bank and hollow, as if the earth breathed maiden breath, and the pleased birds were hymning to the scene. Before her among the clouds there was a contrast in the shape of lairs of fierce light which showed themselves in the neighbourhood of a hidden sun, lingering on to the farthest north-west corner of

the heavens that this midsummer season allowed.

She had walked nearly three miles of her journey, watching how the day was retreating, and thinking how the time of deeds was quietly melting into the time of thoughts, to give place in its turn to the time of prayer and sleep. when she beheld advancing over the hill the very man she sought so anxiously to elude. Boldwood was stepping on, not with that quiet tread of reserved strength which was his customary gait, in which he always seemed to be balancing two thoughts. His manner was stunned and sluggish now.

Boldwood had for the first time been awakened to woman's privileges in the practice of tergiversation without regard to another's distraction and possible blight. That Bathsheba was a firm and positive girl, far less inconsequent than her fellows, had been the very lung of his hope; for he had held that these qualities would lead her to adhere to a straight course for consistency's sake, and accept him, though her fancy might not flood him with the iridescent hues of uncritical love. But the argument now came back as sorry gleams from a broken mirror. The discovery was no less a scourge than a surprise.

He came on looking upon the ground, and did not see Bathsheba till they were less than a stone's throw apart. He looked up at the sound of her pit-pat, and his changed appearance sufficiently denoted to her the depth and strength of the feelings paralyzed by her letter.

"Oh; is it you, Mr. Boldwood," she faltered, a guilty warmth pulsing in her face.

Those who have the power of reproaching in silence may find it a means more effective than words. There are accents in the eye which are not on the tongue, and more tales come from pale lips than can enter an ear. It is both the grandeur and the pain of the remoter moods that they avoid the pathway of sound. Boldwood's look was unanswerable.

Seeing she turned a little aside, he said, "What, are you afraid of me?"

"Why should you say that?" said Bathsheba.

"I fancied you looked so," said he. "And it is most strange, because of its contrast with my feeling for you."

She retained self-possession, fixed her eyes calmly, and waited.

"You know what that feeling is," con-

tinued Boldwood deliberately. "A thing strong as death. No dismissal by a hasty letter affects that."

"I wish you did not feel so strongly about me," she murmured. "It is generous of you and more than I deserve, but I must not hear it now."

"Hear it? What do you think I have to say, then? I am not to marry you, and that's enough. Your letter was excellently plain. I want you to hear nothing — not I."

Bathsheba was unable to direct her will into any definite groove for freeing herself from this fearfully awkward position. She confusedly said, "Good evening," and was moving on. Boldwood walked up to her heavily and dully.

"Bathsheba — darling — is it final indeed?"

"Indeed it is."

"O, Bathsheba — have pity upon me!" Boldwood burst out. "God's sake, yes — I am come to that low, lowest stage — to ask a woman for pity! Still, she is you — she is you."

Bathsheba commanded herself well. But she could hardly get a clear voice for what came instinctively to her lips: "There is little honour to the woman in that speech." It was only whispered, for something unutterably mournful no less than distressing in this spectacle of a man showing himself to be so entirely the vane of a passion enervated the feminine instinct for punctilios.

"I am beyond myself about this, and am mad," he said. "I am no stoic at all to be supplicating here; but I do supplicate to you. I wish you knew what is in me of devotion to you; but it is impossible, that. In bare human mercy to a lonely man don't throw me off now!"

"I don't throw you off — indeed, how can I? I never had you." In her noon-clear sense that she had never loved him she forgot for a moment her thoughtless angle on that day in February.

"But there was a time when you turned to me, before I thought of you. I don't reproach you, for even now I feel that the ignorant and cold darkness that I should have lived in if you had not attracted me by that letter — valentine you call it — would have been worse than my knowledge of you, though it has brought this misery. But, I say, there was a time when I knew nothing of you, and cared nothing for you, and yet you drew me on. And if you say you gave me no encouragement I cannot but contradict you."

"What you call encouragement was

the childish game of an idle minute. I have bitterly repented of it — ay, bitterly, and in tears. Can you still go on reminding me?"

"I don't accuse you of it — I deplore it. I took for earnest what you insist was jest, and now this that I pray to be jest you say is awful wretched earnest. Our moods meet at wrong places. I wish your feeling was more like mine, or my feeling more like yours! O could I but have foreseen the torture that trifling trick was going to lead me into, how I should have cursed you; but only having been able to see it since, I cannot do that, for I love you too well! But it is weak, idle drivelling to go on like this. . . . Bathsheba, you are the first woman of any shade or nature that I have ever looked at to love, and it is the having been so near claiming you for my own that makes this denial so hard to bear. How nearly you promised me! But I don't speak now to move your heart, and make you grieve because of my pain; it is no use, that. I must bear it; my pain would get no less by paining you."

"But I do pity you — deeply — oh so deeply!" she earnestly said.

"Do no such thing — do no such thing. Your dear love, Bathsheba, is such a vast thing beside your pity that the loss of your pity as well as your love is no great addition to my sorrow, nor does the gain of your pity make it sensibly less. Oh sweet — how dearly you spoke to me behind the spear-bed at the washing-pool, and in the barn at the shearing, and that dearest last time in the evening at your home! Where are your pleasant words all gone — your earnest hope to be able to love me? Where is your firm conviction that you would get to care for me very much? Really forgotten? — really?"

She checked emotion, looked him quietly and clearly in the face, and said in her low firm voice, "Mr. Boldwood, I promised you nothing. Would you have had me a woman of clay when you paid me that furthest, highest compliment a man can pay a woman — telling her he loves her? I was bound to show some feeling, if I would not be a graceless shrew. Yet each of those pleasures was just for the day — the day just for the pleasure. How was I to know that what is a pastime to all other men was death to you? Have reason, do, and think more kindly of me!"

"Well, never mind arguing — never mind. One thing is sure: you were all

but mine, and now you are not nearly mine. Everything is changed, and that by you alone, remember. You were nothing to me once, and I was contented; you are now nothing to me again, and how different the second nothing is from the first! Would to God you had never taken me up, since it was only to throw me down!"

Bathsheba, in spite of her mettle, began to feel unmistakable signs that she was inherently the weaker vessel. She strove miserably against this femininity which would insist upon supplying unbidden emotions in stronger and stronger current. She had tried to elude agitation by fixing her mind on the trees, sky, any trivial object before her eyes, whilst his reproaches fell, but ingenuity could not save her now.

"I did not take you up — surely I did not!" she answered as heroically as she could. "But don't be in this mood with me. I can endure being told I am in the wrong, if you will only tell it me gently! Oh sir, will you not kindly forgive me, and look at it cheerfully?"

"Cheerfully! Can a man fooled to utter heartburning find a reason for being merry? If I have lost, how can I be as if I had won? Heavens, you must be heartless quite! Had I known what a fearfully bitter sweet this was to be, how I would have avoided you, and never seen you, and been deaf to you. I tell you all this, but what do you care! You don't care."

She returned silent and weak denials to his charges, and swayed her head desperately, as if to thrust away the words as they came showering about her ears from the lips of the trembling man in the climax of life, with his bronzed Roman face, and fine frame.

"Dearest, dearest, I am wavering even now between the two opposites of recklessly renouncing you, and labouring humbly for you again. Forget that you have said No, and let it be as it was. Say, Bathsheba, that you only wrote that refusal to me in fun — come, say it to me!"

"It would be untrue, and painful to both of us. You overrate my capacity for love. I don't possess half the warmth of nature you believe me to have. An unprotected childhood in a cold world has beaten gentleness out of me."

He immediately said with more resentment: "That may be true, somewhat; but ah, Miss Everdene, it won't do as a reason! You are not the cold woman

you would have me believe. No, no. It isn't because you have no feeling in you that you don't love me. You naturally would have me think so — you would hide from me that you have a burning heart like mine. You have love enough, but it is turned into a new channel. I know where."

The swift music of her heart became hubbub now, and she throbbed to extremity. He was coming to Troy. He did then know what had transpired! And the name fell from his lips the next moment.

"Why did Troy not leave my treasure alone?" he asked, fiercely. "When I had no thought of injuring him why did he force himself upon your notice! Before he worried you your inclination was to have me; when next I should have come to you your answer would have been Yes. Can you deny it — I ask, can you deny it?"

She delayed the reply, but was too honest to withhold it. "I cannot," she whispered.

"I know you cannot. But he stole in in my absence and robbed me. Why didn't he win you away before, when nobody would have been grieved? — when nobody would have been set tale-bearing. Now the people sneer at me — the very hills and sky seem to laugh at me till I blush shamefully for my folly. I have lost my respect, my good name, my standing — lost it, never to get it again. Go and marry your man — go on!"

"Oh sir — Mr. Boldwood!"

"You may as well. I have no further claim upon you. As for me, I had better go somewhere alone, and hide, — and pray. I loved a woman once. I am now ashamed. When I am dead they'll say, miserable, love-sick man that he was. Heaven — heaven — if I had got jilted secretly, and the dishonour not known, and my position kept! But no matter, it is gone, and the woman not gained. Shame upon him — shame!"

His unreasonable anger terrified her, and she glided from him, without obviously moving, as she said; "I am only a girl — do not speak to me so!"

"All the time you knew — how very well you knew — that your new freak was my misery. Dazzled by brass and scarlet — oh Bathsheba — this is woman's folly indeed!"

She fired up at once. "You are taking too much upon yourself!" she said, vehemently. "Everybody is upon me — everybody. It is unmanly to attack a

woman so ! I have nobody in the world to fight my battles for me, but no mercy is shown. Yet if a thousand of you sneer and say things against me, I *will not* be put down !”

“You’ll chatter with him doubtless about me. Say to him, ‘Boldwood would have died for me.’ Yes, and you have given way to him knowing him to be not the man for you. He has kissed you — claimed you as his. Do you hear, he has kissed you. Deny it !”

The most tragic woman is cowed by a tragic man, and although Boldwood was, in vehemence and glow, nearly her own self rendered into another sex, Bathsheba’s cheek quivered. She gasped, “Leave me sir — leave me ! I am nothing to you. Let me go on !”

“Deny that he has kissed you.”

“I shall not.”

“Ha — then he has !” came hoarsely from the farmer.

“He has,” she said slowly, and in spite of her fear, defiantly. “I am not ashamed to speak the truth.”

“Then curse him ; and curse him !” said Boldwood, breaking into a whispered fury. “Whilst I would have given worlds to touch your hand you have let a rake come in without right or ceremony and — kiss you ! Heaven’s mercy — kiss you ! . . . Ah, a time of his life shall come when he will have to repent — and think wretchedly of the pain he has caused another man ; and then may he ache, and wish, and curse, and yearn — as I do now !”

“Don’t, don’t, oh don’t pray down evil upon him !” she implored in a miserable cry. “Anything but that — anything. Oh be kind to him, sir, for I love him dearly !”

Boldwood’s ideas had reached that point of fusion at which outline and consistency entirely disappear. The impending night appeared to concentrate in his eye. He did not hear her at all now.

“I’ll punish him — by my soul that will I ! I’ll meet him, soldier or no, and I’ll horsewhip the untimely stripling for this reckless theft of my one delight. If he were a hundred men I’d horsewhip him . . .” He dropped his voice suddenly and unnaturally. “Bathsheba, sweet lost coquette, pardon me. I’ve been blaming you, threatening you, behaving like a churl to you, when he’s the greatest sinner. He stole your dear heart away with his unfathomable lies ! . . . It is a fortunate thing for him that he’s gone back to his regiment — that he’s in Mel-

chester, and not here ! I hope he may not return here just yet. I pray God he may not come into my sight, for I may be tempted beyond myself. Oh Bathsheba, keep him away — yes, keep him away from me !”

For a moment Boldwood stood so inertly after this that his soul seemed to have been entirely exhaled with the breath of his passionate words. He turned his face away, and withdrew, and his form was soon covered over by the twilight as his footsteps mixed in with the low hiss of the leafy trees.

Bathsheba, who had been standing motionless as a model all this latter time, flung her hands to her face, and wildly attempted to ponder on the exhibition which had just passed away. Such astounding wells of fevered feeling in a still man like Mr. Boldwood were incomprehensible, dreadful. Instead of being a man trained to repression he was — what she had seen him.

The force of the farmer’s threats lay in their relation to a circumstance known at present only to herself ; her lover was coming back to Weatherbury the very next day. Troy had not returned to Melchester Barracks as Boldwood and others supposed, but had merely gone for a day or two to visit some acquaintance in Bath, and had yet a week or more remaining to his furlough.

She felt wretchedly certain that if he revisited her just at this nick of time, and came into contact with Boldwood, a fierce quarrel would be the consequence. She panted with solicitude when she thought of possible injury to Troy. The least spark would kindle the farmer’s swift feelings of rage and jealousy ; he would lose his self-mastery as he had this evening ; Troy’s blitheness might become aggressive ; it might take the direction of derision, and Boldwood’s anger might then take the direction of revenge.

With almost a morbid dread of being thought a gushing girl, this guideless woman too well concealed from the world under a manner of carelessness the warm depths of her strong emotions. But now there was no reserve. In her distraction, instead of advancing further, she walked up and down, beating the air with her fingers, pressing her brow, and sobbing brokenly to herself. Then she sat down on a heap of stones by the wayside to think. There she remained long. The dark rotundity of the earth approached the foreshores and promontories of coppery cloud which bounded a green and

pellucid expanse in the western sky, amaranthine glosses came over them then, and the unresting world wheeled her round to a contrasting prospect eastward, in the shape of indecisive and palpitating stars. She gazed upon their silent throes amid the shades of space, but realized none at all. Her troubled spirit was far away with Troy.

CHAPTER XXXII.

NIGHT: HORSES TRAMPING.

THE village of Weatherbury was quiet as the graveyard in its midst, and the living were lying well-nigh as still as the dead. The church clock struck eleven. The air was so empty of other sounds that the whirr of the clockwork immediately before the strokes was distinct, and so was also the click of the same at their close. The notes flew forth with the usual blind obtuseness of inanimate things — flapping and rebounding among walls, undulating against the scattered clouds, spreading through their interstices into unexplored miles of space.

Bathsheba's crannied and mouldy halls were to-night occupied only by Maryann, Liddy being, as was stated, with her sister, whom Bathsheba had set out to visit. A few minutes after eleven had struck, Maryann turned in her bed with a sense of being disturbed. She was totally unconscious of the nature of the interruption to her sleep. It led to a dream, and the dream to an awakening, with an uneasy sensation that something had happened. She left her bed and looked out of the window. The paddock abutted on this end of the building, and in the paddock she could just discern by the uncertain gray a moving figure approaching the horse that was feeding there. The figure seized the horse by the forelock, and led it to the corner of the field. Here she could see some object which circumstances proved to be a vehicle, for after a few minutes' spent apparently in harnessing, she heard the trot of the horse down the road, mingled with the sound of light wheels.

Two varieties only of humanity could have entered the paddock with the ghost-like glide of that mysterious figure. They were a woman and a gipsy man. A woman was out of the question in such an occupation at this hour, and the comer could be no less than a thief, who might probably have known the weakness of the household on this particular night, and have chosen it on that account for his

daring attempt. Moreover, to raise suspicion to conviction itself, there were gipsies in Weatherbury Bottom.

Maryann, who had been afraid to shout in the robber's presence, having seen him depart, had no fear. She hastily slipped on her clothes, stumped down the disjointed staircase with its hundred creaks, ran to Coggan's, the nearest house, and raised an alarm. Coggan called Gabriel, who now again lodged in his house as at first, and together they went to the paddock. Beyond all doubt the horse was gone.

"Listen!" said Gabriel.

They listened. Distinct upon the stagnant air came the sounds of a trotting horse passing over Weatherbury Hill — just beyond the gipsies' encampment in Weatherbury Bottom.

"That's our Dainty — I'll swear to her step," said Jan.

"Mighty me! Won't mis'ess storm and call us stupids when she comes back!" moaned Maryann. "How I wish it had happened when she was at home, and none of us had been answerable!"

"We must ride after," said Gabriel, decisively. "I'll be responsible to Miss Everdene for what we do. Yes, we'll follow."

"Faith, I don't see how," said Coggan. "All our horses are too heavy for that trick except little Poppet, and what's she between two of us? — If we only had that pair over the hedge we might do something."

"Which pair?"

"Mr. Boldwood's Tidy and Moll."

"Then wait here till I come hither again," said Gabriel. He ran down the hill towards Farmer Boldwood's.

"Farmer Boldwood is not at home," said Maryann.

"All the better," said Coggan. "I know what he's gone for."

Less than five minutes brought up Oak again, running at the same pace, with two halters dangling from his hand.

"Where did you find 'em?" said Coggan, turning round and leaping upon the hedge without waiting for an answer.

"Under the eaves. I knew where they were kept," said Gabriel, following him. "Coggan, you can ride bare-backed? there's no time to look for saddles."

"Like a hero!" said Jan.

"Maryann, you go to bed," Gabriel shouted to her from the top of the hedge.

Springing down into Boldwood's pastures, each pocketed his halter to hide it

from the horses, who, seeing the men empty-handed, docilely allowed themselves to be seized by the mane, when the halters were dexterously slipped on. Having neither bit nor bridle, Oak and Coggan extemporized the former by passing the rope in each case through the animal's mouth and looping it on the other side. Oak vaulted astride, and Coggan clambered up by aid of the bank, when they ascended to the gate and galloped off in the direction taken by Bathsheba's horse and the robber. Whose vehicle the horse had been harnessed to was a matter of some uncertainty.

Weatherbury Bottom was reached in three or four minutes. They scanned the shady green patch by the roadside. The gipsies were gone.

"The villains!" said Gabriel. "Which way have they gone, I wonder?"

"Straight on, as sure as God made little apples," said Jan.

"Very well; we are better mounted, and must overtake 'em," said Oak. "Now, on at full speed!"

No sound of the rider in their van could now be discovered. The road-metal grew softer and more clayey as Weatherbury was left behind, and the late rain had wetted its surface to a somewhat plastic, but not muddy state. They came to cross-roads. Coggan suddenly pulled up Moll and slipped off.

"What's the matter?" said Gabriel.

"We must try to track 'em, since we can't hear 'em," said Jan, fumbling in his pockets. He struck a light, and held the match to the ground. The rain had been heavier here, and all foot and horse tracks made previous to the storm had been abraded and blurred by the drops, and they were now so many little scoops of water, which reflected the flame of the match like eyes. One set of tracks was fresh and had no water in them; one pair of ruts was also empty, and not small canals, like the others. The footprints forming this recent impression were full of information as to pace; they were in equidistant pairs, three or four feet apart, the right and left foot of each pair being exactly opposite one another.

"Straight on!" Jan exclaimed. "Tracks like that mean a stiff gallop. No wonder we don't hear him. And the horse is harnessed—look at the ruts. Ay, that's our mare sure enough!"

"How do you know?"

"Old Jimmy Harris only shod her last week, and I'd swear to his make among ten thousand."

"The rest of the gipsies must have gone on earlier, or some other way," said Oak. "You saw there were no other tracks?"

"Trew." They rode along silently for a long weary time. Coggan's watch struck one. He lighted another match, and examined the ground again.

"'Tis a canter now," he said, "throwing away the light. 'A twisty rickety pace for a gig. The fact is, they overdrove her at starting; we shall catch them yet."

Again they hastened on. Coggan's watch struck two. When they looked again the hoof-marks were so spaced as to form a sort of zig-zag if united, like the lamps along a street.

"That's a trot, I know," said Gabriel.

"Only a trot now," said Coggan cheerfully. "We shall overtake him in time."

They pushed rapidly on for yet two or three miles. "Ah! a moment," said Jan. "Let's see how she was driven up this hill. 'Twill help us." A light was promptly struck upon his gaiters as before, and the examination made.

"Hurrah!" said Coggan. "She walked up here—and well she might. We shall get them in two miles, for a crown."

They rode three and listened. No sound was to be heard save a mill-pond trickling hoarsely through a hatch, and suggesting gloomy possibilities of drowning by jumping in. Gabriel dismounted when they came to a turning. The tracks were absolutely the only guide as to the direction that they now had, and great caution was necessary to avoid confusing them with some others which had made their appearance lately.

"What does this mean?—though I guess," said Gabriel, looking up at Coggan as he moved the match over the ground about the turning. Coggan, who, no less than the panting horses, had latterly shown signs of weariness, again scrutinized the mystic characters. This time only three were of the regular horse-shoe shape. Every fourth was a dot.

He screwed up his face, and emitted a long "whew-w-w!"

"Lame?" said Oak.

"Yes. Dainty is lamed; the near-foot-afore," said Coggan slowly, staring still at the footprints.

"We'll push on," said Gabriel, remounting his humid steed.

Although the road along its greater part had been as good as any turnpike-road in the country it was nominally only a byway. The last turning had brought

them into the high road leading to Bath. Coggan recollected himself.

"We shall have him now!" he exclaimed.

"Where?"

"Petiton Turnpike. The keeper of that gate is the sleepest man between here and London — Dan Randall, that's his name — knowed en for years, when he was at Casterbridge gate. Between the lameness and the gate 'tis a done job."

They now advanced with extreme caution. Nothing was said until, against a shady background of foliage, five white bars were visible, crossing their route a little way ahead.

"Hush — we are almost close!" said Gabriel.

"Amble on upon the grass," said Coggan.

The white bars were blotted out in the midst by a dark shape in front of them. The silence of this lonely time was pierced by an exclamation from that quarter.

"Hoy-a-hoy! Gate!"

It appeared that there had been a previous call which they had not noticed, for on their close approach the door of the turnpike house opened, and the keeper came out half-dressed, with a candle in his hand. The rays illumined the whole group.

"Keep the gate close!" shouted Gabriel. "He has stolen the horse!"

"Who?" said the turnpike man.

Gabriel looked at the driver of the gig, and saw a woman — Bathsheba, his mistress.

On hearing his voice she had turned her face away from the light. Coggan had, however, caught sight of her in the meanwhile.

"Why, 'tis mistress — I'll take my oath!" he said, amazed.

Bathsheba it certainly was, and she had by this time done the trick she could do so well in crises not of love, namely, mask a surprise by coolness of manner.

"Well, Gabriel," she enquired quietly, "where are you going?"

"We thought —" began Gabriel.

"I am driving to Bath," she said, taking for her own use the assurance that Gabriel lacked. "An important matter made it necessary for me to give up my visit to Liddy, and go off at once. What, then, were you following me?"

"We thought the horse was stole."

"Well — what a thing! How very

foolish of you not to know that I had taken the trap and horse. I could neither wake Maryann nor get into the house, though I hammered for ten minutes against her window-sill. Fortunately, I could get the key of the coach-house, so I troubled no one further. Didn't you think it might be me?"

"Why should we, miss?"

"Perhaps not. Why, those are never Farmer Boldwood's horses! Goodness mercy! what have you been doing — bringing trouble upon me in this way? What! mustn't a lady move an inch from her door without being dogged like a thief?"

"But how were we to know, if you left no account of your doings," expostulated Coggan, "and ladies don't drive at these hours as a jineral rule of society."

"I did leave an account — and you would have seen it in the morning. I wrote in chalk on the coach-house doors that I had come back for the horse and gig, and driven off; that I could arouse nobody, and should return soon."

"But you'll consider, ma'am, that we couldn't see that till it got daylight."

"True," she said, and though vexed at first she had too much sense to blame them long or seriously for a devotion to her that was as valuable as it was rare. She added with a very pretty grace, "Well, I really thank you heartily for taking all this trouble; but I wish you had borrowed anybody's horses but Mr. Boldwood's."

"Dainty is lame, miss," said Coggan. "Can you go on?"

"It was only a stone in her shoe. I dismounted and pulled it out a hundred yards back. I can manage very well, thank you. I shall be in Bath by daylight. Will you now return, please?"

She turned her head — the gateman's candle shimmering upon her quick, clear eyes as she did so — passed through the gate, and was soon wrapped in the embowering shades of mysterious summer boughs. Coggan and Gabriel put about their horses, and, fanned by the velvety air of this July night, retraced the road by which they had come.

"A strange vagary, this of hers, isn't it, Oak?" said Coggan, curiously.

"Yes," said Gabriel, shortly. "Coggan, suppose we keep this night's work as quiet as we can?"

"I am of one and the same mind."

"Very well. We shall be home by three o'clock or so, and can creep into the parish like lambs."

Bathsheba's perturbed meditations by the roadside had ultimately evolved a conclusion that there were only two remedies for the present desperate state of affairs. The first was merely to keep Troy away from Weatherbury till Boldwood's indignation had cooled; the second to listen to Oak's entreaties, and Boldwood's denunciations, and give up Troy altogether.

Alas! Could she give up this new love — induce him to renounce her by saying she did not like him — could no more speak to him, and beg him, for her good, to end his furlough in Bath, and see her and Weatherbury no more?

It was a picture full of misery, but for a while she contemplated it firmly, allowing herself, nevertheless, as girls will, to dwell upon the happy life she would have enjoyed had Troy been Boldwood, and the path of love the path of duty — inflicting upon herself gratuitous tortures by imagining him the lover of another woman, after forgetting her; for she had penetrated Troy's nature so far as to estimate his tendencies pretty accurately, but unfortunately loved him no less in thinking that he might soon cease to love her — indeed considerably more.

She jumped to her feet. She would see him at once. Yes, she would implore him by word of mouth to assist her in the dilemma. A letter to keep him away could not reach him in time, even if he should be disposed to listen to it.

Was Bathsheba altogether blind to the obvious fact that the support of a lover's arms is not of a kind best calculated to assist a resolve to renounce him? Or was she sophistically sensible, with a thrill of pleasure, that by adopting this course of getting rid of him she was ensuring a meeting with him, at any rate once more?

It was now dark, and the hour must have been nearly ten. The only way to accomplish her purpose was to give up the idea of visiting Liddy at Yalbury, return to Weatherbury Farm, put the horse into the gig, and drive at once to Bath. The scheme seemed at first impossible: the journey was a fearfully heavy one, even for a strong horse; it was most venturesome for a woman, at night, and alone.

But could she go on to Liddy's and leave things to take their course? No, no, anything but that. Bathsheba was full of a stimulating turbulence, beside which caution vainly prayed for a hear-

ing. She turned back towards the village.

Her walk was slow, for she wished not to enter Weatherbury till the cottagers were in bed, and, particularly till Boldwood was secure. Her plan was now to drive to Bath during the night, see Sergeant Troy in the morning before he set out to come to her, bid him farewell, and dismiss him: then to rest the horse thoroughly (herself to weep the while, she thought), starting early the next morning on her return journey. By this arrangement she could trot Dainty gently all the day, reach Liddy at Yalbury in the evening, and come home to Weatherbury with her whenever they chose — so nobody would know that she had been to Bath at all.

This idea she proceeded to carry out, with what success we have already seen.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN THE SUN: A HARBINGER.

A WEEK passed, and there were no tidings of Bathsheba; nor was there any explanation of her Gilpin's rig.

Then a note came for Maryann, stating that the business which had called her mistress to Bath still detained her there; but that she hoped to return in the course of another week.

Another week passed. The oat-harvest began, and all the men were afield under a monochromatic Lammas sky, amid the trembling air and short shadows of noon. In-doors nothing was to be heard save the droning of blue-bottle flies; out-of-doors the whetting of scythes and the hiss of tressy oat-ears rubbing together as their perpendicular stalks of amber-yellow fell heavily to each swath. Every drop of moisture not in the men's bottles and flagons in the form of cider was raining as perspiration from their foreheads and cheeks. Drought was everywhere else.

They were about to withdraw for a while into the charitable shade of a tree in the fence, when Coggan saw a figure in a blue coat and brass buttons running to them across the field.

"I wonder who that is?" he said.

"I hope nothing is wrong about mistress," said Maryann, who with some other women were tying the bundles (oats being always sheafed on this farm), "but an unlucky token came to me in-doors this morning. I went to unlock the door and dropped the key, and it fell

upon the stone floor and broke into two pieces. Breaking a key is a dreadful bodement. I wish mis'ess was home."

"'Tis Cain Ball," said Gabriel, pausing from whetting his reaphook.

Oak was not bound by his agreement to assist in the corn-field; but the harvest-month is an anxious time for a farmer, and the corn was Bathsheba's, so he lent a hand.

"He's dressed up in his best clothes," said Matthew Moon. "He hev been away from home for a few days, since he's had that felon upon his finger; for a' said, since I can't work I'll have a hollerday."

"A good time for one—an excellent time," said Joseph Poorgrass, straightening his back; for he, like some of the others, had a way of resting a while from his labour on such hot days for reasons preternaturally small; of which Cain Ball's advent on a week-day in his Sunday clothes was one of the first magnitude. "'Twas a bad leg allowed me to read the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and Mark Clark learnt All-Fours in a whitlow."

"Ay, and my father put his arm out of joint to have time to go courting," said Jan Coggan in an eclipsing tone, wiping his face with his shirt-sleeve and thrusting back his hat upon the nape of his neck.

By this time Cainy was nearing the group of harvesters, and was perceived to be carrying a large slice of bread and ham in one hand, from which he took mouthfuls as he ran, the other hand being wrapped in a bandage. When he came close, his mouth assumed the bell shape, and he began to cough violently.

"Now, Cainy!" said Gabriel, sternly. "How many more times must I tell you to keep from running so fast when you are eating? You'll choke yourself some day, that's what you'll do, Cain Ball."

"Hok-hok-hok!" replied Cain. "A crumb of my victuals went the wrong way—hok-hok! That's what 'tis, Mister Oak! And I've been visiting to Bath because I had a felon on my thumb; yes, and I've seen—ahok-hok!"

Directly Cain mentioned Bath, they all threw down their hooks and forks and drew round him. Unfortunately the erratic crumb did not improve his narrative powers, and a supplementary hindrance was that of a sneeze, jerking from his pocket his rather large watch, which dangled in front of the young man pendulum-wise.

"Yes," he continued, directing his

thoughts to Bath and letting his eyes follow, "I've seed the world at last—yes—and I've seed our missis—ahok-hok-hok!"

"Bother the boy!" said Gabriel. "Something is always going the wrong way down your throat, so that you can't tell what's necessary to be told."

"Ahok! there! Please, Mister Oak, a gnat have just flew into my stomach, and brought the cough on again!"

"Yes, that's just it. Your mouth is always open, you young rascal."

"'Tis terrible bad to have a gnat fly down yer throat, pore boy!" said Matthew Moon.

"Well, at Bath you saw"—prompted Gabriel.

"I saw our mistress," continued the junior shepherd, "and a soldier, walking along. And bymeby they got closer and closer, and then they went arm-in-crook, like courting complete—hok-hok! like courting complete—hok!—courting complete——" Losing the thread of his narrative at this point simultaneously with his loss of breath, their informant looked up and down the field apparently for some clue to it. "Well, I see our mis'ess and a soldier—a-ha-a-wk!"

"D—the boy!" said Gabriel.

"'Tis only my manner, Mister Oak, if ye'll excuse it," said Cain Ball, looking reproachfully at Oak, with eyes drenched in their own dew.

"Here's some cider for him—that'll cure his throat," said Jan Coggan, lifting a flagon of cider, pulling out the cork, and applying the hole to Cainy's mouth; Joseph Poorgrass, in the meantime, beginning to think apprehensively of the serious consequences that would follow Cainy Ball's strangulation in his cough, and the history of his Bath adventure dying with him.

"For my poor self, I always say 'please God,' afore I do anything," said Joseph, in an unboastful voice; "and so should you, Cain Ball. 'Tis a great safeguard, and might perhaps save you from being choked to death some day."

Mr. Coggan poured the liquor with unstinted liberality at the suffering Cain's circular mouth; half of it running down the side of the flagon, and half of what reached his mouth running down outside his throat, and half of what ran in going the wrong way, and being coughed and sneezed around the persons of the gathered reapers in the form of a rarefied cider fog, which for a moment hung in the sunny air like a small exhalation.

"There's a great clumsy sneeze ! Why can't ye have better manners, you young dog !" said Coggan, withdrawing the flagon.

"The cider went up my nose !" cried Cainy, as soon as he could speak ; "and now 'tis gone down my neck, and into my poor dumb felon, and over my shiny buttons and all my best cloze !"

"The pore lad's cough is terrible unfortunate," said Matthew Moon. "And a great history on hand, too. Bump his back, shepherd."

"'Tis my natur," mourned Cain. "Mother says I always was so excitable when my feelings were worked up to a point."

"True, true," said Joseph Poorgrass. "The Balls were always a very excitable family. I knowed the boy's grandfather—a truly nervous and modest man, even to genteel refinement. 'Twas blush, blush with him, almost as much as 'tis with me—not but that 'tis a fault in me."

"Not at all, Master Poorgrass," said Coggan. "'Tis a very noble quality in ye."

"Heh-heh ! well, I wish to noise nothing abroad—nothing at all," murmured Poorgrass diffidently. "But we are born to things—that's true. Yet I would rather my trifle were hid ; though, perhaps, a high nature is a little high, and at my birth all things were possible to my Maker and he may have begrudged no gifts. . . . But under your bushel, Joseph ! under your bushel with you ! A strange desire, neighbours, this desire to hide, and no praise due. Yet there is a Sermon on the Mount with a calendar of the blessed at the head, and certain meek men may be named therein."

"Cainy's grandfather was a very clever man," said Matthew Moon. "Invented a apple-tree out of his own head, which is called by his name to this day—the Early Ball. You know 'em, Jan ? A Quarrington grafted on a Tom Putt, and a Rathe-ripe upon top o' that again. 'Tis trew a' used to bide about in a public-house in a way he had no business to by rights, but there—a were a very clever man in the sense of the term."

"Now, then," said Gabriel impatiently, "what did you see, Cain ?"

"I seed our mis'ess go into a sort of a park place, where there's seats, and shrubs, and flowers, arm-in-crook with a soldier," continued Cainy firmly, and with a dim sense that his words were very effective as regarded Gabriel's emo-

tions. "And I think the soldier was Sergeant Troy. And they sat there together for more than half-an-hour, talking moving things, and she once was crying almost to death. And when they came out her eyes were shining and she was as white as a lily ; and they looked into one another's faces, as desperately friendly as a man and woman can be."

"Gabriel's features seemed to get thinner. "Well, what did you see besides ?"

"Oh, all sorts."

"White as a lily ? You are sure 'twas she ?"

"Yes."

"Well, what besides ?"

"Great glass windows in the shops, and great clouds in the sky, full of rain, and old wooden trees in the country round."

"You stun-poll ! What will ye say next !" said Coggan.

"Let en alone," interposed Joseph Poorgrass. "The boy's maning is that the sky and the earth in the kingdom of Bath is not altogether different from ours here. 'Tis for our good to gain knowledge of strange cities, and as such the boy's words should be suffered, so to speak it."

"And the people of Bath," continued Cain, "never need to light their fires except as a luxury, for the water springs up out of the earth ready boiled for use."

"'Tis true as the light," testified Matthew Moon. "I've heard other navigators say the same thing."

"They drink nothing else there," said Cain, "and seem to enjoy it, to see how they swaller it down."

"Well, it seems a barbarous practice enough to us, but I daresay the natives think nothing of it," said Matthew.

"And don't victuals spring up as well as drink ?" asked Coggan, twirling his eye.

"No—I own to a blot there in Bath—a true blot. God didn't provide 'em with victuals as well as drink, and 'twas drawback I couldn't get over at all."

"Well 'tis a curious place, to say the least," observed Moon ; "and it must be a curious people that live therein."

"Miss Everdene and the soldier were walking about together, you say ?" said Gabriel, returning to the group.

"Ay, and she wore a beautiful gold colour silk gown, trimmed with black lace, that would have stood alone without legs inside if required. 'Twas a very winsome sight ; and her hair was brushed

splendid. And when the sun shone upon the bright gown and his red coat — my ! how handsome they looked. You could see 'em all the length of the street."

"And then what?" murmured Gabriel.

"And then I went into Griffin's to have my boots hobbled, and then I went to Riggy's batty-cake shop, and asked 'em for a penneth of the cheapest and nicest stales, that were all but blue-mouldy but not quite. And whilst I was chawing 'em down I walked on and seed a clock with a face as big as a baking-trendle —"

"But that's, nothing to do with mistress !"

"I'm coming to that, if you'll leave me alone, Mister Oak !" remonstrated Cainy. "If you excites me, perhaps you'll bring on my cough, and then I shan't be able to tell ye nothing."

"Yes — let him tell it his own way," said Coggan.

Gabriel settled into a despairing attitude of patience, and Cainy went on : —

"And there were great large houses, and more people all the week long than at Weatherbury club-walking on White Tuesdays. And I went to grand churches and chapels. And how the parson would pray ! Yes, he would kneel down, and put up his hands together, and make the holy gold rings on his fingers gleam and twinkle in yer eyes, that he'd earned by praying so excellent well ! — Ah yes, I wish I lived there."

"Our poor Parson Thirdly can't get no money to buy such rings," said Matthew Moon thoughtfully. "And as good a man as ever walked. I don't believe poor Thirdly have a single one, even of humblest tin or copper. Such a great ornament as they'd be to him on a dull afternoon, when he's up in the pulpit lighted by the wax candles ! But 'tis impossible, poor man. Ah, to think how unequal things be."

"Perhaps he's made of different stuff than to wear 'em," said Gabriel, grimly. "Well, that's enough of this. Go on, Cainy — quick."

"Oh — and the new style of parsons wear moustaches and long beards," continued the illustrious traveller, "and look like Moses and Aaron complete, and make we fokes in the congregation feel all over like the children of Israel."

"A very right feeling — very," said Joseph Poorgrass.

"And there's two religions going on in the nation now — High Church and High Chapel. And, thinks I, I'll play fair ; so

I went to High Church in the morning, and High Chapel in the afternoon."

"A right and proper boy," said Joseph Poorgrass.

"Well, at High Church they pray singing, and believe in all the colours of the rainbow ; and at High Chapel they pray preaching, and believe in drab and white-wash only. And then — I didn't see' no more of Miss Everdene at all."

"Why didn't you say so before, then ?" exclaimed Oak, with much disappointment.

"Ah," said Matthew Moon, "she'll wish her cake dough if so be she's over intimate with that man."

"She's not over intimate with him," said Gabriel, indignantly.

"She would know better," said Coggan. "Our mis'ess has too much sense under those knots of black hair to do such a mad thing."

"You see, he's not a coarse ignorant man, for he was well brought up," said Matthew, dubiously. "'Twas only wildness that made him a soldier, and maids rather like your man of sin."

"Now, Cain Ball," said Gabriel, restlessly, "can you swear in the most awful form that the woman you saw was Miss Everdene ?"

"Cain Ball, you are no longer a babe and suckling," said Joseph in the sepulchral tone the circumstances demanded, "and you know what taking an oath is. 'Tis a horrible testament, mind ye, which you say and seal with your blood-stone, and the prophet Matthew tells us that on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder. Now, before all the work-folk here assembled can you swear to your word as the shepherd asks ye ?"

"Please no, Mister Oak !" said Cainy, looking from one to the other with great uneasiness at the spiritual magnitude of the position. "I don't mind saying 'tis true, but I don't like to say 'tis d — true, if that's what you mane."

"Cain, Cain, how can you !" said Joseph sternly. "You are asked to swear in a holy manner, and you swear like wicked Shimei, the son of Gera, who cursed as he came. Young man, fie !"

"No, I don't ! 'Tis you want to squander a poor boy's soul, Joseph Poorgrass — that's what 'tis !" said Cain, beginning to cry. "All I mane is that in common truth 'twas Miss Everdene and Sergeant Troy, but in the horrible so-help-me truth that ye want to make of it perhaps 'twas somebody else."

"There's no getting at the rights of it," said Gabriel, turning to his work.

"Cain Ball, you'll come to a bit of bread!" groaned Joseph Poorgrass.

Then the reapers' hooks were flourished again, and the old sounds went on. Gabriel, without making any pretence of being lively, did nothing to show that he was particularly dull. However, Coggan knew pretty nearly how the land lay, and when they were in a nook together he said —

"Don't take on about her, Gabriel. What difference does it make whose sweetheart she is, since she can't be yours?"

"That's the very thing I say to myself," said Gabriel.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE CONVENT OF SAN MARCO.

— THE PAINTER.

AMONG all the many historical places, sacred by right of the feet that have trodden them, and the thoughts that have taken origin within them, which attract the spectator in the storied city of Florence, there is not one, perhaps, more interesting or attractive than the convent of St. Mark, now, by a necessity of state which some approve and some condemn, emptied of its traditionary inhabitants. No black and white monk now bars smilingly to profane feminine feet the entrance to the sunny cloister: no brethren of Saint Dominic inhabit the hushed and empty cells. Chapter-house, refectory, library, all lie vacant and open — a museum for the state — a blank piece of public property, open to any chance comer. It would be churlish to complain of a freedom which makes so interesting a place known to the many; but it is almost impossible not to regret the entire disappearance of the old possessors, the preachers of many a fervent age, the eloquent Order which in this very cloister produced so great an example of the orator's undying power. Savonarola's convent, we cannot but feel, might have been one of the few spared by the exigencies of public poverty, that most strenuous of all reformers. On this point, however, whatever may be the stranger's regrets, Italy of course must be the final judge, as we have all been in our day; and Italy has at least the grace of accepting her position as art-guardian and custodian of the pre-

cious things of the past, a point in which other nations of the world have been less careful. San Marco is empty, swept, and garnished; but at least it is left in perfect good order, and watched over as becomes its importance in the history of Florence and in that of Art. What stirring scenes, and what still ones, these old walls have seen, disguising their antiquity as they do — but as scarcely any building of their date could do in England — by the harmony of everything around, the homogeneous character of the town! It would be affectation for any observer brought up in the faith, and bred in the atmosphere, of Gothic art, to pretend to any admiration of the external aspect of the ordinary Italian basilica. There is nothing in these buildings except their associations, and sometimes the wealth and splendour of their decorations, pictorial or otherwise, to charm or impress eyes accustomed to Westminster and Notre Dame. The white convent walls shutting in everything that is remarkable within, in straight lines of blank inclosure, are scarcely less interesting outside than is the lofty gable-end which forms the façade of most churches in Florence, whether clothed in shining lines of marble or rugged coat of plaster. The church of San Marco has not even the distinction of this superficial splendour or squalor. It does not appeal to the sympathy of the beholder, as so many Florentine churches did a few years ago, and as the cathedral still does with its stripped and unsightly façade; but stands fast in respectable completeness, looking out upon a sunshiny square, arranged into the smooth prettiness of a very ordinary garden by the new spirit of good order which has come upon Italy. It is difficult, in sight of the shrubs, and flowers, and grass-plats, the peaceable ordinary houses around, to realize that it was here that Savonarola preached to excited crowds, filling up every morsel of standing-ground; and that these homely convent walls, white and blank in the sunshine, were once besieged by mad Florence, wildly seeking the blood of the prophet who had not given it the miracle it sought. The place is as still now as monotonous peace and calm can make it. Some wrecks of faded pictures keep their places upon the walls, the priests chant their monotonous masses, the bad organ plays worse music — though this is melodious Italy, the country of song; and the only thing that touches the heart in this historical place is a sight that is common

in every parish church throughout almost all Catholic countries, at least throughout all Italy—the sight of the handful of homely people who in the midst of their work come in to say their prayers, or having a little leisure, sit down and muse in the soft and consecrated silence. I think no gorgeous *funzione*, no Pontifical High Mass, is half so affecting. Their faces are towards the altar, but nothing is doing there. What are they about? Not recalling the associations of the place, thinking of Savonarola, as we are; but musing upon what is far more close and intimate, their own daily trials and temptations, their difficulties, their anxieties. The coolness and dimness of the place, a refuge from the blazing sun without, now and then a monotonous chanting, or the little tinkle of the bell which rouses them from their thoughts for a moment, and bids every beholder bend a reverend knee in sympathy with what is going on somewhere behind those dim pillars—some Low Mass in an unseen chapel—all this forms a fit atmosphere around those musing souls. And that is the most interesting sight that is to be seen in San Marco, though the strangers who come from afar to visit Savonarola's church and dwelling-place stray about the side chapels and gaze at the pictures, and take little enough note of the unpicturesque devotion of to-day.

The history of the remarkable convent and church which has thus fallen into the blank uses of a museum on the one hand, and the commonplace routine of a parish on the other, has long ceased to be great; all that was most notable in it indeed—its virtual foundation, or rebuilding, when transferred to the Dominican order, its decoration, its tragic climax of power and closely following downfall—were all summed up within the fifteenth century. But it is one of the great charms of the storied cities of Italy that they make the fifteenth century (not to speak of ages still more remote) as yesterday to the spectator, placing him with a loving sympathy in the very heart of the past. I need not enter into the story of the events which gained to the Dominican order possession of San Marco, originally the property of an order of Silvestrini; but may sum them up here, in a few words. For various reasons, partly moral, partly political, a community of Dominicans had been banished to Fiesole, where they lived and longed for years, gazing at their Florence from among the olive gardens, and setting naught by all these

rural riches, and by the lovely prospect that enchanted their eyes daily, in comparison with the happiness of getting back again to their beloved town. The vicissitudes of their exile, and the connection of the brotherhood with the special tumults of the time may all be found in Padre Marchese's great work, "San Marco Illustrato," but are at once too detailed and too vague to be followed here. In process of time they were allowed to descend the hill to San Giorgio on the other side of the Arno, which was still a partial banishment; and at last regained popularity and influence so completely that the naughty Silvestrini were compelled to relinquish their larger house, and marched out of San Marco aggrieved and reluctant across the bridge, while the Reformed Dominicans, with joyful chanting of psalms, streamed across in procession to the new home, which was not only a commodious habitation, but a prize of virtue. Perhaps this kind of transfer was not exactly the way to make the brethren love each other; but history says nothing more of the Silvestrini. The Dominicans do not seem to have had, immediately at least, so pleasant a removing as they hoped, for their new convent was dilapidated, and scarcely inhabitable. Cosmo de Medici, the first great chief of that ambitious family, the wily and wise founder of its fortunes, the Pater Patriæ, whom Florence not long before had summoned back to guide and rule the turbulent city, took the case of the monks in hand. He rebuilt their convent for them, while they encamped in huts and watched over the work. And when it was so far completed as to be habitable, royal Cosmo gave a commission to a certain monk among them skilled in such work, to decorate with pictures the new walls. These decorations, and the gentle, simple, uneventful life of this monk and his brethren, furnish a soft prelude to the stormy strain of further story of which San Marco was to be the subject. Its period of fame and greatness, destined to conclude in thunders of excommunication, in more tangible thunders of assault and siege, in popular violence, tragic anguish, and destruction, began thus with flutings of angels, with soft triumphs of art, with such serene, sweet quiet, and beautiful industry, as may be exercised, who knows, in the outer courts of heaven itself. A stranger introduction to the passion and struggle of Savonarola's prophetic career could scarcely be, than that which is con-

tained in this gentle chapter of conventional existence, at its fairest and brightest, which no one can ignore who steps across the storied threshold of San Marco, and is led to the grave silence of Prior Girolamo's cell between two lines of walls from which soft faces look at him like benedictions, fresh (or so it seems) from Angelico's tender hand.

The painter whom we know by this name, which is not his name any more than it is the name of the Angelical doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, or the Angelical father, Saint Francis, was born in the neighbourhood of Florence, in (as Padre Marchese describes it) the fertile and fair province of Mugello—in the latter part of the fourteenth century. His name was Guido di Pietro; Guido, the son of Peter—evidently not with any further distinction of lineage. Where he studied his divine art, or by whom he was taught, is not known. Vasari suggests that he was a pupil of Starnina, and Eyre and Cavalcaselle imagine that more likely the Starnina traditions came to him through Masolino or Masaccio, and that he formed his style upon that of Orcagna. These, however, do not seem much more than conjectures, and the only facts known of his simple history are that in 1407, when he was twenty, his brother and he, taking the names of Benedetto and Giovanni, together entered the Dominican order in the convent at Fiesole. This community had a troubled life for some years, and the young disciples were sent to Cortona, where there are various pictures which testify to the fact that Fra Giovanni was already a painter of no mean power. All the dates however of this early part of his life are confused, and the story uncertain; for indeed it is probable no one knew that the young monk was to become the Angelican painter, the glory of his convent, and one of the wonders of his age. What is certain, however, is, that he returned from Cortona, and lived for many years in the convent of San Dominico, half way up to Fiesole, upon the sunny slopes where nothing ventures to grow that does not bear fruit; where flowers are weeds, and roses form the hedges, and the lovely cloudy foliage of the olive affords both shade and wealth. There is not very much record of the painter in all those silent cloistered years. Books which he is said to have illuminated with exquisite grace and skill are doubtfully appropriated by critics to his brother or to humbler workers of their school, and the few pictures which seem

to belong to this period have been injured in some cases, and in others destroyed. Fra Giovanni performed all his monastic duties with the devotion of the humblest brother; and lived little known, without troubling himself about fame, watching no doubt the nightly sunsets and moonrises over that glorious Val d'Arno which shone and slumbered at his feet, and noting silently how the mountain watchers stood round about, and the little Tuscan hills on a closer level stretched their vine garlands like hands each to the other, and drew near, a wistful friendly band, to see what Florence was doing. Florence, heart and soul of all, lay under him, as he took his moonlight meditative stroll on the terraced or gazed and mused out of his narrow window. One can fancy that the composition of that lovely landscape stole into the painter's eye and worked itself into his works; in almost all of which some group of reverent spectators, Dominican brethren with rapt faces, or saintly women, or angel lookers-on more ethereal still, stand by and watch with adoring awe the sacred mysteries transacted in their presence, with something of the same deep calm and hush which breathes about the blue spectator heights round the City of Flowers. What Fra Giovanni saw was not what we see. No noble dome had yet crowned the Cathedral, and Giotto's Campanile, divinely tall, fair and light as a lily stalk, had not yet thrown itself up into mid air; nothing but the rugged grace of the old Tower of the Signoria—contrasting now in picturesque characteristic Tuscan humanity with the more heavenly creations that rival it—raised up then its protecting standard from the lower level of ancient domes and lofty houses, soaring above the Bargello and the Badia, in the days of the Angelical painter. But there was enough in this, with all its summer hazes and wintry brightness, with the shadows that flit over the wide landscape like some divine breath, and the broad, dazzling, rejoicing glow of the Italian sun, and Arno glimmering through the midst like a silver thread, and white castellos shining further and further off in the blue distance up to the very skirt of Apennine, to inspire his genius. In those days men said little about Nature, and did not even love her, the critics think—rather had to find out how to love her, when modern civilization came to teach them how. But if Fra Giovanni, pacing his solitary walk upon that mount of vision at San Dominico, evening after

evening, year after year, did not note those lights and shades and atmospheric changes, and lay up in his still soul a hundred variations of sweet colour, soft glooms, and heavenly shadows, then it is hard to think where he got his lore, and harder still that Heaven should be so prodigal of a training which was not put to use. Heaven is still prodigal, and nature tints her pallet with as many hues as ever; but there is no Angelical painter at the windows of San Dominico to take advantage of them now.

The Florence to which these monks were so eager to return, and where eventually they came, carrying their treasures in procession, making the narrow hill-side ways resound with psalms, and winding in long trains of black and white through the streets of their regained home—was at that time, amid all its other tumults and agitations (and these were neither few nor light), in the full possession of that art-culture which lasted as long as there was genius to keep it up, and which has made the city now one of the treasures of the world. The advent of a new painter was still something to stir the minds of a people who had not so many ages before called one of their streets “Allegri,” because of the joy and pride of the town over Cimabue’s sad Madonna. There is little evidence, however, that Florence knew much of the monk’s work, who, as yet, was chiefly distinguished, it would seem, as a miniaturist and painter of beautiful manuscripts. But wily Cosmo, the father of his country, could have done few things more popular, and likely to enhance his reputation, than his liberality in thus encouraging and developing another genius for the delight and credit of the city. Almost before the cloister was finished, historians suppose, Fra Giovanni had got his hands on the smooth white wall, so delightful to a painter’s imagination. We do not pretend to determine the succession of his work, and say where he began; but it is to be supposed that the cloister and chapter-house, as first completed, would afford him his first opportunity. No doubt there were many mingled motives in that noble and fine eagerness to decorate and make beautiful their homes which possessed the minds of the men of that gorgeous age, whether in the world or the church. For the glory of God, for the glory of the convent and order, for the glory of Florence, which every Florentine sought with almost more than patriotic ardour—the passion of

patriotism gaining, as it were, in intensity when circumscribed in the extent of its object—the monks of San Marco must have felt a glow of generous pride in their growing gallery of unique and original pictures. The artist himself, however, worked with a simple unity of motive, little known either in that or any other age. He painted his pictures as he said his prayers, out of pure devotion. So far as we are informed, Fra Giovanni, of the order of Preachers, was no preacher by word or doctrine. He had another way of edifying the holy and convincing the sinner. He could not argue or exhort, but he could set before them the sweetest heaven that ever appeared to poetic vision, the tenderest friendly angels, the gentlest and loveliest of virgin mothers. Neither profit nor glory came to the monk in his convent. He began his work on his knees, appealing to his God for the inspiration that so great an undertaking required, and—carrying with him the *défauts de ses qualités*, as all men of primitive virtue do—declined with gentle obstinacy to make any change or improvement after, in the works thus conceived under the influence of Heaven. While he was engaged in painting a crucifix, Vasari tells us the tears would run down his cheeks, in his vivid realization of the Divine suffering therein expressed. Thus it was with the full fervour of a man who feels himself at last entered upon the true mission of his life, and able, once and for all, to preach in the most acceptable way the truth that had been dumb within him, that the Angelical painter began his work. The soft and heavenly inspiration in it has never been questioned, and the mind of the looker-on, after these long centuries, can scarcely help expanding with a thrill of human sympathy to realize the profound and tender satisfaction of that gentle soul, thus enabled to paint his best, to preach his best, in the way God had endowed him for, with the additional happiness and favour of high heaven, that his lovely visions were to be the inheritance of his brethren and sons in the Church, the only succession an ecclesiastic could hope for.

It would appear, however, that the interior of San Marco must have been so soon ready for Fra Giovanni’s beautifying hand, that he had but little time to expend himself on the cloisters which are now bright with the works of inferior artists. It would be difficult to convey to any one who has not stood within an Ital-

ian cloister, and felt the warm brightness of the pictured walls cheer his eyes and his heart, even when the painters have not been great, or the works very remarkable—the special charm and sweetness of those frescoed decorations. The outer cloister of San Marco glows with pictures—not very fine, perhaps, yet with an interest of their own. There the stranger who has time, or cares to look at the illustrations of a past age, may read the story of Saint Antonino, who was distinguished as the good Archbishop of Florence, and canonized accordingly, to the great glory of his order, and honour of his convent. But Antonino himself was one of the brethren who stood by and watched and admired Fra Giovanni's work on the new walls. Was the first of all, perhaps, that crucifix which faces the spectator as he enters, at the end of the cloister, double expression of devotion to Christ crucified and Dominic his servant? It is the most important of Angelico's works in this outer inclosure. Our gentle painter could not paint agony or the passion of suffering, which was alien to his heavenly nature. The figure on the cross, here as elsewhere, is beautiful in youthful resignation and patience, no suffering Son of God, but a celestial symbol of depths into which the painter could not penetrate; but the kneeling figure, in the black and white robes of the order, which clasps the cross in a rapt embrace, and raises a face of earnest and all-absorbing worship to the Divine Sufferer, embodies the whole tradition of monastic life in its best aspect. No son of St. Dominic could look at that rapt figure without a clearer sense of the utter self-devotion required of himself as Dominic's follower, the annihilation of every lesser motive and lesser contemplation than that of the great sacrifice of Christianity—example and consecration of all sacrifices, which his vow bound him to follow and muse upon all his life through. This picture fills something of the same place as the blazon of a knightly house over its warlike gates is meant to do. It is the tradition, the glory, the meaning of the order all in one, as seen by Angelico's beauty-loving eyes, as well as by those stern, glowing eyes of Savonarola, who was to come; and perhaps even in their dull, ferocious, mistaken way by the Torquemados, who have brought St. Dominic to evil fame. For Christ, and Christ alone, counting no cost; thinking of nothing but conquering the world for Him; conceiving of no ad-

vance but by the spreading of His kingdom—yet, alas! with only every individual's narrow human notion of what that kingdom was, and which the way of spreading it. In Florence, happily, at that moment, the Reformed Dominicans, in the warmth of their revival, could accept the blazon of their Order thus set forth with all their hearts. They had renewed their dedication of themselves to that perpetual preaching of Christ's sacrifice and imitation of His self-renunciation, which was the highest meaning of their vows; and no doubt each obscure father, each musing humble novice in his white gown felt a glow of rapt enthusiasm as he watched the new picture grow into life, and found in the absorbed face of the holy founder of his Order, at once the inspiration and reflection of his own.

The other little pictures in this cloister which are pure Angelico are entirely conventual, addressed to the brethren, as was natural in this, the centre of their common existence. Peter Martyr, one of their most distinguished saints, stands over one doorway, finger on lip suggesting the silence that befitted a grave community devoted to the highest studies and reflections. Over another door are two Dominican brethren, receiving (it is the guest-chamber of the monastery) the Redeemer Himself, worn with travel, to their hospitable shelter. Curiously enough, the beautiful, gentle, young traveller, with his pilgrim's hat falling from his golden curls, which is the best representation our gentle Angelico could make—always angelical, like his name—of the Lord of life, might almost have served as model for that other beautiful, gentle, young peasant Christ, whom another great painter, late in this nineteenth century, has given forth to us as all he knows of the central figure of the world's history. Mr. Holman Hunt has less excuse than the mild monk whose very gospel was beauty, for so strange a failure in conception. To some has been given the power to make Christ, to others contadini, as the two rival sculptors said to each other. Angelico rarely advances above this low ideal. His angels are lovely beyond description; he understood the unity of a creature more ethereal than flesh and blood, yet made up of soft submission, obedience, devotedness—beautiful human qualities; but the contact of the human with the divine was beyond him—as, indeed, might be said of most painters. There can be little doubt that this difficulty of

representing anything that could satisfy the mind as God in the aspect of full-grown man, has helped more than anything else to give to the group of the Mother and the Child such universal acceptance in the realms of art—a pictorial necessity thus lending its aid in the fixing of dogma, and still more in the unanimous involuntary bias given to devotion. The Christ-child has proved within the powers of many painters; for, indeed, there is something of the infinite in every child—unfathomable possibilities, the boundless charm of the unrealized, in which everything may be, while yet nothing certainly is. But who has ever painted the Christ-man? unless we may take the pathetic shadow of that sorrowful head in Leonardo's ruined Cenacolo—the very imperfection of which helps us to see a certain burdened divinity in its melancholy lines—for success. Sorely burdened indeed, and sad to death, is that countenance, which is the only one we can think of which bears anything of the dignity of Godhead in the looks of man; but it is very different from the beautiful, weak, fatigued young countryman who is so often presented to us as the very effigy of Him who is the King and Saviour of humanity, as well as the Lamb of God.

Angelico never, or very rarely, got beyond this gentle ideal of suffering innocence, enduring with unalterable patience. Perhaps in his "Scourging" there may be a gleam of higher meaning, or in that crowned figure which crowns the humble mother; but the type is always the same. It is curious to note how this incapacity works. In the great picture in the chapter-house of San Marco, which opens from this cloister, and is the most important single work in the convent, the spectator merely glances at the figure on the cross, which ought to be the centre of the picture. It really counts for nothing in the composition. The attendant saints are wonderfully noble, and full of varied expression; but the great act which attracts their gaze is little more than a conventional emblem of that event; the Virgin, it is true, swoons at the foot of the cross, but the spectator sees no reason except a historical one for her swoon, for the cross itself is faint and secondary, curiously behind the level of Ambrose, and Augustine, and Francis, who look up with faces full of life at that mysterious abstraction. Underneath that solemn assembly of fathers and founders—for almost all are heads of orders, except the Medical saints Cosmo and Damian, who

hold their place there in compliment to the Medici—the monks of San Marco have deliberated for four centuries. There, no doubt, Pope Eugenius sat with the pictured glory over him; there Savonarola presided over his followers, and encouraged himself and them with revelations and prophecy. If we may venture to interpose among such historic memories a scene of loftiest fiction, more vivid than history—there the Prior of San Marco received the noble Florentine woman, Romola. The picture survives everything—long ages of peace, brief storms of violence in which moments count for years; and again the silent ages—quiet, tranquillity, monotony, tedium. Jerome and Augustine, Francis and Dominic, with faces more real than our own, have carried on a perpetual adoration ever since, and never drooped or failed.

The new dormitory, which Cosmo, the father of his country, and his architect, Michelozzi, built for the monks, does not seem originally to have been of the character which we usually assign to a convent. It was one large room, like a ward in a hospital—like the long chamber in Eton College—with a row of small arched windows on either side, each of which apparently gave a little light and a limited span of space to the monk whose bed flanked the window. To decorate this large, bare room seems to have been the Angelical painter's next grand piece of work. Other hands besides his were engaged upon it. His brother, Fra Benedetto, took some of the subjects in hand—subjects, alas, passed by now by the spectator, who takes but little interest in Benedetto's renderings. How pleasant is the imagination thus conjured up! The bustling pleased community settling itself in its new house, arranging its homely crucifixes, its few books, its tables for work, parchments and ink and colours for its illuminated manuscripts, great branch of monkish industry; here an active brother leaving a little room in the beehive, going out upon the business of the convent, aiding or watching the workmen outside; here a homely Fra Predicatore meditating in his corner, with what quiet was possible, his sermon for next fast or festa; there, bending over their work with fine brush and careful eye, the illuminators, the writers, elaborating their perfect manuscript; and all the while—tempting many a glance, many a criticism, many a whispered communication—the picture going

on, in which one special brother or other must have taken a lively, jealous interest, seeing it was his special corner which was being thus illustrated! One wonders if the monks were jealous on whose bit of wall Benedetto worked instead of Giovanni — or whether there might be a party in the convent who considered Giovanni an over-rated brother, and believed Benedetto to have quite as good a right to the title of "Angelico"? For their own sakes let us hope it was so, and that good Fra Benedetto painted for his own set; while at the same time there can be little doubt that the difference between him and his brother would be much less strongly marked than now. Thus all together the community carried on its existence. Perhaps a humorous recollection of the hum which must have reached him as he stood painting on his little scaffolding, induced the painter to plan that warning figure of the martyred Peter over the doorway below, serious, with finger on his lip; for it could scarcely be in human nature that all those friars with consciences void of offence, approved of by Pope and people — a new house built for them, warm with the light of princely favour; and the sunshine shining in through all those arched windows, throwing patches of brightness over the new-laid tiles — and the Florentine air, gay with summer, making merry like ethereal wine their Tuscan souls — should have kept silence like melancholy Trappists of a later degenerate age. To be a monk in those days was to be a busy, well-occupied, and useful man, in no way shut out from nature. I should like to have stepped into that long room when the bell called them all forth to chapel, and noted where Angelico put down his brush, how the scribe paused in the midst of a letter, and the illuminator in a gorgeous golden drapery, and the preacher with a sentence half ended — and nothing but the patches of sunshine, and the idle tools held possession of the place. No thought then of thunders which should shake all Florence, of prophecies and prophets; nothing but gentle industry, calm work — that calmest work which leaves the artist so much time for gentle musing, for growth of skill, poetic thoughtfulness. And when the scaffolding was removed, and another and another picture fully disclosed in delicate sweet freshness of colour — soft fair faces looking out of the blank wall, clothing them with good company, with solace and protection — what a flutter of

pleasure must have stolen through the brotherhood, what pleasant excitement, what critical discussions, fine taste, enlightened and superior, against simple enthusiasm! It is almost impossible not to fear that there must have been some conflict of feeling between the brother who had but a saintly Annunciation, too like the public and common property of that picture called the "Capo le Scale" and him who was blest with the more striking subject of the "Scourging," so quaint and fine; or him who proudly felt himself the possessor of that picturesque glimpse into the invisible — the opened gates of Limbo, with the father of mankind pressing to the Saviour's feet. Happy monks, busy and peaceable! half of them no doubt at heart believed that his own beautiful page, decked by many a gorgeous king and golden saint, would last as long as the picture; and so they have done, as you may see in the glass-cases in the library, where all those lovely chorales and books of prayer are preserved; but not like Angelico. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the stars.

It does not seem to be known at what time this large dormitory was divided, as we see it now, in a manner which still more closely recalls to us the boys' rooms in a good "house" in Eton, into separate cells. No doubt it is more dignified, more conventual, more likely to have promoted the serious quiet which ought to belong to monastic life; but one cannot help feeling that here and there a friendly, simple-minded brother must have regretted the change. Each cell has its own little secluded window, deep in the wall, its own patch of sunshine, its own picture. There is no fireplace, or other means of warming the little chamber between its thick walls; but no doubt then, as now, the monks had their scaldinos full of wood embers, the poor Italian's immemorial way of warming himself. And between the window and the wall, on the left side, is the picture — dim — often but dimly seen, faded out of its past glory — sometimes less like a picture at all than some celestial shadow on the grey old wall, some sweet phantasmagoria of lovely things that have passed there, and cannot be quite effaced from the very stones that once saw them. For my own part, I turn from all Angelico's more perfect efforts, from the "Madonna della Stella," glistening in gold, which is so dear to the traveller, and all the well-preserved examples with their glittering

backgrounds, to those heavenly shadows in the empty cells — scratched, defaced, and faded as so many of them are. The gentle old monk comes near to the modern spectator, the pilgrim who has crossed hills and seas to see all that is left of what was done in such a broad and spontaneous flood of inspiration. Those saints, with their devout looks, the musing Virgin, the rapt Dominic; those sweet spectator angels, so tenderly curious, sympathetic, wistful, serviceable; those lovely soft embodiments of womanly humbleness, yet exultation, the Celestial Mother bending to receive her crown. They are not pictures, but visions painted on the dim conscious air not by vulgar colour and pencil, but by prayers and gentle thoughts.

There are two other separate cells in San Marco more important than these, yet closely belonging to this same early and peaceful chapter of the convent's story. We do not speak of the line of little chambers each blazoned with a copy of the crucifix below in the cloister with the kneeling St. Dominic, which are called the cells of the *Giovinati* or Novices, and which conclude in the sacred spot where Savonarola's great existence passed. That is a totally different period of the tale, requiring different treatment, and calling forth other emotions. We do not look that way in this preliminary sketch, but rather turn to the other hand where Saint Antonino lived as Archbishop, and where still some relics of him remain, glorious vestments of cloth of gold beside the hair shirt, instrument of deepest mortification; and to the little chamber which it is reported Cosmo de Medici built for himself, and where he came when he wished to discourse in quiet with the Archbishop, whose shrewd, acute, and somewhat humorous countenance looks down upon us from the wall. This chamber is adorned with one of Angelico's finest works, "The Adoration of the Magi," a noble composition, and has besides in a niche a pathetic Christ painted over a little altar sunk in the deep wall. Here Cosmo came to consult with his Archbishop (the best, they say, that Florence had then had), and, in earlier days, to talk to his Angelical painter as the works went on, which Cosmo was wise to see would throw some gleam of fame upon himself as well as on the convent. With all the monks together in the long room where Angelico painted his frescoes it may well be imagined that this place of

retirement was essential; and when that long-headed and far-seeing father of his country had been taken, no doubt with an admiring following of monks, to see the last new picture, as one after another was completed, and had given his opinion and the praise which was expected of him, no doubt both painter and prince were glad of the quiet retirement where they could talk over what remained to do, and plan perhaps a greater work here and there — the throned Madonna in the corridor, with again the Medician saints, holy physicians, Cosmo and Damian, at her feet — or discuss the hopeful pupils whom Angelico was training, Benozzo Gozzoli, for instance, thereafter known to fame.

All is peaceful, tranquil, softly melodious in this beginning of the conventual existence. Pope Eugenius himself came, at the instance of the Pater Patriæ, to consecrate the new-built house, and lived in these very rooms, to the glory and pride of the community. Thus everything set out in an ideal circle of goodness and graciousness; a majestic Pope, humble enough to dwell in the very cloister with the Dominicans, blessing their home for them; a wise prince coming on frequent visits, half living among them, with a cell called by his name where he might talk with his monkish friends; a great painter working lowly and busy among the humblest of the brethren, taking no state upon him — though a great painter was as a prince in art-loving Florence; and when the time to give San Marco the highest of honours came, another brother taken from among them to be Archbishop of the great city; while all the time those pictures, for which princes would have striven, grew at each monk's bedhead, his dear especial property, gladdening his eyes and watching over his slumbers. Was there ever a more genial, peaceful beginning, a more prosperous, pleasant house?

The way in which Antonino came to be Archbishop is very characteristic, too. At the period of his visit, no doubt, Pope Eugenius learned to know Angelico, and to admire the works which he must have seen growing under the master's hand; nor could he have failed to know the devotion of which those pictures were the expressive language, the intense celestial piety of the modest Frate. Accordingly, when the Pope went back to Rome he called the Angelical painter to him to execute some work there, and with the primitive certainty of his age that excel-

lence in one thing must mean excellence in all, offered to Fra Giovanni the vacant see of Florence. Modest Fra Giovanni knew that, though it was in him to paint, it was not in him to govern monks and men, to steer his way through politics and public questions, and rule a self-opinionated race like those hard-headed Tuscans. He told the head of the Church that this was not his vocation, but that in his convent there was another Frate whose shoulders were equal to the burden. The Pope took his advice, as any calif in story might have taken the recommendation of a newly chosen vizier; such things were possible in primitive times; and Antonino was forthwith called out of his cell, and from simple monk was made Archbishop, his character, there is little doubt, being well enough known to give force to Angelico's representation in his favour. This event would seem to have happened in the year 1445, three years after the visit of Eugenius to San Marco, and it seems doubtful whether Angelico ever returned to Florence after his comrade's elevation to this dignity. He stayed and painted in Rome till the death of Eugenius — then appeared a little while in Orvieto, where he seems to have been accompanied by his pupil Benozzo, and then returned to Rome to execute some commissions for the new Pope Nicholas. San Marco had been finished before this, with greater pomp and beauty than I have attempted to tell; for the great altarpiece has gone out of the church, and other works have fallen into decay or have been removed, and now dwell, dimmed by restoration and cleaning, in the academy of the Belli Arti, where it is not my business to follow them, my interest lying in San Marco only. At Rome the gentle Angelico died, having painted to the end of his life with all the freshness of youth. He was fifty when he came down the slopes from Fiesole, singing among his brethren, to make his new convent beautiful; he was sixty-eight when he died at Rome, but with no failing strength or skill. The Angelical painter lies not in his own San Marco, but in the church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva at Rome; but all the same he lives in Florence within the walls he loved, in the cells he filled full of beauty and pensive celestial grace — and which now are dedicated to him, and hold his memory fresh as in a shrine; dedicated to him — and to one other memory as different from his as morning is from evening.

Few people are equally interested in the two spirits which dwell within the empty convent; to some Angelico is all its past contains — to some Savonarola; but both are full of the highest meaning, and the one does not interfere with the other. The prophet-martyr holds a distinct place from that of the painter-monk. The two stories are separate, one sweet and soft as the "hidden brook" in the "leafy month of June," with the sound of which the poet consoles his breathless reader after straining his nerves to awe and terror. Like Handel's Pastoral Symphony piping under the moonlight, amid the dewy fields, full of heavenly subdued gladness and triumph, is the prelude which this gentle chapter of art and peace makes to the tragedy to follow. Angelico, with all his skill, prepared and made beautiful the house in which — with aims more splendid than his and a mark more high, but not more devout or pure — another Frate was to bring art and beauty to the tribunal of Christ and judge them, as Angelico himself, had his painter-heart permitted him, would have done as stoutly, rejecting the loveliness that was against God's ways and laws no less than Savonarola. Their ways of serving were different, their inspiration the same.

The traditions of the Angelical painter's pious life which Vasari, the primary authority on the subject, has left to us, are very beautiful. The simple old narrative of the first art-historian, always when it is possible to be so, is laudatory, and finally bursts into a strain of almost musical eulogy in the description of the gentle Frate. "He was of simple and pious manners," he tells us. "He shunned the worldly in all things, and during his pure and simple life was such a friend to the poor that I think his soul must be now in heaven. He painted incessantly, but never would lay his hand to any subject not saintly. He might have had wealth, but he scorned it, and used to say that true riches are to be found in contentment. He might have ruled over many, but would not, saying that obedience was easier and less liable to error. He might have enjoyed dignities among his brethren, and beyond. He disdained them, affirming that he sought for none other than might be consistent with a successful avoidance of Hell and the attainment of Paradise. Humane and sober, he lived chastely, avoiding the errors of the world, and he was wont to say that the pursuit of art

required rest and a life of holy thoughts; that he who illustrates the acts of Christ should live with Christ. He was never known to indulge in anger with his brethren—a great, and to my opinion all but unattainable, quality; and he never admonished but with a smile. With wonderful kindness he would tell those who sought his work, that if they got the consent of the prior he should not fail. . . . He never retouched or altered anything he had once finished, but left it as it had turned out, the will of God being that it should be so." Such is the touching picture which the old biographer of painters has left to us. His facts it seems probable (or so at least Padre Marchese thinks, the living historian of the order) came from one of the brotherhood of San Marco, Fra Eustatius, an eminent miniaturist of the convent. These details, vague though they are, bring before us the gentle painter—peaceable, modest, kind, yet endowed with a gentle obstinacy, and limited, as is natural to a monk, within the strait horizon of his community. It is told of him that when invited to breakfast with Pope Nicholas, the simple-minded brother was uneasy not to be able to ask his prior's permission to eat meat, the prior being for him a greater authority than the Pope, in whose hand (Angelico forgot) was the primary power of all indulgences. There could not be a better instance of the soft, submissive, almost domestic narrowness of the great painter, like a child from home, to whom the licence given by a king would have no such reassuring authority as the permission of father or mother. This beautiful narrow-mindedness—for in such a case it is permissible to unite the two words—told, however, on a more extended scale even on his genius. The Angelical monk was as incapable of understanding evil as a child. His atmosphere was innocence, holiness, and purity. To pure and holy persons he could give a noble and beautiful individuality; but absolute ugliness, grotesque and unreal, was all the notion he had of the wicked. To his cloistered soul the higher mystery of beautiful evil was unknown, and his simple nature ignored the many shades of that pathetic side of moral downfall in which an unsuccessful struggle has preceded destruction. He had no pity for, because he had no knowledge of, no more than a child, the agony of failure, or those faint tints of difference which sometimes separate the victors from the vanquished. While the fair circle of the saved glide,

dancing in a ring, into the flowery gardens of Paradise—a very "Decameron" group of holy joy, in his great "Last Judgment" the lost fly hopeless to the depths of hell, ugly, distorted, without a redeeming feature. It was his primitive way of representing evil—hideous, repulsive, as to his mind it could not but appear. He loathed ugliness as he loathed vice, and what so natural as that they should go together? Fra Giovanni showed his impartiality by mingling among his groups of the lost, here and there, a mitred bishop and cowed monk, to show that even a profession of religion was not infallible: but he had not the higher impartiality of permitting to those huddled masses any comeliness or charm of sorrow, but damned them frankly as a child does, and in his innocence knew no ruth.

Thus ends the first chapter of the history of St. Mark's convent at Florence—a story without a discordant note in it, which has left nothing behind but melodious memories and relics full of beauty. It is of this the stranger must chiefly think as he strays through the silent, empty cells, peopled only by saints and angels; until indeed he turns a corner of the dim corridor, and finds himself in presence of a mightier spirit. Let us leave the gentle preface in its holy calm. The historian may well pause before he begins the sterner but nobler strain.

From The Spectator.

"JOSH BILLINGS" IN ENGLISH.

EDUCATED Americans often express some astonishment at the liking displayed by the British public for the American "humourists,"—men in whom, they say, they find little except some common-place extravagance and much bad spelling. With the exception of the "Heathen Chinese," which made an immense hit, and exercised a permanent influence on public opinion, they do not, we are told, genuinely admire any of the comic productions Englishmen find so racy. They prefer Mr. Lowell's serious poems, which, sweet as they are, will scarcely live, to the "Biglow Papers," which will last as long as their dialect remains intelligible; scarcely estimate Leland at English valuation, wonder at the fuss made about Mark Twain, and hold Artemus Ward to have been a low comedian. As the Americans are, in their way, more hu-

morous than the English, and as they produce these professional humourists, this want of appreciation of them would be hard to understand, or even to admit, were it not visible also among the Scotch, half of whom are full of a racy humour which the other half seem unable to comprehend. We never met a Scotchman yet — and we have tried the experiment several times — who fully enjoyed Artemus Ward, or understood why the absurd incongruity of his sayings with the shrewdness embodied in his thought, made Englishmen shake with laughter such as no English humour seemed in any equal degree to provoke. There must be two publics in America, just as there are in Scotland, and one of them despises the laughter which the other enjoys. One cause of the contempt is, we suspect, the artificiality into which all humourists who trade on their humour are apt to fall; another, the weariness of Americans of the shrewd sayings in which much of their humour is embodied; and a third, the preposterous use some of the comic aphorists make of bad spelling. Artemus Ward made his bad spelling funny, the absolute difference between the method of conjugating one expected and the method he tried, exciting of itself the sense of incongruity, which is the first cause of laughter; but his imitators have lost his art, such as it was, almost or quite completely. The person who calls himself "Josh Billings" has entirely. Chancing to take up the book at a railway-station, the writer decided during a ten minutes' run that "Josh Billings's" wit and humour was, on the whole, the most contemptibly vulgar trash he had ever had in his hand, — worse by many degrees than the worst failure of the old London Comic School, — quite as bad, in fact, as its cover, which represented a paunchy fool tumbling on his hands, and lifting with his feet a white hat with a mourning crape all round it. Having, however, to travel farther, and no other book being at hand, he tried to read it steadily, and discovered, in a painful half-hour, this curious fact. "Josh Billings" is the nickname of some unknown person, apparently well educated, with the mind, if one could imagine such a mind, of a Dissenting Sydney Smith. He has not, of course, the full power of the witty divine; he has injured such power as he has by using it up, apparently, as we guess from his dedication, to earn his bread, and his topics are usually inferior; but he has in a high degree the power Sydney Smith possessed

of saying odd things which, like common proverbs, embody in a line the experience of ages or the reasoning of a life. He can do nothing else. He cannot tell a story, or write a parody, or teach a lesson in politics, and the one faculty he possesses is overlaid, by his own or his original publisher's folly, till it is almost invisible. Half of the book is rubbish, the mere dregs of his better work, cooked up, we suppose, for a market which had enjoyed some of his racier oddities, and has kept on hoping for some more long after the supply was exhausted. About a tenth is made up of weak platitudes, and about a twentieth of Christian maxims of the most savagely orthodox type, which seem usually, with an exception or two, wretchedly out of place, though we must add, strange as it may be, they appear to have come from the inmost convictions of the writer, who has covered all alike — pious advice, common-place rubbish, keen epigrams, and "pawky" proverbs — in an impenetrable veil of bad spelling. What the object of this spelling can be we are utterly unable to discover. It is not comic, as Artemus Ward's often was. It is not intended to express any dialect, as Leland's was, or if it is, it does not succeed. It is not phonetic, it is not ingenious, it is, in fact, a motiveless absurdity, all the more to be condemned because such wit as "Josh Billings" possesses is entirely of the sub-allusive kind, which is so seldom liked except among the educated. The real man is not "Josh Billings," but to compare small things with great, an American Montaigne. This sentence, for instance, "We have made justice a luxury of civilization," is essentially of the Sydney-Smith type, and is not made more subtle, but only unintelligible, by ridiculous spelling. It would be hardly possible to express the truth that civilization has secured justice, but has not secured it to the poor, in a terser or more biting form, but its pithiness is just of the kind which a reader capable of spelling "is" as "iz" would never comprehend, any more than he would this curious and quite true observation in natural history, "Monkeys never grow any older in expression. A young monkey looks exactly like his grandpapa melted up and born again;" or this, "No man can be a healthy jester unless he has been nursed at the breast of wisdom," a sentence which contains the whole difference between the humour of a man like Sydney Smith or Charles Lamb and the humour of Mr. Lear.

Where, again, is the sense, not to say the taste or the propriety, of misspelling a fine sentence like this? — "Humour must fall out of a man's mouth like music out of a bobolink," which is intelligible only to those to whom bad spelling, and especially artificial bad spelling, is a mere cause of disgust. There is a world of wisdom in the saying, "It is easier to be a harmless dove than a decent serpent," — that is, to be a man constitutionally outside temptation, than a man who, keenly feeling temptation, yet resists; but in what way is the wisdom flavoured by spelling a dove a "dov"? The bitter, worldly experience of this remark, which Rochefoucauld might have made, and Prosper Mérimée would have written to l'Inconnue, if he had thought of it, is utterly lost in a cloud of bad spelling: — "Some men marry to get rid of themselves, and find that the game is one that two can play at, and neither win." All the following are suggestive shrewdnesses, much better than Franklin's, whose "Poor Richard" Americans are so inclined to praise; but they are not the more biting, or the more popular, or even the more racy of the soil, for being injured by a farcical spelling: —

Time is money, and many people pay their debts with it.

Ignorance is the wet-nurse of prejudice.

Wit without sense is a razor without a handle.

Half the discomfort of life is the result of getting tired of ourselves.

Benevolence is the cream on the milk of human kindness.

People of good-sense are those whose opinions agree with ours.

Face all things; even Adversity is polite to a man's face.

Passion always lowers a great man, but sometimes elevates a little one.

Style is everything for a sinner, and a little of it will not hurt a saint.

Men now-a-days are divided into slow Christians and wide-awake sinners.

There are people who expect to escape Hell because of the crowd going there.

Most men are like eggs, too full of themselves to hold anything else.

Even when the sayings contain an ele-

ment of grotesquerie, they are improved by ordinary printing: —

It is little trouble to a graven image to be patient, even in fly-time.

Old age increases us in wisdom — and in rheumatism.

A mule is a bad pun on a horse.

Health is a loan at call.

Wheat is a serial. I am glad of it.

Manner is a great deal more attractive than matter, — especially in a monkey.

Adversity to a man is like training to a pugilist. It reduces him to his fighting weight.

Pleasure is like treacle. Too much of it spoils the taste for everything.

Necessity is the mother of invention, but Patent Right is the father.

Did you ever hear a very rich man sing?

Beware of the man with half-shut eyes. He's not dreaming.

Man was built after all other things had been made and pronounced good. If not, he would have insisted on giving his orders as to the rest of the job.

Mice fatten slow in a church. They can't live on religion, any more than ministers can.

Fashion cheats the eccentric with the clap-trap of freedom, and makes them serve her in the habiliments of the harlequin.

There are farmers so full of science that they won't set a gate-post till they have had the earth under the gate-post analyzed.

When lambs get through being lambs they become sheep. *This takes the sentiment out of them.*

Clearly printed, one sees why the cynical, shrewdly observant man became popular among a people who love proverbs, and is still popular among another people who have a yearning for laughter and cannot find the excuse for it, but his work requires clear printing and a good deal of condensation. We do not advise anybody to read "Josh Billings," for the plums in his writing are embedded in a great deal too much dough, but still we are glad to find and to show that a book which sells everywhere is not such a mass of folly and vulgarity as at first sight it appears to be. Of vulgarity there is none at all, or none except in a line probably misprinted; it is a keen, clever reporter or minister who has taken, for unintelligible reasons, to tumbling before the world.

WE shall certainly have severe measure dealt out to us by posterity, and it is fortunate that those who come after us will be able to vent their spite only on our memories or our

bones. We are using all the coal in the earth at an ever-increasing rate, and it now appears that sulphur, in Europe at least, will not hold out much longer. It is estimated that the

sulphur in Sicily will be exhausted in from fifty to sixty years. There are about 250 sulphur-mines in the island, producing about 1,800,000 quintals yearly, beside the enormous quantity which is lost through defective methods of working. In 1871, 1,725,000 quintals were exported, of which England took from 500,000 to 600,000, and France about 400,000 quintals. The ore contains from 15 to 40 per cent. of pure sulphur, but the average amount extracted is only 14 per cent. The sulphur fetches at the pit's mouth about 6 fr. 60 c. The estimate of the approaching failure of the supply in Sicily appears to be well-founded, as may be gathered from an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, summarizing a report addressed by Signor Parodi to the Italian Government.

Happily, the place of sulphur is in great part supplied by pyrites of iron, which is very cheap and widely diffused, and 800,000 tons of which are used in Europe annually. Pyrites is used for the manufacture of sulphuric acid, and though the iron extracted from it is of very inferior quality, it often yields a considerable quantity of copper, which doubles its commercial value. Again, large quantities of sulphuric acid are used in various manufactures, and pass into the refuse; if this refuse be chemically treated, perhaps as much as 1,000,000 quintals of pure sulphur might be extracted from it. Directly and indirectly, therefore, pyrites will supply the place of sulphur, if the latter fail, as fail it undoubtedly must in Sicily in little more than half a century.

Academy.

IRONICAL commentators on our progress and civilization are very fond of pointing out that the barbarous laws against conjuration and witchcraft were not repealed until the reign of George II. A curious illustration of the working of these laws nearly two centuries ago is contained in the following extract from a letter, preserved amongst the unpublished State papers of Francis North, afterwards Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. At the time of writing North was a Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; he was at Exeter on circuit, and writes from there on August 19, 1682, to Sir Leoline Jenkins:—

"Here have been 3 old women condemned for witchcraft; your curiosity will make you enquire of their circumstances. I shall only tell you, what I had from my Brother Raymond before whom they were tried, that they were the most old decrepid despicable miserable creatures yt he ever saw, a painter would have chosen them out of the whole country for figures of that kind to have drawn by, the evidence against them was very full & fancifull, but their own confessions exceeded it—they appeared not only weary of their lives but to have a great deal of skill to convict themselves; their descriptions of the sucking devills with sawcer eyes was so naturall, that the jury could not chuse but beleieve them. Sr. I find the countrey so fully possessed against them, that though some of the virtuosi may think these things the effects of confederacy melancholy or delusion, & that young folkes are altogether as quick-

sighted as they who are old and infirme, yet wee can not reprove them, without appearing to deny the very being of witches, which as it is contrary to law, so I think it would be ill for his Maties service, for it may give the faction occasion to set afoot the old trade of witchfinding yt may cost many innocent persons their lives, wh this justice will prevent." Academy.

THE FREEZING OF ALCOHOLIC LIQUIDS.—M. Melsens has made some experiments ("Naturforscher," 1873, No. 39) on the effect of low temperatures on brandy and wine, and his results accord completely with those of Horrath, who noticed an unexpectedly slight degree of sensation of cold in alcohol which had been exposed to a low temperature. Melsens finds that when brandy is cooled to 20° and even 30° or 35° below zero, it can be swallowed without any discomfort, provided only it be taken from wooden vessels. At 30° it is viscid and opalescent, and contains about 50 per cent. of alcohol. At —40° or —50° the strong alcoholic liquid becomes a solid, and if placed in the mouth in this state the pasty mass as it melts on the tongue appears less cold than ordinary ice. It has to be cooled to —60° to produce any impression of cold, and then is but rarely accounted very cold. The coldest portion prepared by Melsens had a temperature of —71°, and this produced in the mouth a sensation resembling that experienced on taking a spoonful of hot soup. He also describes the effect of great cold on effervescing wines.

THROUGH the courtesy of Dr. Daniel, we have lately seen some recipes once in the possession of Mr. Pepys, all methodically endorsed. Among them are: "Mr. Boyle's Bitter Drink or Stomachical Tincture," dated December 8, 1690, and "given mee by Mr. Evelin,"—another, "given mee by my Lord Chancellor,"—a prescription from Dr. Dickenson, accompanied by a letter addressed "For my much Hounded Friend, Mr. Pepys, at his house in York buildings,"—another is endorsed, "Taken from one Clerke, a pretender and putter forth of Bills for this Cure, living upon Fleet Ditch, on ye further side over against Bridewell. I gave him a Guinny for it, myselfe being to find and prepare ye medicine, he only undertaking for ye success thereof." The handwriting of this note seems not to be in Pepys's handwriting; but, apparently, the recipe is.

Athenæum.

WE understand that the Greek Government have agreed to build a museum at Athens for the reception of the antiquities lately discovered at Troy by Dr. Schliemann, who has presented them for that purpose.

Athenæum.

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THREE ANGELS.

THEY say this life is barren, drear, and cold,
 Ever the same sad song was sung of old,
 Ever the same long weary tale is told,
 And to our lips is held the cup of strife;
 And yet — a little love can sweeten life.

They say our hands may grasp but joys
 destroyed,
 Youth has but dreams, and age an aching void
 Which Dead-Sea fruit long, long ago has
 cloyed,
 Whose night with wild tempestuous storms is
 rife;
 And yet — a little hope can brighten life.

They say we fling ourselves in wild despair
 Amidst the broken treasures scattered there
 Where all is wrecked, where all once promised
 fair,
 And stab ourselves with sorrow's two-edged
 knife;
 And yet — a little patience strengthens life.

Is it then true, this tale of bitter grief,
 Of mortal anguish finding no relief?
 Lo! midst the winter shines the laurel's leaf:
 Three Angels share the lot of human strife,
 Three Angels glorify the path of life —

Love, Hope, and Patience cheer us on our
 way;
 Love, Hope, and Patience form our spirits'
 stay:
 Love, Hope, and Patience watch us day by
 day,
 And bid the desert bloom with beauty vernal
 Until the earthly fades in the eternal.

Fraser's Magazine.

K. F. M. S.

REQUIESCIT.

Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince;
 And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

Hamlet, Act v. Scene 2.

O NOBLE heart! full heavy on thee lay
 Life's grievous burden; for thy soul was
 fair,

And found but foulness in this earthly air;
 For freedom found a varnished slavery,
 Falsehood for truth, and seeming for to be.
 Yet didst thou struggle on, though worn
 with care,

And ever strong enticements to despair,
 In darkness, yet still bent the way to see.
 And now, the striving over, there is peace;
 For thee are no more "questions;" not again
 Shalt thou wait out for respite from the pain
 Of this world's "uses;" where the mean-
 souled cease

From troubling, thou shalt haven, spirit blest,
 And "flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

Macmillan's Magazine.

J. W. HALES.

THE MIST.

THE mist crept over the valley
 Heavy, and chill, and gray;
 The mist crept into the chamber
 Where she sitteth alone away.

The mist crept over the mountain
 Which loomed through its shadow dark,
 And kissed with its cold embraces
 The old oak's gnarled bark.

She cowered close to the fire,
 The flames shot clear and fair,
 They flashed on her pallid features,
 And they saw that the mist was there —

A mist that is born of sorrow,
 A cloud that is formed of dread,
 Like the faint gray shade that gathers
 Over the face of the dead.

On them 'tis the sign that showeth
 Life's conqueror hath descended;
 On her the mark that telleth
 The life of life is ended.

The mist will pass off from the valley
 When spring's first pulses stir;
 But the mist that rests on her spirit
 Will never pass off from her.

Fraser's Magazine.

K. F. M. S.

THRICE

A FAIR child in the standing corn
 Upon a gleamy summer morn,
 Red poppies in her bosom borne;

Her hair pale gold of dawning skies,
 Blue depths of innocence her eyes,
 Stirred with a sudden light surprise

II.

A maiden standing pensively
 Beside a silver flashing sea,
 She beareth ocean-flowerets three:

A sweet face on a stainless heaven,
 Bright hair upon the bright wind driven,
 A foam-bow with its colours seven.

III.

A gray sky o'er a river-mead,
 A waving wall of flowery reed,
 White gleams that o'er the low plain speed.

Hark! some one singeth sweetly there,
 White water-lilies in her hair,
 The song's words are of promise fair.

Victoria Magazine.

A. LE G.

From The New Quarterly Review.

ON THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF LORD
MACAULAY.

I PROPOSE to gather up some notes, mainly derived from public sources, which I have made from time to time, on the personal history of Lord Macaulay. He was one of whom it was repeatedly said that he lived his life in public, and his private life was only thinly separated from his public career. We had hoped that before now some family biography would have appeared, which might possibly include not only the Indian journals, but the unpublished poem of Waterloo, some collections towards the History of the French Revolution of 1830, which at one time he contemplated writing, and some additional deciphered fragments of the History. By the lamented death of Lady Trevelyan, the prospect seems still further removed, unless the honourable member for the Border Boroughs should take the task in hand. As Mr. Gladstone truly said, the English public has an insatiable interest in everything belonging to Lord Macaulay. There are one or two points both in the earlier and latter part of his career, which it would be interesting to see traced out. Macaulay was a Liberal of the Liberals, but there was a time when he was a Tory of the Tories. Looking over the reports of the Union debates at Cambridge some time ago, I observe that in earlier times he took a strong Tory line. He always took a strong Tory line during the Queen Caroline agitation. The noticeable point is the suddenness and completeness of his alteration of views. The remarkable Indian career of Lord Macaulay, during which he was enabled to give very important practical effect to his views on education and legislation, is a chapter of personal and political history little known except to some individuals in some Asia Minor of Bath or Cheltenham, where old Indians congregate. We have some notes on this head, but the subject might well demand an essay as full as one of his own Indian essays. India occupied the centre of his life, and proved the turning point of his career. We believe that in his last days, when his health was

broken, and his sister was absent in Madras, before Sir Charles Trevelyan's unworthy recall, he had seriously contemplated rejoining her, and might so have closed his life on Indian soil.

His father, Zachary Macaulay, will have his own niche in history, hardly below his son's. His mother's father was Mr. Thomas Mills, bookseller and publisher, of Bristol; the name is a well-known Bristol name. Thomas Mills had a shop in the High Street, just opposite that amiable bibliopole's, Mr. Cottle, who proved such a sturdy friend to Southey and Coleridge. His printing place was in a street off Small Street. The site of the place of business is now occupied by a bank, the shop having been burnt down. The impression of my informant was that this conflagration happened in Mr. Mills' time, and we find him with more than one business residence. Macaulay most probably received his first name from his grandfather, Thomas Mills. His sister (Lady Trevelyan) received the name of Hannah More from the wonderful old lady who was so closely connected both with the Mills and the Macaulays. The Misses Mills became Hannah More's successors in the school in Park Street. The old lady passed the last years of her life at Windsor Terrace, Clifton, where she died, where Macaulay would visit her during his occasional sojourns in Clifton.

Macaulay was of Scotch descent, and many peculiarities of the Scottish mind—especially the clearness and simplicity of what stood for his mental science—show clearly forth. His grandfather was that Mr. John Macaulay, who is mentioned in "Boswell's Life of Johnson," and whom Johnson told, with characteristic brusqueness, that he was grossly ignorant of human nature. The father of this Macaulay was a minister of an obscure parish in the Western Isles, and from this obscurity the plain pedigree starts. Zachary Macaulay, the father of the historian, most characteristically possessed the *perferendum ingenium* Scotorum. Macaulay, unlike Mr. Gladstone, who prides himself on his Scotch descent, carefully guarded him-

self against being called a Scotchman. "I had not the honour of being born in Scotland, neither was I educated there," he once remarked on a public occasion. And again he says, "I am not a Scotchman by birth or education." And once more, "That he only visited Scotland as a stranger and traveller." We should have thought that it would have been with very different feelings that he would have visited the home of his fathers, and the cradle of his race. The Greek ἄποικος would have looked on Scotland as the mother land, but Macaulay speaks of it pretty much as he might of Kamtschatka. The family connection on which he most prided himself was merely an accidental one with the ancient family of the Leicestershire Babingtons, one of whom had married his aunt Jean. He was born at the family mansion of Rothley Temple, and in his autobiographical poem, written after his defeat at Edinburgh, he alludes to the "ancient chamber" of the "old mansion." The house once belonged to the Knights Templars, and was reputed to be "in the parish of Jerusalem." The intermarriages of the family are recorded on stained glass on a large bow window. The family are entitled to a set of rooms at Cambridge, which cannot be otherwise disposed of without their permission. In the house are preserved the ancient rapier and helmet and constable's staff with which the Babingtons of the day went out at the time of the Armada. This may have influenced his writing the fine poem of the Armada. At the extreme end of the great hall of Trinity are the royal arms, and below is Queen Elizabeth's motto, *Semper eadem*. "The glorious *Semper eadem*, the banner of our pride," as he calls it.

Bristol was a place with which he maintained his associations from first to last. His mother had been a pupil of Hannah More's, her last pupil, before she gave up her school. As a child he used to visit Hannah More, and the old lady thought that there was no schoolboy, no young man like him. "He ought to have competitors. He is like the prince who refused to play with anything but

kings." The design had been to send him to Westminster School. At this date, however, men of evangelical principles were shy of the great public schools, perhaps because the great evangelical poet had written the "Tirocinium." So he went to one or two private schools; and one of his masters exultingly showed a friend the very Horace that he used. Hannah More wished that "Tom might be in Parliament, for then he would beat them all." He and Hannah More did not always get on very well together. She could not approve of all that he said and did when he was in Parliament, and is believed to have told him so very plainly. But when he stayed at Clifton for his health, in his latter days, he would speak of her with affection, and point out the house where she lived. Ill though he was, he would go out and see "the St. Vincent Rocks in all their beauty," as he said in one of his letters to the late Mr. Black who kindly gave me permission to make some use of Macaulay's letters to him. At Clifton he would visit his relations, the Mills, who conducted a very respectable local newspaper.

Although he came up to Cambridge, in his eighteenth year, with none of the *éclat* which a public school can confer, when he first rose up to construe in class — it was a passage in the *Persæ* of Æschylus — he was pointed out as likely to be the first man of his year. It is interesting to observe, that one year he obtained a prize for the best essay on the conduct and character of William the Third — an incident which may have helped towards his future line of study. In his reading, he widely diverged from the course of Cambridge mathematical study, which in those days had the unfair effect of debarring him from the highest classical honours. He distinguished himself in literature and oratory, and Lord Brougham sent him, through his father, a good deal of advice about oratory, which young Macaulay studied and surpassed. There is a book, now very scarce, entitled *Conversations at Cambridge*, which purports to give some specimens of Macaulay's Union speeches. The declamation

against Cromwell belongs to those very early days in which he was a Tory. Its internal evidence places the authorship beyond a doubt, and it becomes a question how the speeches found their way into this obscure book. Either they must have been furnished by Macaulay, or they were reprinted as a pamphlet for private circulation, as I have known done at the Oxford Union. This is not, however, the impression of the author of the book, who told me, that in the lapse of years he had forgotten the sources from which he obtained these speeches. To his contributions at this date to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, so great is the value attached, that nearly all his juvenile pieces, as in the case of Tennyson, have been reprinted. His portrait is sketched at this time by his friend Mr. Moultrie, in one of his poems:—

Little graced
With aught of manly beauty—short, obese,
Rough featured, coarse complexion, with lank
hair

And small grey eyes . . . his voice abrupt,
Unmusical.

He was not over scrupulous; to him
There was no pain like silence—no constraint
So dull as unanimity.

His heart was pure and simple as a child's
Unbreathed on by the world—in friendship
warm,
Confiding, generous, constant.

Nor was it only in literature that he made his *début*. Between taking his degree and achieving his fellowship he made a great anti-slavery speech at the Freemasons' Hall, which, though unreported by the *Times*, was alluded to both by the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh*. Altogether, this is a very remarkable position for a young Bachelor of Arts to have taken up before he attained his fellowship.

He was called to the bar in 1826, and went the Northern Circuit. Those were the great days of the Northern Circuit, when it was attended by Brougham, Scarlett, Tindal, Williams, Coltman, Alderson. He also went to Quarter Sessions, which had then the character, which it is fast losing, of being an avenue to distinction at the bar. His business, how-

ever, was of the scantiest. He convicted a boy of stealing a parcel of cocks and hens, and that was about the amount of it. Still Macaulay belonged to the political party that was now prosperous, and it was determined to do something for him. We have no doubt but his father Zachary, and the friends with whom he acted, were perfectly sincere in their zeal for the abolition of slavery, and would have been true to the cause, as in years gone by, amid all difficulties and obstacles. But Abolition was found to be an exceedingly popular election cry, and it was turned to sharp political purposes. "Young Macaulay" was described in those days as the son of "old Macaulay;" and in course of time, when their friends were in, both "young Macaulay" and "old Macaulay" got places. Sidney Smith asked Lady Grey to get the Whigs to make Macaulay Solicitor-general. That legal experience about the cocks and hens furnished too narrow a basis for such a distinction. But he was made one of the seventy Commissioners of Bankruptcy—Lord Westbury once said they were called the Chancellor's Septuagint—and it must be said that this system of commissioners, though derided and abolished, did the bankruptcy work at least as well as it has ever been done since. His great legal appointment was when he was made Legal Member of the Supreme Court of Calcutta; but I believe he always consistently denied the soft impeachment that he was a lawyer.

In the old days young men of conspicuous ability were sought for as political recruits by leaders of parties, and at times promising young men at the universities were watched, marked out for future eminence, and returned to Parliament by political sponsors and patrons. Reform legislation, with many attendant advantages, has closed the doors of the House to this class of political aspirants—young men who are thinkers and readers, and have taken to politics as the serious business of their lives. It is hard to see how men of the character and belongings of Macaulay, Canning, and Gladstone, can have a political career open to them in the future, in what some

think is fast becoming a "Chamber of Mediocrity."

Returned for Calne, for which, as Mr. Bright once said, Lord Lansdowne could send up his coachman or valet, he soon laid the foundation of a solid Parliamentary reputation. In his second Session the Reform agitation, owing mainly to the French Revolution, had reached its height. For two years Macaulay was a great popular orator. He had not "Scorpion Stanley's" inborn genius for debates, but for a set oration there was no man who excelled him. Amid all the flood of Reform oratory his are the only speeches that have taken permanent rank in literature, and are still worthy of careful study. There was no orator more distinctly and emphatically before the country; there was no one for whom there existed a larger amount of sympathy and admiration. If he had continued in this country, he might have had a real chance of becoming Premier, a much better chance than the then member for Shrewsbury, Mr. Disraeli, who was much slower in achieving Parliamentary distinction.

In the general election after the passing of the Reform Bill, Mr. Macaulay was elected to Leeds. The circumstances were remarkable, and gave rise to a good deal of Macaulay correspondence. It was known for a year and a half that Leeds was to have its representative, and for all this long time there was a process of electioneering. There are several batches of Macaulay correspondence to which we shall, in order of date, briefly call attention. Electioneering correspondence, mainly at Leeds, forms one batch; correspondence with Mr. Gladstone is another; correspondence with Bishop Phillpotts is another; correspondence with Mr. Lathbury is another; correspondence with the late Mr. Black is another. This mass of correspondence — where we deal with the personal though not the private element — has received publication; but in such diverse and sometimes recondite ways, that it has never been examined as a whole. I unearthed the first set of letters, with a good deal of parallel electioneering speaking, in the Leeds local papers. These letters, with the accompanying speeches and incidents, would be valuable elements in *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire*, and give a striking view of a contested election before the comparative quietude of our ballot day. It must be recollected that Macaulay was a coura-

geous and consistent supporter of the ballot in days when it was regarded as the most extreme and dangerous of political experiments. The correspondence shows a curious and remarkable phase of the election. Mr. Macaulay writes long letters to one or other of his supporters. Those letters are promptly reprinted, and become virtually addresses to the electors. They are as long as Mr. Gladstone's recent address to the electors of Greenwich. They illustrate his own saying that the tendency of letters from the India Office — where he then held an appointment — is to become essay writing. There is an amount of argumentation, an elevation of tone, in these letters almost without a parallel in the history of elections, unless we except Burke's letter to the electors of Bristol.

On one occasion he writes :

I do not wish to obtain a single vote under false pretences. Under the old system, I have never been the flatterer of the great; under the new system I will not be the flatterer of the people. The truth, or what appears to me to be such, may sometimes be distasteful to those whose good opinion I most value. I shall nevertheless always abide by it, and trust to their good sense, to their second thoughts, to the force of reason, and the progress of time. If, after all, their decision should be unfavourable to me, I shall submit to that decision with fortitude and good humour. It is not necessary to my happiness that I should sit in Parliament; but it is necessary to my happiness that I should possess, in Parliament or out of it, the consciousness of having done what is right.

This language is very similar to that which he subsequently held towards the electors of Edinburgh.

In the contest for Leeds he was pitted against Mr. Michael Thomas Sadler, who ought always to be gratefully remembered by the operative classes in this country as the author of the Ten Hours' Bill. Macaulay had handled him roughly in the *Edinburgh Review*, and handled him roughly in the contest. "I look on the Factory Bill," he said, "though I admit the propriety of regulating the labour of children, as a quack medicine." In this election all the old amenities were preserved. On one occasion Macaulay spoke from the top of a coach, and when people began to climb the coach, though with coats completely rent, he had to beat a retreat. He repeatedly spoke in the town and in the out townships; at times with the accompaniment of a band of music and a free fight. Before the elec-

tion came off he was advanced to the post of Secretary to the Board of Control with £1800 a-year, and was, of course, represented by his opponents as a "place-man" and a "hireling." The nomination day was in the finest old British style. Brickbats and bludgeons were freely used; a huge skeleton was displayed on a banner, holding up the Anatomy Bill, which he had supported; a band struck up to drown his voice, which caused him to reduce his speech to a bow, and the statement that he should reserve his remarks; and finally there was a tremendous riot, which Macaulay attributed to the Blues, and the Blues to the Yellows. Finally he stood second on the poll, with a majority of several hundreds over Sadler, and the Yellows rejoiced at their public dinners over their "superhuman member."

They were rather annoyed when the "superhuman member" vacated his seat at the end of the first Session of the reformed Parliament. In that Session, and in its immense and important agitation, he had greatly distinguished himself. On one occasion he grappled with O'Connell himself in an entirely *extempore* speech, which elicited a storm of applause. He seems to have lost the faculty of extemporaneous speech after his long absence in India, and to have confined himself to set orations. He had a most important share in the great Indian legislation of 1833. But the House of Commons will never take a proper interest in India, and his speech—both O'Connell and the Speaker extolled it as one of the best ever heard—was delivered to almost empty benches. He was now a special authority on India, and was offered very high office there if he chose to go out.

Mr. Macaulay went out to India in 1834. It has been sometimes erroneously said, that his office had been specially created for him by the East India Act of the preceding year. He was the Legal Member of the Council, and was afterwards nominated Chief of the Law Commission. This is an office which, in recent years, Mr. Forsyth has declined, and Mr. Fitzjames Stevens resigned. The complaint made about him from the very first, when expressed in homely phrase, was, that he was bumptious. The directors gave him a dinner on the evening of the day when he was sworn in; and one who was present observed that he rather gave himself the air of Lycurgus, as if he were about, for the first time, to favour the anxious natives of

India with the blessings of legislation. He seems not to have fully grasped Hindoo character, for on an early occasion he said, that the phenomenon which struck an observer, and most damped his hope of being able to serve the people, was their own apathy and passiveness. The observer was, no doubt, himself. He went out in the "Asia," accompanied by his sister, the late Lady Trevelyan. A lady, on board ship with him on one of his voyages, tells me that he much irritated some young men by graciously telling them they might smoke if they liked, which they were quite prepared to do, without "Bab Mac Bahauder's" permission. He was also accredited with having said, within forty-eight hours of his landing, that, if he had his own way, not a court of English law should exist in India. The Indian paper traced him from Madras to the Neilgherries, and from the Neilgherries to Calcutta. The society of Calcutta is bright with vaudevilles, operas, and all the European amusements; and Mrs. Atkinson's musical *reunion* is thinly attended in consequence of a dinner party at Mr. Macaulay's. We hear how his Highness the Nabob of the Carnatic paid him a visit, and how he went to an entertainment at our Dwarkonath Tagore, who gave ices, champagne, coloured lights, in "rooms, rich in more than the fabled magnificence of the East, combined with the statuary and decorations of Western art." One of the Indian papers says of his career:—"Mr. Macaulay had no privacy, if we may use the term. He was always as if before the public, and whether at the Town-hall, or a Berra Kounah in Chowringee, he was ever the same—it was always talkee for talkee with him. It may be, however, that he possessed one grand redeeming feature: he was frank and open in his dislike or indifference. He contemned public opinion, and was indifferent to, or disliked society, and he took no pains to conceal the one or the other." At the same time, some of his after-dinner speeches, notably one that he made on St. Andrew's day, were as genial and eloquent as any which he published himself, or which others published for him. He took almost unnecessary pains to explain that he had only visited Scotland as a stranger and a traveller; but then he proceeds to speak eloquently of its beauties. One sentence appears to have particularly struck his Calcutta auditory. The newspaper report says, that its conclusion was lost amid cheers; but in the

next number the rhetorical sentence is complete, and makes one suspect that Macaulay good-naturedly helped the reporter: "The common traveller, as he wanders through that country, follows the course of some meandering brook, which, in one place, he finds surrounded by scenes of the rudest and wildest nature; and, going a little further, he finds the water of the same brook the moving principle of a vast manufactory, and the roar of the cataract mingling with the thunders of mechanical power."

Still Macaulay was by far the most unpopular legal member of council ever sent out to Calcutta. The journalists considered themselves slighted by him; probably Macaulay considered that there was an immeasurable difference between a Calcutta journalist and an "Edinburgh Reviewer." In these days he was still working for the "Edinburgh;" he sent his Bacon article across the seas. The legislation for which he was justly held mainly responsible, was very obnoxious to many. The Act, technically known as Act number Eleven, and popularly known as the Black Act, caused much umbrage. It was a law rescinding the former statute law, whereby the right of appeal by British-born subjects to the supreme court was affirmed. The effect of this revision would be that Indian and British subjects would stand on the same legal footing. We have no doubt that Macaulay would especially rejoice in any obloquy that might be occasioned by this just, liberal, and impartial enactment. Ever since the time of Warren Hastings, it had been a favourite idea with Indian malcontents to threaten impeachment against men high in office; and although this was not actually done in Macaulay's case, indignation meetings were held, funds were raised, and a paid agent was sent to England to protest and remonstrate. The "Times" subsequently thus summed up the matter:—"The learned gentleman has so contrived it, that, by virtue of the exercise of his power as a whig-radical codifier, he has thrown the whole European community of British India into a state of exasperation and confusion; leaving the scene of his reckless experiment, and his unblushing emolument, with the renown of being, as a member of society more disliked, and as a public functionary more execrated, than any Englishman who ever left the shores of the Thames to visit those of the Ganges."

In a separate work I have given some account and analysis of that famous piece

of jurisprudence, the Penal Code, which Macaulay mainly and in most part entirely drew up. This occupied his best attention for some of the best years of his life, and was about the only practical direction in which he turned his immense powers. This Code has never been printed in a popular form, and exists only as a Blue Book, but it contains some of Macaulay's most characteristic writing. This important document consists of (1) Prefatory Letter to the Governor-General, (2) the body of the Code, with explanations, exceptions, and illustration, (3) Notes numbered from A. to R. The copious use of illustrations is pointed out as a striking peculiarity of the Code, which was designed to be at once a Statute Book, and a collection of decided cases. We suppose, however, that this was the first time in legal history, in which a set of imaginary cases, which might almost be called "Sketches of Stories," were deliberately given as legal precedents. The illustrations strike us as indicating very strongly that Macaulay had not a judicial mind in the same way that the judicial faculty could have been predicated of Jeremy Bentham or John Austin. Some of these illustrations, which are to be considered as decided cases, offend against the wise maxim, "*de minimis non curat lex*;" some refer in most serious tragic spirit to practical jokes; others are merely sensational and picturesque bits of stories. The legislation respecting practical jokes is simply absurd. We believe that in his youth Macaulay was subjected to annoyances of this kind; there is a story of his having been forcibly held down and shaved by some of his schoolfellows.

Z is sitting in a moored boat on a river. A unfastened the moorings, and thus intentionally causes the boat to drift down the stream. Here A intentionally causes motion to Z, and he does this by disposing substances in such a manner that the motion is produced without any other act on any person's part. A has therefore intentionally used force to Z, and if he has done this without Z's consent, in order to the committing of any offence, or intending or knowing it to be likely that this use of force may cause injury, fear, or annoyance to Z, A has committed an assault.

Here are some further instances of the sorrows of Z, and the ruffianism of A:—

A threatens to set a savage dog at Z, if Z goes along a path along which Z has a right to go. Z is thus prevented going along that path. A wrongfully restrains Z.

In the last illustration, if the dog be not really savage, but if A voluntarily causes Z to think that it is savage, and thereby prevents Z from going along the path, A wrongfully restrains Z.

Z is bathing. A pours into the bath water which he knows to be boiling. Here A intentionally, by his own bodily power, causes such motion in the boiling water as brings that water into contact with Z, or with other water so situated that such contact must affect Z's sense of feeling. A has therefore intentionally used force to Z, and if he has done this without Z's consent, intending or knowing it to be likely that he may thereby cause injury, fear, or annoyance to Z, A has committed an assault.

Here is the case of Lady Macbeth carefully transferred to the law book : —

A, after wounding a person with a knife goes into the room where Z is sleeping, smears Z's clothes with blood, and lays the knife under Z's pillow, intending not only that suspicion may be turned away from himself, but also that Z may be convicted of voluntarily causing grievous hurt. A is liable to punishment as a fabricator of false evidence.

The following might serve as a sensational incident in one of Miss Braddon's novels. In fact, we believe that more than one story-teller has used it : —

Suppose it to be proved to the entire conviction of a criminal court that Z, the deceased, was in a very critical state of health ; that A, the heir to Z's property, had been informed by Z's physicians that Z's recovery absolutely depended on his being kept quiet in mind, and that the smallest mental excitement would endanger his life ; that A immediately broke into Z's sick-room, and told him a dreadful piece of intelligence, which was a pure invention ; that Z went into fits, and died on the spot ; that A had afterwards boasted of having cleared the way for himself to a good property by this artifice ; these things being fully proved, no judge could doubt that A had voluntarily caused the death of Z ; nor do we perceive any reason for not punishing A in the same manner in which he would have been punished if he had mixed arsenic in Z's medicine.

Here are one or two bookish offences which have a strong Macaulay tinge about them : —

A being exasperated at a passage in a book which is lying on the counter of Z, a bookseller, snatches it up and tears it to pieces. A has not committed theft, as he has not acted fraudulently, though he may have committed criminal trespass and mischief.

A takes up a book belonging to Z, and reads it, not having any right over the book, and not having the consent of any person entitled to authorize A so to do. A trespasses.

This strikes us as hard lines upon A, and a sort of rule which would fall heavily on all bookworms, Macaulay himself included.

On the whole, we are not very greatly impressed with the Code. A high legal authority pronounced it "impracticable, faulty, in short, absolutely valueless." In point of fact, it slumbered for a long time, and a writer in the *Calcutta Englishman* says, that, had his Penal Code been put in force at the time he draughted it, instead of being beneficial, it would have been mischievous in its effects ; and had it at any time been adopted in the form in which he left it, it would have broken down almost as soon as it was promulgated.

In another direction, however, Macaulay permanently set his mark on Indian institutions. When he arrived in Calcutta, the education question was exciting as much keen discussion as recently did the 25th clause among ourselves. The contest was between the Anglicists and the Orientalists on the Board of Public Instruction. Before his arrival, the Orientalists had had it all their own way, but he completely reversed the tables. Ten thousand a year had been spent in publishing Oriental texts, in translating English books into Arabic and Sanscrit, and remunerating learned natives. The Orientalists were for maintaining the *statu quo*. The Anglicists held that it would be a good thing if all the Sanscrit and Arabic books were destroyed, and the learned natives "themselves eliminated," and urged that the funds should be spent on the promotion of Western literature, languages, and science. Macaulay threw himself with characteristic vehemence into the Anglicists' side. Macaulay had been in India only a few months, when on Feb. 2, 1835, he issued his celebrated Education Minute, "A minute which will live in the memory of all interested in the education of the people of India, probably as long as the language in which it was written." "I conceive," he said, "that we have at present no right to the respectable name of a Board of Public Instruction. We are a Board for wasting public money ; for printing books which are of less value than the paper on which they are printed was while it was blank ; for giving artificial encouragement to absurd history, absurd metaphysics, absurd phisic, and absurd theology ; for raising up a band of scholars who find their scholarships an incumbrance and a blemish, who live

on the public while they are receiving their education, and whose education is so utterly useless, that when they have received it, they must either starve or live on the public all the rest of their lives." He speaks of the value of modern literature in a manner remarkably parallel with his language on the same subject in his essay on Sir William Temple. He appeals as an example to Russia, "which in the time of our grandfathers was probably behind the Punjab, may, in the time of our grandchildren, be pressing close on France and Britain in this career of improvement. And how was this change effected? Not by flattering national prejudices, not by feeding the mind of young Muscovites with the old woman's stories which his rude fathers had believed; not by filling his head with lying legends about St. Nicholas; not by encouraging him to study the great question, whether the world was or was not created on the 13th of September; not by calling him a learned native when he has mastered all these points of knowledge; but by teaching him those foreign languages in which the greatest mass of information had been laid up, and thus putting all that information within his reach. The languages of Western Europe civilized Russia: I cannot doubt that they will do for the Hindoo what they have done for the Tartar." Macaulay carried the day. He triumphantly carried the Governor-General and the Council along with him, and an ordinance was promulgated which changed the entire system. It was through his influence that a system of Public Instruction was promulgated, which with the railway and the telegraph have changed the face of this country, and the natives can now enter the civil service and sit on the bench with English judges. This was a great achievement, and we see that the most active years of his life, so far from being practically fruitless as some imperfectly informed writers have said, have been fraught with far-reaching results. The people of India have lived under the influence of the famous Education Minute ever since Lord Auckland's time. At the same time that its great material benefits have been admitted, it has also been sharply criticised. It did what ought to have been done, but at the same time it discarded what ought not to have been discarded. Macaulay obviously did wrong in looking at the question as one of the comparative value of literatures.

To discard Sanscrit and Arabic from Indian studies, would be like discarding Norman-French and Anglo-Saxon from English literature, and the natives of India had a right to insist that their early language and literature should be respected, preserved, and studied. This should have been done, and might not necessarily have prevented the encouragement and development of the study of Western literature.

While Mr. Macaulay was making his homeward voyage from India, he had the misfortune of losing his father, the celebrated Zachary Macaulay. He came to England by the "Lord Hungerford," in June, 1838, shortly before the coronation; his father had died in the previous month. He very soon went abroad, and travelled for a time in Italy. During this Italian tour he carefully worked up the localities, which are mentioned in the "Lays of Ancient Rome." This was characteristic of Macaulay. The readers of the History will recall various localities, such as the shores of Torbay, Sedgemoor, Glencoe, which are carefully sketched from minute personal observation. He would sometimes take up his abode for weeks together, an unnoted visitant, in the neighbourhood of famous sites. All our realistic historians do the same thing, as may easily be seen in the cases of such writers as Froude and Freeman. The Italian tour was merely a prelude to the return to public life. He was gathering up his energies for a spring. He had not been at home many months before he was offered the post of Judge Advocate. This was declined, and it was stated in the papers that he would accept nothing that did not bring with it a seat in the Cabinet. In the meantime he was brought in for Edinburgh. He told Mr. Black that he would not spend more than £500 on the election, and he did not in the least care if he was not elected. "I dislike the restraints of official life; I love freedom, leisure, and letters. Salary is no object to me, for my income, though small, is sufficient for a man who has no ostentatious tastes."

He had only been in Parliament one session when he became Secretary-at-War in the recess. He and Mr. Shiel, who had also accepted high office, went to Windsor Castle to be sworn in as members of the Privy Council. "These men Privy Councillors!" exclaimed the "Times." "These men petted at Windsor Castle! Faugh! Why, they are hardly fit to fill up the vacancies that

have occurred by the lamented deaths of her Majesty's two favourite monkeys." We have certainly improved the style of our political amenities since that date. His seat being vacated by his acceptance of office, he had to seek re-election at Edinburgh, and dated his address "Windsor Castle, October 1, 1839." This was rather in bad taste. The papers talked about Mr. Macaulay's "little place in Berkshire." Sir Robert Peel alluded with much irony to it. "From the proud keep of Windsor you proclaimed your fidelity to them, not from the gratification of any vulgar personal vanity, but from the firm resolution that truth should be spoken in high places, and that from the palace of kings the comfortable tidings of Radical Reform should be conveyed by a voice of authority." Sir Robert described Mr. Macaulay as "panting for distinction." In this debate on vote of want of confidence, Macaulay unguardedly spoke of himself as "the first Cabinet Minister who had addressed the House," and Lord Stanley raised a cheer and laugh by alluding to the "first Cabinet Minister."

In the recess Lord Holland died. Macaulay's famous description of Holland House will be recollected, and Holland House has no more brilliant memories than his own. Judge Talfourd describes him then as one "in whose vast and joyous memory all the mighty past lived and glowed anew." Macaulay was a prince in what is now almost the lost art of conversation. His power consisted in the knowledge of detail, the unrivalled collocation of facts, the picturesque grouping of historical and literary circumstances, and a certain *bow-wow* style, in which he was not very different from the sesquipedalian Johnson. In the recent charming work on Holland House, the Princess Marie Lichstenstein tells us how Lady Holland could snub him, who could snub every one else. She would tap the table, and say, "Now, Macaulay, we have had enough of this." Macaulay's talk had a tendency to run into monologue. There are authentic stories how people have been known to go to sleep under it. Sydney Smith called him a book in breeches, and thought it a matter of congratulation that he had sometimes *brilliant flashes of silence*. Macaulay could seldom produce a *bon mot* such as Sydney Smith could throw off in profusion. One rather good thing I remember. A man I know was discussing with him the merits of a certain popular preacher.

The preacher was rather of the Charles Honeyman kind, noted for ringletted hair, and a waving of hands. "He is a hypocrite," said Macaulay. "No," answered his friend, "he is not that; he is only affected." "And what is affectation," answered Macaulay, "but hypocrisy in trifles?" It was chiefly by the eloquence of his conversation and by his varied infinite information, that Macaulay's table-talk might vie with Selden's or Coleridge's. When he was staying at Glasgow once, the conversation at his host's table turned on the subject of jewels. Macaulay gave a minute account of all the regalia of Europe. He prided himself on his memory, and perhaps nothing mortified him more than a failure of memory. He has been seen to shed tears when he could not finish a quotation which he had commenced. This happened once when he was staying at Cambridge. He delighted in recalling his Cambridge days, and especially in talking about poor "Walker of Trinity." He told the story of the *Cole Deum* church. It is rather a good one. A man named Cole left some money to a church, on condition that his name appeared on the sacred edifice. This appeared to be an insuperable difficulty, but it was solved by a Cambridge wit suggesting that the words *Cole Deum* might be an appropriate inscription above the porch. And so it remains.

The general election of 1841 went very distinctly against the Ministry, even more so than the election of 1834. It was hopeless to raise any further difficulties about the Ladies of the Bedchamber. They had to go at last. He said, that at the final dinner, when the Queen and the ladies were present, scarcely a word was spoken, and that tears and regrets afterwards broke forth without restraint. Mr. Macaulay was re-elected without a contest; more fortunate than many of the late Ministerialists; more fortunate than he was in later years. Next year he brought out the "Lays." They had been written, not inappropriately, in the War Office. A great deal of literature — notably that by the two Mills — has been produced in public offices, between ten and four. Very soon after the meeting of Parliament, the question of the Corn Laws cropped up, on which he spoke at some length. It is remarkable that he was quite silent when the question still more prominently emerged in the last session of this memorable Parliament. He spoke much about India; and on this

subject he would speak with peculiar authority. He vehemently attacked Lord Ellenborough, and counselled the Board of Directors not to hesitate to recall him; and the Directors practically acted on his advice.

Coming back to the connection between Edinburgh and Macaulay, it must be owned that Edinburgh stultified itself completely. While both its members voted in favour of the Maynooth grant, it was only against Mr. Macaulay that its chief wrath was excited. He was re-elected on taking office in 1847, but it was known that the great fight would come off at the general election close at hand. The "bray of Exeter Hall" was not forgotten. It was a singularly ungracious remark, especially when we recollect that, speaking historically, his own father had been one of the brayers of Exeter Hall, and that in younger days he himself had brayed a little on his own account, in company with the now despised Evangelicals. He was thrown out by a very large majority. In his farewell letter to the electors, he said, "I shall always be proud to think that I once enjoyed your favour, but permit me to say, I shall remember not less proudly how I risked and how I lost it." He felt very keenly that day of "tumult, strife, defeat." In the autobiographical poem written on the occasion, he makes his good genius say, with more spiteful expression than such a personage should employ —

Amidst the din of all things fell and vile,
Hate's yell, and envy's hiss, and folly's bray,
Remember me; and with an unforced smile
See riches, baubles, flatterers, pass away.

He could easily have been returned for another place, but he was resolved that if he could not sit for Edinburgh, he would not sit at all — very different to Mr. Gladstone, who, with much common sense, hardly cares for what place he sits, and would have sat for Oxford with a majority of one. Six years later, Edinburgh condemned and stultified itself by returning him, without solicitation, at the head of the poll.

Every one was glad when Macaulay was returned once more, and most people thought that he had been unworthily excluded. But Edinburgh, as a municipality, had exhibited the most absurd inconsistency. We believe that Macaulay felt his exclusion very keenly, although he professed to be even content. It was almost a national disaster that he should be absent from Parliament during the few re-

maining years in which he might have mingled actively in its councils. After his return, he only made two speeches in the House. It was a curious and exciting scene — indeed, one of the most memorable occasions in Parliamentary history — when he rose once more, and by his single influence threw out a bill which had nearly reached its last stage. He only made one other speech; and it is remarkable that his final subject was India, and his final words recall the language of the Education Minute: "I can only say for myself, with regard to this question, that, in my opinion, we shall not secure or prolong our dominion in India by attempting to exclude the natives of that country from a share in its government, or by attempting to discourage their study of Western learning; and I will only say further that, however that may be, I will never consent to keep them ignorant in order to keep them manageable, or to govern them in ignorance in order to govern them long." Once or twice he had intended to speak in the House of Lords, but he never did so.

I have made some reference to Lord Macaulay's published correspondence, and a few additional notes may be permitted. I once submitted a letter of his to a person who professed to tell character by the handwriting. According to this individual, the handwriting was that of a dull, ignorant person, and the dismay was great when I raised my hand and showed the name of the writer. The late Mr. Lathbury, of Bristol, a great authority on the subject of the "Nonjuror," showed me an extremely interesting correspondence that passed between him and Lord Macaulay on this subject. By my advice, the "Correspondence" was published in the old "Literary Gazette," where it may be disinterred by the curious. The remarkable circumstance about it is that Macaulay, who, as Lord Melbourne said, "always made so cocksure" about everything, made some distinct admissions of fallibility. Mr. Lathbury, a learned, quiet, hard-working man, was much pleased in showing me Macaulay's letters, and the copy of the "History" which he sent him. Mr. Gladstone, in his "Chapter of Autobiography," gives a brief but interesting correspondence between him and Macaulay. The essay followed by the letter seems somewhat to have disturbed Mr. Gladstone's mind on the subject of Church and State, but even in 1868 he does not fully coincide with his reasoning. The year after Ma-

caulay's death, the late Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Phillpotts, published a rather long and very interesting correspondence between himself and Macaulay. The two great men exchanged the most profuse compliments, and the Bishop warmly pressed Macaulay to visit him at that exquisite villa on Anstis Cove, so well known to all sojourners at Torquay. Macaulay answers: "Before another edition of my book appears, I shall have time to weigh your observations carefully, and to examine the works to which you have called my attention. You have convinced me of the propriety of making some alteration. But I hope that you will not accuse me of pertinacity if I add that, as far as I can at present judge, the alterations will be slight, and that on the great point at issue my opinion is unchanged." The Bishop is dissatisfied with this very scanty amount of retraction—could he ever have expected that Macaulay would have given more?—and returns manfully to the charge. Our impression is that the Bishop certainly has the best of the argument, but Macaulay was a very unlikely person to be convinced. The old Bishop says: "Do not think me very angry, when I say that a person *willing* to come to such a conclusion would make an invaluable foreman of a jury to convict another Algernon Sidney. Sincerely, I never met so monstrous an attempt to support a foregone conclusion." Here Dr. Phillpotts is evidently losing his temper. He is using those more trenchant weapons of controversy which none could use more powerfully than Macaulay. But perhaps from courtesy, perhaps from the consciousness of a weak cause which could not be effectually supported by strong language, he gave no reply, and we do not hear of another invitation to Bishopstowe.

Macaulay, indeed, was always noted for his hard, dogmatic belief in his own infallibility, and the sledge-hammer violence with which he rebuked a literary, as if it had been a moral, error. This weakness almost approached the character of a moral blot, an intellectual fault; this tendency to scornful encounter, to the use of rough and rude language. I have now before me several books from Lord Macaulay's library, on which he made rough notes as he read. The most characteristically marked is Lord Orrery's Letters to his Son, Hamilton Boyle, on Swift's Life and Writings. Both on the first and last page we have a date given, July 23, 1835, so that we may suppose

that it was read through in a day, perhaps, with a certain proportion of "skip." Lord Orrery begins with giving a character of Swift from his own reminiscences, and Lord Macaulay has written on the margin, "This seems a fair character." This is the only civil remark he makes. At the end of the first chapter he writes, "Wretchedly written." Lord Orrery begins one letter to his son, "My dear Ham," and Macaulay annotates, "One would think this was a letter from Noah." He even sneers at the author's social rank, little thinking that he would one day be a lord himself. "A most eail-like performance." "Off, off, my lord!" "A learned nobleman—'stap my vitals!'—eloquent for a lord!" Again: "Wretched pedantry," "Trash," "Folly," "Shame—shame," "May the Lord help thee, thou art a great fool." Lord Orrery finds fault with the orthography of the day, and Macaulay writes, "His lordship's lamentations over our language remind me of Colonel Turner's last dying speech and confession." He writes opposite the narrative about Stella: "A good story made ridiculous by Lord Orrery's way of telling it." Orrery says he cannot recollect scarcely a couplet of Swift's to Bolingbroke; Macaulay annotates: "I recollect a good many couplets, and some of the finest passages of Swift's prose." On one page he scribbles, "A most prodigious ass;" on another, "Really, this book makes one ashamed of being a human being." Lord Orrery very truly says, "The voyage to the Houyhnhnms" is a real insult to mankind;" Macaulay catches him up, and says, "This book is a real insult to mankind, I think." Macaulay writes against one acute remark, "Stolen." On another passage he says, "This is so well said that I can hardly think it was Orrery's own thought." He sometimes writes down, rather after a young lady's fashion, "sublime," "delicately expressed," "a grand style," where he ought to have added, like Artemus Ward, "N.B.—This is wrote sarcastic." Lord Orrery tells his son that he means to treat on "such subjects as will teach you to follow some moral virtue, or to shun some moral evil." Macaulay annotates, "Well said, old Noah." Lord Orrery uses the phrase, "I am of opinion;" "An important fact," sneers Macaulay. "I am induced to believe;" "What induced you?" asks his unsympathetic reader. Lord Orrery says, "The style of the whole pamphlet"—meaning one of Swift's—

"is impartial ; " "What the deuce is an impartial style ?" asks Macaulay.

Lord Orrery apologizes for having inserted these "scraps of letters." Macaulay annotates : "To think of the impudence of a fellow who makes an apology for printing these interesting letters of eminent men, and makes none for inflicting 300 pages of his own trash on us." He writes against Orrery's criticism of "Gulliver's Travels : " "All nonsense together. You have not the faintest notion of S.'s design." At times he appears to relent. He owns that some lines of Orrery's are better than he expected, and writes at one place that this is the first sensible remark he has seen. But his general verdict on the last page is "most contemptible trash." Lord Orrery says of his great relative, "Who could prevail upon himself to ridicule so good a man as Mr. Boyle ?" Macaulay annotates : "There is a Boyle who is entitled to no such protection."

These marginalia have some genuine contributions to the subject. On one statement of the author's Macaulay says : "Orrery was very ill informed. The minister would doubtless have been glad to do anything for S., but I am inclined to think that the place which S. occupied in the Tory party, though far higher than that which Orrery assigns to him, was below that which he stated, and perhaps fancied that he occupied." On turning to another book annotated by Macaulay, "Harris's Hermes," we find that he does not at all go into the subject matter, for which he had little mental affinity, but indulges after his manner in verbal criticisms. He has written on the title page, "a poor, bad book." This it certainly is not ; Lord Malmesbury has no such reason to be ashamed of his ancestor. It never seems to have occurred to his mind that he might himself be exposed to the same merciless criticism that he was always so ready to bestow on others. Yet there is a large and increasing body of criticism that has steadily fastened upon Lord Macaulay's writings ; has impugned various of his statements and conclusions, and threatens seriously to impeach his character for fairness and impartiality.

A good deal of interest has been excited on the subject of Lord Macaulay's religion. A clergyman wrote a book after his decease, in which he said that the question of his eternal salvation was a matter "of much interest." Mr. Preston, his evangelical tutor, reported how that his disposition was good, and his

reverence for religion what he could wish. In his reputed Cambridge speech on Oliver Cromwell he says, "It was the opinion of Baxter, that at one period of his life, he was sincere. But, sir, I believe that a thirst for *personal* aggrandizement never yet accompanied true religion. The Christian aims at power — he aims at it at all — not for his own sake, but for others. Cromwell might at some time have been influenced by religious feeling ; but the great idol of his heart was ambition ; this, like the Ur of the Chaldeans, devoured all the rest."

A curious scene happened during the Leeds election. An elector wished to know the religious creed of Messrs. Marshall and Macaulay. Macaulay rose hastily from his seat, and called out, "Who calls for that ? May I see him stand up ?" Macaulay insisted that the individual should stand up upon a form, and after a great row the individual did so, and was recognized as a local preacher of the Methodist connection. "I do most deeply regret that any person should think it necessary to make a meeting like this an arena for theological discussion. My answer is short and in one word — I regret that it should be necessary to utter it — Gentlemen, I am a Christian . . . It never shall be said if my election for Leeds depended on it alone, that I was the first person to introduce discussion upon such a question." Macaulay once said that he hoped the State would never support Christianity in India. This is a prevalent opinion among Indian politicians, and very good Christians might hold it, but it is not the opinion of such men as Sir Henry Lawrence, and it may be questioned whether this is the opinion which will be eventually accepted.

It is a remarkable fact that he used to say that he intended to give some years special attention to religious subjects. This is singular, as no man can be certain that he will have the years, or that he will really be able to devote them in the way that he intends. Where he went to reside, at Holly Lodge, Kensington — which is carefully to be distinguished from Holly Lodge, Highgate — he applied for sittings at that old parish church at Kensington which has now disappeared. There was only a single sitting in the building that could be spared, and that one was placed at his disposal. He wished that the vicar's collector would call on him, and explain all about the charities, and he became a generous con-

tributor. But large-heartedness and generosity were of the very essence of his character. He used to give a sum of money towards the education of a number of young children who might be supposed to have some slight claim on him. The children grew up, and his help was not, strictly speaking, any longer required. This fact was communicated to him by the clergyman who had been the channel of his benevolence. Macaulay however wrote back to say that he should be glad to be allowed to contribute as heretofore, to the good of these young people. I knew a German gentleman whose wife's researches into early English history had been full of interest to Macaulay. By a sudden reverse he lost all his property, and was eventually obliged to become a teacher of languages. What grieved him most of all was the utter indifference with which the story of his fallen fortunes was received by former friends. The case was very different with Macaulay. He received him with the heartiest kindness, and made him accept a large sum of money. But Macaulay's outgoings far exceeded the scriptural tithe. It is calculated that he gave away a quarter of his means. No man's personal character stood higher than his. On one occasion Lord John Russell came down to consult him on a critical question, and told the House of Commons how he had been guided by his opinion. His kind of excellence belonged, however, to a very different order than that of his father, Zachary, who, leaving letters to his son, devoted himself to the work of practical benevolence. There was about the son an intense self-consciousness, a thirst for glory, an impatience of the least dimming of his fame very foreign to his father's character, and it may almost be thought that the root and spring of character lay in self, and not in things external to self.

There are several public appearances which Macaulay made beyond those noted which are full of interest. The address which he gave the students of the University of Glasgow, as Lord Rector — which he read with a wonderful management of voice — occasioned a most remarkable scene. As he went about Glasgow, crowds followed him everywhere, just to catch a look of him, just to see his autograph when he wrote his name on the books of some public institution. The citizens gave him the freedom of the city in a gold box, at a mighty gathering within the great City Hall. On this occa-

sion he showed an unwonted degree of emotion. "This box, my lord, I shall prize as long as I live, and when I am gone" — here his voice faltered with deep emotion — "it will be prized by those dearest to me." In a high-pitched tone he said, "The feelings which contention and rivalry naturally call forth, and from which I do not pretend to have been exempted, have had time to cool down. I look on the events in which I bore a part, as calmly, I think, as on the events of the last century." But this was not so. A few years later he was addressing a rattling party-speech to the electors of Edinburgh. He is a thorough partisan; a partisan even in the History, where we see the advocate and not the chief-justice. Once in the House he called himself a Conservative as well as a Liberal, whereat the Conservatives "somewhat grimly smiled."

Lord Macaulay's state of health was not favourable to public appearances, and abbreviated the hours he could spend on his History. His complaint was, we understand, that very common one of chronic bronchitis with heart symptoms. Like too many chronic patients he became at times careless, and did not observe the conditions on which his health depended. One day he was met in Bloomsbury, in bitter wind and weather, on his way to the British Museum. He did not work in the Reading-room, as we have seen Archbishop Trench and other scholars do, but had a special place appropriated to himself. He was met on his road there by a relative, who was amazed at seeing him on foot in such health, and at such a season. Macaulay explained that he *wanted to save the horses*. It is not uncommon to meet people who are more careful about their horses than about themselves. His relative persuaded him to take a cab and go home at once. The infirm state of health continued. After his re-election to Edinburgh, a rumour spread that he was dead; he had invited the electors to meet him, but he was unable to address them. After his first great speech in Parliament, he was almost overcome by the effort, and as he was seen strolling down Piccadilly muttering half aloud the sentences which were "destined one day to astonish and delight the world," those who watched the great man, saw with concern the sickness of his aspect.

In 1858 he was made High Steward of Cambridge. He came down for the occasion, but he was evidently in great ill-

health, and his voice was hardly audible. His words were few, as he said he must reserve his strength for another occasion. That occasion was the banquet which celebrated his inauguration. In returning thanks, he said, "You will not regard my thanks as the less sincere, because uttered in a very few words; there was a time when I could have commanded a hearing in much larger and stormier assemblies, but that time is passed; and I feel that if I can now do anything to serve my country, it will be best done in the quiet retirement of my own library. It is now five years since I raised my voice in public, and it is not likely, unless there be some special call of duty, that I shall ever raise it in public again." The words were prophetic. He never spoke in public again, and died, somewhat suddenly, at the close of the following year. It was the kind of end of which Young writes: "Beware, Lorenzo, the slow, sudden death." We are reminded of the final lines of the final fragments of his History, how William the Third felt his time was short, and grieved with a grief such as noble spirits feel, to think that he must leave his work only half finished.

Lord Macaulay's will, a laconic legal document, was made about a year before his death. The property was sworn under eighty thousand, but it was necessary afterwards that it should be re-sworn under seventy thousand. The person first named, is his brother, the late Rev. John Macaulay; his brother Charles, a half-brother, a sister, two nephews, two nieces. His executor has a legacy — no legacy is under a thousand pounds — and leave to select a hundred books from his library. With the exception of these few legacies, the whole of the property went to the Trevelyans, the children taking twenty thousand pounds among them, and Lady Trevelyan the remainder, and all rights. It is a careful, thoughtful, just will. By the death of Lady Trevelyan, great and most interesting bequests of his copyrights and MSS. fell into other hands. By the law of copyright — a law which he himself settled — the copyright of his earlier essays have expired, and they are now reprinted at almost nominal prices. The other copyrights expire in their course, but it is hardly likely that in any other form his writings will enjoy the popularity which they possessed in his lifetime. The blot of the History was its Brobdingnagian proportions; he exhausted his strength on the foundation,

and we have hardly the half-raised walls of the superstructure. F. ARNOLD.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN the village of West Lorraine, which lies at the foot of the South Down ridge there lived at this moment, and had lived for three generations of common people, an extraordinary old woman of the name of Nanny Stilgoe. She may have been mentioned before, because it was next to impossible to keep out of her, whenever anybody whosoever wanted to speak of the neighbourhood. For miles and miles around, she was acknowledged to know everything; and the only complaint about her was concerning her humility. She would not pretend to be a witch; while everybody felt that she ought to be, and most people were sure that she was one.

Alice Lorraine was well-accustomed to have many talks with Nanny; listening to her queer old sayings, and with young eyes gazing at the wisdom or folly of the bygone days. Nanny, of course, was pleased with this; still she was too old to make a favourite now of any one. People going slowly upward towards a better region, have a vested interest still in earth, but in mankind a mere shifting remainder.

Therefore all the grace of Alice and her clever ways and sweetness, and even half a pound of tea and an ounce and a half of tobacco, could not tempt old Nanny Stilgoe to say what was not inside of her. Everybody made her much more positive in everything (according as the months went on, and she knew less and less what became of them) by calling upon her, at every new moon, to declare to them something or other. It was not in her nature to pretend to deceive anybody, and she found it harder, from day to day, to be right in all their trifles.

But her best exertions were always forthcoming on behalf of Coombe Lorraine, both as containing the most conspicuous people of the neighbourhood and also because in her early days she had been a trusty servant under Lady Valeria. Old Nanny's age had become by this time almost an unknown quantity, several years being placed to her credit (as is almost always done), to which she

was not entitled. But, at any rate, she looked back upon her former mistress, Lady Valeria, as comparatively a chicken, and felt some contempt for her judgment, because it could not have grown ripe as yet. Therefore the venerable Mrs. Stilgoe (proclaimed by the public voice as having long since completed her century), cannot have been much under ninety in the year of grace 1811.

Being of a rather stiff and decided — not to say crabbed — turn of mind, this old woman kept a small cottage to herself at the bend of the road beyond the blacksmith's, close to the well of St. Hagydor. This cottage was not only free of rent, but her own for the term of her natural life, by deed of gift from Sir Roger Lorraine, in gratitude for a brave thing she had done when Roland was a baby. Having received this desirable cottage, and finding it followed by no others, she naturally felt that she had not been treated altogether well by the family. And her pension of three half-crowns a-week, and her Sunday dinner in a basin, made an old woman of her before her time, and only set people talking.

In spite of all this, Nanny was full of goodwill to the family, forgiving them all their kindness to her, and even her own dependence upon them; foretelling their troubles plentifully, and never failing to dwell upon them. And now on the very day after young Hilary's conflict with his father, she had the good luck to meet Alice Lorraine, on her way to the rectory, to consult Uncle Struan, or beg him to intercede. For the young man had taken his father at his word, concluding that the door, not only of the room, but also of the house, was open for him, on the inhospitable side; and, casting off his native dust from his gaiters, he had taken the evening stage to London, after a talk with his favourite Alice.

Old Nanny Stilgoe had just been out to gather a few sticks to boil her kettle, and was hobbling home with the fagot in one hand, and in the other a stout staff chosen from it, which she had taken to help her along. She wore no bonnet or cap on her head, but an old red kerchief tied round it, from which a scanty iron-grey lock escaped, and fluttered now and then across the rugged features and haggard cheeks. Her eyes, though sunken, were bright and keen, and few girls in the parish could thread a fine needle as quickly as she could. But extreme old age was shown in the countless seams and puckers of her face, in the knobby pro-

tuberance where bones met, and, above all, in the dull wan surface of skin whence the life was retiring.

"Now, Nanny, I hope you are well to-day," Alice said, kindly, though by no means eager to hold discourse with her just now; "you are working hard, I see, as usual."

"Ay, ay, working hard, the same as us all be born to, and goes out of the world with the sweat of our brow. Not the likes of you, Miss Alice. All the world be made to fit you, the same as a pudding do to a basin."

"Now, Nanny, you ought to know better than that. There is nobody born to such luck, and to keep it. Shall I carry your fagot for you? How cleverly you do tie them!"

"'Ee may carr the fagot as far as 'ee wool. 'Ee wunt goo very far, I count. The skin of thee isn't thick enow. There, set 'un down now beside of the well. What be all this news about Haylery?"

"News about Hilary, Nanny Stilgoe! Why, who has told you anything?"

"There's many a thing as comes to my knowledge without no need of telling. He have broken with his father, haven't he? Ho, ho, ho!"

"Nanny, you never should talk like that. As if you thought it a very fine thing, after all you have had to do with us!"

"And all I owes you! Oh yes, yes; no need to be bringing it to my mind, when I gets it in a basin every Sunday."

"Now, Mrs. Stilgoe, you must remember that it was your own wish to have it so. You complained that the gravy was gone into grease, and did we expect you to have a great fire, and you came up and chose a brown basin yourself, and the cloth it was to be tied in; and you said that then you would be satisfied."

"Well, well, you know it all by heart. I never pays heed to them little things. I leaves all of that for the great folk. Howsever, I have a good right to be told what doth not consarn no strangers."

"You said that you knew it all without telling! The story, however, is too true this time. But I hope it may be for a short time only."

"All along of a chield of a girl — warn't it all along of that? Boys thinks they be sugar-plums always, till they knows 'en better."

"Why, Nanny, now, how rude you are! What am I but a chield of a girl? Much better, I hope, than a sugar-plum."

"Don't tell me! Now, you see the

water in that well. Clear and bright, and not so deep as this here stick of mine is."

"Beautifully cool and sparkling even after the long hot weather. How I wish we had such a well on the hill! What a comfort it must be to you!"

"Holy water, they calls it, don't 'em? Holy water, tino! But it do well enough to boil the kittle, when there be no frogs in it. My father told me that his grandfather, or one of his forebears afore him, seed this well in the middle of a great roaring torrent, ten feet over top of this here top step. It came all the way from your hill, he said. It fetched more water than Adur river; and the track of it can be followed now."

"I have heard of it," answered Alice, with a little shiver of superstition; "I have always longed to know more about it."

"The less you knows of it the better for 'ee. Pray to the Lord every night, young woman, that you may never see it."

"Oh, that is all superstition, Nanny. I should like to see it particularly. I never could understand how it came; though it seems to be clear that it does come. It has only come twice in five hundred years, according to what they say. I have heard the old rhyme about it ever—oh, ever since I can remember."

"So have I heered. But they never gets things right now; they be so careless. How have you heered of it, Miss Alice?"

"Like this—as near as I can remember:—

When the Woeburn brake the plain,
Ill it boded for Lorraine.
When the Woeburn came again,
Death and dearth it brought Lorraine.
If it ever floweth more,
Reign of the Lorraines is o'er.

Did I say it right now, Nanny?"

"Yes, child, near enough, leastways. But you haven't said the last verse at all,

Only this can save Lorraine,
One must plunge to rescue twain.

"Why, I never heard those two lines, Nanny!"

"Like enough. They never cares to finish anything nowadays. But that there verse belongeth to it, as certain as any of the Psalms is. I've heered my father say it scores of times, and he had it from his grandfather. Sit you down on the stone, child, a minute, while I go in and start the fire up. Scarcely a bit of wood fit to burn round any of the hedges

now, they thieving children goes everywhere. Makes my poor back stiff, it doth, to get enow to boil a cow's foot or a rind of bakkon."

Old Nanny had her own good reasons for not wanting Alice in her cottage just then. Because she was going to have for dinner a rind of bacon truly, but also as companion thereto a nice young rabbit with onion sauce; a rabbit fee-simple whereof was legally vested in Sir Roland Lorraine. But Bottler the pigman took seizin thereof, *vi et armis*, and conveyed it *habendum, coquendum, et vorandum*, to Mrs. Nanny Stilgoe, in payment for a pig-charm.

Meanwhile, Alice thought sadly over the many uncomfortable legends concerning her ancient and dwindled race. The first outbreak of the "Woeburn," in the time of Edward the Second, was said to have brought forth deadly poison from the hillside whence it sprang. It ran for seven months, according to the story to be found in one of their earliest records, confirmed by an inscription in the church; and the Earl of Lorraine and his seven children died of the "black death" within that time. Only a posthumous son was left, to carry on the lineage. The fatal water then subsided for about a century and a half, when it broke forth suddenly in greater volume, and ran for three months only. But in that short time the fortune of the family fell from its loftiest to its lowest; and never thenceforth was it restored to the ancient eminence and wealth. On Towton field, in as bloody a battle as ever was fought in England, the Lorraines, though accustomed to driving snow, perished like a snowdrift. The bill of attainder, passed with hot speed by a slavish Parliament, took away family rank and lands, and left the last of them an outcast, with the block prepared for him.

Nanny having set that coney boiling, and carefully latched the cottage door, hobbled at her best pace back to Alice, and resumed her subject.

"Holy water! Oh, ho, ho! Holy to old Nick, I reckon; and that be why her boileth over so. Three wells there be in a row, you know, Miss, all from that same spring I count; the well in Parson's garden, and this, and the uppest one, under the foot of your hill, above where that gypsy boy harboureth. That be where the Woeburn breaketh ground."

"You mean where the moss, and the cotton-grass is. But you can scarcely call it a well there now."

"It dothn't run much, very like; and I haven't been up that way for a year or more. But only you try to walk over it, child; and you'd walk into your grave, I hold. The time is nigh up for it to come out, according to what they tells of it."

"Very well, Nanny, let it come out. What a treat it would be this hot summer! The Adur is almost dry, and the shepherd-pits everywhere are empty."

"Then you never have heered, child, what is to come of it, if it ever comes out again. Worse than ever comed afore to such a lot as you be."

"I cannot well see how it could be worse than death, and dearth, and slaughter, Nanny."

"Now, that shows how young girls will talk, without any thought of anything. To us poor folk it be wise and right to put life afore anything, according to natur'; and arter that the things as must go inside of us. There let me think, let me think a bit. I forgets things now; but I know there be some'at as you great folk counts more than life, and victuals, and natur', and everythin'. But I forgets the word you uses for it."

"Honour, Nanny, I suppose you mean — the honour, of course, of the family."

"May be, some'at of that sort, as you builds up your mind upon. Well, that be running into danger now, if the old words has any truth in 'em."

"Nonsense, Nanny, I'll not listen to you. Which of us is likely to disgrace our name, pray? I am tired of all these nursery stories. Good-bye, Mrs. Stilgoe."

"It'll not be you, at any rate;" the old woman muttered wrathfully, as Alice with sparkling eyes, and a quick firm step, set off for the rectory: "if ever there was a proud piece of goods — even my bacco her'll never think of in her tantrums now! Ah well! ah well! We lives, and we learns to hold our tongues in the end, no doubt." The old lady's judgment of the world was a little too harsh in this case, however; for Alice Lorraine, on her homeward way, left the usual shilling's-worth of tobacco on old Nanny's window-sill.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"It is worse than useless to talk any more," Sir Roland said to Mr. Hales, who by entreaty of Alice had come to dine there that day and to soften things: "Struan, you know that I have not one atom of obstinacy about me. I often

doubt what is right, and wonder at people who are so positive. In this case there is no room for doubt. Were you pleased with your badger, yesterday?"

"A capital brock, a most wonderful brock! His teeth were like a rat-trap. Fox, however, was too much for him. The dear little dog, how he did go in! I gave the ten guineas to my three girls. Good girls, thoroughly good girls all. They never fall in love with anybody. And when have they had a new dress — although they are getting now quite old enough?"

"I never notice those things much," Sir Roland (who had given them many dresses) answered, most inhumanly; "but they always look very good and pretty. Struan, let us drink their healths, and happy wedlock to them."

The Rector looked at Sir Roland with a surprise of geniality. His custom was always to help himself; while his host enjoyed by proxy. This went against his fine feelings sadly. Still it was better to have to help himself, than be unhelped altogether.

"But about that young fellow," Mr. Hales continued, after the toast had been duly honoured; "it is possible to be too hard, you know."

"That sentiment is not new to me. Struan, you like a capeling with your port."

"Better than any olive always. And now there are no olives to be had. Wars everywhere, wars universal! The powers of hell gat hold of me. Antichrist in triumph roaring! Bloodshed weltering everywhere! And I am too old myself; and I have no son to — to fight for Old England."

"A melancholy thought! But you were always pugnacious, Struan."

"Now, Roland, Roland, you know me better. 'To seek peace and to ensue it' is my text and my tactic everywhere. And with them that be of one household, what saith St. Paul the apostle in his Epistle to the Ephesians? You think that I know no theology, Roland, because I can sit a horse and shoot?"

"Nay, nay, Struan, be not thus hurt by imaginary lesions. The great range of your powers is well known to me, as it is to every one. Particularly to that boy whom you shot in the hedge last season."

"No more of that; an you love me. I believe the little rascal peppered himself to get a guinea out of me. But as to Hilary, will you allow me to say a few words without any offence? I am his

own mother's brother, as you seem very often to forget, and I cannot bear to see a fine young fellow condemned and turned out of house and home for what any young fellow is sure to do. Boys are sure to go falling in love until their whiskers are fully grown. And the very way to turn fools into heroes (in their own opinion) is to be violent with them."

"Perhaps those truths are not new to me. But I was not violent—I never am."

"At any rate you were harsh and stern. And who are you to find fault with him? I care not if I offend you, Roland, until your better sense returns. But did you marry exactly in your own rank of life, yourself?"

"I married a lady, Struan Hales—your sister—unless I am misinformed."

"To be sure, to be sure! I know well enough what you mean by that; though you have the most infernal way of keeping your temper and hinting things. What you mean is that I am making little of my own sister's memory by saying that she was not your equal."

"I meant nothing of the sort. How very hot your temper is! I showed my respect for your family, Struan, and simply implied that it was not graceful, at any rate, on your part——"

"Graceful be hanged! Sir Roland, I cannot express myself as you can—and perhaps I ought to thank God for that—but none the less for all that, I know when I am in the right. I feel when I am in the right, sir, and I snap my fingers at every one."

"That is right. You have an unequalled power of explosion in your thumb-joint—I heard it through three oaken doors the last time you were at all in a passion; and now it will go through a wall at least. Nature has granted you this power to exhibit your contempt of wrong."

"Roland, I have no power at all. I do not pretend to be clever at words; and I know that you laugh at my preaching. I am but a peg in a hole, I know, compared with all your learning, though my churchwarden, Gates, won't hear of it. What did he say last Sunday?"

"Something very good, of course. Help yourself, Struan, and out with it."

"Well, it was nothing very wonderful. And as he holds under you, Sir Roland——"

"I will not turn him out for even the most brilliant flash of his bramble-hook."

"You never turn anybody out. I wish

to goodness you would sometimes. You don't care about your rents. But I do care about my tithes."

"This is deeply disappointing after the wit you were laden with. What was the epigram of Churchwarden Gates?"

"Never you mind. That will keep—like some of your own mysteries. You want to know everything and tell nothing, as the old fox did in the fable."

"It is an ancient aphorism," Sir Roland answered, gently, "that knowledge is tenfold better than speech. Let us endeavour to know things, Struan, and to satisfy ourselves with knowledge."

"Yes, yes, let us know things, Roland. But you never want us to know anything. That is just the point, you see. Now, as sure as I hold this glass in my hand, you will grieve for what you are doing."

"I am doing nothing, Struan; only wondering at your excitement."

"Doing nothing! Do you call it nothing to drive your only son from your doors, and to exasperate your brother-in-law until he blames the Lord for being the incumbent instead of a curate, to swear more freely? There, there! I will say no more. None but my own people ever seem to know what is inside of me. No more wine, Sir Roland, thank you. Not so much as a single drop more! I will go while there is good light down the hill."

"You will do nothing of the kind, Struan Hales," his host replied, in that clear voice which is so certain to have its own clear way; "you will sit down and take another glass of port, and talk with me in a friendly manner."

"Well, well, anything to please you. You are marvellous hard to please of late."

"You will find me most easy to please, if only without any further reproaches, or hinting at things which cannot concern you, you will favour me with your calm opinion in this foolish affair of poor Hilary."

"The whole thing is one. You so limit me," said the parson, delighted to give advice, but loath to be too cheap with it; "you must perceive, Roland, that all this matter is bound up, so to speak, altogether. You shake your head? Well, then, let us suppose that poor Hilary stands on his own floor only. Every tub on its own bottom. Then what I should do about him would be this: I would not write him a single line, but let him abide in his breaches or breeches—whichever the true version is—and

there he will soon have no half-pence to rattle, and therefore must grow penitent. Meanwhile I should send into Kent an envoy, a man of penetration, to see what manner of people it is that he is so taken up with. And according to his report I should act. And thus we might very soon break it off; without any action for damages. You know what those blessed attorneys are."

Sir Roland thought for a little while; and then he answered pleasantly.

"Struan, your advice is good. I had thought of that course before you came. The stupid boy soon will be brought to reason; because he is frightened of credit now; he was so singed at Oxford. And I can trust him to do nothing dishonourable or cold-blooded. But the difficulty of the whole plan is this. Whom have I that I can trust to go into Kent, and give a fair report about this mercenary grower and his crafty daughter?"

"Could you trust me, Roland?"

"Of course I could. But, Struan, you never would do such a thing?"

"Why not? I should like to know, why not? I could get to the place in two days' time; and the change would do me a world of good. You laity never can understand what it is to be a parson. A deacon would come for a guinea, and take my Sunday morning duty, and the congregation for the afternoon would rejoice to be disappointed. And when I come back, they will dwell on my words, because the other man will have preached so much worse. Times are hard with me, Roland, just now. If I go, will you pay the piper?"

"Not only that, Struan; but I shall thank you to the uttermost stretch of gratitude."

"There will be no gratitude on either side. I am bound to look after my nephew's affairs: and I sadly want to get away from home. I have heard that there is a nice trout-stream there. If Hilary, who knows all he knows from me, could catch a fine fish, as Alice told me, — what am I likely to do, after panting up in this red-hot chalk so long? Roland, I must have a pipe, though you hate it. I let you sneeze; and you must let me blow."

"Well, Struan, you can do what you like, for this once. This is so very kind of you."

"I believe if you had let that boy Hilary smoke," said the Rector, warming unto his pipe, "you never would have

had all this bother with him about this trumpery love-affair. Cupid hates tobacco."

CHAPTER XXVII.

ON the second evening after the above discourse, a solitary horseman might have been seen, or to put it more indicatively, a single ponyman was seen pricking gallantly over the plains, and into the good town of Tonbridge, in the land of Kent. Behind him, and strapped to his saddle, he bore what used to be called a "vady" — a corruption, peraps, of "vade mecum," — that is to say, a small leather cylinder, containing change of raiment, and other small comforts of the traveller. The pony he bestrode was black, with a white star on her forehead, a sturdy trudger, of a spirited nature, and proud of the name of "Maggie." She had now recovered entirely from her ten-guinea feast of dahlias, and was as pleased as the Rector himself, to whisk her tail in a change of air. Her pace was still gallant, and her ears well pricked, especially when she smelled the smell which all country towns have of horses, and of rubbing down, hissing, and bucketing, and (best of all) of good oats jumping in a sieve among the chaff.

Maggie was proud of her master, and thought him the noblest man that ever cracked a whip, having imbibed this opinion from the young smart hunter, who was up to everything. And it might have fared ill with Jack the donkey, if Maggie had carried her master when that vile assault was perpetrated. But if Maggie was now in good spirits, what lofty flight of words can rise to the elation of her rider?

The Rector now, week after week, had been longing for a bit of sport. His open and jovial nature had been shut up, pinched, and almost poisoned, for want of proper outlet. He hated books, and he hated a pen, and he hated doing nothing; and he never would have horse-whipped Bonny, if he had been as he ought to be. Moreover, he had been greatly bothered, although he could not clearly put it, by all those reports about Coombe Lorraine, and Sir Roland's manner of scorning them. But now here he was, in a wayfaring dress, free from the knowledge of any one, able to turn to the right or the left, as either side might predominate; with a bagful of guineas to spend as his own, and yet feel no remorse about them. Tush! that does not express it at all. With a bagful of

guineas to spend as he chose, and rejoice in the knowledge that he was spending another man's money, for his own good, and the benefit of humanity. This is a fine feeling, and a rare one to get the luck of. Therefore, whosoever gets it, let him lift up his heart and be joyful.

Whether from that fine diffidence which so surely accompanies merit, or from honourable economy in the distribution of trust-funds, or from whatever other cause it was,—in the face of all the town of Tonbridge, this desirable traveller turned his pony into the quiet yard of that old-fashioned inn, "the Chequers." All the other ostlers grunted disapprobation, and chewed straws; while the one ostler of "the Chequers" rattled his pail with a swing of his elbow, hissed in the most enticing attitude, and made-believe to expect it.

Mr. Hales, in the manner of a cattle-jobber (which was his presentment now), lifted his right leg over the mane of the pony, and so came downward. Everybody in the yard at once knew thoroughly well what his business was. And nobody attempted to cheat him in the inn; because it is known to be a hopeless thing to cheat a cattle-jobber in any other way than by gambling. So that with little to say, or be said, this unclerkly clerk had a good supper, and smoked a wise pipe with his landlord.

Of course he made earnest inquiries about all the farmers of the neighbourhood, and led the conversation gently to the Grower and his affairs; and as this chanced to be Master Lovejoy's own "house of call" at Tonbridge, the landlord gave him the highest character, and even the title of "Esquire."

"Ah, yes," he exclaimed, with his rummer in one hand, and waving his pipe with the other; "there be very few in these here parts to compare with Squire Lovejoy. One of the true old Kentish stock, sir; none of your come-and-go bagmen. I have heered say that that land have been a thousand year in the family."

"Lord bless me!" cried Mr. Hales; "why, we get back to the time of the Danes and the Saxons!"

"There now!" said the landlord, giving him a poke of admiration with his pipe; "you knows all about it as well as if I had told 'ee. And his family brought up so respectable! None of your sitting on pillions. A horse for his self, and a horse for his son, and a horse for his pretty darter. Ah, if I were a young man again—but there she be above me alto-

gether! Though the Chequers, to my thinking, is more to the purpose than a bigger inn might be, sir."

"You are right, I believe," replied his guest. "How far may it be to Old Applewood farm?"

"Well, sir, how far? Why, let me see: a matter of about five mile perhaps. You've heered tell of the garden of Eden perhaps?"

"To be sure! Don't I read about it?"—he was going to say "every Sunday," but stopped in time to dissemble the parson.

"And the finest ten mile of turnpike in England. You turns off from it about four miles out. And then you keeps on straight-forrard."

"Thank you, my good friend. I shall ask the way to-morrow. Your excellent punch is as good as a night-cap. But I want to combine a little pleasure with business, if I can, to-morrow. I am a bit of a sportsman, in a small way. Would Mr. Lovejoy allow me to cast a fly in his water, think you?"

"Ay, that he will, if you only tell him that you be staying at the Chequers Inn."

The Rector went to bed that night in a placid humour with himself, and his landlord, and all the county. And sleeping well after change of air, a long ride, and a good supper, he awoke in the morning, as fresh as a lark, in a good state of mind for his breakfast.

Old Applewood farm was just "taking it easy" in the betwixt and between of hard work. The berry season was over now, and the hay was stacked, and the hops were dressed; John Shorne and his horses were resting freely, and gathering strength for another campaign—to cannonade London with apples and pears. All things had the smell of summer, passing rich, and the smell of autumn, without its weight leaning over the air. The nights were as warm as the days almost, yet soft with a mellow briskness; and any young man who looked out of his window said it was a shame to go to bed. Some people have called this the "saddest time of the whole sad twelvemonth;" the middle or end of July, when all things droop with heavy leafiness. But who be these to find fault with the richest and goodliest prime of nature's strength. Peradventure the fault is in themselves. All seasons of the year are good to those who bring their seasoning. And now when field, and wood, and hedge, stand up in their flush of summering, and every bird, and bat, and insect of our British

island is as active as he ought to be (and sometimes much too much so); also, when good people look at one another in hot weather, and feel that they may have worked too hard, or been too snappish when the frosts were on (which they always are except in July), and then begin to wonder whether their children would like to play with the children of one another, because they cannot catch cold in such weather; and after that, begin to speak of a rubber in the bower, and a great spread of delightfulness, — when all this comes to pass, what right have we to make the worst of it?

That is neither here nor there. Only one thing is certain, that our good parson, looking as unlike a parson as he could — and he had a good deal of capacity in that way — steered his pony Maggie round the corner into the Grower's yard, and looked about to see how the land lay. The appearance of everything pleased him well, for comfort, simplicity, and hospitality shared the good quarters between them. Even a captious man could hardly, if he understood the matter, find much fault with anything. The parson was not a captious man, and he knew what a good farmyard should be, and so he said "Capital, capital!" twice, before he handed Maggie's bridle to Paddy from Cork, who of course had run out with a sanguine sense of a shilling arrived.

"Is Squire Lovejoy at home?" asked the visitor, being determined to "spake the biggest," as Paddy described it afterwards. For the moment, however, he only stared, while the parson repeated the question.

"Is it the maisther ye mane?" said Paddy; "faix then, I'll go and ax the missus."

But before there was time to do this, the Grower appeared with a spud on his shoulder. He had been in the hop-ground; and hearing a horse, came up to know what was toward. The two men looked at one another with mutual approval. The parson tall, and strong, and lusty, and with that straightforward aspect which is conferred, or at least confirmed, by life in the open air, field sports, good living, and social gatherings. His features, too, were clear and bold, and his jaws just obstinate enough to manage a parish; without that heavy squareness which sets the whole church by the ears. The Grower was of moderate height, and sturdy, and thoroughly useful; his face told of many dealings with the world;

but his eyes were frank, and his mouth was pleasant. His custom was to let other people have their say before he spoke; and now he saluted Mr. Hales in silence, and waited for him to begin.

"I hope," said his visitor, "you will excuse my freedom in coming to see you thus. I am trying this part of the country for the first time for a holiday. And the landlord of the Chequers Inn at Tonbridge, where I am staying for a day or two, told me that you perhaps would allow me to try for a fish in your river, sir."

"In our little brook! There be none left, I think. You are kindly welcome to try, sir. But I fear you will have a fool's errand of it. We have had a young gentleman from London here, a wonderful angler, sure enough, and I do believe he hath caught every one."

"Well, sir, with your kind permission, there can be no harm in trying," said the Rector, laughing in his sleeve at Hilary's crude art compared with his own. "The day is not very promising, and the water of course is strange to me. But have I your leave to do my best?"

"Ay, ay, as long as you like. My ground goes as far up as there is any water, and down the brook to the turnpike road. We will see to your nag; and if you would like a bit to eat, sir, we dine at one, and we sup at seven, and there be always a bit in the larder 'tween whiles. Wil't come into house before starting?"

"I thank you for the kind offer; but I think I'd better ask you the way, and be off. There is just a nice little coil of cloud now; in an hour it may be gone, and the brook, of course, is very low and clear. Whatever my sport is, I shall call in and thank you when I come back for my pony. My name is Hales, sir, a clerk from Sussex; very much at your service and obliged to you."

"The same to you, Master Halls; and I wish you more sport than you will get, sir. Your best way is over that stile; and then when you come to the water, go where you will."

"One more question, which I always ask; what size do you allow your fish to be taken?"

"What size? Why, as big, to be sure, as ever you can catch them. The bigger they are, the less bones they have."

With a laugh at this answer, the parson set off, with his old fly-book in his pocket, and a rod in his hand which he had borrowed (by grace of his landlord) in Tonbridge. His step was brisk, and his eyes

were bright, and he thought much more of the sport in prospect than of the business that brought him there.

"Aha!" he exclaimed, as he hit on the brook, where an elbow of bank jutted over it, "very fine tackle will be wanted here, and one fly is quite enough for it. It must be fished downward, of course, because it cannot be fished upward. It will take all I know to tackle them."

So it did, and a great deal more than he knew. He changed his fly every quarter of an hour, and he tried every dodge of experience; he even tried dapping with the natural fly, and then the blue-bottle and grasshopper, but not a trout could he get to rise, or even to hesitate, or show the very least sign of temptation.

So great was his annoyance (from surety of his own skill, and vain use of it), that after fishing for about ten hours and catching a new-born minnow, the Rector vehemently came to a halt, and repented that he had exhausted already his whole stock of strong language. When a good man has done this, a kind of reaction (either of the stomach or conscience) arises, and leads him astray from his usual sign-posts, whether of speech, or deed, or thought.

The Rev. Struan Hales sate down, marvelling if he were a clumsy oaf, and gave Hilary no small credit for catching such deeply sagacious and wary trout. Then he dwelled bitterly over his fate for having to go and fetch his pony, and let every yokel look into his basket and grin at its beautiful emptiness. Moreover, he found himself face to face with starvation of the saddest kind; that which a man has challenged, and superciliously talked about, and then has to meet very quietly.

Not to exaggerate—if that were possible—the Rev. Struan found his inner man (thus rashly exposed to new Kentish air) "absolutely barking at him," as he strongly expressed it to his wife, the moment he found himself at home again. But here he was fifty miles from home, with not a fishing-basket only, but a much nearer and dearer receptacle full of the purest vacuity. "This is very sad," he said, and all his system echoed it.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHILE the Rector still was sitting thus, on the mossy hump of an apple-tree, weary and disconsolate, listening to the murmuring brook, with louder murmurings of his own, he espied a light well-balanced figure crossing the water on a

narrow plank some hundred yards up the streamway.

"A pretty girl!" said the parson; "I am sure of it, by the way she carries herself. Plain girls never walk like that. Oh that she were coming to my relief! But the place is rather dangerous. I must go and help her. Ah, here she comes! What a quick light foot! My stars, if she hasn't got a basket! Nothing for me, of course. No such luck on this most luckless of all days."

Meanwhile she was making the best of her way, as straight as the winding stream allowed, towards this ungrateful and sceptical grumbler; and presently she turned full upon him, and looked at him, and he at her.

"What a lovely creature!" thought Mr. Hales, "and how wonderfully her dress becomes her! Why, the mere sight of her hat is enough to drive a young fellow out of his mind almost! Now I should like to make her acquaintance, if I were not starving so. 'Acrior illum cura domat,' as Sir Roland says."

"If you please, sir," the maiden began, with a bright and modestly playful glance, "are you Mr. Halls, who asked my father for leave to fish this morning?"

"Hales, fair mistress, is my name, a poor and unworthy clerk from Sussex."

"Then, Mr. Hales, you must not be angry with me for thinking that you might be hungry."

"And—and thirsty!" gasped the Rector. "Goodness me, if you only knew my condition, how you would pity me!"

"It occurred to me that you might be thirsty too," she answered, as she took out of her basket, a napkin, a plate, a knife and fork, half a loaf, and something tied up in a cloth whose fragrance went to the bottom of the parson's heart, and then a stone pipkin, and a half-pint horn, and after that a pinch of salt. All these she spread on a natural table of grass, which her clever eyes discovered over against a mossy seat.

"I never was so thankful in all my life—I never was, I never was. My pretty dear, what is your name, that I may bless you every night?"

"My name is Mabel Lovejoy, sir. And I hope that you will excuse me for having nothing better to bring than this. Most fishermen prefer duck, I know; but we happened only to have in the larder this half, or so, of a young roast goose——"

"A goose! An infinitely finer bird. And so much more upon it! Thank God

that it wasn't a duck, my dear. Half a duck would scarcely be large enough to set my poor mouth watering. For goodness' sake, give me a drop to drink! What is it — water?"

"No sir, ale; some of our own brewing. But you must please to eat a mouthful first. I have heard that it is bad to begin with a drink."

"Right speedily will I qualify," said the parson, with his mouth full of goose; "delicious — most delicious! You must be the good Samaritan, my dear; or at any rate you ought to be his wife. Your very best health, Mistress Mabel Lovejoy; may you never do a worse action than you have done this day; and I never shall forget your kindness."

"Oh, I am so glad to see you enjoy it. But you must not talk till you have eaten every mouthful. Why, you ought to be quite famishing."

"In that respect I fulfil my duty. Nay more, I am downright famished."

"There is a little stuffing in here, sir; let me show you; underneath the apron. I put it there myself, and so I know."

"What most noble, most glorious, most transcendent stuffing! Whoever made that was born to benefit, retrieve, and exalt humanity."

"You must not say that, sir; because I made it."

"Oh, *Dea, certe!* I recover my Latin under such enchantment. But how could you have found me out? And what made you so generously think of me?"

"Well, sir, I take the greatest interest in fishermen, because — oh, because of my brother Charlie; and one of our men passed you this afternoon, and he said he was sure that you had caught nothing, because he heard you — he thought he heard you —"

"No, no, come now, complaining mildly, — not 'swearing,' don't say 'swearing.'"

"I was not going to say 'swearing,' sir. What made you think of such a thing? I am sure you never could have done it; could you? And so when you did not even come to supper, it came into my head that you must want refreshment; especially if you had caught no fish, to comfort you for so many hours. And then I thought of a plan for that, which I would tell you, in case I should find you unlucky enough to deserve it."

"I am unlucky enough to deserve it thoroughly; only look here, pretty Mistress Mabel." With these words he lifted

the flap of his basket, and showed its piteous emptiness.

"West Lorraine!" she cried — "West Lorraine!" For his name and address were painted on the inside wicker of the lid. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Hales: I had no right to notice it."

"Yes, you had. But you have no right to turn away your head so. What harm has West Lorraine done you, that you won't even look at its rector?"

"Oh, please not; oh, please don't! I never would have come, if I could have only dreamed —"

"If you could have dreamed what? Pretty Mistress Mabel, a parson has a right to an explanation, when he makes a young lady blush so."

"Oh, it was so cruel of you? You said you were a clerk, of the name of 'Halls'!"

"So I am, a clerk in holy orders; but not of the name of 'Halls.' That was your father's mistake. I gave my true name; and here you see me very much at your service, ma'am. The uncle of a fine young fellow, whose name you never heard, I daresay. Have you ever happened to hear of a youth called Hilary Lorraine?"

"Oh, now I know why you are come! oh dear! It was not for the fishing, after all! And perhaps you never fished before. And everything must be going wrong. And you are come to tell me what they think of me. And very likely you would be glad if you could put me in prison!"

"That would be nice gratitude; would it not? You are wrong in almost every point. It happens that I have fished before; and that I did come for the fishing partly. It happens that nothing is going wrong; and I am not come to say what they think of you; but to see what I think of you — which is a very different thing."

"And what do you think of me?" asked Mabel, casting down her eyes, standing saucily, and yet with such a demure expression, that his first impulse was to kiss her.

"I think that you are rogue enough to turn the head of anybody. And I think that you are good enough to make him happy ever afterwards."

"I am not at all sure of that," she answered, raising her sweet eyes, and openly blushing; "I only know that I would try. But every one is not like a clergyman, to understand good stuffing. But if I had only known who you were, I

would never have brought you any dinner, sir."

"What a disloyal thing to say! Please to tell me why I ought to starve for being Hilary's uncle."

"Because you would think that I wanted to coax you to — to be on my side, at least."

"To make a goose of me, with your goose! Well, you have me at your mercy, Mabel. I shall congratulate Hilary on having won the heart of the loveliest, best, and cleverest girl in the county of Kent."

"Oh no, sir, you must not say that, because I am nothing of the sort, and you must not laugh at me, like that. And how do you know that he has done it? And what will every one say, when they hear that he — that he would like to marry the daughter of a Grower?"

"What does his father say? That is the point. It matters very little what others say. And I will not conceal from you, pretty Mabel, that his father is bitterly set against it, and turned him out of doors, when he heard of it."

"Oh, that is why he has never written. He did not know how to break it to me. I was sure there was something bad. But of course I could expect nothing else. Poor, poor sillies, both of us! I must give him up, I see I must. I felt all along that I should have to do it."

"Don't cry so; don't cry, my dear, like that. There is plenty of time to talk of it. Things will come right in the end, no doubt. But what does your father say to it?"

"I scarcely know whether he knows it yet. Hilary wanted to tell him; but I persuaded him to leave it altogether to me. And so I told my mother first; and she thought we had better not disturb my father about it, until we heard from Hilary. But I am almost sure sometimes that he knows it, and is not at all pleased about it, for he looks at me very strangely. He is the best and the kindest man living almost; but he has very odd ways sometimes; and it is most difficult to turn him."

"So it is with most men who are worth their salt. I despise a weathercock. Would you like me to come in and see him; or shall I fish a little more first? I am quite a new man since you fed me so well; and I scarcely can put up with this disgrace."

"If you would like to fish a little longer," said Mabel, following the loving gaze, which (with true angling obstinacy)

lingered still on the coy fair stream; "there is plenty of time to spare. My father rode off to Maidstone, as soon as he found that you were not coming in to supper; and he will not be back till it is quite dark. And I should have time for a talk with my mother, while you are attempting to catch a trout."

"Now, Mabel, Mabel, you are too disdainful. Because I am not my own nephew (who learned what little he knows altogether from me), and because I have been so unsuccessful, you think that I know nothing; women always judge by the event, having taken the trick from their fathers perhaps. But you were going to tell me something to make up for my want of skill."

"Yes; but you must promise not to tell any one else, upon any account. My brother Charlie found it out; and I have not told even Hilary of it, because he could catch fish without it."

"You most insulting of all pretty maidens, if you despise my science thus, I will tell Sir Roland that you are vain and haughty."

"Oh dear!"

"Very ill-tempered."

"No, now, you never could say that."

"Clumsy, ill-dressed, and slatternly."

"Well done, well done, Mr. Hales!"

"Yes, and very ugly."

"Oh!"

"Aha! I have taken your breath away with absolute amazement. I wish Hilary could see you now; he'd steal something very delightful, and then knock his excellent uncle down. But now, make it up, like a dear good girl; and tell me this great secret."

"It is the simplest thing in the world. You just take a little bit of this — see here, I have some in my basket; and cut a little delicate strip, and whip it on the lower part of your fly. I have done it for Charlie many a time. I will do one for you, if you like, sir."

"Very well. I will try it, to please you; and for the sake of an experiment. Good-bye, good-bye till dark, my dear. We shall see whether a clerk can catch fish or no."

When Mr. Hales returned at night to the hospitable old farm-house, he carried on his ample back between two and three dozen goodly trout; for many of which he confessed himself indebted to Mabel's clever fingers. Mrs. Lovejoy had been prepared by her daughter to receive him; but the Grower was not yet come home from Maidstone; which on the whole

was a fortunate thing. For thus the Rector had time enough to settle with his hostess what should be done on his part and on hers, towards the removal, or at any rate the gradual reduction, of the many stumbling-blocks that lay, as usual, upon true love's course. For both foresaw that if the franklin's pride should once be wounded, he would be certain to bar the way more sternly than even the baronet himself. And even without that he could hardly be expected to forego all in a moment his favourite scheme above described, that Mabel's husband should carry on the ancestral farm, and the growth of fruit. In his blunt old fashion, he cared very little for baronets, or for Norman blood; and like a son of Tuscan soil, was well content to lead his life in cleaving paternal fields with the hoe, and nourishing household gods, and hearth.

From The Contemporary Review.
"LATENT THOUGHT."

It has struck me that a loose and somewhat obscure mode of speaking of "latent thought," and, indeed, of the intellect generally as an automatic machine independent of consciousness, has grown up of late,—a mode of speaking which is but an hypothesis, and, I believe, an unwarranted one, for accounting for a few mental phenomena, no doubt of the first importance, but quite inadequate for the purpose of establishing the very startling conclusion that you can reach some of the highest and best results of thought without thinking. My object, in the present paper, is briefly to classify the phenomena referred to, and maintain that they do not imply what they are supposed to imply, and what I do not think they could be supposed to imply if we realized fully the meaning of our words,—namely, that the brain, as distinct from the mind, is a sort of intellectual weaving-machine, from which, if you supply it with the raw materials of a mental problem, you may hope to take out the finished article without the exercise of any intellectual judgment or reflection. I don't think you can get the results of thinking without thought, of judging without judgment, of creative effort without the conscious adaptation of means to ends. And I don't think that the phenomena—the real existence of which, of course, I fully accept—alleged as proving that this is possible, prove, or even

legitimately suggest, so strange a conclusion.

(1.) One of the most remarkable evidences of what is called "latent thought" is furnished by the laws of perception.

It is quite certain that there is for every person a *minimum visibile* or *audibile*, or generally a *minimum sensibile* (to use somewhat bad Latin), anything less than which does not affect his perceptive faculties at all, but less than which yet is, of course, an essential part of that minimum itself. If the line I am writing on could be cut up into such a number of distinct spots that each of them was a trifle less than my *minimum visibile*, and if these spots were then removed to some distance from each other, I should not perceive their existence at all. But if any two of them were brought together, I should then become aware of the existence of a spot. It is clear, therefore, that there are such things as physical constituents of an object of perception which, taken alone, are not perceived, and yet which are essential elements of something that is perceived. If this is "latent perception," on the ground that one of these spots taken alone must affect me in some degree, though not in a degree sufficient to excite perception without combining with another of them,—then latent perception only means "a latent physical condition of perception;" and that there are innumerable such latent physical conditions,—conditions which only become patent in conjunction with other conditions,—I suppose every observant man would admit. The colour of the spot, for instance, may be such a latent physical condition of perception, since a much smaller spot of bright colour can be seen on a dark ground, or a much smaller spot of dark colour on a bright ground, than could be perceived if the colour of the spot were more similar to that of the background. Hence the redness of the two halves of the *minimum visibile* may be a latent physical condition of their being perceived when they coalesce into one, just as much as their size. The latent physical conditions not only of perception, but of feeling and thought,—the conditions of the nervous system essential to feeling and thought,—are probably innumerable. But no one will say that unobserved—*i.e.*, latent—physical conditions of feelings and thoughts, are feelings and thoughts, or we should be using language quite without that definiteness and appropriateness which are the main uses of language. The case

I am now discussing is not one of latent perception, but of a latent physical condition of future perception. It constitutes no proof that you perceive without perception, though it may constitute a proof, to use Sir William Hamilton's language, that "what we are conscious of is constructed out of what we are not conscious of," — a very different thing, though even that seems to me a little inaccurately stated, for it would be better to say, that what we are conscious of is constructed out of what we *could not be conscious of without the occurrence of other conditions*. Surely we are conscious of the whole *minimum visibile*; — though not of each half, yet of both halves. In the doctrine, then, of latent physical conditions of perception, I see no justification for the phrase, latent perception. There is either perception or no perception. What is unperceived is not perceived, though it may be quite essential to something that is to be perceived. That something may be happening in my brain, to my optic nerve, for example, even when only half the *minimum visibile* is opposite to my eye, and that this something is quite essential to what happens as soon as the whole is there, I am willing to admit. But the half does not cause a latent perception, though it is a latent physical condition of perception.

(2.) Dr. Carpenter, in his learned and instructive book on "Mental Physiology," speaks of the phenomena of recollection as proving a kind of activity of the brain or mind, — he guards himself against applying the term "thought" to anything of which we are not conscious, but I am not quite sure how far he thinks the distinction to be more than a question of words, — which is often even stimulated by our giving up the effort to recollect, and passing to other subjects. And he gives us many striking instances of phenomena of which we have all, probably, seen less striking instances, in which the effort to recollect being futile, the missing memory flashes back upon us soon after we have relinquished the search. Farther, he expresses his belief that when phenomenon A is connected with C, but only, *as far as our consciousness is concerned*, through B, A frequently suggests C directly, without any even momentary flash of B upon the memory, the substitute for B being the cerebral or nervous state formerly connected with B, though not, in this instance, serving to bring B back into consciousness. I have no doubt

at all that that is often a perfectly true account of the missing links in a chain of memory. There can be no doubt that the restoration of a former state of consciousness may be accomplished by any avenue whatever which leads back to it? and that if phenomenon A be a flash of light causing a particular nerve to vibrate, which nerve, again, is in the same sheath with two others, one closely connected with phenomenon B, and the other with phenomenon C, it might well happen that the second nerve might set the third in motion, without itself suggesting phenomenon B, before the attention had been riveted by phenomenon C? The sight of a certain species of chocolate always suggests to me the jaundice, but I have no doubt that originally the missing link between these two conceptions was a particular sensation in the mouth or stomach, which, as far as I know, I have never consciously recalled, but which the chocolate caused at a time when an attack of jaundice was coming on. It is quite possible that some very faint recurrence of that sensation — so faint as never to challenge conscious attention — was the missing link between the two impressions in my mind. But here, again, I see nothing like latent or unthought thought, but only unthought physical conditions of thought. Clearly Dr. Carpenter is right in saying that to leave off attempting to recollect and to rely on the trains of suggestions set going in the first effort, after the (probably misleading) control of the will has been withdrawn, is frequently the best chance we have for recovering a missing impression. But Miss Cobbe's and Mr. Wendell Holmes's suggestion, to which Dr. Carpenter will be, I believe, *misunderstood* by many, as lending in his book a certain amount of countenance, that this recovery is due to some mysterious so-to-say subterranean intelligence working beneath our consciousness, as a Secretary hunts up a quotation for his superior, seems to me baseless. Any man who observes his own mind, will notice that if he stirs up thoroughly any subject whatever, by ransacking its intellectual neighbourhood, so to speak, he will for days afterwards have all sorts of cross-associations with it flashing up at times in his mind, — and this whether he is in search of a missing impression or not. When you take down an old shelf of College books, you have, for days after, waifs and strays of College memories haunting your mind, some of them coming by direct, some by quite inscrutably

indirect and subtle paths of association. Of course it is not remarkable that when one of these impressions happens to be missing, it will come back to you on some such line of association. But all that this seems to me to signify, is that memory depends on a number of latent and involuntary physical conditions, as well as a number of conscious and equally involuntary mental conditions, and that when you have exhausted the latter unsuccessfully, you had better fall back on the chance of help from the former. Man being made up of body and mind, there is nothing astonishing in the fact that there are bodily links, of which he may often be unconscious, between states of mind not otherwise associated. But this is not latent or unthought *thought*, it is a latent or unthought physical condition of suggestion. And that such conditions exist, I think every psychologist will admit. It does not the least follow from thus admitting that the conditions of memory are rooted in involuntary physical as well as mental laws, that the process of inference or judgment, of analysis or synthesis, or even of recollection itself, could be unconsciously performed. Yet, as I shall show, the theory appears to be held, even by a very distinguished man, that you may recollect without recollecting — *i.e.*, recollect elaborately with your muscles what has not yet emerged into recognition by your mind.

Again (3), there are such things as automatic habits, which, once formed, require exceedingly little thought or attention, so that you may read aloud, or play on the piano, or walk through a crowded street, absorbed all the time in a train of intense thought or feeling, as widely removed as the Poles asunder from your immediate action. Such habits seem to be in some sense mental analogies of the first law of motion, — seem to show, that is, that even a law of change, once established in our minds, tends to persevere, in the absence of any resisting force. But are these cases of unconscious thought, of latent intellectual effort? I think not. They show with how little conscious effort you can do that which it took you a great conscious effort to begin to do, but * *not that an under-mind* is working without your knowing it, while the upper-mind works at something else. If an under-mind were working at reading aloud, for instance, while the upper-mind were

dwelling on a totally different train of ideas, then it would follow that the drift of what you had been reading might be recovered by you in some future mental state. Now it is true, I think, that this sort of unconscious reading does sometimes impress the *sound* on your memory; the ear will retain what the ear hears, and sometimes a sentence comes afterwards back on you *verbally*, and then for the first time, if you take in the words, you apprehend what it means, and just as freshly as if you were then hearing it for the first time; but what one has read thus automatically is never apprehended by the mind, and consequently never recollected, unless it be indirectly by the lingering of the sounds in the memory, which sounds are not translated into their import till some future time. It seems to me that these automatic habits imply no more than this,—that what takes but little effort and attention may be done simultaneously with what takes much. But this is no case of "latent thought." It is a case of giving exceedingly little thought to a thing which now requires little, and a great deal to another thing which requires much; the power of recalling afterwards, being generally proportional to the amount of attention given. That you cannot do even these semi-automatic acts without some attention is shown by the fact that if in such automatic reading you get to a new and difficult word, you have to break your chain of thought to read it, or else you break down,—and that if in your walk in a crowded street you get to a barricade, you must recall your mind to circumvent it. These seem to me phenomena not of latent thought, but of a minimum of thought. Dr. Carpenter holds that the power some remarkable calculators have of adding up a long column of figures almost at a glance, shows that the brain operates without the consciousness, inasmuch as there is not time to receive a distinct conscious impression of every figure. But that view surely explains a great deal too much. If any one figure were changed, unquestionably the result would be differently given, if it were rightly given. Either, then, the mind takes account of every figure, though so rapidly as not to be able to recall it afterwards, or it does not take account of any, and the whole operation is unconscious,—which seems to me a much wilder supposition than the former. To say that a man *cerebrates* a sum more quickly than he could calculate it, seems

* "Not an *under-mind*, but an *under-party*," says Dr. Carpenter. — EDITOR C. R.

like saying that an intellectual habit which, by practice and faculty, has become astonishingly easy and sure, has ceased to be intellectual by reason of its economy of effort. But surely to require less effort and attention to a given achievement is not less, but more of a triumph of intellect, than to require more. What is called "cerebration" is, I think, only a mental operation marked by great economy of intellect and effort. But why is such an operation more a case of "cerebration" than the same operation slowly carried through all its stages? Where is the evidence that the less the amount of intellectual effort, the greater is the amount of brain activity? As far as I can see, the "cerebrational" assumption assumes that there can be no real economy of brain-effort at all, that as soon as we have less mental trouble over an operation, there must be some compensation for the saving, in the shape of great relegation of activity to brain-processes of which we are not conscious. I should have expected just the reverse, — that the greatest amount of "cerebration" goes with the greatest amount of conscious attention and effort, and the least "cerebration" with the least. Dr. Carpenter teaches us (see p. 475 of the work referred to) that semi-automatic habits are due to the mechanism of a different set of nerves from those which are called into play when we first painfully learn our lesson : —

Now, since [he says] in those cases in which man *acquires* powers that are *original* or *intuitive* in the lower animals, there is the strongest reason for believing that a mechanism forms itself in *him* which is equivalent to that congenitally possessed by *them*, we seem fully justified in the belief that in those more special forms of activity which are the result of prolonged "training," the Sensorimotor apparatus *grows-to* the mode in which it is habitually exercised, so as to become fit for the immediate execution of the mandate it receives (§ 194) : it being often found to act not only without intelligent direction, but without any consciousness of exertion, in immediate response to some particular kind of stimulus, — just as an Automaton that executes one motion when a certain spring is touched, will execute a very different one when set going in some other way.

But admit that animal movements follow each other without any consciousness when a certain spring in the nervous system has been once touched, and that those animal movements are as well adapted as a locomotive with steam on to

move a train, for the purpose which you had in view in starting them, — still this does not prove in the least that the results of thought can be obtained without thought, except in the sense in which it is always true of a mechanism properly prepared, — the said locomotive, for instance, — that after you have ceased to think, it will, when properly set in motion by human purpose, do what it had been adapted to do. But *have* we a logical or calculating machine, like Professor Jevons's and the late Mr. Babbage's, in our brains, which will, when properly manipulated, draw inferences, and calculate arithmetical problems, without intelligence? I see no sign of it at all. I have no means of drawing an inference without understanding the premisses ; I have no means of telling what the sine 30°, is without knowing what a sine means, and what 30° mean. That machines may be devised to *imitate* to some extent the methods of human thought, does not in the least prove that we possess such machines in our own brains, in addition to the original intelligence which suggested them. And I don't think we do. My only quarrel is with the notion that you can get all the results of calculation out of your brain without discriminating 2 from 5 ; that you can have all the fruits of recollection while your memory is a blank ; that you can infer without a conscious act of attention ; that you can judge without a trace of any weighing of the pros and cons. And this is the view which a small part of Dr. Carpenter's doctrine seems to me at least to countenance.

For instance (4). Dr. Carpenter gives as a tenable explanation of certain supposed facts adduced by spiritualists, that a person present at a séance, having some time ago known certain facts reported by the movements of the table, but having quite forgotten them, had yet involuntarily and unconsciously caused the table to move so as to assert them, they being at the moment, in this person's own belief, not only false, but completely imaginary : —

Another instance, supplied by Mr. Dibdin (*op. cit.*), affords yet more remarkable evidence to the same effect ; especially as being related by a firm believer in the "diabolical" origin of Table-talking : — A gentleman, who was at the time a believer in the "spiritual" agency of his table, assured Mr. Dibdin that he had raised a *good* spirit instead of *evil* ones — that, namely, of Edward Young, the poet. The "spirit" having been desired to prove his

identity by citing a line of his poetry, the table spelled out, "Man was not made to question, but adore." "Is that in your 'Night Thoughts?'" was then asked. "No." "Where is it, then?" The reply was "Job." Not being familiar with Young's poems, the questioner did not know what this meant; but the next day he bought a copy of them; and at the end of the "Night Thoughts" he found a paraphrase of the Book of Job, the last line of which is "Man was not made to question, but adore." Of course he was very much astonished; but not long afterwards he came to Mr. Dibdin, and assured him that he had satisfied himself that the whole thing was a delusion — numerous answers he had obtained being obviously the results of an influence unconsciously exerted on the table by those who had their hands upon it; and when asked by Mr. Dibdin how he accounted for the dictation of the line by the spirit of Young, he very honestly confessed, "Well, the fact is, I must tell you, that I had the book in my house all the time, although I bought another copy; and I found that I had read it before. My opinion is that it was a *latent idea*, and that the table brought it out."

Now, Dr. Carpenter does not vouch for this fact, and of course it is not the fact itself which I am either accepting or questioning, but only the validity of the explanation suggested, if the fact itself be assumed. That explanation seems to me even less credible than the so-called spiritualist explanation. It is, at least, *possible* that invisible intelligences may correct our blunders of memory. But to ask us to believe that one and the same person can have, at one and the same moment, nervous arrangements for recalling accurately by the mediation of his muscles, *yet without any act of memory*, how a thing really happened, while he is making, by an act of recollection, an erroneous statement on the same subject through his consciousness and his voice, is, I think, to ask us to believe a much more improbable explanation in order to avoid a less improbable one. And this is why I think the former improbability the less. If the fact were as related, we should clearly have evidence that the table's movements were due to some agency which understood the structure of language and its meaning. Now, if that agency were that of the person who, after having once read Young's "Job," had forgotten completely both the existence of the book and the line in question, it would follow that at the same moment of time, within the limits of the same organization, there existed two distinct agencies, both able to use language as a means of conveying rational meaning,

one of them, however, — the one apparently in command of the speech and the brain, — without any memory of Dr. Young's "Job," and of the particular line quoted from it, and the other of them, — which must have had a certain control over the spinal cord and the system of reflex action, — retaining that memory perfectly. Now, while we have ample experience of *successive* phenomena of this kind within the limits of the same individual's experience, surely not only have we no experience whatever of simultaneous phenomena of the kind, but if we had, our ideas of moral responsibility would be extraordinarily confused. Which of these two intellectual agencies is to be identified with the person of the individual who was the source of both? The one which remembered correctly and telegraphed the accurate memory through the table, or the one with a defective memory which asserted its accurate memory by the voice? If my spinal cord holds one view, and my cerebrum another, as to the events of my past life, the one might turn Queen's evidence against the other; but how one of them could be hanged, while the other received a free pardon, would be an embarrassing problem. Speaking seriously, it seems to me that this doctrine of a "latent" memory capable of articulate telegraphy, in direct contradiction to the conscious memory, — which denies simultaneously all knowledge of the matter so telegraphed, — passes infinitely beyond any hypothesis warranted by the class of facts I have hitherto dealt with, and could hardly be true without our constantly coming across ample evidence of its truth. That men forget a thing one moment and remember it the next, is certain; but while they forget, they forget, and have, as far as we know, no oracle to consult in that part of their system to which the reflex actions are due, by the help of which the forgotten facts can be recalled. If some part of my body cannot only recover its hold of a story I have forgotten, but *put it into human speech*, while I continue quite sincerely to disown it, it seems to me perfectly clear that there are two intellectual agents under cover of my organization, and not one. But that is far more surprising than the spiritualist hypothesis itself. It is conceivable at least, that an invisible intelligence might use my hands to transmit ideas of which I am not the originator, just as any one strong enough to do so may guide my hand when I am blindfolded, so as to write a

letter, of the contents of which I am ignorant. But it is hardly conceivable that I myself can do so, without sharing the knowledge communicated by the means in question. If that could be, then "latent thought" must mean thought which can be communicated and made intelligible to others without any one to think it; for I don't think it, I deny thinking it; and the automatic apparatus which communicates it does not *think* it, for, by the hypothesis, it is not attended by consciousness at all, and on appeal being made to consciousness, it is promptly disowned. Now, what is there in the facts which are universally admitted as to the latent physical conditions of perception and memory, and as to the half automatic character of habitual actions, to justify so astounding a challenge to all experience as this? Observe that what seems so incredible in this theory is the use of language implying *conscious* thought without any consciousness behind it. I should not deny of course that a *physical* habit, say a nervous twitch in the fingers, might testify even *against* a man's own conscious memory, to the truth of a story in which was to be found the explanation of the origin of that twitch, a story, that is, which the man himself had quite forgotten. Just so a scar is often a physical record of a blow of which the conscious memory holds no trace. But if letters were selected, one by one, to spell out the word "Job," and the line quoted from it, "Man was not made to question, but adore," there would be far *more* evidence of consciousness somewhere than there would be, even if the line had been merely spoken. It is possible enough that in the case, for instance, of any one who repeats a given cry thousands of times in the same day, like a newspaper boy or an old clothesman in the London streets, the muscles of speech may take so fixed a habit as to pronounce significant words without any corresponding thought to put them in motion. But suppose the mode of communication to be suddenly changed to a *new* one, like the individual selection of the letters, one by one, which go to make up the words,—and surely the hypothesis which denies consciousness to the agency selecting these letters, becomes utterly untenable. It is quite conceivable, of course, that in some abnormal sleep, under the influence of a different set of physical or mental suggestions, I might recall and correctly repeat a line I had completely forgotten,

and refer it to its right author, while in my waking state I fail to recall it. But if I am at the very same moment to be *both* in an abnormal trance *and* awake, with a distinct mechanism for communicating my dreams and my recollections, with an inconsistent set of statements to communicate, and with only one consciousness,—which lends its imprimatur to the wrong set of the two, even while I am carefully comparing them,—then I conceive that no beam of light doubly refracted by Iceland spar could be in a worse condition for tracing its historical identity than I.

(5.) I do not even attempt in this paper to explain the curious facts on which the doctrine of "unconscious cerebration" is chiefly rested,—for a very good reason, because I can't. But a good many of them surely indicate a very different explanation,—namely, discontinuous states of active thought, in which both brain and consciousness must have in every sense fully co-operated, but the link between which has for some reason, connected more with physical than mental causes, been temporarily lost. Dr. Carpenter has collected in his very valuable book many most curious illustrations of the way in which a great shock to the nervous system will utterly annihilate memory for a time, so that the sufferer has to begin to learn even the rudiments of knowledge anew, and often makes great progress, when another physical change in his or her brain suddenly restores all the former knowledge, but obliterates completely the memory of the painfully reacquired knowledge of the intermediate period. No one even suggests that the intellectual processes of the intermediate period were not consciously performed, though they are separated by a film of complete oblivion from the normal consciousness. Again, Dr. Carpenter gives us some very curious illustrations of the successful solution during sleep of problems unsuccessfully attempted during waking. Take this, for example, among many of the same kind:—

The first case is given by Dr. Abercrombie, on the authority of the family of a distinguished Scottish lawyer of the last age:—"This eminent person had been consulted respecting a case of great importance and much difficulty; and he had been studying it with intense anxiety and attention. After several days had been occupied in this manner, he was observed by his wife to rise from his bed in the night, and go to a writing-desk

which stood in the bed-room. He then sat down, and wrote a long paper which he carefully put by in his desk, and returned to bed. The following morning he told his wife that he had had a most interesting dream; that he had dreamt of delivering a clear and luminous opinion respecting a case which had exceedingly perplexed him; and that he would give anything to recover the train of thought which had passed before him in his dream. She then directed him to the writing-desk, where he found the opinion clearly and fully written out; and this was afterwards found to be perfectly correct." (*Intellectual Powers*, 5th Edit., p. 306.)

It cannot reasonably be asserted that thoughts which were so completely in possession of this person's mind, as to have partially survived sleep, were not real and vivid exercises of the thinking power. Clearly here is a case of genuine and concentrated thought almost completely forgotten, in consequence of the cessation of the physical state in which the train of ideas was elaborated. In various other instances given by Dr. Carpenter the oblivion is more complete, but there is not less evidence of real *thought* (as distinguished from the mere train of suggestions which can alone be plausibly referred to "cerebration"). If now in these cases it is quite certain that, be the cerebral process what you please, there was as real and as conscious thought as any thinking man can ever boast of, and yet that very often the forgetfulness was nearly or quite complete, is it not fair to conclude that in a great many of the cases on which Dr. Carpenter appears to insist so much, — those in which, after a long apparent mental rest, we return to a subject to find it taking quite new and very much clearer shape in our minds, — the progress is probably due not to "unconscious cerebration," but to forgotten intervals of conscious intellectual work? For my own part, I am persuaded that this very often *is* the case. The side-glances one gives to a subject which is not exactly *before* the mind, but which is resting in it in comparative abeyance, are, I am sure, though seldom remembered, extremely fruitful. It is these which tell you where you have been pressing a favourite crotchet too hard, which set the balance of the judgment right, and which open up new and important tracks of consideration that had been well-nigh neglected under the pressure of too much eagerness. When one remembers that such side-glances may, for many men, take place in sleep no less than in waking hours, and would, without being

individually recalled, alter completely the aspect in which a subject presents itself, I confess I see in facts of this kind no excuse for the startling hypothesis that you ever attain to a distinct conclusion without any conscious consideration of the conditions, that you ever "cerebrate" a sum without mathematical process, or that you ever attest articulately a fact which at that very moment you have quite forgotten.

R. H. HUTTON.

From The Cornhill Magazine. .
A ROSE IN JUNE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THERE is no such picturesque incident in life as the sudden changes of fortune which make a complete revolution in the fate of families or individuals without either action or merit of their own. That which we are most familiar with is the change from comfort to poverty, which so often takes place, as it had done with the Damerels, when the head of a house, either incautious or unfortunate, goes out of this world leaving not only sorrow, but misery, behind him, and the bereavement is intensified by social downfall and all the trials that accompany loss of means. But for the prospect of Mr. Incledon's backing up, this would have implied a total change in the prospects and condition of the entire household, for all hope of higher education must have been given up for the boys; they must have dropped into any poor occupation which happened to be within their reach, with gratitude that they were able to maintain themselves; and as for the girls, what could they do, poor children, unless by some lucky chance of marriage? This poor hope would have given them one remaining chance not possible to their brothers; but, except that, what had they all to look forward to? This was Mrs. Damerel's excuse for urging Rose's unwilling consent to Mr. Incledon's proposal. But lo! all this was changed as by a magician's wand. The clouds rolled off the sky, the sunshine came out again, the family recovered its prospects, its hopes, its position, its freedom, and all this in a moment. Mrs. Damerel's old uncle Edward had been an original who had quarrelled with all his family. She had not seen him since she was a child, and none of her children had seen him at all — and she never knew exactly what it was that made him select

her for his heir. Probably it was pity; probably admiration for the brave stand she was making against poverty—perhaps only caprice, or because she had never asked anything from him; but, whatever the cause was, there was the happy result. In the evening anxiety, care, discouragement, bitter humiliation, and pain; in the morning sudden ease, comfort, happiness—for, in the absence of anything better, it is a great happiness to have money enough for all your needs, and to be able to give your children what they want, and pay your bills and owe no man anything. In the thought of being rich enough to do all this Mrs. Damerel's heart leapt up in her breast, like the heart of a child. Next moment she remembered, and with a pang of sudden anguish asked herself, oh, why—why had not this come sooner, when *he*, who would have enjoyed it so much, might have had the enjoyment? This feeling sprang up by instinct in her mind, notwithstanding her bitter consciousness of all she had suffered from her husband's carelessness and self-regard—for love is the strangest of all sentiments, and can indulge and condemn in a breath, without any sense of inconsistency. This was the pervading thought in Mrs. Damerel's mind as the news spread through the awakened house, making even the children giddy with hopes of they knew not what. How *he* would have enjoyed it all—the added luxury, the added consequence!—far more than she would enjoy it, notwithstanding that it came to her like life to the dying. She had taken no notice of Rose's exclamation, nor of the flush of joy which the girl betrayed. I am not sure, indeed, that she observed them, being absorbed in her own feelings, which come first even in the most generous minds, at such a crisis and revolution of fate.

As for Rose, it was the very giddiness of delight that she felt, unreasoning and even unfeeling. Her sacrifice had become unnecessary—she was free! So she thought, poor child, with a total indifference to honour and her word, which I do not attempt to excuse. She never once thought of her word, or of the engagement she had come under, or of the man who had been so kind to her, and loved her so faithfully. The children had holiday on that blessed morning, and Rose ran out with them into the garden, and ran wild with pure excess of joy. This was the first day that Mr. Nolan had visited them since he went to his

new duties, and as the Curate came into the garden, somewhat tired after a long walk, and expecting to find his friends something as he had left them—if not mourning, yet subdued as true mourners continue after the sharpness of their grief is ended—he was struck with absolute dismay to meet Rose, flushed and joyous, with one of the children mounted on her shoulders, and pursued by the rest, in the highest of high romps, the spring air resounding with their shouts. Rose blushed a little when she saw him. She put down her little brother from her shoulder, and came forward beaming with happiness and kindness.

"Oh, how glad I am that you have come to-day," she said, and explained forthwith all the circumstances with the frank, diffuse explanatoriness of youth. "Now we are rich again; and oh, Mr. Nolan, I am so happy!" she cried, her soft eyes glowing with an excess of light which dazzled the Curate.

People who have never been rich themselves, and never have any chance of being rich, find it difficult sometimes to understand how others are affected in these unwonted circumstances. He was confounded by her frank rapture, the joy which seemed to him so much more than was necessary.

"I'm glad to see you so happy," he said, bewildered; "no doubt money's a blessing, and ye've felt the pinch, my poor child, or ye wouldn't be so full of your joy."

"Oh, Mr. Nolan, how I have felt it!" she said, her eyes filling with tears. A cloud fell over her face for the space of a moment, and then she laughed, and cried out joyously, "But thank heaven that is all over now."

Mrs. Damerel was writing in the drawing-room, writing to her boys to tell them the wonderful news. Rose led the visitor in, pushing open the window which opened on the garden. "I have told him all about it, and how happy we are," she said, going up to her mother with all the confidence of happiness, and giving her, with unwonted demonstration, a kiss upon her forehead, before she danced out again to the sunny garden. Mrs. Damerel was a great deal more sober in her exultation, which relieved the Curate. She told him how it had all come about, and what a deliverance it was; then cried a little, having full confidence in his sympathy, over that unremovable regret that it had not come sooner. "How happy it would have made him—and relieved all his anxi-

ety about us," she said. Mr. Nolan made some inarticulate sound, which she took for assent; or, at least, which it pleased her to mistake for assent. In her present mood it was sweet to think that her husband had been anxious, and the Curate knew human nature too well to contradict her. And then she gave him a little history of the past three months during which he had been absent, and of Rose's engagement, and all Mr. Incledon's good qualities. "He would have done anything for us," said Mrs. Damerel; "but oh, how glad I am we shall not want anything — only Rose's happiness, which in his hands is secure."

"Mr. Incledon?" said the Curate, with a little wonder in his voice. "Ah, and so that is it. I thought it couldn't be nothing but money that made the child so pleased."

"You thought she looked very happy?" said the mother, with a sudden fright.

"Happy! she looked like her name — nothing is so happy as that but the innocent creatures of God; and sure I did her injustice thinking 'twas the money," the Curate said, with mingled compunction and wonder; for the story altogether sounded very strange to him, and he could not but marvel at the thought that Mr. Incledon's love, once so evidently indifferent to her, should light such lamps of joy now in Rose's eyes.

Mrs. Damerel changed the subject abruptly. A mist of something like care came over her face. "I have had a great deal of trouble and much to think about since I saw you," she said; "but I must not enter upon that now that it is over. Tell me about yourself."

He shrugged his shoulders as he told her how little there was to tell. A new parish, with other poor folk much like those he had left, and other rich folk not far dissimilar — the one knowing as little about the other as the two classes generally do. "That is about all my life is ever likely to be," he said, with a half smile, "between the two, with no great hold on either. I miss Agatha, and Dick, and little Patty — and you to come and talk to most of all," he said, looking at her with an affectionate wistfulness that went to her heart. Not that Mr. Nolan was "in love" with Mrs. Damerel, as vulgar persons would say, laughing; but the loss of her house and society was a great loss to the middle-aged Curate, never likely to have a house of his own.

"We must make it up as much as we can by talking all day long now you are

here," she said, with kind smiles; but the Curate, though he was fond of her, was quick to see that she avoided the subject of Mr. Incledon, and was ready to talk of anything rather than that; though, indeed, the first love and first proposed marriage in a family has generally an interest exceeding everything else to the young heroine's immediate friends.

They had the merriest dinner at two o'clock, according to the habit of their humility, with roast mutton, which was the only joint Mary Jane could not spoil; simple fare, which contented the Curate as well as a French *chef* could have done. He told them funny stories of his new people, at which the children shouted with laughter, and described the musical parties at the vicarage, and the solemn little dinners, and all the dreary entertainments of a small town. The White House had not heard so much innocent laughter, so many pleasant foolish jokes, for years — and I don't think that Rose had ever so distinguished herself in the domestic circle. She had been generally considered too old for fun among the children — too dignified, more on mamma's side — giving herself up to poetry and other such solemn occupations; but to-day the suppressed fountain burst forth. Even Mrs. Damerel did not escape the infection of that laughter which rang like silver bells. The deep mourning they all wore, the poor little rusty black frocks trimmed still with crape, perhaps reproached the laughter now and then; but fathers and mothers cannot expect to be mourned for a whole year, and, indeed, the Rector to these little ones at least had not been much more than a name.

"Rose," said Mrs. Damerel, when the meal was over, and they had returned into the drawing-room, "I think we had better arrange to go up to town one of these days to see about your things. I have been putting off, and putting off, on account of our poverty; but it is full time to think of your trousseau now."

Rose stood still as if she had been suddenly struck by some mortal blow. She looked at her mother with eyes opening wide, lips falling apart, and a sudden deadly paleness coming over her face. From the fresh sweetness of that rose tint which had come back to her she became all at once ashy-grey, like an old woman. "My — what, mamma?" she faltered, putting her hands upon the table to support herself. "I — did not hear — what you said."

"You'll find me in the garden, ladies, when you want me," said the Curate, with a man's usual cowardice, "bolting," as he himself expressed it, through the open window.

Mrs. Damerel looked up from where she had seated herself at the table, and looked her daughter in the face.

"Your trousseau," she said, calmly, "what else should it be?"

Rose gave a great and sudden cry. "That's all over, mamma, all over, isn't it?" she said eagerly; then hastening round to her mother's side, fell on her knees by her chair, and caught her hand and arm, which she embraced and held close to her breast. "Mamma! speak to me — it's all over — all over! You said the sacrifices we made would be required no longer. It is not needed any more, and it's all over. Oh, say so, with your own lips, mamma!"

"Rose, are you mad?" said her mother, drawing away her hand; "rise up, and do not let me think my child is a fool. Over! is honour over, and the word you have pledged, and the engagement you have made?"

"Honour!" said Rose, with white lips; "but it was for you I did it, and you do not require it any more."

"Rose," cried Mrs. Damerel, "you will drive me distracted. I have often heard that women have no sense of honour, but I did not expect to see it proved in your person. Can you go and tell the man who loves you that you will not marry him because we are no longer beggars? He would have helped us when we were penniless — is that a reason for casting him off now?"

Rose let her mother's hand go, but she remained on her knees by the side of the chair, as if unable to move, looking up in Mrs. Damerel's face with eyes twice their usual size.

"Then am I to be none the better — none the better?" she cried piteously, "are they all to be saved, all rescued, except me?"

"Get up, Rose," said Mrs. Damerel impatiently, "and do not let me hear any more of this folly. Saved! from an excellent man who loves you a great deal better than you deserve — from a lot that a queen might envy — everything that is beautiful, and pleasant, and good! You are the most ungrateful girl alive, or you would not venture to speak so to me."

Rose did not make any answer. She did not rise, but kept still by her mother's side, as if paralyzed. After a mo-

ment Mrs. Damerel, in angry impatience, turned from her and resumed her writing, and there the girl continued to kneel, making no movement, heart-stricken, turned into marble. At length, after an interval, she pulled timidly at her mother's dress, looking at her with eyes so full of entreaty, that they forced Mrs. Damerel, against her will, to turn round and meet that pathetic gaze.

"Mamma," she said, under her breath, her voice having failed her, "just one word — is there no hope for me, can you do nothing for me? Oh, have a little pity! You could do something if you would but try."

"Are you mad, child?" cried the mother again — "do something for you? what can I do? You promised to marry him of your own will; you were not forced to do it. You told me you liked him not so long ago. How does this change the matter, except to make you more fit to be his wife? Are you mad?"

"Perhaps," said Rose softly; "if being very miserable is being mad, then I am mad, as you say."

"But you were not very miserable yesterday; you were cheerful enough."

"Oh, mamma, then there was no hope," cried Rose, "I had to do it — there was no help; but now hope has come — and must every one share it, every one get deliverance, but me?"

"Rose," said Mrs. Damerel, "when you are Mr. Incledon's wife every one of these wild words will rise up in your mind and shame you. Why should you make yourself unhappy by constant discussions? you will be sorry enough after for all you have allowed yourself to say. You have promised Mr. Incledon to marry him, and you must marry him. If I had six times Uncle Edward's money, it would still be a great match for you."

"Oh, what do I care for a great match!"

"But I do," said Mrs. Damerel, "and whether you care or not has nothing to do with it. You have pledged your word and your honour, and you cannot withdraw from them. Rose, your marriage is fixed for the end of July. We must have no more of this."

"Three months," she said, with a little convulsive shudder. She was thinking that perhaps even yet something might happen to save her in so long a time as three months.

"Not quite three months," said Mrs. Damerel, whose thoughts were running

on the many things that had to be done in the interval. "Rose, shake off this foolish repining, which is unworthy of you, and go out to good Mr. Nolan, who must be dull with only the children. Talk to him and amuse him till I am ready. I am going to take him up to Whitton to show him the house."

Rose went out without a word; she went and sat down in the little shady summer-house where Mr. Nolan had taken refuge from the sun and from the mirth of the children. He had already seen there was something wrong, and was prepared with his sympathy; whoever was the offender Mr. Nolan was sorry for that one; it was a way he had; his sympathies did not go so much with the immaculate and always virtuous; but he was sorry for whosoever had erred or strayed, and was repenting of the same. Poor Rose—he began to feel himself Rose's champion, because he felt sure that it was Rose, young, thoughtless, and inconsiderate, who must be in the wrong. Rose sat down by his side with a heart-broken look in her face, but did not say anything. She began to beat with her fingers on the table as if she were beating time to a march. She was still such a child to him, so young, so much like what he remembered her in pinafores that his heart ached for her. "You are in some little bit of trouble?" he said at last.

"Oh, not a little bit," cried Rose, "a great, very great trouble!" She was so full of it that she could not talk of anything else. And the feeling in her mind was that she must speak or die. She began to tell her story in the woody arbour with the gay noise of the children close at hand, but hearing a cry among them that Mr. Inledon was coming, started up and tied on her hat, and seizing Mr. Nolan's arm, dragged him out by the garden door. "I cannot see him to-day!" she cried, and led the Curate away, dragging him after her to a quiet byway over the fields in which she thought they would be safe. Rose had no doubt whatever of the full sympathy of this old friend. She was not afraid even of his disapproval. It seemed certain to her that he must pity at least if not help. And to Rose, in her youthful confidence in others, there was nothing in this world which was unalterable of its nature; no trouble, except death, which could not be got rid of by the intervention of friends.

It chilled her a little, however, as she went on, to see the Curate's face grow

longer and longer, graver and graver. "You should not have done it," he said, shaking his head, when Rose told him how she had been brought to give her consent.

"I know I ought not to have done it, but it was not my doing. How could I help myself? And now, oh now, dear Mr. Nolan, tell me what to do! Will *you* speak to mamma? Though she will not listen to me she might hear you."

"But I don't see what your mamma has to do with it," said the Curate. "It is not to her you are engaged—nor is it she who has given her word; you must keep your word, we are all bound to do that."

"But a great many people don't do it," said Rose, driven to the worst of arguments in sheer despair of her cause.

"*You* must," said Mr. Nolan. "The people who don't are not people to be followed. You have bound yourself and you must stand by it. He is a good man and you must make the best of it. To a great many it would not seem hard at all. You have accepted him, and you must stand by him. I do not see what else can be done now."

"Oh, Mr. Nolan, you speak as if I were married, and there was no hope."

"It is very much the same thing," said the Curate; "you have given your word. Rose, you would not like to be a jilt; you must either keep your word or be called a jilt—and called truly. It is not a pleasant character to have."

"But it would not be true!"

"I think it would be true. Mr. Inledon, poor man, would have good reason to think so. Let us look at it seriously, Rose. What is there so very bad in it that you should do a good man such an injury? He is not old. He is very agreeable and very rich. He would make you a great lady, Rose."

"Mr. Nolan, do you think I care for that?"

"A great many people care for it, and so do all who belong to you. Your poor father wished it. It had gone out of my mind, but I can recollect very well now; and your mother wishes it—and for you it would be a great thing, you don't know how great. Rose, you must try to put all this reluctance out of your mind, and think only of how many advantages it has."

"I care nothing for the advantages," said Rose, "the only one thing was for the sake of the others. He promised to be good to the boys and to help mamma;

and now we don't need his help any more."

"A good reason, an admirable reason," cried the Curate with unwonted sarcasm, "for casting him off now. Few people state it so frankly, but it is the way of the world."

Rose gave him a look so full of wondering that the good man's heart was touched. "Come," he said, "you had made up your mind to it yesterday. It cannot be so very bad after all. At your age nothing can be very bad, for you can always adapt yourself to what is new. So long as there's nobody else in the way that's more to your mind," he said, turning upon her with a penetrating glance.

Rose said nothing in reply. She put up her hands to her face, covering it, and choking the cry which came to her lips. How could she to a man, to one so far separated from love and youth as was Mr. Nolan, make this last confession of all?

The Curate went away that night with a painful impression on his mind. He did not go to Whitton, as Mrs. Damerel had promised, to see Rose's future home, but he saw the master of it, who, disappointed by the headache with which Rose had retreated to her room, on her return from her walk with the Curate, did not show in his best aspect. None of the party indeed did; perhaps the excitement and commotion of the news had produced a bad result—for nothing could be flatter or more deadly-lively than the evening which followed. Even the children were cross and peevish and had to be sent to bed in disgrace; and Rose had hidden herself in her room, and lines of care and irritation were on Mrs. Damerel's forehead. The great good fortune which had befallen them did not, for the moment at least, bring happiness in its train.

CHAPTER XIV.

ROSE did not go downstairs that night. She had a headache, which is the prescriptive right of a woman in trouble. She took the cup of tea which Agatha brought her, at the door of her room, and begged that mamma would not trouble to come to see her, as she was going to bed. She was afraid of another discussion, and shrank even from seeing any one. She had passed through a great many different moods of mind in respect to Mr. Incledon, but this one was different from all the rest. All the softening of feeling

of which she had been conscious died out of her mind; his very name became intolerable to her. That which she had proposed to do, as the last sacrifice a girl could make for her family, an absolute renunciation of self and voluntary martyrdom for them, changed its character altogether when they no longer required it. Why should she do what was worse than death, when the object for which she was willing to die was no longer before her; when there was, indeed, no need for doing it at all? Would Iphigenia have died for her word's sake, had there been no need for her sacrifice? and why should Rose do more than she? In this there was, the reader will perceive, a certain change of sentiment; for though Rose had made up her mind sadly and reluctantly to marry Mr. Incledon, yet she had not thought the alternative worse than death. She had felt while she did it the ennobling sense of having given up her own will to make others happy, and had even recognized the far-off and faint possibility that the happiness which she thus gave to others might, some time or other, rebound upon herself. But the moment her great inducement was removed, a flood of different sentiment came in. She began to hate Mr. Incledon, to feel that he had taken advantage of her circumstances, that her mother had taken advantage of her, that every one had used her as a tool to promote their own purpose, with no more consideration for her than had she been altogether without feeling. This thought went through her mind like a hot breath from a furnace, searing and scorching everything. And now that their purpose was served without her, she must still make this sacrifice—for honour! For honour! Perhaps it is true that women hold this motive more lightly than men, though indeed the honour that is involved in a promise of marriage does not seem to influence either sex very deeply in ordinary cases. I am afraid poor Rose did not feel its weight at all. She might be forced to keep her word, but her whole soul revolted against it. She had ceased to be sad and resigned. She was rebellious and indignant, and a hundred wild schemes and notions began to flit through her mind. To jump in such a crisis as this from the tender resignation of a martyr for love into the bitter and painful resistance of a domestic rebel who feels that no one loves her, is easy to the young mind in the unreality which more or less envelopes every-

thing to youth. From the one to the other was but a step. Yesterday she had been the centre of all the family plans, the foundation of comfort, the chief object of their thoughts. Now she was in reality only Rose the eldest daughter, who was about to make a brilliant marriage, and therefore was much in the foreground, but no more loved or noticed than any one else. In reality this change had actually come, but she imagined a still greater change; and fancy showed her to herself as the rebellious daughter, the one who had never fully done her duty, never been quite in sympathy with her mother, and whom all would be glad to get rid of, in marriage or any other way, as interfering with the harmony of the house. Such of us as have been young may remember how easy these revolutions of feeling were, and with what quick facility we could identify ourselves as almost adored or almost hated, as the foremost object of everybody's regard or an intruder in everybody's way. Rose passed a very miserable night, and the next day was, I think, more miserable still. Mrs. Damerel did not say a word to her on the subject which filled her thoughts, but told her that she had decided to go to London in the beginning of the next week, to look after the "things" which were necessary. As they were in mourning already, there was no more trouble of that description necessary on Uncle Edward's account, but only new congratulations to receive, which poured in on every side.

"I need not go through the form of condoling, for I know you did not have much intercourse with him, poor old gentleman," one lady laid; and another caught Rose by both hands and exclaimed on the good luck of the family in general.

"Blessings, like troubles, never come alone," she said. "To think you should have a fortune tumbling down upon you on one side, and on the other this chit of a girl carrying off the best match in the county!"

"I hope we are sufficiently grateful for all the good things Providence sends us," said Mrs. Damerel, fixing her eyes severely upon Rose.

Oh, if she had but had the courage to take up the glove thus thrown down to her! But she was not yet screwed up to that desperate pitch.

Mr. Incledon came later, and in his joy at seeing her was more lover-like than he had yet permitted himself to be.

"Why I have not seen you since this good news came!" he cried, fondly kissing her in his delight and heartiness of congratulation, a thing he had never done before. Rose broke from him and rushed out of the room, white with fright and resentment.

"Oh, how dared he! how dared he!" she cried, rubbing the spot upon her cheek which his lips had touched with wild exaggeration of dismay.

And how angry Mrs. Damerel was! She went upstairs after the girl, and spoke to her as Rose had never yet been spoken to in all her soft life — upbraiding her with her heartlessness, her disregard of other people's feelings, her indifference to her own honour and plighted word. Once more Rose remained upstairs, refusing to come down, and the house was aghast at the first quarrel which had ever disturbed its decorum.

Mr. Incledon went away bewildered and unhappy, not knowing whether to believe this was a mere ebullition of temper, such as Rose had never shown before, which would have been a venial offence, rather amusing than otherwise to his indulgent fondness; or whether it meant something more, some surging upwards of the old reluctance to accept him, which he had believed himself to have overcome. This doubt chilled him to the heart, and gave him much to think of as he took his somewhat dreary walk home — for failure, after there has been an appearance of success, is more discouraging still than when there has been no opening at all in the clouded skies. And Agatha knocked at Rose's locked door, and bade her good-night through the keyhole with a mixture of horror and respect — horror for the wickedness, yet veneration for the courage which could venture thus to beard all constituted authorities. Mrs. Damerel herself said no good-night to the rebel. She passed Rose's door steadily without allowing herself to be led away by the impulse which tugged at her heart to go in and give the kiss of grace, notwithstanding the impenitent condition of the offender. Had the mother done this, I think all that followed might have been averted, and that Mrs. Damerel would have been able eventually to carry out her programme and arrange the girl's life as she wished. But she thought it right to show her displeasure, though her heart almost failed her.

Rose had shut herself up in wild misery and passion. She had declared to

herself that she wanted to see no one ; that she would not open her door, nor subject herself over again to such reproaches as had been poured upon her. But yet when she heard her mother pass without even a word, all the springs of the girl's being seemed to stand still. She could not believe it. Never before in all her life had such a terrible occurrence taken place. Last night, when she had gone to bed to escape remark, Mrs. Damerel had come in ere she went to her own room and asked after the pretended headache, and kissed her, and bade her keep quite still and be better to-morrow. Rose got up from where she was sitting, expecting her mother's appeal and intending to resist, and went to the door and put her ear against it and listened. All was quiet. Mrs. Damerel had gone steadily along the corridor, had entered the rooms of the other children, and now shut her own door—sure signal that the day was over. When this inexorable sound met her ears, Rose crept back again to her seat and wept bitterly, with an aching and vacancy in her heart which it is beyond words to tell. It seemed to her that she was abandoned, cut off from the family love, thrown aside like a waif and stray, and that things would never be again as they had been. This terrible conclusion always comes in to aggravate the miseries of girls and boys. Things could never mend, never again be as they had been. She cried till she exhausted herself, till her head ached in dire reality, and she was sick and faint with misery and the sense of desolation ; and then wild schemes and fancies came into her mind. She could not bear it—scarcely for those dark helpless hours of the night could she bear it—but must be still till daylight ; then, poor forlorn child, cast off by every one, abandoned even by her mother, with no hope before her but this marriage, which she hated, and no prospect but wretchedness—then she made up her mind she would go away. She took out her little purse and found a few shillings in it, sufficient to carry her to the refuge which she had suddenly thought of. I think she would have liked to fly out of sight and ken and hide herself forever, or at least until all who had been unkind to her had broken their hearts about her, as she had read in novels of unhappy heroines doing. But she was too timid to take such a daring step, and she had no money, except the ten shillings in her poor little pretty purse, which was not

meant to hold much. When she had made up her mind, as she thought, or to speak more truly, when she had been quite taken possession of by this wild purpose, she put a few necessities into a bag to be ready for her flight, taking her little prayer-book last of all, which she kissed and cried over with a heart wrung with many pangs. Her father had given it her on the day she was nineteen—not a year since. Ah, why was not she with him, who always understood her, or why was not he here ? He would never have driven her to such a step as this. He was kind, whatever any one might say of him. If he neglected some things, he was never hard upon any one—at least never hard upon Rose—and he would have understood her now. With an anguish of sudden sorrow, mingled with all the previous misery in her heart, she kissed the little book and put it into her bag. Poor child ! it was well for her that her imagination had that sad asylum at least to take refuge in, and that the Rector had not lived long enough to show how hard in worldliness a soft and self-indulgent man can be.

Rose did not go to bed. She had a short, uneasy sleep, against her will, in her chair—dropping into constrained and feverish slumber for an hour or so in the dead of the night. When she woke the dawn was blue in the window, making the branches of the honeysuckle visible through the narrow panes. There was no sound in heaven or earth except the birds chirping, but the world seemed full of that ; for all the domestic chat has to be got over in all the nests before men awake and drown the delicious babble in harsher commotions of their own. Rose got up and bathed her pale face and red eyes, and put on her hat. She was cold, and glad to draw a shawl round her and get some consolation and strength from its warmth ; and then she took her bag in her hand, and opening her door, noiselessly stole out. There was a very early train which passed the Dingle station, two miles from Dinglefield, at about five o'clock, on its way to London ; and Rose hoped, by being in time for that, to escape all pursuit. How strange it was going out like a thief into the house, all still and shut up, with its windows closely barred, the shutters up, and a still, unnatural half-light gleaming in through the crevices ! As she stole downstairs her very breathing, the sound of her own steps, frightened Rose ; and when she looked in at the open door of the draw-

ing-room and saw all the traces of last night's peaceful occupations, a strange feeling that all the rest were dead and she a fugitive stealing guiltily away, came on her so strongly that she could scarcely convince herself it was not true. It was like the half-light that had been in all the rooms when her father lay dead in the house, and made her shiver. Feeling more and more like a thief, she opened the fastenings of the hall door, which were rusty and gave her some trouble. It was difficult to open them, still more difficult to close it softly without alarming the house; and this occupied her mind, so that she made the last step almost without thinking what she was doing. When she had succeeded in shutting the door, then it suddenly flashed upon her, rushed upon her like a flood — the consciousness of what she had done. She had left home, and all help and love and protection; and — heaven help her — here she was out of doors in the open-eyed day, which looked at her with a severe, pale calm — desolate and alone! She held by the pillars of the porch to support her for one dizzy, bewildered moment; but now was not the time to break down or let her terrors, her feelings, overcome her. She had taken the decisive step and must go on now.

Mrs. Damerel, disturbed perhaps by the sound of the closing door, though she did not make out what it was, got up and looked out from the window in the early morning, and, at the end of the road which led to the Green, saw a solitary figure walking, which reminded her of Rose. She had half-forgotten Rose's perverseness, in her sleep, and I think the first thing that came into her mind had been rather the great deliverance sent to her in the shape of Uncle Edward's fortune, than the naughtiness — though it was almost too serious to be called naughtiness — of her child. And though it struck her for the moment with some surprise to see the slim young figure on the road so early, and a passing notion crossed her mind that something in the walk and outline was like Rose, yet it never occurred to her to connect that unusual appearance with her daughter. She lay down again when she had opened the window with a little half-wish, half-prayer, that Rose might "come to her senses" speedily. It was too early to get up, and though Mrs. Damerel could not sleep, she had plenty to think about, and this morning leisure was the best time for it. Rose prevailed largely among

her subjects of thought, but did not fill her whole mind. She had so many other children, and so much to consider about them all!

From The Contemporary Review.

THE PLACE OF HOMER IN HISTORY AND IN EGYPTIAN CHRONOLOGY.

III.—THE THEBAN LINK.

EVEN without reference to Egyptian discovery, the references in the Homeric poems to Egyptian Thebes are remarkable. They seemed, however, rather to be brought into question than illustrated by the fact that we also heard of a Thebè in Boiotia, connected with the Kadmeian family and with Phœnicia, and of a Thebè of King Eëtion, the city of those Kilikes who dwelt near Troas. There was no tie between the three, until we came to know something of the great Egyptian empire, and of its close relations with the Phoinikes,* which must have gone far to identify in contemporary Greek reports what was Egyptian and what was Phœnician.

But these passages have acquired a new importance in relation to my present design, from our having learned that the fame and greatness of Egyptian Thebes belong to a particular, though a lengthened, period of the history of the country.† The old monarchy, before the great invasion of the Shepherd kings, had Memphis for its seat. Thebes is known to have existed under its later dynasties, and also under the Shepherds. But it became the capital of the country only after their expulsion by Ahmes, the first sovereign of the Eighteenth dynasty. At this date the principal monuments of the city begin.‡ This is indeed the Theban monarchy, a phrase synchronous with the splendour of Egypt. It lasts through this Dynasty of Triumph, and through the Nineteenth Dynasty of Struggle. In the Twentieth, the Dynasty of Decline, the supremacy passes away from Thebes,§ which is etymologically the city of the head, or capital.|| According to Mr. P. Smith's chronology, this supremacy of Thebes embraces the period (approximately) between B.C. 1530

* See also the conjectures explained in Smith's *Anc. Hist. of the East*, p. 81.

† Smith's *Anc. Hist. of the East*, chap. iv.

‡ Ibid. p. 63.

§ F. Lenormant, *Premières Civilisations*, vol. i. p. 224.

|| Ib. p. 23.

and B.C. 1100. He adopts in substance the computations of Mr. Poole, and I believe of Sir G. Wilkinson. Mr. Poole thinks the Eighteenth Dynasty began not later than 1525 B.C., and the Nineteenth not later than 1322. The computations followed by Lenormant carry us nearly a century further back, for the commencement of the period, but with no great difference towards the close; and it is on these that my figures have been based. But the substantial proposition which I submit is this: that the references in the Poems to Egyptian Thebes prove that they belong to the period when that city was supreme in Egypt, and was in effect the first city of the world. The first of them is in *Il. IX.*, where Achilles declares that no amount of gift or treasure which Agamemnon can offer or obtain for him will induce him to compliance: "Not if he gave ten times, twenty times what he offers; not if all he has, or all he might have." Then he proceeds:—

οὐδ' ὅς' ἔς 'Ορχόμενον προτινίσσεται, οὐδ' ὅσα
Θήβας

Αἰγυπτίας, ὅθι πλεῖστα δόμοις ἐν κτήματα κείται,
αἱ θ' ἑκατόμυλοι εἰσι, δηκόσιοι δ' ἄν' ἐκάστην
ἄνερές ἐξοιχνεύσι σὺν ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν.*

The whole passage, as to the gifts of Agamemnon, is in the nature of a climax; passing from the actual offers to the entire property of the King, the speaker illustrates this transition by referring to Orchemenos, then a wealthy city of the Boiotoi, and from hence, to crown his argument, he moves onwards and upwards to Thebes of Egypt, as the city which contained the greatest treasures in the world. This is wholly inapplicable and unintelligible, except with regard to the period of the actual supremacy of that Egyptian capital.

Next, the Egyptian Thebes is Thebes of the hundred gates. This is not a statistical epithet, more than are those which describe Crete as the land of an hundred,† or of ‡ ninety, cities. Nor does the word Hecatombè in Homer literally signify an hundred oxen: in truth, it seems to have become a mere phrase designating a solemn and splendid Sacrifice. But there is little doubt that in the other cases, where Homer was not using a customary phrase, but a poetical expression of his own, he intended to signify a very large or indefinite number. A much smaller number, as I have else-

where endeavoured to show,* is indefinitely larger for Homer, than for us. There is, then, something singular, and requiring explanation, in this account of a city with a multitude of gates. If we take even the largest walled cities, like Rome, which may have some ten or twelve, it is difficult to conceive how the epithet could be applicable to gates in the ordinary sense. This difficulty seems to have been felt of old, and Diodorus† explained it as referring to the *propulaia* of the temples. I have understood that the structural forms within the city to this day exhibit what, existing in large numbers, might very well have passed in rumour as gates of the city, and might have been so represented to and by the Poet.

But, besides the primacy of wealth and the number of gates, Homer characterizes Thebes of Egypt by a reference to the horse, and what is more, to the horse not as an animal of draught or burden, nor as an animal used for riding, but as driven in the chariots used for war, of which he represents that there were an enormous number, literally twenty thousand, in use at Thebes. That is to say, as to the mode of using the animal, he represents a stage of development in Egypt corresponding with what we know prevailed in the Greece of his day, where the main and characteristic purpose for which horses were used was the traction of the chariot of war; another great purpose, that of riding, being altogether secondary and rare.

In the text of Homer generally, the horse stands in special relation with the East and with Poseidon. But it also stands in connection with the name of the Phoinikes. As to this name, we must remember that it includes all those foreigners who had intercourse with Greece through ships, and since the Phœnician mariners were the medium of this intercourse as carriers, their name comes to cover what is Eastern generally. This, again, means in a great degree what was Egyptian, in common with what was properly Phœnician. If, then, we ask whether the horse of Homer was chiefly related, as far as the text informs us, to Phœnicia or to Egypt, there is one strong reason in favour of the last-named country. It is this, that the Phœnicians of Scheria are evidently intended, from their great wealth and maritime habits, to pre-

* *Il. ix.* 381-4.

† *Il. ii.* 649.

‡ *Od. xix.* 174.

* Studies on Homer, vol. iii. Aoidos, sect. iii.

† *Diod. Sic. i.* 45.

sent to us a picture of Phœnicians proper; and that among them there is not the smallest reference to the horse.

Now, on turning to the Egyptian records, we find that the horse was not indigenous to Egypt, and was unknown there during the Old Pre-Theban Monarchy. It seems to have been introduced by the Shepherd Kings. But, under the warlike Theban kings of the Eighteenth Dynasty, the value of these animals was appreciated, and they were obtained from Asia in immense numbers in payment of tribute,* as well as doubtless by commerce: so that Egypt became a great horse-market,† and the horse a characteristic of Egypt. Accordingly, as it was an object of the Mosaic legislation (delivered about the time of Merephthah) to check intercourse with that country, we find it written:—"But he (the king) shall not multiply horses to himself, nor cause the people to return to Egypt, to the intent that he should multiply horses."‡

And Solomon, who first in Israel had large numbers of horses, obtained them from Egypt.§ Enormous ranges of stabling, we learn from Diodorus,|| subsisted in Thebes. Thus the reference of Homer to the chariots of Egypt is peculiarly appropriate to Thebes, and to the Theban period. But the non-mention of riding concurs with the mention of enormous chariot driving, to give yet more of character to the passage. For the monuments of the Theban kings, which abound in pictures of the horse chariot, but seldom represent equitation.¶ The use of the animal for agricultural draught also made a beginning at this period. It is called by the name of kava, and it is supposed to be derived from the root represented in the Sanscrit, *açva*.**

Since, then, very personal and characteristic description, when found to be also most accurate, is a strong indication of contemporary standing, the passage of the Iliad which we have been considering affords evidence of the composition of the Poems during the period of the great Theban Dynasties.

There remains the passage from the Odyssey:

Φύλῳ δ' ἀργύρεον τάλαρον φέρε, τὸν οἱ ἔδωκεν
'Αλκάνδρῃ, Πολύβοιο δάμαρ' ὅς' ἐναί' ἐνὶ Θήβῃς
Αἰγυπτίας, ὅθι πλεῖστα δόμοις ἐν κτήματα κείται.*

It then proceeds to relate how, while presenting this silver work-basket to Helen, Polubos gave to Menelaos two baths of silver, two cauldrons or tripods, and ten talents of gold; while the wife of Polubos made a set of separate presents to his Queen; namely, the afore-said basket of silver mounted on wheels, and a golden distaff.

This passage both corroborates and enlarges the evidence drawn from that on which we were last engaged. The statement that Thebes contained in its dwellings the largest amount of stored wealth, which might have passed for a mere figure in the fervid oratory of Achilles, reappears here in the calm narrative of this Poet as the simple statement of a fact, and pretty clearly exhibits him as contemporary with the greatness of Thebes.

But again, Polubos dwelt in Thebes; it was in Thebes itself that these presents were given. But Thebes is not on the Egyptian coast; it is removed from it by a distance of above three hundred miles. Why did Menelaos, a traveller by sea, penetrate so far inwards? or, rather, why is he represented as having visited Thebes, and as having there received the trophies of Egyptian hospitality? Surely because it was the actual capital of the country. The visit of Menelaos must then be referred to a period not later than the close of the Twentieth Dynasty, for after this period "Tanite and Bubastite Pharaohs," as Mr. Donne † remarks, were lords of the Nile valley; and the policy and wars of Egypt probably made it expedient to move the seat of government to a point nearer the Syrian frontier. But even the Twentieth Dynasty, after the Third Rameses, witnessed, amidst much vicissitude, times of confusion and rapid decay, which warrant the belief that the Homeric allusions to Thebes must belong to a period, if not before, yet at latest scarcely after the reign of that sovereign. In effect, we should refer the passages (always in relation with the Egyptian Chronology) at least to the early part of the thirteenth century B.C., even though the sovereigns did not fall into insignificance, nor the Empire lose at least its titular sovereignty in Asia, until the latter part of the twelfth. It was

* Chabas, *Etudes*, p. 441.

† Chabas, p. 443.

‡ Deut. xvii. 16. The ass, not the horse, was the animal of personal use from Moses to David.

§ 1 Kings x. 28.

|| i. 45.

¶ Chabas, *Etudes*, p. 430; F. Lenormant, *Prem. Civilisations*, i. 307, *seq.*

** F. Lenormant, *Ibid.* p. 322.

* Od. iv. 125-7.

† Thebæ Ægypti, in Smith's Dict. of Geography; F. Lenormant, i. 450.

this decadence of Egypt which gave scope even to the small kingdom of the Hebrews, under Kings David and Solomon, for rising during a brief space into considerable power.

When we have been thus enabled to connect the references in Homer to Egyptian Thebes with a given historic period, the passages which touch other cities of the same name acquire a fresh interest. We may reasonably suppose that this name, discovered in Asia Minor or in Greece, indicates a foundation effected by settlers belonging to the great Egyptian Empire, and emigrating at some time during the Theban period.

The Thebes of Eëtion is mentioned or referred to in the Iliad several times. In Il. I. 366, it is the sacred city of Eëtion (*ιεῖον πόλις*). It is connected, as we have already seen, with special excellence of horses; and lastly, it has lofty gates (*ὑψίπυλος*, Il. IV. 416). It is surely remarkable that we find all these three characteristics reproduced in the Kadmeian Thebes of Bœotia. It is sacred (*ιεῖον πρὸς τείχεα Θήβης*, Il. IV. 378). It is most closely associated with the horse; for to the Kadmeioi alone, besides the Trojans, does Homer give the designation of *κέντορες ἵππων*, Il. IV. 391. It is also remarkable for its gates, being the seven-gated Thebes, Il. IV. 406, Od. XI. 263. Both cities, too, were rich: Thebes of Eëtion is *ἐνναιετώσα*, or flourishing (Il. VI. 415), as to its territory, and *ἐνκτίμενον πολλίεθρον*, a well-built city, in itself (Il. II. 505); while Kadmeian Thebes is *εὐρύχορος* (Od. XI. 265). The three pointed characteristics, as well as the fourth, all belonged to the great mother city in Egypt. She had the hundred gates; she horsed twenty thousand chariots; and she was eminently a sacred city, for she was the centre of the Ammon-worship.

Of the period of the foundation of Huplakian Thebes, we know nothing. Nor can the Kadmeian genealogy be made out from Homer, who tells us that Amphion and Zethos first settled and fortified, not the actual, existing city, but the site (*ἔδος*, Od. XI. 263); and that Eurualos, who contended in the Funeral Games of the Iliad, had also beaten all the Kadmeians at Thebes on the occasion of the obsequies of Oidipous. All that the text does here is to throw back the advent of Kadmos, or of the settlers indicated by his name* (which we are told means immigrant or stranger), for several genera-

tions. So that it shows the Theban name had remained in vogue for a long period before the war; and as to this indication it is evidently in accord with the facts of history.

IV.—THE SIDONIAN LINK.

THE names of Phoinikè and Phoinikes are, it will be remembered, names affixed by Greek foreigners, and having no root in the country to which they refer. Of Canaan, the true indigenous name of Phœnicia, we have no trace in the Poems. But we have in eight passages of the Iliad and Odyssey the name of Sidon and Sidonié, or that of its inhabitants, called Sidones and Sidonioi. This name is given us in the tenth chapter of Genesis,—which is, I believe, acknowledged by the best authorities to be the most valuable document of ancient Ethnography in the world,—as the name of the first-born son of Canaan, who is himself named fourth among the sons of Ham (Gen. x. 6, 15); and there is no doubt of its local character, and its great antiquity. Twice named in the tenth chapter of Genesis, Sidon appears again in the nineteenth chapter of Joshua, which, with the eighteenth, gives us the delimitation of the tribes of Israel on their settlement, as “great Sidon” (v. 28). So in Joshua xi. 8, the children of Israel chased their enemies unto “great Sidon.” In the later Scriptural notices of the name, this epithet disappears. The two persons of Canaan and Sidon in the earliest notices may probably be regarded as the eponymists, or typical fathers of races.*

Tyre, on the other hand, is not mentioned in Scripture, except twice, before the epoch of Solomon. First in the nineteenth chapter of Joshua, already mentioned (v. 29), as a fortified city; and again in 2 Samuel, xxiv. 7, when we have reached the reign of David, or the eleventh century B.C.

If the Exodus from Egypt took place under Merephthah in the fourteenth century B.C., are we to treat the reference to Tyre as proving that it had been built and fortified before that period? In Mr. Espin's Preface to the Book of Joshua,† there are remarks on the geographical lists as exhibiting much and now incurable imperfection: and of names, like numbers, it is exceedingly difficult to rely upon a perfectly faithful transmission in ancient records, because the figures are not, like words, generally interwoven with

* Renan, Langues Sémitiques, p. 44.

* Movers, Phönizische Alterthum, i. 9.

† Speaker's Bible, vol. ii. p. 8

the grammatical sense of the context. It would be hazardous, then, to assert the existence of Tyre as a fortified city in the fourteenth century B.C., on the sole ground of this passage. Nor can any strong reliance be placed on the report given by the Priests* of the temple of Heracles to Herodotus in the fifth century B.C., who then claimed for it an existence of 2300 years. There is no trace in Homer of the City of Tyre, except a single and slight one. Turo was the grandmother of Nestor, and a descendant of Poseidon. Her extraction, therefore, links her with the East: and it is probably connected with the existence, at least, of Tyre at the time.

But plainly the text of the Poems implies that Sidon was the great and leading city of Canaan or Phoinikè. And in this respect they are in entire accordance with the books of the Old Testament.

The Sidonians of Homer do not appear before us as a purely maritime people. In the Fourth Odyssey, we have a list of the countries and peoples visited by Menelaos, where the Sidonioi stand apart from Phoinikè. When Homer mentions navigators from that quarter, they are commonly Phoinikes; but the Sidonians appear, when there is any special mark, in connection with works of art. At the Games, Achilles produces, as the prize of the footrace, a six-metre wrought silver bowl (τετυγμένον), which exceeded in beauty all others known: for it was worked by the Sidones, who are called πολυδαίδαλοι, workers in a highly ornamental style. But Phœnician navigators brought it over sea, and gave it to King Thoas.† Another like bowl was presented by Phaidimos, King of the Sidonians (whose name is another indication of their wealth and fame), to Menelaos.‡ Sidon is described as abounding in copper,§ and Sidoniè as flourishing (εὐναιομένη). Also, in the Sixth Iliad Hecabè repairs to her store of embroidered robes, the works of the women of Sidon, which Paris had brought to Troy.|| The Sidonians represent a distinct part of that material, as distinct from moral, civilization, which appears the oldest in the history of man,¶ and marks what may properly be called the Hamitic or in part the Poseidonian races.

We have, then, two facts historically certain, that Sidon was very great and wealthy in the primitive period of the history of Canaan, and that it was completely overshadowed by Tyre at a subsequent, though still early, date. And the evidence of the Homeric text is that the Poems belong to the period of the predominance of Sidon, not to that when Tyre was paramount.

Tradition supplies us with a date, as that at which the change from the one to the other period occurred. Justin states that Sidon was the city first founded by the Phœnicians, and that after a long time its inhabitants were expelled by the King of Ascalon, and built (that may mean resettled and extended) Tyre in the year before the capture of Troy.* Josephus placed this settlement of Tyre at 240 years before the dedication of Solomon's Temple. The exact date of that event is disputed; if we take the latest year given for it, or 969 B.C., the overthrow of the power of Sidon took place in 1209 B.C., which may be the year intended by Justin: though according to the Poems the greatness of Sidon survived, if only for a short period, the fall of Troy.† Movers treats the Sidonian period as having begun not later than 1600 B.C., and as having ended with the transference of power to Tyre. For this he does not fix a date, but refers to the foundation of Gadès and Utica as colonies sent out from Tyre, after the depression of Sidon, in the end of the twelfth century.‡ This supposes that Tyre had come into possession of considerable power some time before.

Again, it may be observed that Sidon was overthrown from Ascalon, a city of the Philistines. It is held by Lenormant that the Philistines were the same people with the "Pelesta of the mid-sea," who entered Syria in the reign of Rameses III., and whose fleet was defeated by a Phœnician navy, acting under and for the Egyptian monarch; and that this defeat of the warriors was avenged a century after by the destruction of Sidon.§ In any case, if we rightly assume the identity of name between Pelesta and Philistia, it follows that the fall of Sidon was subsequent to the War of Rameses III.

Upon the whole, it may be stated that,

* Herod. ii. 43, 4.

† Il. xxiii. 740-5.

‡ Od. iv. 615-9, and xv. 115-9.

§ Od. xv. 424.

|| Il. vi. 288-91.

¶ Renan, *Langues Sémitiques*, p. 502.

* Justin xviii. 3.

† Kenrick's *Phœnicia*, p. 343. Smith's Dict., Art. *Phœnicia*.

‡ Mover's *Phön.* alt. B. i. ch. 8. (*Theil.* ii. p. 257.)

§ F. Lenormant in *The Academy* of March 23, 1874.

while the references to Sidon and the Sidonians very closely associate the Poems with the Sidonian Period, there is nothing unreasonable in the traditional opinion that that period closed by the virtual overthrow of Sidon late in the thirteenth century B.C.

V. — THE LEGEND OF MEMNON, AND THE KETEIANS OF THE ELEVENTH ODYSSEY.

NOTHING can be more improbable than the common tradition respecting Memnon, that he came from Egypt to take part in the war against Troy. It was only at the height of its power that the Egyptian dominion or influence could have reached so far as to the Dardanelles, or indeed, according to our information, into Asia Minor. Again, the relation of subordination, which had probably once subsisted, laid the foundations not of alliance but of hostility, as we see from the participation of the Dardanians in the Asiatic combination against Rameses II. Further, if the interference of the Egyptian empire in the Trojan war was improbable, still less was it likely that an empire of that magnitude should, if taking any part at all, take one so insignificant as by sending a single chief, with a mere contingent, to aid the side which had all along been the losing one: and this, again, only towards the close of the contest. The local tradition, connecting Memnon with Egypt through his supposed statue, is exploded by the knowledge now obtained that this was known historically in the country as the statue of Amenophis III.,* the son of Thothmes III., who lived before the close, as it seems, of the sixteenth century B.C. To suppose, with others, that Memnon came from the Cushite kingdom, lying to the south of Egypt, would be yet more extravagant; for it was not from the ends of the known earth that contingents were supplied for Troy. Next, we have no reason to presume hostility between Egypt and the Greeks at the period of the *Troica*, for we find Menelaos visiting Egypt as a friend, and so received there, while he pays no visits at all, according to the Homeric record, along the coast, so much less remote, which had supplied military aid to Priam. Nor are we aware of any maritime means by which Memnon could have had access to Troas, as the Phœnicians appear to have maintained neutrality, and there was no power

in the North Ægean to cope with the Greeks by sea. Improbable on general grounds, the connection of Memnon with Egypt itself is at direct variance with Homer. He calls Memnon Ἡοῦς φαιινῆς ἀγλαῆς υἱός (Od. IV. 188). But Homer nowhere associates Egypt directly with the East; the dwelling of Kirkè and the ἠντολαὶ Ἡελίοιο are evidently in the Euxine.

Professor Rawlinson* has enumerated some of the countries which set up in after times a claim to be associated with Memnon. These were Egypt, Ethiopia on the Nile, and Assyria at Susa. Again, his tomb was shown on the Aisepos, at Ptolemais, and at Palton in Syria; and his sword at Nicomedeia in Bithynia.†

The meaning of all this appears to be, that, from the great and permanent fame of the Trojan War, there arose a natural tendency, in various countries, to claim a share in it, where tradition afforded any sort of handle for the purpose. Memnon was associated by Homer with the East, and the East with dark skin: and he did what no properly Trojan chief is ever related to have done; he killed a leading Greek warrior, seemingly in fair fight.‡ Hence connection with him was honourable, and was liable to be very freely claimed. But, as regards Assyria and Susa, his making the long land journey from thence to Troy is, perhaps, as improbable as a similar journey from Egypt, which indeed had much more to do, than had Assyria, with the intervening countries of Syria and Palestine. In the endeavour to examine the case of Memnon, it should all along be borne in mind that the Egyptian monuments and inscriptions now open to us, are entirely without any trace of him.§

There are but two passages in which Homer refers to Memnon. In the fourth *Odyssey*, he is described as the slayer of Antilochos, and as the famous son of the bright East. In the eleventh *Odyssey*, he is named for his personal beauty, in the following lines, where Odysseus describes to the Shade of Achilles the warlike exploits of his son: —

Ἄλλ' οἶον τὸν Τηλεφίδην κατενῆρατο χαλκῷ
ἥρω' Εὐρύπυλον πολλοὶ δ' ἄμφ' αὐτὸν ἑταῖροι
Κητειοὶ κτείνοντο, γυνάϊων εἵνεκα δόρων.
Κεῖνον δὲ κάλλιστον ἶδον μετὰ Μέμνονα διόν. ||

First, let us consider the tribute thus paid to Memnon for his personal beauty.

* Ancient Monarchies, vol. i. p. 48, ed. 1871.

† Paus. iii. 3-6.

‡ Od. iv. 186-8.

§ Lauch, *Homer und Ægypten*, p. 31.

|| Od. xi. 519-22.

* Rawlinson's *Empire*, i. 48. P. Smith, *Hist. of the East*, p. 94.

When Homer compares men on this ground, it is always within the limits of some race. He does not compare the beauty of a Greek with that of a Trojan, but with that of other Greeks. In the second Iliad, Nireus is the most beautiful among all the Danaoi, who went to Troy, after the glorious Achilles.* After him, the prince and paragon of men, the Telamonian Ajax, was the noblest in form again among all the Danaoi, as well as the greatest in martial achievements.† This last quoted declaration comes within less than thirty lines after the passage in which it is stated that Eurupulos was the most beautiful warrior after Memnon. When, therefore, the Poet says that Eurupulos, who led the Keteians, was the most beautiful person he had seen except the surpassing Memnon, analogy clearly leads us to suppose that Eurupulos and Memnon were of the same race, and that they both were Asiatics of the same region and associations; probably, then, both were Keteians.

In the Hippodamion at Olympia there was, as Pausanias informs us, a tablet which ‡ represented Memnon as standing over against or fighting with Achilles, and which thus supported the tradition of his great fame in war: suggesting that, like so many more, he went down before the sword and spear of that unrivalled warrior. We have no direct testimony on this subject from Homer; but we may observe, from the passage under consideration, that Odysseus does not give any information about Eurupulos and Memnon to Achilles, but speaks of both as if they were well known already to his interlocutor, only calling Eurupulos τὸν Τηλεφίδην, "I mean him the son of Telephos," as if to distinguish him from the Greek Eurupulos, who commanded the contingent from Ormenion,§ so that the passage reads as if Memnon had been the original commander of the Keteians, and on his death Eurupulos had succeeded him.

Who, then, were these Keteians? and can we, through the traditions respecting Eurupulos or his father Telephos, obtain any light in regard to them, or to Memnon, whether as connected with them or otherwise?

With regard to Memnon, son of the Morning, we know that he must have come from some country to the east of

Troas, in order to obtain that appellation. But, are we to look for the Keteioi in the same direction?

We may, in the first place, observe, it is probable that they came from a distance. First, because we find that, as was natural, Priam had already obtained, at the beginning of the war, or at least, before the period of the action of the Iliad, assistance from all his nearer neighbours, in geographical order, associated together in a great international struggle. The only distinct notice we have of a new arrival of allies during the war is in the case of the Thracians, under their king, Rhesos.* Now, the Thracians of the Trojan catalogue were those only who bordered upon the current, *i.e.*, the straits of the Hellespont.† It cannot, then, be doubted that the Thracians of Rhesos were those who came from the inland country towards Mount Haimos, and who were thus drawn in as the struggle, being prolonged, and growing more arduous, led to greater efforts on the part of the losing side. But we have another sign that the Keteioi came from a distance. It is, that they entered into the war only for a consideration: receiving the gifts of Priam (γυνάϊων εἵνεκα δώρων), which probably may have been presented to the Queen, or some chief woman of their nation.‡ As we find Kinures of Cyprus,§ at the farthest point to which Agamemnon's political influence could be stretched, sending him a valuable gift, in order, apparently, to be excused from serving, yet to maintain friendship, so we can well understand how, when service was obtained under great necessity from a distance, where community of interest would be less strongly felt, gifts should pass to those who rendered it.

The next observation to be made is, that Strabo witnesses to the existence of a river in the Eleatis, called Keteios, which falls into the Kaikos, in Mysia,|| but as a mere mountain stream; which, besides that the formation would not be regular, was hardly likely to give its name to a race, if it might receive one from some members of a race. Who the Keteioi were, he frankly avows himself quite ignorant; and he treats as fables the current explanations of the learned. The

* Il. ii. 674.

† Od. xi. 550.

‡ Paus. v. 22, p. 435.

§ Il. ii. 734.

* Il. x. 434.

† Il. ii. 845.

‡ In Egypt, as we find from the records, women in some very remarkable instances administered the government.

§ Il. xi. 20.

|| Strabo, b. 13, p. 616.

lengthened commentary of Eustathius* on the passage, in which he inclines to derive the word from *κῆτος*, adds nothing to our knowledge, though he has got hold of the idea that these Keteioi were mercenaries.

If we look at the name in itself, it admits, by the aid of recent Egyptian discoveries, of a perfectly simple and natural identification. In the Book of Genesis, we hear of the children of Heth, the second born son of Canaan, who are afterwards called the Hittites.† Of this race, one, and that the smaller, portion, was in immediate contact with the Jews. The great body of the nation occupied northern Syria, and the lower valley of the Orontes: a branch, apparently, of the great Hamitic family, which supplied, in the earliest times, the bulk of the Syrian population.

This warlike and powerful race formed both the great barrier in the north against the extension of Egyptian power, and the centre of military confederations, created for the purpose of repressing it. The name Heth, in Scripture, is represented by Kheta of the Egyptian monuments, and by the Khatti, of the Assyrian inscriptions;‡ and it is principally from the former of these that an accurate idea of their position is to be derived. The Kheta of the Egyptians may well be, as far as the name is concerned, the Keteioi of Homer: indeed, it is not easy to suggest any other rendering, so simple and so obvious, of their name in the Greek tongue.

In the reign of the great Rameses II., when the Egyptian Monarchy was beginning to assume a defensive attitude, the Kheta, or Hethites, made war upon that monarch, § with a wide support, both from East and West; although of the Phœnicians, they were joined by the town of Arados alone. But, from Asia Minor, they counted as allies, among others, the people of Mysia, and the Dardanians of Troas; indeed, as the inscription is read, of Ilios and Pedasos. This alliance shows that relations existed between the Kheta and the North-west corner of the Fore-Asia (Vorder-Asiens) as it is conveniently called by the Germans.

But there are other signs which tend to show an ethnical, as well as a political, connection between these two quarters.

The immediate neighbours of the Kheta on the West, were the Cilicians. According to the mythical genealogy of Apollodorus,* and others, Kilix was the brother of Phoinix, and the grandson of Poseidon, the great Hamitic deity. When the Kilikes are called Semitic, it is, perhaps, in a sense in which the term is also applied to the Phœnicians; that is to say, their language, so far as it is known by inscriptions, belonged to a family which appears to have been used in common by the Semites and the Asiatic Hamites of the great migration from the head of the Persian Gulf.† Next, what appears to be most clearly established is their immediate relationship to the Phœnicians, with whose equipment in the navy of Xerxes theirs nearly agreed.‡ This similarity would, without doubt, be promoted by their maritime habits. On the other hand, the access by land into their country, from the East and South, was round the Gulf of Issus, through the pass of Mount Amanus; and if not identical in composition with the Kheta, the Kilikes must have been in the closest relations with that nation.

But if we turn to the Troad, we find that it had in its immediate neighbourhood its own race of Kilikes, reckoned, probably, among the neighbouring Mysians. Eetion, father of Andromachè, dwelt under Plakos,

Κίλικεσσ' ἀνδρεσσιν ἑνύσσων,§

and Achilles, destroying the city, is thus described:—

ἐκ δὲ πόλιν πέρσεν Κιλικῶν εἰναιετώσαν.||

Strabo, moreover, records the traditions, which as well as etymology, connect the Kilikes of Mysia with the Kilikes of Cilicia.¶

Again, there are reasons why we should look for the presence of non-Aryan races other than the Kares in the Trojan circle of allies. In the Catalogue, Homer calls the Kares *βαρβαρόφωνοι*,** the speakers of a strange tongue. And they are the only race so named. But in the fourth Book, after describing the bleating, so to call it, of the Trojan Army, a broken and various noise, as when each sheep answers its lamb, he gives as a reason,—

* Apollod. ii. i. 4.

† Lenormant, b. i. 5, 3.

‡ Herod. vii. 89, 91; Smith, *Anc. Hist. of East*, p. 430.

§ Il. vi. 397; Strabo, xiv. p. 667.

|| Il. vi. 415.

¶ Strabo, pp. 6, 7.

** Il. ii. 867.

* P. 1697.

† Gen. x. 15.

‡ Smith's *Ancient Hist. of the East*, p. 6.

§ Lenormant's *Manual de l'Histoire de l'Orient*, b. iii. 5, 4.

οὐ γὰρ πάντων ἦεν ὁμῶς θρόος οὐδ' ἰα γῆρυς
ἀλλὰ γλῶσσ' ἐμέμκτο, πολὺκλήτοι δ' ἔσαν ἄν-
δρες.*

We may, therefore, well look for some others besides Kares to justify, by their foreign speech, this general description. It may be that the contingent from Lycia, which was clearly under commanders of Phœnician extraction, likewise used the Phœnician tongue. But knowing as we do, that there were Kilikes in the neighbourhood of Troy, apparently dwelling among the people of Mysia, we seem justified in pointing to these also, since they were of the Hamitic stock if they were of the Cilician race; and the sense of the passage we are considering therefore tends to support this presumption of identity between the two sets of Kilikes.

The Khita would certainly have been, to Homer, barbarians in speech. It appears probable, to say the least, that these Kilikes were the same. There are several marks which connect Eëtion, their sovereign, with Poseidon, and, therefore, with the Poseidon-worshipping races. One is the name of his city, Thebè; † and another, the excellence of his horses. ‡ We are not, however, called upon to reject the common explanation of the passage in *Od.* XI. 519-22, which is probably true, but not the whole truth. There might be Keteioi in Mysia and on the Orontes, as there were Kilikes in Mysia and in Cilicia, and as there were Lukioi in Troas and in Lycia; and as we know that another branch of the Hethite or Hittite race dwelt among the seven nations of Canaan, at a distance from the parent stock; and as we also find a town founded by this same race in Cyprus, namely the Citium of the Romans.

In the traditional report of the swartheness of Memnon, there is nothing to raise a presumption that he was not one of the Khita. They were Canaanites and Hamites, worshippers of Poseidon; and it is easy to show, from Homer, through the hair, how remarkably he associated darkness of skin with all that was Eastern.

Now, if Memnon were leader of the Keteioi, it may be observed, in the first place, that his country lay in the same parallel of latitude as Southern Greece, and he might therefore, with ample consistency, be called by the Poet, son of

the Morning. And, most certainly, the Homeric statement that Memnon was the famous son of the Morning, would be in thorough accordance both with the Poet's geographical idea of the East and sunrise, which the *Odyssey* by no means carries far towards the South, and with the fame to which the Khita, as the resolute and somewhat successful opponents of the vast Egyptian power, had attained.

Of the two questions I have been considering in conjunction, the legend of Memnon and the true interpretation of the Keteian name in the Eleventh *Odyssey*, the latter is of the greater importance in relation to the date of Homer, as it connects him with the period of that nation's prosperity and power. But if we can do anything to identify the position of Memnon, it adds a stone to the fabric. And an old Greek monument enables us to take a further step in this direction. The Lycians under Sarpedon are the most remote towards the south and east of Priam's Allies at the period of the Catalogue. Next to them lie the Kilikes, who, as I contend, are associated with the Kheta. If, then, I am right about Memnon, he and Sarpedon were territorial neighbours. Now Pausanias * gives us a description in detail of the paintings of Polignotos in the Leschè, or place of resort for conversation, at Delphi. In one portion of these paintings, † the figure of Sarpedon is introduced in a pensive position, his head leaning upon his hands. Next to Sarpedon is placed Memnon, with one of his hands placed on the shoulder of Sarpedon; which must mark, if not consolation, at least friendly relation of some sort. And what can this be? Sarpedon is slain during the action of the *Iliad*, before Memnon has come to Troas. The picture then does not relate to a personal friendship and intercourse in Troas. Is it not a reasonable explanation that the position indicates the friendly territorial neighbourhood of nations, which it is pretty certain had been united in resistance to a foreign supremacy?

There is yet another presumption bearing on the subject of the Keteioi, which arises from the text of Homer. In the Fourth *Odyssey*, Menelaos describes to Telemachos and his friend his own experiences since quitting Troas: —

* *Il.* iv. 437.

† The son of a Thebaïos fights on the Trojan side, *Il.* viii. 120.

‡ *Il.* viii. 136; xvi. 153.

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* *x.* 25, *seq.*

† *Paus.* x. 31, p. 875.

ἡ γὰρ πολλὰ παθὼν καὶ πόλλ' ἐπαληθεῖς
 Ἡγαγόμην ἐν νηυσὶ καὶ ὁδοῦ τ' ἔπει ἦλθον·
 Κύπρον Φοινίκην τε καὶ Αἰγυπτίους ἐπακηθεῖς,
 Αἰθιοπίας θ' ἰκόμην καὶ Σιδονίους καὶ Ἑρεμβούς
 Καὶ Λιβύην ἵνα τ' ἄρνες ἄφαρ κεραοὶ τελέθουσιν.*

Did we but know in a Menelaid the details of this eight years' tour! Evidently it approached to, though it might not equal, the tour of Odysseus. It differs in this among other respects, that it does not lie so completely beyond the limits of Hellenic navigation and experience, for Egypt and Phœnicia were in some sense known countries, inasmuch as, to say the least, the Greeks were assured of the existence and character of such cities as Thebes and Sidon; while Kupros or Cyprus was, as we see from the Eleventh Iliad, partially within the Hellenic circle of political influence.

Still, the very same expression which Menelaos uses to describe his wanderings, is employed by the seer Theoclymenus in the Fifteenth Odyssey, and again by Eumaios, to describe those of Odysseus: "He is one who underwent much, and travelled much."†

Now, bearing in mind that the navigation of the ancients was as far as possible coast navigation, the question arises, How was it that Menelaos is represented as not having touched land anywhere along the great distance between Troas and Phoinikè, except at Kupros, which we know to have been a friendly country? As to Phoinikè, it appears plain, from the Poems, that the Phœnicians took no side in the war; and the visit of Menelaos to Egypt proves it to have been at the time either neutral or friendly. Evidently he avoids the western and southern coast of Asia Minor as far as Lycia, because we know it from the Trojan Catalogue to have been hostile. But, after what we have seen of the presence of Kili-kes in Mysia, and of Musoi in Cilicia, we at once account for his avoiding the Cilician coast on the same ground, namely, that it was held by a hostile population. There is still an intervening link, the coast of Northern Syria beyond Troas, which was in the country of the Hethites or Kheta. Is it not a fair presumption that this coast was avoided on the same ground? and therefore that the Kheta were also the Keteioi of the Eleventh Odyssey?

That the Phœnicians did not take part in the war is readily accounted for, not

only by their distance, but by their position as the chief traders of the Mediterranean, whose business it was, with a due allowance for the liberty of kidnapping, to be at peace with both sides. Hence probably it was that they chose to remain all along in a modified subordination to the great Egyptian empire, rather than to avail themselves of their considerable natural advantages for resistance. That Paris had visited Sidon* before the war proves nothing adverse to this supposition, as he was then on the most friendly terms also with Greece itself.

To sum up what has been said: we thus find Homer, with respect to the Memnonian tradition, in contact and full consistency, upon a reasonable and probable interpretation of his text, with the facts of real history. Memnon, with whose personality we need not be troubled, was for him the son of the East. Therefore he could not well be Egyptian: yet Egypt might afterwards claim him, in fond connection with the traditions of a period when she had proudly possessed the Empire of the East. He could hardly come from Susiana or Assyria, with which there is no trace of social or political relations. Yet he probably came from outside the circle of the earlier Trojan alliances, and therefore from beyond Lycia, and the countries of the Musoi and Kili-kes. There lie the Kheta; and the Poet supplies us with their name, Keteioi. These warriors were separated from the Phœnicians generally, and therefore from relations with Greece, by their hostility to Egypt: and with this historic fact their supplying aid to Troy is in complete harmony.

VI. — THE LEGEND OF THE PSEUDODYSEUS. — THE VOYAGE OF THE SHIP ARGO.

It is not the object of this inquiry to draw out from the Poems all the traces of connection between Greece of the heroic age and the great Egyptian Empire; but only such of them as tend towards defining the chronological limits within which, so far as we are enabled to judge from the Egyptian records or other positive testimony, the War of Troy historically falls.

Having now set forth the principal point of contact between the Homeric text and the Egyptian and Phœnician history, proceed to mention one or two others of minor moment, which are, however

* Od. iv. 81-5.

† Od. xv. 176, 400.

* Il. vi.

distinctly subsidiary to those already named.

(I.) In the Fourteenth Odyssey, Odysseus has availed himself, on his return to Ithaca, of the hospitality of Eumaios, to whom he remains unknown. Eumaios desires to learn who he is, and how and why he came to Ithaca. This demand Odysseus meets by a fictitious narrative, which I have termed the Legend of the Pseudodysseus.

He describes himself as a Cretan of high extraction, not given to industrious habits, but to war and buccaneering. By this, as a sea-rover, he had greatly prospered; but had afterwards been obliged to take part as a Cretan leader in the Achaian war with Troy. On his return, after only a month of rest at home, he prepared an expedition against Egypt. It consisted of nine ships, and the people readily took service in it.*

A fair wind brought them in five days to Egypt; and he proceeds in the following terms:—

"I moored in the River Aiguptos. I bid my gallant men stay where they were, and haul the vessel ashore, while I sent out scouts for a survey of the land. But they, unable to restrain their eagerness and wantonness, at once fell to making havock of the well-tilled fields of the men of Egypt, slaying the full-grown males, and carrying off the women and young children. But the din soon reached the city. And the inhabitants hearing it, came down at the following dawn. The whole plain was filled with chariots and with foot-soldiery, and with the blaze of armour. And Zeus, lover of the thunderbolt, struck my comrades with a miserable panic, nor did a man of them stand firm, for mischief gathered on all sides. There they slew many of us with the sharp edge of weapons; and some they took alive to become their bondsmen. . . †

"As for me, I went straight to meet the king in his chariot, and held and kissed his knees. He raised me and pitied me, and placing me in the chariot, carried me weeping to his home. Many, indeed, rushed at me with spears, for in truth they were vehemently exasperated; but he kept them off, for he had regard to the displeasure of Zeus Xeinios, the great avenger of ill-deeds."

Then he relates how he abode for years in Egypt, receiving kind gifts, and acquiring wealth, until a Phœnician rogue

induced him to abscond; when he went to Phoinikè, and from thence, after a year, embarked for Libya, when they fell into ill weather which destroyed their vessel, and new adventures followed which are not to the present purpose.*

Is it possible to read this narrative in the light of the Egyptian discoveries, and not to receive the impression that it was by no means a pure and arbitrary invention, but one adapted to the law of likelihood, and related to some known facts? The first, because Odysseus was not merely entertaining the itching ears of a simpleton, but putting a very shrewd and intelligent man in possession of what he was to take for a real biography. The second, because of the remarkable points of resemblance with what we now know from the Egyptian records. Let us observe:—

(1) How eminently Egypt is, in this tale, the land of horses, and of horses in chariots, when they are specifically mentioned as having come out in the tumultuary muster of the population against a small band of freebooters.

(2) How the general course of the narrative agrees with that of the Libyan calition; an aggressive invasion, success in the first instance, severe suffering inflicted, the ruin of the expedition through a decisive battle, great slaughter and a residue of prisoners. Even the mercy shown to Odysseus agrees with what we are told happened in the same case, when a number of the invaders were allowed to remain as subjects.

(3) There is something strange, and not agreeable to Achaian habits, in the remarkable clemency of the Egyptian king to his suppliant prisoner. But Sir G. Wilkinson, commenting on Herod. ii. 102,† speaks of the comparative clemency of the Egyptians, and of the honour paid by Sesostris to those who gallantly withstood him.

(4) Still more remarkable is the case of the escape. A Phœnician induced him to escape from Egypt, and in escaping to go with him to Phoinikè, which was the nearest place of refuge. This is perfectly explicable. But next, he persuades the supposed Cretan to go on to Libya, when we should have expected him to seek his own country, Crete. The explanation is supplied by the Egyptian records, though we have no sign from the Poems of anything like ordinary

* Od. xiv. 199-248.

† Od. xiv. 258-72.

* Od. xiv. 278-309.

† In Rawlinson's Herodotus, vol. ii. p. 163.

commerce or other intercourse between Greece and the coast of Africa; the resort of a Greek to that country ceases to be inexplicable, when we find that its people had recently been engaged in a common enterprise with the Achæians against Egypt.

It is evidently the expedition against Merephthah to which this Legend thus in many important points corresponds; and it supports the view, which the use of the word Achæians suggests, that that expedition took place at a time shortly before the War of Troy.

It may indeed be said that the Legend represents a buccaneering raid, whereas the invasion was conducted by a coalition of nations. The answer is tolerably plain; the Egyptian records are unhappily wanting at the place where they should give the numbers of the Achæian contingents; but they show with sufficient clearness that the numerical force of the invading army was mainly African. The Libyans (or Lebu) recorded as killed were 6359. Of another nation whose name is blank, there were 6111, and of a third, also blank, 2370.* As the record gives 9111 daggers or knives taken from the Maxyes, the larger of these two numbers, it would seem, belongs to them, and the third may be that of the Kahakas. The Maxyes were much more nearly united with the Libyans than the Achæians were (though all were probably Aryan races); and were comprehended with them in the general designation of Tahennu, which included all the neighbours of Egypt on the West.† But when we come to the transmarine contingents, we find the Achæian name given, with the numbers blank: the Sikels, who have but 222 killed, and the Tursha, or supposed Etruscans, whose slain are 542. From this it appears probable, though not certain, that the Achæian force in the war against Merephthah was on a scale not widely different from that which we find in the very curious legend of the Pseudodysseus.

(II.) Though it cannot be said that the Records of Egypt throw any direct light upon the voyage of the ship *Argo*, yet indirectly they suggest a sense and meaning for a legend which it has been heretofore so difficult to supply with a probable basis of fact.

We have long, indeed, been in possession of most curious information respect-

ing the Colchians. Pindar* calls them the dark-faced (*κελαίνωπες*). Herodotus states that a colony detached from the Army of Sesostris settled on the Phasis. He has no doubt that the Colchians are an Egyptian race. He found that tradition subsisting among them. He relies partly on their having black skin and woolly hair, but very much more on their practising circumcision. The Egyptians and the Colchians use a manner of weaving unknown elsewhere.† I do not refer to the less weighty authorities of Diodorus and other late witnesses. But I may mention that the language of old Colchis, now Mingrelia, is Turanian.‡

There were but two great events, antecedent to the *Troica*, and known to us by the general tradition of the country, in which Greece had an interest truly national. Homer, who gives us so largely the adventures of Phœnix, and the local war of Nestor, alludes to the events I speak of in a manner bearing no proportion to their historical moment. He was too great an artist to bring upon the stage any figure which could vie with the subject of his song; and it is probable that the Legends of the War of Thebes and of the ship *Argo* were competing legends with the War of Troy. Of the War of Thebes he gives us only glances, and those incidentally to the character and position of Diomed.§ The ship *Argo* is named but once in the Poem.||

We have recently, I think, begun to perceive that the expedition against Thebes was a national expedition; an expedition, as Homer phrases it, of Achæians against Kadmeians. Mitford had noticed it as "the first instance of a league among Grecian Princes."¶ The Theban country was the grand seat of foreign immigration and influence in Middle and Southern Greece. Elsewhere there had been individuals or families settling in the country, rather than com-

* Pyth. iv. 377.

† Herod. ii. 103-5.

‡ Max Müller, Languages of the Seat of War, pp. 112-4.

§ Il. iv. 370-400; Il. v. 800-8.

|| Od. xii. 70.

¶ Mitford, chap. i. sect. 3. Notwithstanding his prejudices, Mitford is an author whom no one need even at this day be ashamed to consult or quote. Fifty years ago he enjoyed a monopoly of authority; he is now perhaps unduly depressed. He surely marks one of the advancing stages of Greek historiography. I do not find the subject noticed in the work of Bishop Thirlwall. Mr. Grote's view of the legendary period, which as coming from him carries great authority, was not favourable to the admission of the too realistic idea of nationality as among the motives which prompted mythical ornamentation. It is set forth in his Sixteenth Chapter.

* Chabas, pp. 199, 200.

† De Rouge's Mémoire, pp. 14, 15.

munities. Here there appears to have been a real colony, and a colony which perhaps displaced or supplanted a prior settlement by Amphion and Zethos.* The War against Thebes has notes which indicate that it was probably an early effort of the nation, just awaking, under its Achaian name, to self-consciousness and independence, in which the domestic dissensions of the ruling families of Thebes were used as the occasion for putting down an element of power in the country, which was or had been formidable by reason of its derivation from the great though declining Egyptian Empire. The tenacious vitality of the motives from which it sprang would seem to show that it was far more than a personal quarrel. The expedition of the *Epigonoí* took place after Poluneikes, the person by whom the movement was originally prompted, was already dead. It is mentioned but slightly in Homer.† Yet the completeness of its success seems to be attested by the decentralized condition in which the Boiotians mustered for the Trojan war, not as a monarchy, but under five apparently equal leaders.‡

Now I would suggest that the voyage of the ship *Argo* was probably a manifestation, and an effort, at a very slightly earlier date, of the same feeling. As it stands in the framework of ordinary Greek legend, it has been found by the ablest critics extremely difficult either to accept as history, or to etherealize and translate as myth.§ Mitford || refers it to the ambition of Jason to obtain distinction by a freebooting expedition to a more remote quarter than any theretofore molested. Bishop Thirlwall laments that when the marvellous is stripped off, and only a dry husk left, the story appears only more meagre and not more intelligible.¶ Mr. Grote treats the inquiry as hopeless whether there be in the Legend any basis of fact or not. But it is plain that when once we are able to show an historic link between Egypt and Greece, importing supremacy at a given period on one side, and dependence on the other, there is nothing forced or improbable in the hypothesis that the Greeks, when the yoke had ceased to press them, might have been attracted by the love of booty and the hope of revenge to any

point where Egyptian authority was represented feebly enough to invite attack.

Sir G. Wilkinson* considers that the object of the Argonautic expedition may have been to obtain a share of the lucrative trade with the East which flourished on the eastern coast of the Black Sea. But that expedition preceded the Homeric Poems, and it is surely evident that even at their date the Greeks had not attained to any such development of their commercial conceptions. Indeed, the whole tale, unlike that of the War against Thebes, presents circumstances of improbability which, in the absence of any specific answer are most startling. In the whole of the Poems we never hear of a merchant ship of the Greeks. The *Argo*, if it existed, must have been a pure sea-rover's vessel fitted for booty. As a single vessel, she could not be meant for war in the sense of the Trojan expedition. But if she was meant for booty only, why did she seek it at so great a distance, in a sea as yet untraversed by the Greeks? And why, above all, if she were but a pirate, was she an object of intense national feeling to the people of her own time, or why did she take so high and lasting a place in the recollections of the race? If, as we know from the records, Egypt was now no longer a maritime power in the Mediterranean, and the Achaian people were disposed to retaliate; and if, as tradition, together with many signs, assures us, there was in the Black Sea a weak Egyptian outpost, showing probably, in Greek eyes, some of the wealth but little of the force of the old Empire; then I think, and perhaps then only, do we attain to a rational hypothesis as to the motive and character of the Argonautic expedition.

Now, slight as is the notice in the *Odyssey*, it gives us assistance on at least two points. While declaring that *Argo*, and she only, had passed through the dangerous *Sumplegades*, or the *Bosphorus* on her voyage, it calls her *πασιμέλουσα*—an object of universal, *i.e.*, national interest; and it states that she never would have effected the passage, except by means of the love of Herè for Jason.†

Why did Herè thus love Jason, not with a passionate or mortal, but with a divine and protecting love? Among the surest indications in Homer, are those afforded by the introduction of a deity in

* Od. xi. 260-5.

† Il. iv. 406.

‡ Il. ii. 494.

§ Thirlwall's Greece, chap. v. vol. i. pp. 132-9, 12mo. edition.

|| Chap. v. p. 143.

¶ Part i. chap. xiii. pp. 332-4.

* In Rawlinson's Herodotus, vol. ii. p. 169.

† Od. xii. 69-72.

connection with some special person or purpose. Now, Herè is by a peculiar and exclusive excellence, the great Achaian goddess. Not like Zeus and Apollo, who are wholly liberated from merely national affections; or Poseidon, who everywhere holds fast by those of his own race or longitude; or Athènè, whose sympathies in the war are given to individuals rather than to a race or country: the basis of her national action seeming to lie exclusively in that offence of Paris, which she had suffered together with Herè.* It is Herè and Herè only, on whose inner heart is written in deep characters the Achaian name; whose energy on behalf of the army never ceases, who beguiles Zeus, who compels the Sun to set when he wishes to continue shining, who gives her sympathy to all that is Greek, and nothing that is not Greek, whose central worship through the historic ages was in Argos, a district of Achaian settlement, and the centre of Achaian power. When Homer says that *Argo* passed the Straits in safety because Herè guided her, out of her care for Jason (*ἐπεὶ φίλος ἦεν Ἰήσων*), I read him as meaning that Jason was engaged in a true national enterprise, so the goddess proper to the nation kept him scathless.—

Much more might be said on the connection between the Greece of Homer and Egypt. Who is the Homeric Minos? Who is the Aiguptios of Ithaca? What share has Egypt in all the notices of the Phœnician name, and the numberless and interesting associations connected with it? Why is it that, while the later and uncertified Greek tradition testifies to Egyptian influence and settlement over heroic Greece in forms so numerous that we cannot refer them all to a casual origin, the direct traces of the connection are so faintly marked in the Poems? Why is Minos Judge in the Underworld of the *Odyssey*? Was he the Egyptian Menes, and are the imagery and personages of that underworld borrowed from what Homer might have gathered respecting the religion of Egypt? Lauch, in his "*Homer und Ægypten*," has pursued in much curious and interesting detail the search in the Egyptian records for names which we find in the Poems. I will only here say, in relation to the questions I have raised, that if, when Homer sang, there was the memory of a time still recent, during which the young nation, now grown so strong in self-consciousness,

energy, and hope, had been in political subordination to Egypt, that of itself was reason enough for a Poet with the intense Hellenism of Homer to suppress or reduce as much as possible the direct tokens of the connection.—

I have been thus far more or less upon the ground of history; I conclude with offering what is certainly pure conjecture; and yet, I think, conjecture not unreasonable.

Of the great Egyptian empire of Rameses II. and the Nineteenth Dynasty, Homer, or at least Hellas, must, humanly speaking, have known something, on account of their relation to continental and yet more certainly to insular Greece. But considering the military greatness of that empire, its numerous expeditions to Syria, and the concern of the Phœnicians, in all such things the sole or main informants to the Greeks, in its affairs, some *tenuis aura*, some breath, at least, of the renown of the Egyptian kings and warriors, must have passed into the atmosphere of Greece. With respect to Thebes, we have seen that the single allusion of the kind is one apparently founded not on vague rumour, but upon real tidings truly characteristic of their subject. There was probably some corresponding knowledge of other things and persons. Rameses II., as we are told, enjoyed what other great men before Agamemnon wanted—namely, the advantageous chance for fame which the muse confers.* The contemporary epic of Pentaour has recorded, and doubtless enlarged, his deeds. It was probably due to this poem, either alone or with other causes, that in tradition he outgrew predecessors whose real achievements, or at least whose real power was greater, and that he not only outgrew, but even absorbed them; for with the world outside of Egypt, down even to our time, Sesostris was the hero of that country, and Sesostris was Rameses II. And this great but shadowy name was the sole but much questioned testimony to the fact that the supremacy over mankind had once belonged to a great Egyptian empire. According to the Pentaour, this monarch personally performed in the war with the Kheta such prodigies of valour as may fairly be deemed without example, and considered to approximate to the superhuman. Was it the echo of these deeds, or of this resounding cele-

* Il. xxiv. 27.

* Lenormant, i. 411, and *Premières Civilisations*. vol. i. p. 287.

bration of them, that suggested to Homer the colossal scale of his Achilles? a warrior against whom, while heroic strength and prowess secured but an *impar congressus*, mere numbers, however accumulated, were but as dust in the balance; and the very apparition of his form discomfited an army.* The Poet is notably in correspondence with the account of Rameses, who is represented as surrounded when alone by 2,500 chariots of the enemy, as making his appeal to Ammon, and as cutting his way through the hostile army, with great glory to the horses who drew his chariot; all singularly in sympathy and accordance with the spirit of the Homeric picture and its preter-human element.†

But Rameses was also, and this according to the inscriptions, a portentous sensualist.‡ In a long life, we are told he had 166 children, of whom fifty-nine were sons. It was perhaps this extraordinary form of human excess — and if not it was almost certainly some similar exorbitancy — that may have suggested to the Poet a picture so intensely foreign, and so repulsive to the Greek manners, as that of Priam; who had fifty sons, with a number of daughters, nowhere mentioned; but twelve were married inmates of his palace.§ And his vast progeny proceeded from a number of mothers about which we are in the dark, three only being expressly named; and nineteen of the sons being credited to Hecabè.||

The argument for these conjectures may be summed up thus: — Contemporary Hellas was subject, after the manner of an eastern empire, to the Egyptian Sovereign of the Eighteenth Dynasty, and, titularly at least, perhaps also to the Nineteenth. On this account it must have had some information as to extraordinary characters and events connected with the great empire whose yoke — probably a light one from the remoteness of the seat of power — it bore.

The force of this consideration is heightened, when we recollect that the tribes or nation who constituted the maritime arm of this great Empire were also the race who, described in Homer and by the Greeks as Phoinikes, were their principal and perhaps almost sole in-

formants concerning occurrences which took place at a distance from their own coasts.

Now this Rameses the Second was evidently reputed to be a person of the most marked individuality; a man so extraordinary — at least in the verse of his Bard — that though he does not represent the climax of Egyptian power, which in his reign was beginning to decline, yet he cast both his successors and his more potent predecessors into the shade through his heroic force and prominence; and he passed into the general tradition of the world with a name which reached the historic times as that of a great conqueror, while they were forgotten beyond the bounds of Egypt itself.

In the Poems of Homer, while we have much that is remarkable indeed, but still within the limits of human experience, two pictures only are presented to us which surpassed them: the character of Achilles, in its colossal dimensions both of sentiment and action; and the *ménage* of Priam, in its Asiatic multiformity so strangely contrasted with the modesty of early Greek life. And the hint or suggestion of both these representations is found in the character of Rameses the Second. —

I will now bring together the figures which are yielded by the three wars against Egypt under Rameses II., his son Merepthah, and Rameses III. The dates of the attacks are taken in the two first, approximately at 1406 and 1345 B.C.; for the third exactly, as M. Lenormant informs us, at 1306 B.C.

The characteristic names of the three expeditions, which supply the links with Greek history, are respectively Dardanians, Achaians, and Danaans. The first expedition was certainly, and the second probably, before the War of Troy; the third must in all likelihood have been later than the War. The ranges of time which I have computed from the facts of the attacks, would give us the following limits within which the Siege of Troy must, according to the Egyptian records, have fallen.

	Earliest.	Latest.
From the expedition against Rameses II.	1316 B.C.	1226 B.C.
From the expedition against Merepthah	1345 “	1285 “
From the expedition against Rameses III.	1387 “	1307 “

The years between 1316 B.C. and 1307 B.C. would satisfy the conditions of all

* Hom., Il. xviii. 215-29.

† Lenormant, Prem. Civ. i. pp. 289-294.

‡ Lenormant, Hist. i. 423.

§ Il. 24, 493, b. 248. See Studies on Homer, vol. iii. p. 210, seq.

|| Il. xxiv. 496.

these computations. And the latest year which any of them will allow, it will be observed, is 1226 B. C., a date earlier than the important catastrophe which deposed the city of Sidon from its primacy in Canaan.

The names used in Homer, which bear directly on the argument, are six —

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| 1. The Dardanian. | 4. The Sidonian. |
| 2. The Achaian. | 5. The Keteian. |
| 3. The Danaan. | 6. The Theban. |

And the evidence which the text yields in connection with each and all of them converges, positively or negatively, upon the same point. The general effect is, to throw back the Fall of Troy somewhat, but not greatly, further than according to the common computation. Some, however, as we have seen, bring the 18th, 19th, and 20th Dynasties slightly lower down than the writers whose figures I have provisionally adopted. Mr. Poole's or Mr. P. Smith's figures would not greatly affect any date to be assigned on the strength of an argument such as this to the War or Fall of Troy. There is no method of handling the evidence in detail, as far as I can see, which will not throw the *Troica* back at least as far as the middle of the Thirteenth Century B.C. But the whole, it must be remembered, depends on the substantial acceptance of the Egyptian computations.

The opinions which were current on this subject before it was capable of illustration by Egyptology, were learnedly discussed and summed up by Clinton.* Düntzer† observes, that Herodotus in his history adopts the date of 1270 B.C.; and by some the event was carried as high as 1353 B.C., while others placed it as low as 1120 B.C. —

One word, before closing, on the extraordinary interest which, if my presentation of this early history be generally correct, attaches to the warlike incidents of the infancy of Greece. *Sic fortis Etruria crevit*. We have examples in modern times, and in the most recent experience, of great States, which owe all their greatness to successful war. The spectacle offered to a calm review by this process is a mixed, sometimes a painful one. So, too, it seems that the early life of the most wonderful people whom the world has ever seen, was greatly spent in the use of the strong hand against the foreigner. That people was nursed,

and its hardy character was formed, in the continuing stress of danger and difficulty. But the voyage of Argo, the Seven against Kadmeian Thebes, the triumphant attack of the Epigonoï, the enormous and prolonged effort of the War of Troy, the Achaian and so-called Danaan attempts against Egypt, were not wars of conquest. They were not waged in order to impose the yoke upon the necks of others. And yet, though varied in time, in magnitude, in local destination, they seem, with some likelihood at least, to present to us a common character. They speak with one voice of one great theme: a dedication of nascent force, upon the whole noble in its aim, as well as determined and masculine in its execution. For the end it had in view, during a course of effort sustained through so many generations, was the worthy, nay, the paramount end of establishing, on a firm and lasting basis, the national life, cohesion, and independence.

1874.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

NOTE. — I have to withdraw a statement too hastily made in the first part of this paper that Homer does not call Troy large or broad-wayed. This is incorrect; see Il. ii. 141, 332, and elsewhere. But in the substance of my statement, with regard to the population of Troy, I have nothing to qualify. — June 12.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE TASMANIAN BLUE GUM TREE.

SOME time ago (Dec. 6, 1873), we had a short article on the *Eucalyptus globulus*, or Tasmanian Blue Gum Tree, and its alleged marvellous properties as regards the drying of marshes and prevention of malarious disease. We ventured to ask for precise and trustworthy information on the subject; and the following has been sent to us by a correspondent, which we submit to our readers:

Much interest, he proceeds, has recently been excited among men of science, especially in France, concerning the Tasmanian Blue Gum Tree (*Eucalyptus globulus*), in consequence of the power which it seems to possess of preventing intermittent fever in the most swampy and malarious districts. There is a large amount of evidence to shew that it possesses this power in a high degree, so that not only is intermittent fever unknown where it naturally grows in abundance, although in situations and in a climate where its prevalence might be expected, but places previously most sub-

* Fasti Hellenici, Introduction, sect. vi. p. 123.

† Homerische Fragen, p. 122.

ject to that afflictive malady, cease to be so when this tree is planted there. If all this is confirmed, as there is good reason to hope it will be, the Tasmanian Blue Gum Tree must be deemed one of the most valuable trees in the world, and to many countries it will prove an inestimable boon.

The Gum Trees, forming the genus *Eucalyptus* of botanists, which belongs to the great natural order *Myrtaceæ*, are almost exclusively natives of Australia and Tasmania. A few species are found farther north in the islands of the Malay-archipelago and in the Eastern Peninsula. Although ranked in a natural order of which the Myrtle is the type, they are very unlike myrtles in their general appearance, and constitute a characteristic and most peculiar feature of Australian vegetation. Scattered over the face of the country, as the trees of Australia generally are, growing singly or in clumps, like trees in a lawn, instead of being congregated in thick forests, like the trees of most other parts of the world, they differ from other trees by a remarkable peculiarity of foliage. The leaves have not one face turned to the sun and the other to the earth, as trees and plants of all kinds generally have, but they stand with their edges upwards and downwards, so that each surface is equally presented to the sun. There are some species in which this is not the case, but they are only a few among the numerous species of the genus.

The leaves of all the Gum Trees are leathery and undivided, and abound in a volatile oil, which has an aromatic and not unpleasant odour. Many of the species abound in resinous secretions, from which they receive the name of Gum Trees. Some of them attain a great size, with trunks sixteen feet in diameter. They are remarkable for their very rapid growth, and are easily felled, split, and sawn; the timber, when green, being very soft, although it becomes very hard after exposure to the air, and is then useful for many purposes, amongst which is that of ship-building. The *Iron Bark Tree* and the *Stringy Bark Tree* of Australia are among the species of this genus most important for their uses as timber trees. *Botany Bay Kino* is a resinous secretion of another species, of some value in medicine.

The Tasmanian Blue Gum Tree grows plentifully in the valleys and on the lower mountain slopes of Tasmania. It attains

a height of 200 feet, and sometimes more, and a diameter of stem at the base of 11 to 22 feet. The stem is naked as a granite column, almost to the top, where it sends out branches forming a small crown, with thin foliage. The leaves are lanceolate, or ovato-lanceolate, generally twisted, and of a dark bluish-green colour, with a camphor-like odour. The timber has an aromatic odour, and is scarcely liable to rot, however long exposed to the action of water. It is therefore much used for ship-building, for piers, and for a great variety of other purposes, and is a considerable article of export from Tasmania.

Various medicinal uses have been ascribed to the leaves of this tree, a preparation of which has been represented as even more efficacious than quinine in the cure of intermittent fever. But this and other alleged medicinal properties require further investigation.

There seems, however, to be good reason for believing that this tree acts as a preventive of the miasmata which produce fever and ague. That Tasmania is free from this malady, or nearly so, whilst in almost all other countries of similar climate it is sadly prevalent, is of itself a significant circumstance; but it could not be inferred from this alone that this particular tree is the cause of its immunity. However, a number of considerations having led to the opinion that this is probably the case, the tree has been introduced elsewhere, and the experiment tried in circumstances in which the result must be regarded as affording very conclusive evidence. Some unhealthy localities at the Cape of Good Hope were rendered perfectly salubrious, apparently through the influence of the Blue Gum Tree, within a few years after plantations of it had been made. It was then tried in Algeria, and on a pretty large scale, in different parts of the country; and places that previously had been almost uninhabitable in the fever season, became at once exempt from all such disease, even in the first year of the growth of the trees. The colonists and their families now enjoy excellent health, where the climate for several months of the year used to be absolutely pestilential. Similar results have followed the introduction of this tree in Cuba and in Mexico. Even in the South of France it has been productive of most beneficial effects. A station-house at the end of a railway viaduct in the department of Var was so unhealthy, that the officials

had to be changed every year, but forty of these trees having been planted, its unhealthiness entirely ceased.

There is hope, therefore, for the Campagna di Roma that its cultivation may yet be carried on with the greatest facility and advantage, and the natural fertility of its soil turned to the utmost account. But if so, there is hope also of speedy immunity from sore distress for the inhabitants of many parts of the world, where intermittent fevers prevail at certain seasons of every year. How happy would many North American farmers be, if by planting a few hundreds of Blue Gum Trees, they could secure probable exemption from this disease for themselves and their families! The range within which this tree can be made available must, however, be limited by climate. It does not bear the winter even of the south of England, except when the season is unusually mild; and great part of North America, where intermittent fever is very prevalent every year during the summer months in all low grounds, and on the slopes adjacent to them, is subject to a severity of cold in winter which would certainly destroy every plant of this species. But in the Gulf States of North America, and to some extent northwards in the valleys of the Mississippi and other rivers, and along the coasts of Florida, Georgia, and Carolina, its introduction may probably be found in the highest degree beneficial, as also in the West Indian islands and tropical parts of America. It may, perhaps, be doubted if the climate of the west coast of Africa would not prove too warm for it, although its successful introduction in Cuba seems to prove that it is capable of enduring the heat of the tropics; and as the fevers of that region constitute the chief difficulty in the way of European colonization there, the acquirement of the means of preventing them would open up prospects entirely new. It will probably not be long till the powers of the tree are fully tested in India, and if they are found to be as great as French naturalists seem at present to believe, its introduction will probably hasten the cultivation of many a jungle, besides preserving the health and saving the life of many a civilian and many a soldier. One great tract in the North of India seems especially to demand its introduction, and to be in climate perfectly adapted to it—the *Terai*—which stretches along the whole base of the Himalaya, where they slope down to the plains, a tract in many

parts extremely beautiful, finely undulating, and rich both in grass and trees, but exceptionally dangerous from the miasmata which it exhales, for which science has not yet been able well to account.

The Blue Gum Tree has been supposed to exert its influence by the aromatic odour which it diffuses in the atmosphere. But there seems to be much reason for thinking that the secret of its power lies in part, at least, in the extreme rapidity of its growth, requiring an extraordinary consumption of water, so that it thoroughly drains the soil around it. A marsh near Constantia, in Algeria, was found to be completely dried in a very short time by a plantation of Gum Trees. Such is the rapidity of growth of the tree, that seedlings raised on a hot-bed and planted out in the open air in the south of England, have been known to attain a height of ten feet in the same year. In a warmer climate, the growth is probably still more rapid; but we know of no other instance of such rapidity of growth in the case of any valuable timber tree of the temperate parts of the world.

From Chambers' Journal.
COMBS.

COMBS are of prodigious antiquity. Rudely made, they are found among the earliest relics of art. A bronze comb, which has been pictured both by Sir John Lubbock in his *Prehistoric Times*, and also by M. Figuier, was found in one of three coffins in a tumulus near Ribe, in Jutland, opened by Worsaae, the great Danish archæologist: from other findings in the same coffin, it was plainly the property, not of a lady, but of a fighting-man of the bronze epoch. In Jutland we are close upon the footsteps of our own ancestors and of our Danish cousins and invaders. The earlier Celtic tribes seem to have buried their combs as well as their swords in the graves of their warriors. Such customs, indeed, are common to all races in one stage of their culture; his pipe and tobacco-bag were placed beside the dead American Indian, in case he should want to smoke upon his passage. The custom was prolonged, in some cases into Christian times. When the body of the great Bishop Cuthbert was carried in the boat by his monks and clergy to the island of Lindisfarne, they deposited his ivory

comb, "pecten eburneus," in the stone coffin beside his corpse. According to Reginald's description of St. Cuthbert's comb, it was of a now unusual shape, broader than it was long.

St. Cuthbert's comb was probably an episcopal one. This popular national saint of Northern England died at the end of the seventh century; but at least a century earlier in the Gallican Church the comb appears to have formed a part of the appliances used at a solemn high mass, especially if sung by a bishop. These church combs were usually of ivory; sometimes they were quite plain, sometimes elaborately carved and decorated with gems. Specimens of them are to be seen in the sacristies and treasuries of a few of the greater churches on the continent; and the inventories of the prizes seized from our own churches at the Reformation epoch, prove that they were once as plentiful amongst us. In the treasury of the cathedral of Sens, they show a large ivory comb inlaid with precious stones and carved with figures of animals: on it is cut the inscription, "Pecten St. Lupi." Lupus, the French St. Loup, was the most famous of the archbishops of that important see in the Merovingian times. Amongst the relics hanging round the shrine of St. Cuthbert in the end of the fourteenth century, the pilgrims saw three combs: one was said to have belonged to St. Dunstan, another to Archbishop Malachi, and the third was called "the comb of St. Boysit the priest." At the Reformation, these and all such portable treasures disappeared, to the loss of the historians of art and manners. Henry VIII. carried from the wealthy Abbey of Glastonbury, "a combe of golde, garnished with small turquases and other coarse stones, weighing with the stones eight ounces."

The episcopal comb was used in the church, after the following fashion. If a bishop was the celebrant at the eucharist, the deacon and sub-deacon combed his hair while he sat upon the faldstool, immediately after the putting on of the episcopal sandals. A towel was placed round the bishop's neck during the operation. The old offices contain prayers to be used by the celebrant at his successive assumption of each article of vesture; but I do not know whether any prayer during the combing of the hair is extant. The process is described in a pontifical written in the tenth century by order of an abbot of Corbey. In an *Ordo Romanus* of the end of the thirteenth

century, the proper division of the labour is marked out; the deacon is to comb the right side of the bishop's head, the sub-deacon the left side: they are ordered to do their work lightly and decently ("leviter et decenter"). Perhaps some refractory clerks were inclined to use the opportunity, by punishing their spiritual father with a severe dig of the comb. From a ritual of the fourteenth century, belonging to the Cathedral Church of Viviers, it appears that the bishop's hair, at least in that diocese, was first combed by the deacon in the vestry; and then, not merely once, but three several times during the progress of the mass — after the Kyrie, after the Gloria in Excelsis, and after the Creed. No rule as to general European custom, or even national custom, can be drawn from local rituals and pontificals, as every bishop was the ordinary of ceremonies and uses for his own diocese.

The combs figured in our English manuscripts (many of which have been copied by the historians of manners) are nearly always of great bulk, and have coarse teeth. The mediæval and renaissance combs were often double — that is, in shape though not in size, like modern small-tooth combs. In a representation of the arrival of a guest (painted in the fourteenth century), one of the welcoming attendants is pulling off his shoes, while another is combing his hair. The comb in this picture is truly immense. Our old English books of courtesy are full of references to the use of the comb. It was a part of the page's duty to comb his lord's hair: directions "for combing your sovereign's head" are given by John Russell in his *Boke of Nurture*, also by Wynkyn de Worde in *The Boke of Kervynge*. Carving was the principal duty of the youth, and all other details of his work are included under it as a kind of general title. The duty of combing, as culture widens, begins to be treated by the writers on etiquette as a duty towards one's self, and not merely towards one's lord. Andrew Borde, in 1557, recommends the frequent use of the comb: "Kayme your heade oft, and do so dyvirs times in the day." William Vaughan, in his *Fifteen Directions to preserve Health*, published in 1602, prescribes combing for its intellectual benefits: it must be done "softly and easily, with an ivory comb," he writes, "for nothing recreateth the memory more." Sir John Harrington in his section on "the dyes for every day," of his *School of Saterne* (1624), gives

the simple instruction : "Comb your head well with an ivory comb from the forehead to the back-part, drawing the comb some forty times at the least." It would seem from the preciseness of his advice, that English gentlemen were still a little slovenly in their own treatment of their hair; when they wished it to be properly treated, they put themselves under the hands of the barber. There is little doubt that the close-cropped hair of the Presbyterian and Independent Roundheads was more cleanly than the long hair of the cavalier with its artificial love-locks. It was a part of the extreme protest of George Fox, the founder of Quakerism, against all the fashions of the earlier Puritan sects, who were masters in England when he began his mission, to wear long hair. When he was preaching in Flintshire, in 1651, he says that "one called a lady" sent for him. "She kept a preacher in her house. I went to her house, but found both her and her preacher very light and airy. In her lightness, she came and asked me if she should cut my hair. But I was moved to reprove her, and bid her cut down the corruptions in herself with the Sword of the Spirit of God." He learned afterwards that this lady boasted that she had gone behind him and "cut off the curl" of his hair. At Dorchester, the constables made him take off his hat, to see if he were not shaved at the top of his head; they were sure that so fierce an opponent of the Puritan clergy must be a Jesuit. The long hair of the father of Quakerism, like that of the Frankish kings and chieftains, was necessarily often in need of the comb; and it comes out incidentally, in his journal of the year 1662, that George Fox was so careful of personal neatness as to carry a comb-case in his pocket. When he was seized by Lord Beaumont and the soldiers in Leicestershire as a suspected rebel, that nobleman "put his hands into my pocket," says Fox, "and plucked out my comb-case; and then commanded one of his officers to search for letters."

The cavalier gentry, who took the Quaker patriarch for a plotter, were great employers of the comb. The huge peruke came in with Charles II.; and a fashion arose amongst the gallants of combing their huge head-dresses in public: it is often noticed by the dramatists of the Restoration. It is one of the stage directions, in Killigrew's *Parson's Wedding*, for a group of fashionable gentlemen of the year 1663: "They comb their heads

and talk." As ladies used the fan in their flirtations with gentlemen, so the artificial swains of the period wielded the comb in their languishing addresses to their shepherdesses. Dodsley has a long note on this custom in the eleventh volume of his *Old Plays*, and cites a number of illustrations. In his Prologue to the second part of *Almanzor and Almahide*, written in 1670, Dryden refers to the ostentatious public use of the comb by the would-be wits in the pit of the theatre. From the Epilogue to the *Wrangling Lovers*, of 1677, it appears that this free public combing was a distinction which marked off the man of the town from the dull country cousin:

How we rejoiced to see them in our pit!
What difference, methought, there was
Betwixt a country gallant and a wit.
When you did order periwig with comb,
They only used four fingers and a thumb.

The comb has now been for so long an implement in all hands, and has become so cheap in price, that it is scarcely possible to realize the unkempt condition of our ancestors in some out-of-the-way places only a hundred years ago. In the Autobiography of Thomas Wright of Birkenshaw, written at the close of the last century, he says, that half a century earlier, in the village of Oakenshaw, about four miles from Bradford, the people were so rude that their manners became a by-word throughout the district. It was reported of them, that they kept their heads in such a shock-headed condition from Sunday to Sunday, that an iron comb was chained to a tree which stood in the middle of the village for the use of the whole parish. What have been the advances in the use and manufacture of combs since this period need not be particularized.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
A CURIOUS PRODUCT.

I AM a child of the times, and am sorry to be unable to congratulate my Parent. It is not that I am at all disreputable. My vices entitle me to no distinction. To begin by doing justice, I am perfectly free from vanity and may therefore be the more easily believed when I say that probably few men being bachelors and under thirty are better loved and befriended than I am. The number of persons who take a warm interest in me is

astonishing and troublesome. There are homes where, unless dissimulation be carried to the height of genius, I am always a welcome guest, and am, on entering, affectionately greeted by old and young, mistress and maid.

The fathers and mothers look upon me as a young man who has been well brought up, and who, though not precisely the product his education might have been expected to yield, is yet nevertheless, in a season of doubts and perplexities, a person worthy of commendation. As for the daughters of the house, I am not aware that I flutter their susceptibilities, and should think it unlikely, because in the first place I studiously avoid attempting to do so, and in the second place I am not too disposed to believe that they have any susceptibilities to flutter; but I more than pass with them, for I can quote poetry to those who like to listen to good poetry well quoted, and there are a few who do; I can pretend to talk philosophy to those who pretend to like philosophy, and they are many; and though I can't talk religion, yet I can listen very contentedly to it; and if a lady is High Church, and is doing battle with some person more enthusiastic than I am, I can quietly, and without binding myself in any way, come to the fair combatant's rescue, whenever sore pressed, with a sentence from Dr. Newman, or a line from Faber, and be rewarded with a grateful smile; whilst, again, if the lady be more Genevan in her faith, my memory is equally well stored with the sayings of divines and hymn-writers who have grasped with an enviable tenacity the simple and grand doctrines of Calvin and his successors. For the sons of the house, when I say that I smoke, and am not at all scrupulous about what sort of stories I hear and tell, it will be at once understood how perfect is my sympathy with them.

But in the meantime, what of myself? Am I as easily satisfied? I can't say I am dissatisfied, that is such a very strong word; but I may say that I am often very much provoked. It would be annoying for a cold man to gaze steadfastly into a blazing fire and yet remain chill. It is provoking to be able nicely to estimate and accurately to appreciate emotions, affections, martyrdoms, heroisms, to perceive the force which naturally belongs to certain feelings and convictions, and yet to remain cool, impassive, and inert. Would to God that I could stir myself up to believe in any of

them; and yet as I write this I blush. I have used a passionate imprecation, and yet my hand glides as calmly over the paper, and my heart beats as placidly within my breast as if I had just put down in my account-book the amount of my last week's washing-bill.

This inertia, in a great measure, results from the fatal gift of sympathy unchecked by spiritual or moral pressure.

It is all very well, indeed it is most delightful in matters of *taste*, to be able to say, as Charles Lamb does of style, that for him Jonathan Wild is not too coarse, nor Shaftesbury too elegant. Thank Heaven, I can say that too; but in matters of morals and religion this catholicity becomes serious. To find yourself extending the same degree of sympathy to, say, both the Newmans — to read, in the course of one summer's day, and with the same unfeigned delight, Liddon and Martineau — to stroll out into the woods and meadows, careless whether it is Keble or Matthew Arnold you have slipped into your pocket — this, too, is a very delightful catholicity, but I am not sure that I ought to thank *Heaven* for it. I wonder how often in the course of a year Dr. Johnson's saying to Sir Joshua is quoted — "I love a good hater." That it should be so often quoted is a proof that the Doctor's feeling is largely shared by his countrymen. I am sure I share it, and nobody can accuse me of self-love in doing so — for I hate nobody. I haven't brought myself to this painful state without a hard struggle. For a long time I made myself very happy in the thought that I hated Professor Huxley. How carefully I nursed my wrath! By dint of never speaking of the Professor, except in terms of the strongest opprobrium, and never reading a word he had ever written, I kept the happy delusion alive for several years. I had at times, it is true, an uneasy suspicion that it was all nonsense; but I was so conscious how necessary it was to my happiness that I should hate somebody, that I always resolutely suppressed the rising doubt in an ocean of superlatives expressive of the supposed qualities of this mischievous Professor. But one day, in a luckless hour, I opened a magazine at hap-hazard, and began in a listless fashion to read an article about I knew not what, and written by I knew not whom, and speedily grew interested in it. The style was so lucid and urbane, the diction so vigorous and expressive, the tone so free from exaggeration and extravagance, and

the substance so far from uninteresting, that my fated sympathies began to swell up, and when half-way down the next column I saw awaiting me one of my favourite quotations from Goethe, I mentally embraced the author and hastily turned to the end to see what favoured man was writing so well, and there, lo and behold! was appended the name of the only man I had ever hated. Of course the illusion could not be put together again, and the chair once filled by the learned Professor stands empty. The other day I made an effort to raise Archbishop Manning to it. He has not the playful humour, the exquisite urbanity of the great modern Pervert, but I have heard him preach, he has the accents of sincerity and conviction, and represents what I believe to be in a great degree indestructible on this earth. Failing the Archbishop, the name of Fitzjames Stephen occurred to me, but as he himself has told us, he has so many claims to distinction that it would be a shame to hate him; and, after all, I am nearer his position by many a mile than I am to the Archbishop's, and so in despair I have given up the attempt of finding a successor to Professor Huxley, and repeat that, poor limping Christian as I am, I hate nobody. Why not read your Carlyle? it will be indignantly asked. Is not "Sartor Resartus" upon your shelves? Why bless me! hear the man talk! Carlyle is my favourite prose author. I have all his books, in the nice old editions, round about me, and not only have read them all, but am constantly reading them. You won't outdo me in my admiration for the old man. I think his address to the Scotch students, if bound up within the covers of the New Testament would not be the least effective piece of writing there. Carlyle has long taught me this—to lay no flattering unction to my soul, and to go about my business. He has tried to do more than this, and at times I have almost thought he has done more, but it is not for man to beget a faith. Carlyle has planted, he has digged, he has watered, but there has been no one to give the increase. He has taught us, like the Greek Tragic Poets, "moral prudence," and to behave ourselves decently and after a dignified fashion between Two eternities, and for a time I thought I had learnt the lesson, but I am at present a good deal agitated by a dangerous symptom and a painful problem.

The dangerous symptom is that nothing pains me. I don't mean physically

or æsthetically, for I am very sensitive in both these quarters, but morally. There was a time when I did draw a line with my jokes and stories, never a very steady line, but still a line, I now disport myself at large, and a joke—if good *quâ* joke—causes me to shake my sides, even though it outrages religion, which I believe to be indestructible on this earth, and morality, which I believe to be essential to our well-being upon it.

The painful problem arises in connection with quite another subject. Although not in love, I have some idea of prosecuting a little suit of mine in a certain direction, and have to own that at odd hours and spare seasons, when my thoughts are left to follow their own bent I find them dwelling upon, lingering over, returning to, a face, which though no artist on beholding, would be led to exclaim—

A face to lose youth for, occupy age
With the dream of, meet death with,

is yet in my opinion, a very pleasant and companionable face, one well suited to spend life with, which is after all what you want a wife for. This is not the painful problem—that comes on a step later. Supposing I was married, and blessed, as, after all, most men are, with children, how on earth shall I educate them to keep them out of Newgate? "Bolts and shackles!" as Sir Toby Belch exclaimed—the thought is bewildering. If I, educated on Watts's Hymns and the New Testament, am yet so hazy on moral points and distinctions, which can hardly be described as nice, such as paying my bills, using profane language, going to Church, and the like, my son, brought up on Walter Scott and George Eliot, and the writers of his own day, will surely never pay his bills at all, his oaths will be atrocious, and he will die incapable of telling the nave from the transept—and how I am to teach him better I really do not see. The old *régime* was particularly strong on this point; and if one could only bring one's conscience to it, the difficulty is at an end, and the education of children, so long at any rate as they are in the nursery or the schoolroom, goes forward quite easily and naturally.

If anybody has had the patience to wade so far in my company, he will probably here exclaim, "My dear sir, you must have been abominably educated yourself;" and though I don't altogether deny the statement, I can't allow it to

pass unchallenged. I remember at school a boy, whom it happened to be the fashion of the day to torment, bearing with a wonderful patience the jeers and witticisms of half a score of his companions, until one of them made some remark, boldly reflecting upon the character of the boy's father, whereupon he at once, clenching his puny fist, bravely advanced upon the last speaker, exclaiming, "You may insult me as much as you like, but you shan't insult my parents." So, in my case, you may call me as many hard names as you like, but you mustn't blame anybody else, but the Time-spirit—if the Time-spirit is a body—(and really, body or no body, it is the fashion now to speak of it as if it were the most potent of beings, dwelling far above argument or analogy). I had what is called every advantage. Religion was presented to me in its most pleasing aspect, living illustrations of its power and virtuous effects moved around me, my taste was carefully guarded from vitiating influences. Our house was crowded with books, all of which were left open to us, because there were none that could harm us; money, which was far from plentiful, was lavished on education and books, and on these alone. How on earth did the Time-spirit enter into that happy Christian home? Had it not done so, I might now have been living in the Eden of Belief, and spending my days "bottling moonshine," like the rest of my brethren. But enter it did, and from almost the very first it subtly mixed itself with all spiritual observances, which, though it did not then venture to attack, it yet awaited to neutralize. No! my education was a very costly one; even in point of money a family might be decently maintained on the interest of the sum that has been thus expended, and in point of time too it was remarkable.

And yet I have advantages over some men, I know, upon whom the Time-spirit has worked even more disastrously, for they don't know what they like or want. Now I do. The things I am fondest of, bar two or three human things, are money and poetry—the first, not of course for its own sake—who ever heard of any one admitting that he liked money for its own sake? And as I always spend more money than I have got (my catholic taste in books is so expensive) it can't be said that I am likely to grow a miser. Neither is money a necessary condition to my happiness—not at all; but it is for all that the motive power that causes me to exert myself in my daily work. I work

for money. That is my prose. I find in my second love my poetry of life, and I think it is this love that keeps my life sweet, and makes me a favorite with children and with dogs. Who can exaggerate the blessings showered upon Englishmen by their poets:—

They create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence.

Shakespeare was of us, Milton was of us,
Burns, Shelley were with us.

What names! what exhaustless wealth!
A Golden Treasury indeed—where what
heart I have got lies stored.

From The Journal of The Franklin Institute.
THE MOON'S FIGURE AS OBTAINED IN
THE STEREOSCOPE.

BY CHAS. J. WISTER.

IN a paper published some time since, in the "*Cornhill Magazine*," and republished, September last, in the "*Living Age*," entitled "*News from the Moon*," a singular argument, and to my mind a singularly fallacious one, is put forth in confirmation of the figure of the moon as deduced from the calculations of the continental astronomer, Gussew, of Wilna. The article referred to is without signature, but as the author alludes to his correspondence with Sir John Herschel, he no doubt speaks *ex cathedra*.

The figure of the moon should be, as proved by Newton, an ellipsoid, her shortest diameter being her polar one, her longest diameter that turned towards the earth, and her third diameter lying nearly east and west, a diameter intermediate to the other two. Newton further found that her shortest diameter would not differ more than sixty-two yards from her longest—an insignificant difference surely in a body whose mean diameter is about twenty-one hundred miles.

Gussew, however, comes in at this point with an assertion based upon measurements of De la Rue's photographic copies of the moon at the extremes of her librations, and upon ocular demonstration derived from viewing these different perspectives of the moon's image combined by the aid of the stereoscope, and undertakes to subvert his great predecessor's theory, and to substitute one of his own, founded on this very unreliable testimony. He asserts not only that the moon is egg-shaped, its smaller end being turned earthward, but that the point of this co-

lossal egg rises seventy miles above the mean level of its surface. Now it is to the proof of this as derived from stereoscopic evidence that I take exception for reasons hereinafter set forth.

The stereoscopic views of the moon are, as already stated, taken in the opposite stages of her librations, in order to obtain greater differences of perspective than would be obtained if taken in the ordinary way, where the separation of the two pictures corresponds with the average distance between the eyes of adults—four and a half inches; for this, it is evident, would give no more spheroidal appearance when viewed through stereoscopic glasses than is obtained by viewing her by unassisted vision, in which cases she appears as a disk only, and not as a sphere. With the same object—that of increasing the stereoscopic illusion (for illusion only it is) it is not uncommon for photographers, when taking stereoscopic views of distant scenery, to avail themselves of the same means—that of unnaturally increasing the base of operations—and thus effecting a much greater apparent separation of the various planes of distance than really exists. The effect of this is to distort the picture painfully, advancing the middle distance boldly into the foreground—similar points being combined by the stereoscope much nearer the eyes than if the pictures had been taken in the normal way—whilst the foreground is seen so near that one feels it in his power almost to reach it with his hand. Another and more objectionable feature of this exaggerated perspective effect is that all near objects are dwarfed; men become pigmies; imposing mansions are reduced to baby-houses, and lofty trees become insignificant bushes—the reason being that these objects, though seen at points much nearer the eye, subtend, nevertheless, the same visual angles as though seen at more distant points—points corresponding with their true position in the landscape—for the photographic representations of them are no larger, and therefore appearing nearer, and yet subtending no greater visual angles, the impression upon the mind is that of smaller objects. Every one, I think, who has viewed stereoscopic pictures of distant objects, combining middle distance and foreground, must have witnessed this distortion.

Now let us apply this principle of optics to De la Rue's exaggerated stereoscopic perspectives of the moon, and what is the result?

Sir William Herschel says, in illustra-

tion of the effect of stereoscopically combining images of our satellite taken at opposite stages of her librations, "It appears just as a giant might see it, the interval between whose eyes is equal to the distance between the place where the earth stood when one view was taken, and the place to which it would have been removed (the moon being regarded as fixed) to get the other." Now this would all be very well provided the pictures produced were for the use of giants formed after the pattern proposed; for they would see the stereoscopic image under exactly the same circumstances that they would see the moon herself in the natural way with their widely separated organs—no greater change being required in the direction of the optic axes in combining similar points of the two perspectives than is required in viewing corresponding points of the moon's surface by unassisted vision; but when these exaggerated perspectives are presented in a stereoscope to finite beings like ourselves, the effect is magical indeed. Then do near points of the moon protrude in a most alarming manner, threatening to punch us in the eyes, the whole presenting the appearance of an unusually elongated turkey's egg. Neither the modest sixty-two yards of the immortal Newton, nor the more pretentious seventy miles of Gussew would satisfy her claims now; nothing, indeed, less than several thousand miles would represent the difference between her longest and shortest diameters thus distorted.

Indeed, for a very pretty scientific toy, with which De la Rue has supplied us, this distortion of the moon's image is of little moment. The curious are, no doubt, more pleased with it than if it appeared in its true proportions—for *figures* generally are more admired the less nearly they conform to nature's lines—but that men of science, even great men, should accept this delusive and distorted image as a basis for serious investigation of the figure of our satellite, conscious of the manner in which pictures producing this image are taken—and, though forewarned, should not be forearmed—passeth my understanding. It is but another instance of the too great avidity with which world-renowned philosophers seize upon the most unreliable evidence from which to draw conclusions most important to science, thus shaking the faith of those who have hitherto looked upon them as infallible.

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SEASIDE GOLDEN-ROD.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

GRACEFUL, tossing plume of glowing gold,
Waving lonely on the rocky ledge;
Leaning seaward, lovely to behold,
Clinging to the high cliff's ragged edge;

Burning in the pure September sky,
Spike of gold against the stainless blue,
Do you watch the vessels drifting by?
Does the quiet day seem long to you?

Up to you-I climb, O perfect shape!
Poised so lightly 'twixt the sky and sea;
Looking out o'er headland, crag, and cape,
O'er the ocean's vague immensity.

Up to you my human thought I bring,
Sit me down your peaceful watch to share.
Do you hear the waves below us sing?
Feel you the soft fanning of the air?

How much of life's rapture is your right?
In earth's joy what may your portion be?
Rocked by breezes, touched by tender light,
Fed by dew, and sung to by the sea!

Something of delight and of content
Must be yours, however vaguely known;
And your grace is mutely eloquent,
And your beauty makes the rock a throne.

Matters not to you, O golden flower!
That such eyes of worship watch you sway;
But you make more sweet the dreamful hour,
And you crown for me the tranquil day.

Independent.

NOT LOST.

I.

BEING rooted like trees in one place,
Our brain foliage tossed
Like the leaves of the trees that are caught
By the four winds of heaven, some thought
Blows out of the world into space
And seems lost.

II.

We fret, the mind labors, heart bleeds;
We believe and we fear,
We believe and we hope, in a lie,
Or a truth; or we doubt till we die,
Purblindly examining creeds
With a sneer.

III.

To life we apply an inch rule
And to its bestower;
Each to self an infallible priest,
Each struts to the top of the feast,
And says to his brother, "Thou fool!
Go down lower."

IV.

But fall'n like trees from our place —
Hid, imbedded, enmossed —
Our dead leaves are raked up for mould;
And some that were sun-ripe and gold,
Blown out of the world into space,
Are not lost.

Macmillan's Magazine.

BUNYAN AT BEDFORD.

BUNYAN the Pilgrim, dreamer, preacher,
Sinner and soldier, tinker and teacher,
For heresy scoffed, scourged, put in prison —
The day of Tolerance yet un-risen —
Who heard from the dark of his dungeon lair
The roar and turmoil of Vanity Fair,
And shadowed Man's pilgrimage forth with
passion
Heroic, in God-guided poet-fashion,
Has now his revenge: he looks down at you
In a ducally-commissioned Statue —
A right good artist gave life and go to it,
But his name's Boehm, and Rhyme says "no"
to it —
And the dean of Westminster, frank and
fluent,
Spoke Broad-Church truths of the Baptist
truant.

Punch likes the duke and he likes the dean,
And the summer air in the summer green,
When the Anabaptist poet and clown
Was set up as the glory of Bedford town;
But ducal and decanal folk should learn
That to deal with the Past is of small con-
cern;
That light for the day's life is each day's need,
That the Tinker-Teacher has sown his seed;
And we want *our* Bunyan to show the way
Through the Sloughs of Despond that are
round us to-day,
Our guide for straggling souls to wait,
And lift the latch of the wicket gate.

The Churches now debate and wrangle,
Strange doubts theology entangle;
Each sect to the other doth freedom grudge,
Archbishop asks ruling of a judge.
Why comes no pilgrim, with eyes of fire,
To tell us where pointeth minster spire,
To show, though critics may sneer and scoff,
The path to "The Land that is very far off?"
The People are weary of vestment vanities,
Of litigation about inanities,
And fain would listen, O Preacher and Peer,
To a voice like that of this Tinker-Seer;
Who guided the Pilgrim up, beyond
The Valley of Death and the Slough of Des-
pond,
And Doubting Castle, and Giant Despair,
To those Delectable Mountains fair,
And over the River, and in at the Gate
Where for weary Pilgrims the Angels wait!

Punch.

From The British Quarterly Review.
FINGER RINGS.*

ORNAMENTS of various kinds have been worn from all ages, both by civilized and uncivilized nations, but it would probably be impossible to point to any single ornament connected with which so much interest attaches as to the finger ring. It is of great antiquity, and during centuries of years has been associated with the most important concerns of life, both in matters of ceremony and affairs of the heart. It has been used as a means of recognition, as a credential, and as a form of introduction which insured hospitality to the bearer of it. Royal edicts were promulgated through its medium, and power was transferred by its means.

When Pharaoh committed the government of Egypt to Joseph he took his ring from his finger, and gave it to the young Israelite as a token of the authority he bestowed upon him. So also when Ahasuerus agreed to Haman's cruel scheme of killing the Jews in all the king's provinces, he took the ring off his hand and gave it to Haman as his warrant, and afterwards, when he commanded Mordecai to write letters annulling the former decree, he ordered them to be sealed with his ring.

A ring formerly marked the rank and authority of a man, and the king's ring was as important a part of the insignia of royalty as his sceptre or his crown.

The form of the ring is emblematic of eternity and its materials of pricelessness. Lovers are united by a ring, and departed friends are often kept in remembrance by the same token of affection. All these qualities sufficiently explain the reason why in old tales and legends the power of the ring is a fruitful source of interest. The celebrated Sanscrit drama which Kalidasa wrote upon the beautiful Sakuntala turns upon Dushyanta's recognition of his wife by means of a ring which he had given her; and golden rings have frequently been used by fairies and beau-

tiful demons to seduce men from allegiance to their human loves. The known fact that fish greedily swallow any glittering object thrown into the water has been taken advantage of by old story-tellers, who never tire of relating how lost rings have been found at the proper nick of time in the stomach of a salmon or a mackerel.

In old times the motto of to-day that "nothing is so successful as success" was by no means universally held, and Polycrates the Samian was so uniformly fortunate that he himself began to fear that the gods did not love him. The wise Egyptian king Amasis persuaded him to propitiate Nemesis by making away with one of his most valued possessions, so he took the advice, and putting out to sea, threw into the gaping wave his beautiful emerald signet ring, engraved by Theodorus, the son of Telecles, a native of Samos. A fish of remarkable size snapped up the ring as it sank, and soon afterwards this fish being served up at the king's table restored to him his ring. Amasis hearing of this last proof of Polycrates' inevitable good luck solemnly renounced his alliance. At last, however, fortune turned, and being taken prisoner by the Persians, Polycrates suffered death by impaling. In the life of Kentigern, related in the *Acta Sanctorum*, there is a legend of a recovered ring. A queen who had formed an improper attachment to a handsome soldier, gave him a ring which had previously been given her by her lord. The king finding the soldier asleep with this ring on his hand, snatched it off and threw it into the river. He afterwards went to his wife to demand it, and she sent secretly to the soldier, who of course could not return it. She now sends in great terror to ask the assistance of the holy Kentigern, who knew the whole affair before, but to help the queen he goes to the river Clyde, and having caught a salmon, takes from its stomach the missing ring, which he sends to her. She joyfully takes it to the king, who, thinking he had wronged her, swears he will be revenged upon her accusers, but she beseeches him to pardon them. As absolution for her sin, she confesses

* *Rambles of an Archæologist among old Books and in old Places.* By FREDERICK WILLIAM FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. London. Virtue and Co. 1871.

it to Kentigern, and vows to be more careful of her conduct in future.

Finger rings are mentioned in the first book of the Bible, and they appear to have been much worn by the Jews in all ages. The ladies of Palestine adorned their hands with glittering rings, and chiefly valued those which were set with rubies, emeralds, and chrysolites.

Signet rings of gold, silver, and bronze were much worn by the ancient Egyptians, and these were frequently engraved with representations of the sacred beetle or scarabæus. This insect was venerated in Egypt when alive, and was embalmed after death. It was worshipped both as the emblem of the sun and as the symbol of the world. The rings of the lower classes were usually made of ivory and blue porcelain.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson describes a ring in the possession of a Frenchman at Cairo which was one of the largest he had ever seen. It contained twenty pounds' worth of gold, and amongst other devices engraved upon it was the name of a king, the successor of Amunoph III., who lived about 1400 B.C., and was known to the Greeks as Memnon.

There is no reference to rings in Homer, and they do not appear to have been introduced into Greece till a later age than his. The fashion, however, once set, spread fast, and in the time of Solon every freeman throughout Greece wore one signet ring either of gold, silver, or bronze. That statesman, to prevent counterfeits, made a law that no seal engraver was to keep in his possession the impression of any seal ring that he had cut for a customer. At a later period the Greeks used rings set with precious stones, and wore two or three at the same time. They were therefore considered as ornaments, and their use extended to women, who wore them of ivory and amber. Demosthenes wore many rings, and he was stigmatized as unbecomingly vain for doing so in the troubled times of the state. The Spartans took a pride in wearing plain iron rings.

The ancient Romans wore iron rings, and purists continued to wear them long after more precious metals were com-

monly used. Ambassadors wore gold rings as a part of their official dress, and afterwards the privilege was extended to senators, chief magistrates, and the equestrian order, who were said to enjoy the *jus annuli aurei*. The emperors assumed the right of granting this distinction, which was coveted as a sort of patent of nobility. In time, however, its value declined, and the Emperor Aurelian gave the right to all the soldiers of the Empire; and in the reign of Justinian it had become so common that all citizens were entitled to it.

The introduction of sculptured animals upon the signets of the Romans is said to have been derived from the sacred symbols of the Egyptians. Afterwards, when the practice of deifying princes and venerating heroes became general, portraits of men took the place of the more ancient types; thus the figure of Harpocrates was a fashionable device at Rome in the time of Pliny. Roman rings were massive and of immoderate size, and were consequently found by the effeminate to be too hot for summer wear, so that different kinds were introduced for the various seasons, —

Charged with light summer rings his fingers
sweat,

Unable to support a gem of weight.

Dryden's "Juvenal."

In times of sorrow the Roman changed his gold for iron rings; and when he died his rings were often burnt with his corpse.

Rings were placed upon the statues of the deities and heroes, and were put on or taken off according to the festival that was celebrated. Roman rings were often of great value, thus that of the Empress Faustina is said to have cost the immense sum of £40,000, and that of Domitia the still larger amount of £60,000.

The early Christians did not imitate the often indelicate symbols of the Romans, but took devices connected with their faith for their rings, such as the dove, the anchor, fish, palm branch, &c. Ring making was an important branch of the goldsmith's art in the Middle Ages, and a body of artists were called by the

French *aneliers*. Rich enamel in curious devices usurped for a time the place of gems, and the workmanship was often of the highest character, Benvenuto Cellini being the chief artist in bringing the art to its greatest perfection.

In our own country rings have been worn by all the races that have successively inhabited it.

Lo! here is a red gold ring,
With a rich stone;
The lady looked on that ring,
It was a gift for a king.

"Sir Degrevant." (*Thornton Romances*.)

The old Celtic rings were usually of gold wire. Aildergoidgh, son of Muin-beamhoín, monarch of Ireland, who reigned 3070 A.M., is said to have been the first prince who introduced the wearing of gold rings in Ireland, which he bestowed upon persons of merit who excelled in knowledge of the arts and sciences.

Fynes Moryson tells us in his "Itinerary" "that the English in great excess affect the wearing of jewels and diamond rings, scorning to weare plaine gold rings or chaines of gold."

In one of Bishop Hall's Satires we read:—

Nor can good Myson wear on his left hand
A signet ring of Bristol diamond;
But he must cut his glove to show his pride,
That his trim jewel might be better spy'd.

Modern rings owe all their beauty to their stones, for goldsmithery is no longer an art, and little attempt is made to obtain elegance of workmanship in the gold-work. In the seventeenth century sharply-pointed pyramidal diamond rings were much used for writing names and verses on glass, and few of the wits and fops of the day were without one.

Among the Jews the middle or little finger of the right hand was that upon which the ring was worn, and the signet was always upon the right hand, as appears by the passage in Jeremiah,—"As I live, saith the Lord, though Coniah, the son of Jehoiakim, king of Judah, were the signet upon my right hand, yet would I pluck thee thence." Bishops, probably following Biblical precedent, wore their

official rings upon the right hand. This, however, was opposed to the practice of the Egyptians, who considered the fourth finger of the left hand as the ring finger. Still they did not confine themselves to that finger, for there is a figure of a woman on a mummy case in the British Museum in which the fingers and thumbs of both hands are covered with rings.

Among the Romans plain rings were worn originally on either hand at option, but when gems and precious stones were added they were worn by preference on the left, and it was considered exceedingly effeminate to wear them on the right hand. At first only one ring was worn, then one on each finger, and, lastly, one on each joint. Charinus, according to Martial, wore sixty rings daily, or six on each finger, and did not take them off at night, but slept in them. This was an extreme case; but rings were often worn on every finger and also on the thumbs. In Germany rings were frequently worn upon the joints, as was the Roman custom. The wife of Sir Humphrey Stafford (1450) is sculptured in Bromsgrove Church, Worcestershire, with a ring on every finger but the last one of the right hand. Massive thumb rings were supposed to tell of wealth and importance, and Falstaff declared that when young he could have crept into an alderman's thumb ring.

The annular finger is now always the fourth finger, counting the thumb as the first, and it is necessary to bear this in mind, for sometimes the mistake is made of counting from the forefinger.

Rings have played an important part in the history of the world. They have been used by the king to unite him to his kingdom, by the bishop to his see, and the abbot to his monastery. Special interest attaches to the ring with which the Doge of Venice married the Adriatic on Ascension Day, when he addressed it in these words:—"We espouse thee, O Sea! as a token of our perpetual dominion over thee"—a vaunt that has long been proved to be groundless.

We will now, before proceeding further, stop to make note of a few historical rings. One of the most interesting that

has come down to our time is the signet ring of Mary Queen of Scots, now in safe keeping among the treasures of the British Museum. Sir Henry Ellis was of opinion that this was Mary's nuptial ring when she was married to Darnley, and that it affords the earliest instance of her bearing the royal arms of Scotland alone after having discarded the arms of France. When Dauphiness, she and her husband had quartered the arms of England, which gave great offence to Queen Elizabeth. Within the ring is a monogram formed of the letters M and A, which is of great historical interest, because Sir Henry Ellis has pointed out that in a letter from Mary to Elizabeth, written just before her marriage, she used the same monogram, probably as a puzzle for the Queen of England and her Councillor Burghley. The clue was, however, given to them when Darnley was created Duke of Albany. Another interesting ring is the one which Queen Elizabeth is supposed to have sent to the Earl of Essex, but which was never delivered to him. It is of gold, with the head of the queen cut on hard onyx, and it is now in the possession of the Rev. Lord John Thynne, who is descended from Lady Frances Devereux, Essex's daughter. Aubrey relates that Queen Elizabeth had a double ring, made with two diamonds, which formed a heart when joined. She kept one-half, and sent the other to Mary Queen of Scots, as a token of her constant friendship; but, as Aubrey adds, "she cut off her head for all that." Mary commissioned Beatoun to take back her ring to Elizabeth, when she determined to seek an asylum in England. Before dismissing the maiden queen we may mention that her coronation ring was filed off her finger a little before her death, on account of the flesh having grown over it.

In 1765 a very beautiful and perfect gold ring was found by a workman among the ruins of the North Gate House, on Bedford Bridge, when that building was pulled down. In this prison the world-famed dreamer, John Bunyan, was confined, and there is little doubt that this was his ring. It bears his initials, *J. B.*, and is engraved with a death's head, and the words "*memento mori.*" The ring was sold to Dr. Abbot, chaplain to the Duke of Bedford, and presented by him, in his last illness, to the Rev. G. H. Bower, perpetual curate of Elstow, where Bunyan was born.

In the Londesborough Collection is the identical ring which the Prince of Orange

(afterwards William III.) gave to the Princess Mary. It is made of gold, set with diamonds, and enamelled black. Outside is engraved "*Honi soit qui mal y pense,*" and inside is the posy, "*I'll win and wear you if I can.*" It is doubtful whether this ring was presented before marriage or after; if the latter the motto may be understood as referring to William's design of contesting the crown of England with his wife's father.

The signet ring of Cæsar Borgia was exhibited a few years ago at a meeting of the British Archæological Association, by the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne. It is of gold, slightly enamelled, with the date 1503, and round the inside is the motto "*Fays ceque doys avien que pourra.*" A box dropped into the front, having on it *Borgia*, in letters reversed, round which are the words "*Cor unum una via.*" At the back is a slide, within which it is related he carried the poison he was in the habit of dropping into the wine of his unsuspecting guests. Hannibal carried poison about with him in a ring, and when all his hopes were gone he swallowed the poison, and died. Pope Alexander VI. (Borgia) possessed a key-ring such as was used by the Romans, which contained poison. When he wished to get rid of an objectionable friend he gave him his ring to unlock a casket, and as the lock was a little hard to open the pin concealed within gave the fatal prick. Rings of the same kind of workmanship, but not with so deadly a design, have been common, and keys intended to open invaluable caskets were often attached to rings. In referring to these singularities, we ought not to omit the mention of a ring made with a watch in the boss, which could be so wound up that it would make a small pin prick the person who wore it at any hour of the night he pleased.

Ladies have always been ready to give up their valuables in times of national distress, but they have perhaps never been so nobly rewarded for their devotion as during the great war of Liberation in Germany. The ladies sent their jewels and ornaments to the treasury for the public service, and they each received in return an iron ring, with the emphatic eulogy, "*Ich gab Gold um Eisen*" (I gave gold for iron).

We must now turn to the consideration of some official rings. Episcopal rings are of great antiquity, and the newly made bishop in the Roman Catholic Church is invested with a ring by which he is married to the Church, as a part of his con-

separation. In the romance of King Athelstan, printed in Hartshorne's "Ancient Metrical Tales," the king says to the offending archbishop:—

Lay down thy cros and thy staff,
Thy myter and thy ryng that I thee gaff—
Out of my land thou flee.

In 1194 the fashion of the episcopal ring was settled by Pope Innocent III., who ordained that it should be of solid gold, and set with a precious stone, on which nothing was to be cut. The stones usually chosen were ruby, indicating glory, emerald for tranquillity and happiness, and crystal for simplicity and purity. These rings were usually signets, and were sometimes used for special objects; thus in Spain and France the bishops sealed up with them the baptismal fonts from the beginning of Lent to Holy Saturday.

Before the ring is conferred it is blessed, and the ceremonial of investiture takes place before the pastoral staff and mitre are received. If a new pope is already a bishop, as is usually the case, he does not receive a ring, but if not one is presented to him with the usual formula. The ring was formerly worn on the index finger of the right hand when the blessing was given, and then changed to the annular finger at the celebration of mass. It is now always worn on the annular finger of the right hand. As the ring was made large enough to be worn over a glove, a guard ring was often necessary, to prevent it from falling off, when worn without one.

The Pope's seal ring is not worn by him, but has been used for sealing briefs apostolic from the fifteenth century. Prior to that period it was employed for the private letters of the popes. The ring of the fisherman, a signet ring of steel, is in the keeping of the cardinal chamberlain, or chancellor, and is broken with a golden hammer on the death of every pope, and a new one made for the new pope. The use of the ring was granted to cardinals about the twelfth century. A cardinal's ring is set with sapphire, to denote the high priesthood, and is given when a title is assigned to him. The gift, however, is not free, for the new prince of the Church has to pay a large fine on receiving it. The cardinals wear their rings at all times, but on Good Friday they lay them aside, as a sign of the mourning in which the Church is placed for her spouse. It was the custom to bury the cardinal with his

ring on his finger, as was done with the king and other great men. When tombs have been opened the ring has usually been found upon the finger of the defunct. Thus it was with our Henry II., Richard II., and Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror; and in France the body of Childeric was discovered with his regalia and coronation ring. Graves were sometimes violated by robbers, in order to obtain the treasures within, and assaults were even made upon the corpse as it was carried to be buried. Most ornaments have at different times come under the ban of the religious as vanities and snares, but rings have always been looked upon with favour by the Church. Decade rings have sometimes been used in place of the ordinary rosary of beads. They were mostly made of ten, but sometimes of more knobs. Ten knobs or bosses indicate the number of aves; eleven bosses, ten aves and a paternoster, the last being marked by a larger boss than the others. Twelve knobs were intended to express that the creed was to be repeated at the twelfth. Reliquary rings, in which some sacred relique was inclosed, were at one time in common use.

To pass from the Church to the law we must not omit to mention the well-known serjeant's ring. Every serjeant-at-law, on being sworn in, presents rings of pure gold, with a motto on them, to such persons as come to the inauguration feast, to the law officers, and certain other officials of importance. The values of the various rings are proportioned to the rank of each recipient, and one of very large dimensions, with the motto inscribed in enamel, is given to the sovereign. On the admission of fourteen serjeants, in 1737, 1409 rings were given away, at a cost of £773, and besides this number there were others made for each serjeant's own account, to be given away to friends at the bar, attorneys, &c., which came to more than all the rest of the expense. Lists of the mottoes on many of these rings have been printed in "Notes and Queries," but as they are not of any great interest, we do not insert them here, merely mentioning Lord Brougham's suggestion of a motto on a certain occasion. Some barristers that Brougham did not think much of wished to be made serjeants, and the ex-chancellor suggested that the most appropriate motto that could be found for their rings would be the old legal word "*scilicet*." Rings with punning devices or re-

buses, heraldic emblems, &c., engraved upon them, were introduced early in the fifteenth century, and soon became very common. In the old newspaper, *Mercurius Publicus*, for November 29th, 1660, there is a curious and interesting story which illustrates our subject. On the disbanding of a certain regiment at the Restoration, the men were given a full week's pay in addition to their arrears, when they all unanimously resolved to buy each man a ring with the week's pay, the posy of which should be the *King's Gift*. Certain stones were set in rings, with a special meaning in superstitious times, as we shall see further on, but in later days all kinds of stones have been used, to suit the varied fancy of the wearer. Giardinetti rings, of a floriated design, in which coloured stones represented flowers were used at one time as keepers. At the commencement of the nineteenth century harlequin rings, which were set with several variously coloured stones, were fashionable. Swift, writing to Pope, respecting Curll and the "Dunciad," says:—"Sir, you remind me of my Lord Bolingbroke's ring, you have embalmed a gnat in amber;" and Pope himself refers to this substance, which is one of the most ancient of ornaments, in the following lines:—

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws or dirt, or grubs or worms;
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Rings, which are now looked on merely as ornaments, without meaning, except in the cases of the wedding and engaged rings, were formerly considered to be full of occult significance. Certain stones represented virtues, and others were famed for their magical value. The Poles believe that each month of the year is under the influence of a precious stone which exerts its power over the destiny of any person born during the period of its sway. It is therefore customary among friends and lovers to make reciprocal presents of trinkets ornamented with the natal stones. The following is a list of the stones peculiar to each month with their meanings:—

- January. — Garnet: Constancy and Fidelity.
- February. — Amethyst: Sincerity.
- March. — Bloodstone: Courage and Presence of Mind.
- April. — Diamond: Innocence.
- May. — Emerald: Success in love.
- June. — Agate: Health and long life.
- July. — Cornelian: Contented Mind.

- August. — Sardonyx: Conjugal felicity.
- September. — Chrysolite: Antidote against madness.
- October. — Opal: Hope.
- November. — Topaz: Fidelity.
- December. — Turquoise: Prosperity.

As might be expected in so fanciful a matter, the moral qualities attributed to the stones vary greatly according to different authorities, and moreover, other gems than those mentioned above have been set apart as emblems of the different months.

Rings, which were supposed to charm away all the ills of life, were once worn, and the Arabians have a book written exclusively on magic rings called "Salcuthat." The most wonderful of all these rings was that one, which is said to have been found in the belly of a fish, and was transferred in regular succession from Jared, the father of Enoch, to Solomon. This ring of Solomon's was that with which refractory Gins were sealed up in jars before they were thrown into the sea, as we read in the "Arabian Nights." The ring of Gyges, king of Lybia, was also of great note. He is said to have found it in a grave, and when he wore it with the stone turned inwards, he was rendered invisible to human eyes. Many other rings, however, have been supposed to possess the same power as that of Gyges, and it was a belief in the Middle Ages that rings with certain cabalistic words upon them rendered their wearers invisible.

Rings were used among many different nations as charms and talismans against the evil eye and demons, against debility, the power of the flames, and most of the ills inherent to human nature. Sometimes the virtue existed in the stone, and sometimes in the device or inscription or magical letters engraved upon them.

Magic rings made of wood, bone, or other cheap material were manufactured in large numbers at Athens, and gifted with whatever charm was required by the purchaser. Execetus, the tyrant of the Phocians, carried about with him two rings, which he struck together to divine by the sound emitted what he had to do or what was to happen to him.

The Gnostics engraved gems with mystic figures, all of which were supposed to have their value. The word *Anani-zapta* was a favourite inscription, and the names of the three kings of Cologne, or the wise men of the East, viz., *Jasper*, *Melchior*, and *Baltazar* were used as a

powerful charm. Reynard the fox boasts of the virtues of the ring he possessed with the three names that Seth brought out of Paradise when he gave his father Adam the oil of mercy, and tells how, whoever bears these three names, shall never be hurt by thunder or lightning, nor by witchcraft, nor be tempted to sin, nor catch cold, though he lay three winters' nights in the fields in the snow, frost, and storm.

Devotional rings, with the names of Jesus, Maria, and Joseph engraved on them, were used as a preservative against the plague. The various figures engraved on rings all had their hidden meaning. Thus Pegasus or Bellerophon was good for warriors, as it gave them boldness and swiftness in flight. Orion made the wearer victorious in war, and Mercury gave wisdom and persuasion. The representation of St. Christopher was an amulet against sudden death, particularly by drowning, and that of Andromeda conciliated love between man and woman. Hercules strangling the Nemean lion cured the colic, and protected the combatant who wore it.

A copper ring with the figure of a lion, a crescent, and a star worn upon the fourth finger, was considered to be a cure for the stone. A dog and a lion together preserved the wearer from dropsy or pestilence, and the hare was a defence against the devil.

A figure of the imaginary cockatrice was worn as a talisman against the evil eye. This creature was supposed to be produced from a cock's egg, and is described by Sir Thomas Browne in his "Vulgar Errors" as having "legs, wings, a serpentine and winding tail, and a crest or comb somewhat like a cock." Its eye was so deadly as to kill by a look :—

Say thou but "I," [aye]

And that bare vowel "I" shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

"Romeo and Juliet," iii. 2.

In the Londesborough collection is a very remarkable ring, on which is represented a toad swallowing a serpent, which illustrates an old superstition. There is a proverb that "a serpent to become a dragon must eat a serpent," and the same metamorphosis was supposed to take place with other crawling creatures, as appears in many allusions in the poets, so that this toad may be expected to turn into a dragon.

Rings composed of different substances

have been commonly employed for superstitious purposes. Thus rings of gold were thought to cure St. Anthony's fire; and Marcellus, a physician who lived in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, directed the patient afflicted with pain in the side to wear a ring of pure gold, inscribed with Greek letters, on a Thursday at the decrease of the moon. The ring was to be worn on the right hand if the pain was in the left side, and on the left hand if the pain was in the right side.

Brand acquaints us that in Berkshire a ring, made from a piece of silver collected at the Communion, is a cure for convulsions and fits of all kinds. If collected on Easter Sunday, its efficacy is greatly increased. A silver ring made of five sixpences collected from five different bachelors, to be conveyed by the hands of a smith, who is a bachelor, will cure fits. None of the persons who give the sixpences are to know for what purpose they are collected. A ring made from silver contributed by twelve young women, constantly worn on one of the fingers, cures epilepsy. Trallian, in the fourth century, cured the colic with the help of an octangular ring of iron on which eight words were engraven, and by commanding the bile to take possession of an unfortunate lark.

Rings made from the chains of criminals and iron taken from a gallows were once in great repute for curing divers diseases. In Devonshire, rings were made of three nails or screws that had been used to fasten a coffin, or had been dug up out of a churchyard. Lead mixed with quicksilver was used as a preservative against headache. Rings were sometimes made to enclose a herb famed for healing virtues which was cut at certain times; and Josephus relates that a man drew devils out of those possessed by putting a ring, containing a root mentioned by Solomon, to the nostrils of the demoniac.

Most precious stones were formerly supposed to be endowed with medicinal properties and virtues, and among them jasper took the lead in value, Galen himself vouching for its admirable qualities from his own ample experience. It cured fevers and dropsies, stopped hæmorrhages, baffled the effects of witchcraft, and promoted parturition. Emerald jasper was pre-eminent in these qualities, and, moreover, insured chastity and continence to the wearer, on which account ecclesiastics wore emerald rings.

In T. Cutwode's "Caltha Poetarum ;

or, the Bumble Bee" (1599) is the following reference to this quality : —

She ties a necklace underneath her chin
Of jasper, diamond, and of topasie :
And with an emerald hangs she on a ring
That keeps just reckoning of our chastitie.

And therefore, ladies, it behoves you well
To walk full warily, when stones will tell.

A jasper ring, with a runic inscription translated as

Raise us from dust we pray to thee ;
From pestilence oh set us free,
Although the grave unwilling be,

was exhibited before the Society of Antiquaries in 1824. The runes used for magical and supernatural purposes are known by the general appellation of Ramrunes, that is strong or bitter runes, and in a learned paper by Francis Douce ("Archæologia," vol. xxi.), they are classed as follows : —

1. Malrunes used in considering and revenging injuries.
2. Sigrunes gave victory in all controversies to those who used them.
3. Limrunes, when marked on the bark of leaved of trees that inclined to the south, cured diseases.
4. Brunrunes, or fountain runes, used to insure safety at sea to men and property.
5. Hug or hogrunes were runes of the mind, and made their user excel all his companions in mental vigour.
6. Biargrunes used to protect lying-in women.
7. Swartrunes used in practising the black art.
8. Willurunes or deceitful letters.
9. Klaprunes were not written, but made by motions.
10. Trollrunes or devil letters were used for divination or enchantment.
11. Alrunes or alerunes destroyed the allurements or deceits of strange women.

The turquoise or Turkish stone was supposed to have many and various good qualities that made it second only to jasper in popular estimation. Shylock's ring that he would not have lost "for a wilderness of monies" was a turquoise. This stone was believed to strengthen the sight and spirits of the wearer, to take away all enmity, and reconcile man and wife, and to move when any peril was about to fall upon the wearer. This last quality is alluded to in Ben Jonson's "Sejanus" —

And true as turkoise in the dear Lord's ring
Look well or ill with him.

And also by Dr. Donne —

A compassionate turquoise that doth tell
By looking pale the wearer is not well.

However, the most wonderful virtue of all was that it protected its wearer from injury from falls, so that however serious the danger the stone only broke, and the wearer escaped unhurt. Anselmus de Boot or Boethius, in his work on "Precious Stones" (1609), gives a circumstantial account of his own escapes from falls due to his wearing a turquoise ring.

The toadstone, also known as crapaudine and batrachites, was considered in old times as an amulet of the greatest power. It was a sovereign remedy for many disorders, and was sometimes lent to the sick, but only on a bond for its safe return, in which its value was rated at a very large amount. Joanna Baillie writing to Sir Walter Scott in 1812, tells him of a toadstone ring which was repeatedly borrowed from her mother as a protection to new-born children and their mothers from the power of the fairies. In Ben Jonson's "Fox," (Act 2, scene 3), a ring of this kind is referred to : —

Or were you enamour'd on his copper rings,
His saffron jewel, with toadstone in't !

The toadstone was set open in a ring so that it should touch the finger, as one of its chief virtues was to burn the skin at the very presence of poison. It was of old supposed to be found in the heads of old toads, a belief which Shakespeare refers to in one of his most admired passages —

Sweet are the uses of adversity ;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

The credulous Lupton gives directions how to obtain the stone. He says an overgrown toad must be put into an earthen pot and placed in an ant's hillock, when the ants will eat up the toad, and the stone will be left in the pot. This, he adds, "has often been proved." To know whether a toadstone is true or not, Lupton says you must hold it before a toad so that he may see it. If it be good the toad will leap towards it, and make as though he would snatch it from you, "for he envieth so much that a man should have that stone." These were the chief favourites of our ancestors, but many other stones and gems were highly prized for their qualities besides these three, thus agate rendered athletes invincible, cured the sick, and enabled its wearer to gain the love of all women. Amber was good against poison, and it is

still prized for its electrical qualities, qualities which take their name from it. Amethyst was an antidote against drunkenness, and if the sun or moon was engraven upon it, it was a charm against witchcraft. Bloodstone checked bleeding at the nose, if the words "*sanguis mane in te*" were repeated three times on application. According to Monardes, a Spanish physician of the sixteenth century, the Indians of New Spain valued it for this property. Carbuncle emitted native light, and Martius, in "*Titus Andronicus*," when he falls into a dark pit, discovers the body of Bassanius by the light of the jewel on the dead man's hand.

Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which like a taper in some monument
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit :
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.

Coral hindered the delusions of the devil. Crystal clouded if evil was about to happen to the wearer, and it was formerly much used by fortune-tellers. Diamond was an antidote against all poisons. Opal sharpened the sight of its possessor, and clouded the eyes of those who stood about him. Ruby changed its colour if any calamity was about to happen to the wearer of it. Wolfgang Gabelchow relates the following instance of this property : —

On December 5, 1600, as I was travelling from Stuttgart to Calloa, in company with my beloved wife Catharine Adelmann, of pious memory, I observed most distinctly during the journey that a very fine ruby, her gift, which I wore set in a ring upon my finger, had lost once or twice almost all its splendid colour, and had put on obscurity in place of splendour, and darkness in the place of light, the which blackness and dulness lasted not for one or two days only, but several : so that being above measure alarmed, I took the ring off my finger and locked it up in my trunk. Wherefore I repeatedly warned my wife that some grievous misfortune was impending over either her or myself, as I had inferred from the change of colour in my ruby. Nor was I deceived in my forebodings, inasmuch as within a few days she was taken with a mortal sickness that never left her till her death. After her decease indeed, its former brilliant colour again returned spontaneously to my ruby.

Sapphire possessed the same virtue as the bloodstone of checking bleeding at the nose. Topaz cured and prevented lunacy, increased riches, assuaged anger

and sorrow, and averted sudden death. When such blessings as these were supposed to fall to the lot of the possessor of one of these precious stones, who can be surprised at the value set upon them? The old Greek poem on "*Gems*," which goes by the name of Orpheus, contains a full account of the magical qualities of stones, and the ring mentioned in the following passage from "*Sir Percival of Galles*" (*Thornton Romances*) must have been set with one of the jewels we have enumerated above —

Siche a vertue es in the stane,
In alle this werlde wote I nane
Siche stone in a rynge ;
A mane that had it in were [war]
One his body for to bere,
Ther schold no dyntys hym dere
Ne to dethe brynge.

Other things besides precious stones were of old supposed to possess curative virtues, thus a ring made from the hoof of an elk was held to protect the wearer from epilepsy, and Michaelis, a physician at Leipsic, pretended to cure all diseases with a ring made of the tooth of a sea-horse. Sir Christopher Hatton sent a ring to Queen Elizabeth to protect her from all infectious airs, which was not to be worn on her finger, but to be placed in her bosom — "the chaste nest of pure constancy."

We do not always look for wisdom in the rulers of the earth, and therefore need not be surprised that a superstitious observance was upheld by the kings of England. Similar to the curious practice of touching for the king's evil was that of hallowing cramp rings. Every Good Friday the king hallowed with much ceremony certain rings, the wearers of which were saved from the falling sickness. The practice took its origin from a ring long preserved with great veneration in Westminster Abbey, which was supposed to have great efficacy against the cramp and falling sickness, when touched by those who were afflicted by either of those disorders. The ring was reported to have been brought to Edward the Confessor by some persons coming from Jerusalem, and to have been the same that he had long before given privately to a poor man who had asked alms of him for the love he bore to St. John the Evangelist. In the "*Liber Niger Domus Regis Edw. IV.*" is the following entry : — "Item to the kynge's offerings to the crosse on Good Friday out from the countyng-house for medycynable rings of

gold and sylver delyvered to the jewel house xxvs." The practice was discontinued by Edward VI., but in the previous reign Anne Boleyn sent some rings to a Mr. Stephens, with the following letter:—"Mr. Stephens, I send you here cramp rings for you and Mr. Gregory and Mr. Peter, praying you to distribute them as you think best." Galvanic rings are still worn, and are believed to cure rheumatism.

We need only mention in passing such rings as were used for scientific and practical purposes, viz., meridian, solar, and astronomical rings, and at once treat of those which are connected with the affections. Inscriptions upon rings are now comparatively rare, but in old times they were common. It is supposed that the fashion of having mottoes, or "reasons" as they were called, was of Roman origin, for the young Romans gave rings to their lady-loves with mottoes cut on gems, such as "Remember," "Good luck to you," "Love me, and I will love thee." In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the posy was inscribed on the outside of the ring, and in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was placed inside. In the year 1624 a little book was published with the following title:—"Love's garland; or posies for rings, handkerchiefs, and gloves, and such pretty tokens that lovers send their loves." Some of these mottoes have become pretty well hackneyed in the course of years, thus the Rev. Giles Moore notes in his journal under the date 1673-4, "Bought for Ann Brett a gold ring, this being the posy—'When this you see remember me.'" In some cases instead of words the stones are made to tell the posy by means of acrostics, thus to obtain *Love* the following arrangement is made—

L apis lazuli,
O pal,
V erde antique,
E merald;

and for *Love me*, malachite and another emerald are added.

For the words *Dearest* and *Regard* the stones are arranged as follows:—

D iamond,
E merald,
A methyst,
R uby,
E merald,
S apphire,
T opaz.

R uby,
E merald,
G arnet,
A methyst,
R uby,
D iamond.

At the time of O'Connell's agitation in Ireland rings and brooches were set with the word *Repeal* thus:—

R uby,
E merald,
P earl,
E merald,
A methyst,
L apis lazuli.

In one of these rings belonging to a gentleman the lapis lazuli dropped out, and he took it to a working jeweller in Cork to be repaired. When he got it back, however, he found topaz in place of the lapis lazuli, and therefore he told the workman a mistake had been made. "No mistake," answered the jeweller, "it was Repeal; let us *repeat*, and we may have it yet."

Names are sometimes represented on rings by the same means; and the Prince of Wales on his marriage to the Princess Alexandra gave her as a keeper one with the stones set so as to represent his familiar name of *Bertie*, as follows:—

B eryl;
E merald,
R uby,
T urquoise,
I acinth,
E merald.

The French have precious stones for all the alphabet with the exception of f, k, q, y, and z, and they obtain the words *Souvenir* and *Amitié* by the following means—

S aphir or sardoine,
O nux or opale,
U raine,
V ermeille,
E meraude,
N atralithe,
I ris,
R ubis or rose diamant.

A méthiste or aigue-marine,
M alachite,
I ris,
T urquoise or topaze,
I ris,
E meraude.

The fyncel or wedding ring is supposed to have originated at Rome, where it was usually given at the betrothal as a pledge of the engagement, and its primitive form was that of a signet or seal ring.

The practice of the wife wearing the betrothed ring after marriage, and the husband the wedding ring, has been a common one in Germany. The betrothed and wedding rings of Luther have been preserved safely in his native country. The first is of gold elaborately worked with the various symbols of the Passion of the crucified Saviour, as the spear, the hyssop, the rod of reeds, the dice, &c., and the whole is surmounted with a ruby, the emblem of exalted love. Inside are the names of the betrothed pair, and the date of the marriage (*Der 13 Junii*, 1525). This ring was presented by Luther to Catharine Boren at the betrothal, and was worn by her then and after the marriage. The workmanship is very elegant, and it has been supposed that it was designed by the great reformer's friend Lucas Cranach, but the design was by no means an uncommon one. A gold ring was found in Coventry Park, near the Town Hall, in the autumn of 1802, by a person digging potatoes, on which was represented the Saviour rising from the sepulchre with the hammer, ladder, sponge, and other emblems of his passion by him. Five wounds were shown, which represented the wells of everlasting life, of mercy, pity, grace, and comfort. This was an amulet, and inside were inscribed the names of the three kings of Cologne. The wounds of Christ were often engraved upon rings, and Sir E. Shaw, alderman and goldsmith, directed by his will (*circa* 1487) that sixteen rings should be made of fine gold with representations of the wells of pity, mercy, and everlasting life, and given to his friends.

The interchanging of rings was a prominent feature of the ancient betrothing ceremony, but appears not to have taken place at the marriage. When Proteus sees Julia in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," the lovers exchange rings —

Julia. — If you turn not, you will return the sooner ;

Keep this in remembrance of thy Julia's sake.

(Gives him a ring.)

Proteus. — Why then we'll make exchange ; here take you this.

(Gives her another.)

In betrothals it was a common custom for lovers to break a piece of gold, and for each party to keep half ; sometimes a ring was broken.

A ring of pure gold she from her finger took,
And just in the middle the same then she broke :

Quoth she, as a token of love you this take,
And this as a pledge I will keep for your sake.
Exeter Garland.

Among the Italians of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries it was usual for ladies to give their lovers rings which contained their portraits, and were made with the *fede* or two hands clasped. It was usual also for lovers to wear the rings given to them by their mistresses on holidays, as we find in "England's Helicon" (1600) —

My songs they be of Cinthia's prayse,
I weare her rings on holly-dayes.

Bassanio and Gratiano give the rings which they received respectively from Portia and Nerissa to the young doctor and his clerk after the discomfiture of Shylock, although Portia had said —

This house, these servants, and this same myself,

Are yours my lord : I give them with this ring :
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

And Bassanio had answered —

When this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from
hence :

O then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead !

Imogen gives her husband Posthumus a ring when they part, and he gives her a bracelet in exchange. "Although," he says, "my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it ;" yet he gives it up to Iachimo to test the virtue of his wife. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Cupid's Revenge," a lady describes a man's presents to his mistress —

Given earrings we will wear !
Bracelets of our lover's hair,
Which they on our arms shall twist,
With their names carv'd on our wrist.

Sometimes the man gave a ring to his lady. In Davison's "Rhapsody" (1611) there is a sonnet from one who sent his mistress a gold ring with the posy "pure and endless ;" and when Richard III. brings his rapid wooing to a conclusion, he gives Lady Anne a ring, saying : —

Look how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encompasseth my poor heart ;

Wear both them, for both of them are thine.

In Spain the gift of a ring is looked upon as a promise of marriage, and is considered sufficient proof to enable a girl to claim her husband. In the fifteenth century love rings occur with the *orpine* (*Telephium*), commonly called *Mid-*

summer men, engraved upon them, a device which was chosen because the bending leaves of that plant are presumed to prognosticate whether love was true or false. It was used for love divination late into the last century.

The gimmel, jimmel, gimbal, or gimmon ring, was a pretty invention which continued a favourite for many years. It was a twin or double ring, and took its name from the word *gemelli*. Sometimes it was formed of three pieces of gold wire and even four occasionally, in the latter case the result was a puzzle ring.

Thou sent'st to me a true-love knot ; but I
Return a ring of *jimmals*, to imply
Thy love had one knot, mine a triple tye.
Herrick.

At first it was a simple love token, but afterwards was converted into a ring of affiance; the lover putting his finger through one of the hoops and his mistress hers through the other —

A curious artist wrought 'em
With joints so close as not to be perceiv'd ;
Yet are they both each other's counterpart ;
Her part had *Juan* inscrib'd and his had
Zayda

(You know those names were theirs) : and in
the midst

A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.
Now if the rivets of those rings inclosed
Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lye :
But if they join, you must forever part.

Dryden's "Don Sebastian."

Mr. Crofton Croker in his privately-printed catalogue of Lady Londesborough's collection, describes and figures a very interesting jimmel ring, consisting of three rings, which separate and turn on a pivot. The two outer ones were united by two clasped hands which concealed two united hearts upon the middle one, which was toothed at the edge. The following is the account given of the use to which the ring had been put :—

There can be little doubt from the specimens which have come under observation, that it had been used as a betrothing ring by an officer of the king's German legion with some Irish lady, and that the notched ring was retained by some confidential female friend, who was present as a witness at the betrothal ceremony — usually one of the most solemn and private character — and at which, over the Holy Bible, placed before the witness, both the man and the woman broke away the upper and lower rings from the centre one, which was held by the intermediate person. It would appear that the parties were subsequently married ; when it was usual, as a

proof that their pledges had been fulfilled, to return to the witness or witnesses to their contract the two rings which the betrothed had respectively worn until married, and thus the three rings, which had been separated, became reunited as in the present instance.

St. Martin's rings, which were fair to the eye, although only brass or copper within, were frequently given as presents to girls by their sweethearts. They are often referred to in old English literature to point a moral ; thus in Plaine Perceval, the Peace Maker of England (1589), we read "I doubt whether all be gold that glisteneth, sith St. Martin's rings be but copper within, though they be gilt without, says the goldsmith ;" and in Braithwaite's "Whimzies" (1631), they are mentioned with counterfeit bracelets as "commodities of infinite consequence." "They will pass for current at a may-pole, and purchase a favour from their Maid Marian." The name originated from the very extensive franchises and immunities which were enjoyed by the inhabitants of the precincts of the Collegiate Church of St. Martin's-le-Grand. The gilding and silvering of rings made of copper or latten was prohibited by statute 5 Hen. iv. c. 13, under a heavy penalty, and in consequence the "disloyal artificers," against whom the enactment was made, appear to have taken refuge in the hallowed district. By another statute (3 Edw. iv. c. 4) it was declared unlawful to import rings of gilded copper or latten, but the Act was not to be prejudicial or hurtful to any persons living in St. Martin's-le-Grand. In the same reign the like reservation of the rights of the dean of St. Martin's and his colony of outlaws was made. And thus it was that St. Martin's rings obtained their name.

The supposed heathen origin of the marriage ring well-nigh caused its abolition during the time of the Commonwealth, as Butler tells us in "Hudibras" —

Others were for abolishing
That tool of matrimony, a ring
With which the unsanctified bridegroom
Is married only to a thumb.

Wedding rings, however, have been supposed by some to have been worn by the Jews prior to Christian times, but Selden says that they were only used when the Jews found them prevalent around them. About the commencement of the sixteenth century, Hebrew betrothal rings, called *mausselauf* (a word which, freely translated, means *joy be with*

you, or good luck to you), were common among the German Jews. They were usually surmounted with a small house, temple, or tabernacle, by way of bezel.

Whatever may have been the origin of the wedding ring, the church took care that it should be considered a holy thing. The "Doctrine of the Masse Booke" (1554) contains a form for "the halowing of the woman's ring at wedding," in which are the following prayers:

Thou maker and conservor of mankind, geve of spiritual grace and graunter of eternal salvation, Lord send thy blessing upon this ring, that she which shall weare it, maye be armed wyth the vertue of heavenly defence, and that it maye profit her to eternal salvation thorowe Christ, &c.

Halow thou Lord this ring which we blesse in thy holye name: that what woman soever shall weare it may stand fast in thy peace, and continue in thy wyl and live and grow and waxe old in thy love, &c.

Holy water was then to be sprinkled upon the ring.

In the Hereford, York, and Salisbury missals directions are given at the marriage for the ring to be put first on the thumb, after on the second finger, then on the third, and lastly on the fourth finger. The rubric still ordains the fourth finger, because it is the ring finger; and the left hand is chosen, it is said, because the wife is in subjection to her husband, but this is doubtful. It is true that official rings are worn on the right hand, but the left hand has more usually been the favourite one for rings, probably because it is less used than the right.

In many parts of the Continent wedding rings are worn by husbands as well as by wives. The wedding ring worn by Luther, to which we have previously referred, was a gimmel, and consisted of two perfect rings. On one hoop was set a diamond, as the emblem of power, duration, and fidelity, and on the other a ruby, for exalted love. On the mounting of the diamond were engraved Luther's initials, and on that of the ruby his wife's, so that when the two parts were joined the letters came close together. The motto within was "Was Gott zusammen füget soll kein mensch scheiden" (What God doth join, no man shall part).

Formerly widows wore their ring on the thumb as an emblem of widowhood, and we find the following trick mentioned in the *Spectator*—

It is common enough for a stale virgin to set up a shop in a place where she is not

known, where the large thumb ring supposed to be given her by her husband quickly recommends her to some wealthy neighbour, who takes a liking to the jolly widow that would have overlooked the veritable spinster.

The old wedding ring usually had its motto, which was often pretty and appropriate. We will set down a few of these posies that were once common—

Let lyking laste.

As God decreed so we agreed.

Knit in one by Christ alone.

In Christ and thee my comfort be.

First love Christ that died for thee,
Next to him love none but me.

Let us share in joy and care.

United hearts death only parts.

A faithful wife preserveth life.

This and the giver are thine forever.

This hath alloy, my love is pure.

The diamond is within.

I'll win and wear you.

I like my choice.

Love and live happily.

The wedding ring of St. Louis, of France, was set with a sapphire intaglio of the Crucifixion, and bore on the hoop the motto, "Dehors cet anel, pourrions avoir amour." Anne of Cleves' posy was "God sende me wel to kepe." Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, *temp.* Henry VI., had three daughters, who all married noblemen. Margaret's husband was John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, and the motto of her wedding ring, "Til deithe depart." Alianour married Edmund, Duke of Somerset, and her motto was "Never newe." Elizabeth married Lord Latimer, and hers was "Til my live's end." An old Earl of Hertford's wedding ring consisted of five links, the four inner ones containing the following posies of the earl's own making—

As circles five by art compact shows but one
ring in sight,

So trust united faithful mindes with knott of
secret might;

Whose force to break no right but greedie
Death possesseth power,

As time and sequels well shall prove. My
ringe can say no more.

Lady Cathcart on marrying her fourth husband, Hugh Maguire, in 1713, had the following posy inscribed on her wedding ring—

If I survive,
I will have five.

Dr. John Thomas, Bishop of Lincoln in 1753, married four wives, and being of the same mind with Lady Cathcart he selected a like motto for his fourth wife's ring, viz. —

If I survive,
I'll make them five.

The community of fishermen inhabiting the Claddagh at Galway rarely intermarry with other than their own people. The wedding ring is an heirloom in a family, and is regularly transferred from the mother to the daughter who is first married, and so passes to her descendants. Many of those still worn are very old.

The women of the gipsy tribes wear plain massive gold wedding rings, which are occasionally pawned by their possessor when in want of money, but in most cases are scrupulously redeemed. Many superstitions are associated with the wedding ring, and some of them still linger on. It was once a widely-spread belief that a special nerve or artery stretched forth from the heart to the ring finger, and it is not a little remarkable that this notion is derived from Egypt, so that the wedding ring of to-day is placed upon a particular finger because many centuries ago an Egyptian appropriated that as the ring finger, from some supposed virtue that existed in it. Macrobius writes that those Egyptian priests who were prophets when engaged in the temple near the altars of the gods moistened the ring finger of the left hand (which was that next to the smallest) with various sweet ointments, in the belief that a certain nerve communicated with it from the heart.

It has been thought that the wedding ring possesses certain curative powers; thus, it is believed that a sty in the eye will soon disappear after being rubbed with the "plain gold ring." Most women are very loth to take off their wedding ring, and it seldom, if ever, is allowed to leave the finger. Its loss is thought to be an evil portent of some importance. In Sir John Bramston's autobiography (1631) it is related that his stepmother dropped her ring off her finger into the sea near the shore when she pulled off her glove. She would not go home without her ring, "It being the most unfortunate that could befall any one to lose the wedding ring," and after a general search the seekers were rewarded with success.

Among Moore's juvenile poems will be found a tale called the "Ring," which is a version of an old and widely-spread German legend. A young knight who is

about to be married to a beautiful girl places the wedding ring on the finger of a statue, thinking it to be a place of safety. When he comes for it the marble finger has turned up, and he is unable to get his ring off. He comes again to break the finger off and release the ring, when he finds the finger open, but the ring gone. He is in dismay, but obtains a new ring, with which he is married. At night, however, a spectre cold, like the marble statue, comes between the bride and bridegroom. The former cannot see, but the latter sees it, feels it, and hears it speak these words —

Husband, husband, I've the ring
Thou gav'st to-day to me;
And thou'rt to me forever wed,
As I am wed to thee!

At daybreak the spectre departs, but comes again each night, until, with the assistance of an old monk, the knight goes to a place where four roads meet, and obtains his ring again.

Still, in spite of these notions, the gold wedding ring is by no means an indispensable part of the marriage ceremony, for curtain rings, church keys, and rings made from gloves, or leather of any kind have been used as a substitute.

Marrying with a rush ring was practised by designing men to deceive their mistresses, and on account of this abuse the practice is strictly prohibited by the constitutions of Richard, Bishop of Salisbury, in 1217.

And whilst they sport and dance, the love-sick swains
Compose rush rings and myrtleberry chains.
Quarles' "Shepherd's Oracles," 1646.

In Greene's "Menaphon" is the following reference to rush rings: "Twas a good world when such simplicitie was used, saye the olde women of our time, when a ring of a rush would tye as much love together as a gimmon of gold;" and Douce refers Shakespeare's expression, "Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger," to this custom.

There is another ring which is not so well known now, but which was pretty common in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It was a frequent custom in the middle ages for widows to take a vow of chastity or perpetual widowhood, in token of which they received a peculiar robe and ring. Eleanor, third daughter of King John and widow of William Mareschal Earl of Pembroke, made a vow of celibacy to Edmund Archbishop of Canterbury and Richard Bishop of

Chichester, after the death of her husband, and received the ring and mantle of profession in public. A few years subsequently she broke her vow and married Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, not, however, before the strongest remonstrances had been made by the pious archbishop. The marriage was generally regarded as null and void, and it was only after the greatest exertions had been made for the Pope's sanction and vast sums of money had been spent that a dispensation was obtained. In the will of Lady Alice West (1395) mention is made of "a ring with which I was yspoused to God." In 1473 Katherine Rippelingham, "widow advowes," bequeaths "her gold ring with a diamante sette therein wherewith she was *sacrid*." Mr. Henry Harrod, in a paper in the "Archæologia" (vol. xl., pp. 307-310), gives numerous instances of money left by will on condition that the testator's wife takes the vow of chastity, or order or profession of widowhood.

Our subject concludes with the last stage of all, and connects itself with death. Mourning rings, as remembrances of those loved ones who have preceded us to the land of spirits, have always been cherished in Christian lands. Lord Eldon wore a mourning ring in memory of his wife, and desired in his will that it might be buried with him.

The practice of offering rings at funerals is introduced as an incident in "Sir Amadace." Anne of Cleves, who survived Henry VIII., left by her will several mourning rings of various values to be distributed among her friends and dependents. Dr. Wolcot wrote some elegant lines, very different in tone from the one usually employed by him, on the Princess Amelia's mournful present to her father George III.

With all the virtues blest, and every grace
To charm the world and dignify her race,
Life's taper losing fast its feeble fire,
The fair Amelia thus bespoke her sire :

"Faint on the bed of sickness lying,
My spirit from its mansion flying,
Not long the light these languid eyes will see,
My friend, my father, and my king,
Receive the token and remember me !"

Memorial rings were sometimes made to exhibit a small portrait, and, on some occasions, to conceal one beneath a stone. This is the case with the seven rings given away at the burial of Charles I. One of these is in the Londesborough Collection, and is described as follows : —

Gold, with square table-faced diamond on an oval face, which opens and reveals beneath a portrait of Charles in enamel. The face of the ring, its back, and side portions of the shank, engraved with scroll work, filled in with black enamel.

Another of these rings is still more interesting : —

It was of pure gold, plain, and without jewellery or ornament of any kind ; on the top of it was an oval of white enamel, not more than half an inch in longitudinal diameter, and apparently about the eighth of an inch in thickness ; the surface was slightly convexed, and divided into four compartments ; in each of these was painted one of the four cardinal virtues which, although so minute as to be scarcely perceptible to the clearest sight, by the application of a glass appeared perfectly distinct ; each figure was well proportioned, and had its appropriate attribute. By touching a secret spring, the case opened, and exposed to view a very beautifully printed miniature of the unfortunate Charles, with the pointed beard, mustachios, etc., as he is usually portrayed, and from its resemblance to the portraits generally seen of this monarch, wearing every appearance of being a strong likeness.

The ring sold at Strawberry Hill sale had the king's head in miniature behind a death's head, between the letters C. R., the motto being, "Prepared be to follow me." Charles II.'s mourning ring was inscribed "Car. Rex Remem — obiit — ber — 30 Jan., 1648."

Mr. Wright, in "Miscellanea Graphica" (1857), describes a gold mourning ring "formed of two skeletons, who support a small sarcophagus. The skeletons are covered with white enamel, and the lid of the sarcophagus is also enamelled, and has a Maltese cross in red on a black ground, studded with gilt hearts, and when removed displays another skeleton." The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres tells a sad story of a ring in his memoir of Lady Anne Mackenzie. Colin, Earl of Balcarres, when a youth at the court of Charles II., was taken very ill of a fever. Messengers arrived almost hourly to make inquiries after his health on behalf of a lady who had seen him presented at court, viz., Mdlle. Maurlitia de Nassau, sister of Lady Arlington and Lady Ossory, and a kinswoman of William of Orange. Lord Balcarres paid his respects to the young lady on his recovery, and soon the day for their marriage was fixed. The wedding party was assembled in the church, but no bridegroom appeared. He had forgotten the day, and was found in his dressing gown and slippers quietly eating.

his breakfast. On being reminded of his engagement he hurried to the church, but in his haste he left the wedding ring in his escritoire. A friend in company gave him a ring; he put his hand behind his back to receive it, and, without looking at it, he placed it on the finger of his bride. It was a mourning ring with a death's head and crossed bones engraved upon it, and the bride, on perceiving it at the close of the ceremony, fainted away. The ill omen made such an impression upon her mind that, on recovering, she declared she should die within the year. Her pre-sentiment was but too truly fulfilled, for she died in childbed in less than a twelve-month after.

When Diana, of Poitiers, became mistress of Henry II. of France, she was a widow, and the complaisant court not only adopted her mourning as the favourite colour, but wore rings engraved with skulls and skeletons. Rings with these devices were not necessarily mourning rings, but were worn by those persons who affected gravity. Luther wore a gold ring with a small death's head in enamel, which is now preserved at Dresden. Biron, in "Love's Labour Lost," refers to "a death's face in a ring," and in Beaumont and Fletcher we find:—

I'll keep it
As they keep death's head in rings,
To cry memento to me.

"Chances," Act I, sc. 3.

We have now passed in review many varieties of rings, and we cannot but notice the little value that is set upon them in the present day, as compared with their importance in days gone by. There are now no official rings, no rings to cure all diseases and save us from all dangers; but instead of all this they have sunk into mere ornaments. There is still, however, one ring that is associated with some of the dearest feelings of our nature, viz., the plain gold ring, as it is called, though why it should be plain we do not know. Why should it not be engraved with all the beauty that art can lavish upon it, and why should not a beautiful posy be written within its hoop? But it is probably useless to suggest such a change in universal fashion, and therefore we cannot do better than bring our subject to a close with the beautiful lines of Herrick:—

Julia, I bring
To thee this ring,
Made for thy finger fit;
To show by this
That our love is,
Or should be like to it.

Close tho' it be,
The joint is free;
So when love's yoke is on,
It must not gall,
Or fret at all
With hard oppression.

But it must play
Still either way,
And be too such a yoke
As not too wide,
To overslide;
Or be so straight to choke.

So we who bear
This beam, must rear
Ourselves to such a height,
As that the stay
Of either may
Create the burthen light.

And as this round
Is nowhere found
To flaw, or else to sever;
So let our love
As endless prove,
And pure as gold forever.

We have placed at the head of this article the title of the last work of an accomplished antiquary and artist now deceased, because one of the divisions of the book is entitled "Facts upon Finger Rings." This division consists of three chapters, very prettily illustrated with woodcut representations of interesting rings. Chapter I. treats of antique rings, Chapter II. of mediæval rings, and Chapter III. of modern rings. These chapters contain a large amount of valuable information. We have not, however, confined ourselves to their contents, but have drawn our information from the pretty extensive literature of the subject which is scattered about in various books.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It is a fine thing to have quarters in an English country-town, where nobody knows who the sojourner is, and nobody cares who he may be. To begin (at leisure) to feel interest in the place, and quicken up to the vein of humour throbbing through the High Street. The third evening cannot go over one's head without a general sense being gained of the politics of the town, and, far more important—the politicians; and if there

only is a corporation, wisdom cries in the streets, and nobody can get on with anybody. However, when the fights are over, generally speaking, all cool down.

But this is about the last thing that a stranger should exert his intellect to understand. It would be pure waste of time; unless he means to buy a house and settle down, and try to be an alderman in two years' time, and mount ambition's ladder even to the giddy height of mayoralty; till the hand of death comes between the rungs and vertically drags him downward. And even then, for three months shall he be, "our deeply lamented townsman."

But if this visitor firmly declines (as, for his health, he is bound to do) these mighty combats, which always have the eyes of the nation fixed on them — if he is satisfied to lounge about, and say "good morning," here and there, to ascertain public sentiment concerning the state of the weather, and to lay out sixpence judiciously in cultivating good society — then speedily will he get draughts of knowledge enough to quench the most ardent thirst; while the yawn of indolence merges in the quickening smile of interest. Then shall he get an insight into the commerce, fashion, religious feeling, jealousies, and literature of the town, its just and pleasant self-esteem, its tolerance and intolerance (often equally inexplicable), its quiet enjoyments, and, best of all, its elegant flirtations.

These things enabled Mr. Hales to pass an agreeable week at Tonbridge, and to form acquaintance with some of its leading inhabitants; which in pursuit of his object he was resolved, as far as he could, to do. And from all of these he obtained very excellent tidings of the Lovejoys, as being a quiet, well-conducted, and highly respectable family, admitted (whenever they cared to be so) to the best society of the neighbourhood, and forgiven for growing cherries, and even for keeping a three-horsed van.

Also, as regarded his own impressions, the more he saw of Old Applewood farm, the more he was pleased with it, and with its owners; and calling upon his brother parson, the incumbent of the parish, he found in him a congenial soul, who wanted to get a service out of him. For this Mr. Hales was too wide awake, having taken good care to leave sermons at home; because he had been long enough in holy orders to know what delight all parsons find in spoiling one another's holidays. Moreover, he had promised

himself the pleasure of sitting in a pew, for once, repossessing the right to yawn *ad libitum*, and even fall into a murmurous nap, after exhausting the sweetness of the well-known Lucretian sentiment — to gaze in safety at another's labours; or, as the navy more tersely put it, when asked of his *summum bonum*, to "look on at t'other beggars."

Meanwhile, however, many little things were beginning to go crosswise. For instance, Hilary walked down headlong, being exceedingly short of cash, to comfort Mabel, and to get good quarters, and perhaps to go on about everything. Luckily, his Uncle Struan met him in the street of Sevenoaks (whither he had ridden for a little change), and amazed him with very strong language, and begged him not to make a confounded fool of himself, and so took him into a hostelry. The young man, of course, was astonished to see his uncle carrying on so, dressed as a layman, and roving about without any wife or family.

But when he knew for whose sake it was done, and how strongly his uncle was siding with him, his gratitude and good emotions were such that he scarcely could finish his quart of beer.

"My boy, I am thoroughly ashamed of you," said his uncle, looking queerly at him. "You are most immature for married life, if you give way to your feelings so."

"But, uncle, when a man is down so much, and turned out of doors by his own father —"

"When a 'man'! When a 'boy' is what you mean, I suppose. A man would take it differently."

"I am sure I take it very well," said Hilary, trying to smile at it. "There, I will drink up my beer; for I know that sort of thing always vexes you. Now, can you say that I have kicked up a row, or done anything that I might have done?"

"No, my boy, no; quite the opposite thing; you have taken it most angelically."

"Angelically, without an angelus, uncle, or even a stiver in my pocket! Only the cherub aloft, you know —"

"I don't know anything about him; and the allusion, to my mind, is profane."

"Now, uncle, you are hyperclerical, because I have caught you dressed as a bagman!"

"I don't understand your big Oxford words. In my days they taught theology."

"And hunting; come now, Uncle Struan, didn't they teach you hunting?"

"Well," said the Rector, stroking his chin; "I was a poor young man, of course, and could not afford that sort of thing."

"Yes, but you did, you know, Uncle Struan; I have heard you boast of it fifty times."

"What a plague you are, Hilary! There may have been times—however, you are going on quite as if we were sitting and having a cozy talk after dinner at West Lorraine."

"I wish to goodness we were, my dear uncle. I never shall see such a dinner again."

"My dear boy, my dear boy; to talk like that at your time of life! What a thing love is, to be sure! However, in that state, a dinner is no matter."

"Well, I shall be off now for London again. A bit of bread and cheese, after all, is as good as anything. Good-bye, my dear uncle, I shall always thank you."

"You shall thank me for two things before you start. And you should not start, except that I know it to be at present best for you. You shall thank me for as good a dinner as can be got in a place like this; and after that for five good guineas just to go on for a bit with."

Thus the Rector had his way, and fed his nephew beautifully and sent him back with a better heart in his breast, to meet the future. Hilary of course was much aggrieved, and inclined to be outrageous, at having walked four-and-twenty miles, with eager proceeding at every step, and then being balked of a sight of his love. However, he saw that it was for the best; and five guineas (feel as you will) is something.

His good uncle paid his fare back by the stage, and saw him go off, and kissed hands to him; feeling greatly relieved as soon as ever he was round the corner; for he must have spoiled everything at the farm. Therefore this excellent uncle returned to the snug little sanded parlour, to smoke a fresh pipe; and to think, in its influence, how to get on with these new affairs.

Here were heaps of trouble rising; as peaks of volcanoes come out of the sea. And who was to know how to manage things, so as to make them all subside again? Hilary might seem easy to deal with, so long as he had no money; but even he was apt to take strange whims into his head, although he might feel that he could not pay for them. And then

there was the Grower, an obstinate factor in any calculation; and the Grower's wife, who might appeal perhaps to the Attorney-General; also Sir Roland, with his dry unaccountable manner of regarding things; and last not least, the Rector's own superior part of his household. If he could not manage them, anybody at first sight would say that the fault must be altogether his own—that a man who cannot lay down the law to his own wife and daughters, really is no man; and deserves to be treated accordingly. Yet this depends upon special gifts. The Rector could carry on very well, when he understood the subject, even with his wife and daughters, till it came to crying. Still, in the end (as he knew in his heart), he always got the worst of it.

Now what would all these ladies say, if the incumbent of the parish, the rector of the rectory, the very husband or father of all of themselves—as the case might be—were to depart from his sense of right, and the principles he had laid down to them, to such an extent as to cherish Hilary in black rebellion against his own father? Suasion would be lost among them. It is a thing that may be tried, under favourable circumstances, as against one lady, when quite alone; but with four ladies, all taking different views of the matter in question, yet ready in a moment to combine against any form of reason,—a bachelor must be Quixotic, a husband and father idiotic, if he relies upon any other motive power than that of his legs. But the Rector was not the man to run away, even from his own family. So, on the whole, he resolved to let things follow their own course, until something new should begin to rise. Except at least upon two little points—one, that Hilary should be kept from visiting the farm just now; and the other that the Grower must be told of all this love-affair.

Mr. Hales, as an owner of daughters, felt that it was no more than a father's due, to know what his favourite child was about in such important matters; and he thought it the surest way to set him bitterly against any moderation, if he were left to find out by surprise what was going on at his own hearth. It happened, however, that the Grower had a shrewd suspicion of the whole of it, and was laughing in his sleeve, and winking (in his own determined way) at his good wife's manœuvres. "I shall stop it all, when I please," he said to himself, every night at bed-time; "let them have their

little game, and make up their minds to astonish me." For he, like almost every man who has attained the age of sixty, looked back upon love as a brief excrescence, of about the same character as a wart.

"Ay, ay, no need to tell me," he answered, when Mrs. Lovejoy, under the parson's advice, and at Mabel's entreaty, broke the matter to him. "I don't go about with my eyes shut, wife. A man that knows every pear that grows, can tell the colour on a maiden's cheek. I have settled to send her away to-morrow to her Uncle Clitherow. The old mare will be ready at ten o'clock. I meant to leave you to guess the reason; you are so clever all of you. Ha, ha! you thought the old Grower was as blind as a bat; now, didn't you?"

"Well, at any rate," replied Mrs. Lovejoy, giving her pillow an angry thump, "I think you might have consulted me, Martin; with half her clothes in the wash-tub, and a frayed ribbon on her Sunday hat! Men are so hot and inconsiderate. All to be done in a moment, of course! The least you could have done, I am sure, would have been to tell me beforehand, Martin; and not to pack her off like that."

"To be sure! Just as you told me, good wife, your plan for packing her off, for good! Now just go to sleep; and don't beat about so. When I say a thing I do it."

CHAPTER XXX.

WHEN the flaunting and the flouting of the summer-prime are over; when the leaves of tree, and bush, and even of unconsidered weeds, hang on their stalks, instead of standing upright, as they used to do; and very often a convex surface, by the cares of life, is worn into a small concavity; a gradual change, to a like effect, may be expected in the human mind.

A man remembers that his own autumn is once more coming over him; that the light is surely waning, and the darkness gathering in; that more of his plans are shed and scattered, as the sun "draws water," among the clouds, or as the gossamer floats idly over the sear and seeded grass. Therefore it is high time to work, to strengthen the threads of the wavering plan, to tighten the mesh of the woven web, to cast about here and there for completion, if the design shall be ever complete.

So now, as the summer passed, a cer-

tain gentleman of more repute perhaps than reputation, began to be anxious about his plans.

Sir Remnant Chapman owned large estates adjoining the dwindled but still fair acreage of the Lorraines in the weald of Sussex. Much as he differed from Sir Roland in tastes and habits and character, he announced himself, wherever he went, as his most intimate friend and ally. And certainly he was received more freely than any other neighbour at Coombe Lorraine, and knew all the doings and ways of the family, and was even consulted now and then. Warm friendship, however, can scarcely thrive without mutual respect; and though Sir Remnant could never escape from a certain unwilling respect for Sir Roland, the latter never could contrive to reciprocate the feeling.

Because he knew that Sir Remnant was a gentleman of a type already even then departing, although to be found, at the present day, in certain parts of England. A man of fixed opinions, and even what might be accounted principles (at any rate by himself) concerning honour, and birth, and betting, and patriotism, and some other matters, included in a very small et-cetera. It is hard to despise a man who has so many points settled in this system; but it is harder to respect him, when he sees all things with one little eye, and that eye a vicious one. Sir Remnant Chapman had no belief in the goodness of woman, or the truth of man—in the beautiful balance of nature, or even the fatherly kindness that comforts us. Therefore nobody could love him; and very few people paid much attention to his dull hatred of mankind. "Contempt," he always called it; but he had not power to make it that; neither had he any depth of root, to throw up eminence. A "bitter weed" many people called him; and yet he was not altogether that. For he liked to act against his nature, perhaps from its own perversity; and often did kind things, to spite his own spitefulness, by doing them. As for sense of right and wrong, he had none outside of his own wishes; and he always expected the rest of the world to move on the same low system. How could such a man get on, even for an hour, with one so different—and more than that, so opposite to him—as the good Sir Roland? Mr. Hales, who was not (as we know) at all a tight-laced man himself, and may perhaps have been a little jealous of Sir Remnant, put that

question to himself, as well as to his wife and family; and echo only answered "how?" However, soever, there was the fact; and how many facts can we call to mind ever so much stranger?

Sir Remnant's only son, Stephen Chapman, was now about thirty years of age, and everybody said that it was time for him to change his mode of life. Even his father admitted that he had made an unreasonably long job of "sowing his wild oats," and now must take to some better culture. And nothing seemed more likely to lead to this desirable result than a speedy engagement to an accomplished, sensible, and attractive girl. Therefore, after a long review and discussion of all the young ladies round, it had been settled that the heir of all the Chapmans should lay close siege to young Alice Lorraine.

"Captain Chapman" — as Stephen was called by courtesy in that neighbourhood, having held a commission in a fashionable regiment, until it was ordered to the war — this man was better than his father in some ways, and much worse in others. He was better, from weakness; not having the strength to work out works of iniquity; and also from having some touches of kindness, whereof his father was intact. He was worse, because he had no sense of honour, no rudiment of a principle; not even a dubious preference for the truth, at first sight, against a lie. Captain Chapman, however, could do one manly thing, and only one. He could drive, having cultivated the art, in the time when it meant something. Horses were broken then, not trained — as nowadays they must be — and skill and nerve were needed for the management of a four-in-hand. Captain Chapman was the first in those parts to drive like Erichthonius, and it took him a very long time to get his father to sit behind him. For the roads were still very bad and perilous, and better suited for postilions than for Stephen Chapman's team.

He durst not drive up Coombe Lorraine, or at any rate he feared the descent as yet, though he meant some day to venture it. And now that he was come upon his wooing, he left his gaudy equipage at the foot of the hill, to be sent back to Steyning and come for him at an appointed time. Then he and his father, with mutual grumblings, took to the steep ascent on foot.

Sir Roland had asked them, a few days ago, to drive over and dine with him, either on Thursday, or any other day

that might suit them. They came on the Thursday, with their minds made up to be satisfied with anything. But they certainly were not very well pleased to find that the fair Mistress Alice had managed to give them the slip entirely. She was always ready to meet Sir Remnant, and discharge the duties of a hostess to him; but from some deep, instinctive aversion she could not even bear to sit at table with the Captain. She knew not at all what his character was; neither did Sir Roland know a tenth part of his ill repute; otherwise he had never allowed him to approach the maiden. He simply looked upon Captain Chapman as a fashionable man of the day, who might have been a little wild perhaps, but now meant to settle down in the country and attend to his father's large estates.

However, neither of the guests suspected that their visit had fixed the date of another little visit pending long at Horsham; and one girl being as good as another to men of the world of that stamp, they were well content, when the haunch went out, to clink a glass with the Rector's daughters, instead of receiving a distant bow from a diffident and very shy young lady.

"Now, Lorraine," began Sir Remnant, after the ladies had left the room, and the Captain was gone out to look at something, according to arrangement, and had taken the Rector with him, "we have known one another a good many years; and I want a little sensible talk with you."

"Sir Remnant, I hope that our talk is always sensible; so far at least as can be expected on my part."

"There you are again, Lorraine, using some back meaning, such as no one else can enter into. But let that pass. It is your way. Now I want to say something to you."

"I also am smitten with a strong desire to know what it is, Sir Remnant."

"Well, it is neither more nor less than this. You know what dangerous times we live in, with every evil power let loose, and Satan, like a roaring lion, rampant and triumphant. Thank you, yes, I will take a pinch; your snuff is always so delicious. With the arch-enemy prowling about, with democracy, nonconformity, infidelity, and rick-burnings —"

"Exactly so. How well you express it! I was greatly struck with it in the 'George and Dragon's' report of your speech at the farmer's dinner at Billinghurst."

"Well, well, I may have said it before;

but for all that, it is the truth. Can you deny it, Sir Roland Lorraine?"

"Far be it from me to deny the truth. I am listening with the greatest interest."

"No, you are not; you never do. You are always thinking of something to yourself. But what I was going to say was this, that it is high time to cement the union, and draw close the bonds of amity between all good men, all men of any principle — by which I mean — come now, you know."

"To be sure; you mean all stanch Tories."

"Yes, yes; all who hold by Church and State, land and the constitution. I have educated my son carefully in the only right and true principles. Train up a child — you know what I mean. And you, of course, have brought up your daughter upon the same right system."

"Nay, rather, I have left her to form her own political opinions. And to the best of my belief, she has formed none."

"Lorraine, I am heartily glad to hear it. That is how all the girls should be. When I was in London, they turned me sick with asking my opinion. The less they know, the better for them. Knowledge of anything makes a woman so deucedly contradictory. My poor dear wife could read and write, and that was quite enough for her. She did it on the jam-pots always, and she could spell most of it. Ah, she was a most wonderful woman!"

"She was. I often found much pleasure in her conversation. She knew so many things that never come by way of reading."

"And so does Stephen. You should hear him. He never reads any sort of book. Ah, that is the true learning. Books always make stupid people. Now it struck me that — ah, you know, I see. A wink's as good as a nod, &c. No catching a weasel asleep." Here Sir Remnant screwed up one eye, and gave Sir Roland a poke in the ribs, with the most waggish air imaginable.

"Again and again I assure you," said his host, "that I have not the smallest idea what you mean. Your theory about books has in me the most thorough confirmation."

"Aha! it is all very well — all very well to pretend, Lorraine. Another pinch of snuff, and that settles it. Let them set up their horses together as soon as ever they please — eh?"

"Who? What horses? Why will you

thus visit me with impenetrable enigmas?"

"Visit you! Why, you invited me yourself! Who indeed? Why, of course, my lad Steenie and your girl Lallie!"

"Captain Chapman and my Alice! Such a thought never entered my mind. Do you know that poor Alice is little more than seventeen years old? And Captain Chapman must be — let me see —"

"Never mind what he is. He is my son and heir, and there'll be fifty thousand to settle on his wife, in hard cash — not so bad nowadays."

"Sir Remnant Chapman, I beg you not to say another word on the subject. Your son must be twice my daughter's age, and he looks even more than that —"

"Dash my wig! Then I am seventy, I suppose. What the dickens have his looks got to do with the matter? I don't call him at all a bad-looking fellow. A chip of the old block, that's what he is. Ah, many a fine woman, I can tell you —"

"Now, if you please," Sir Roland said, with a very clear and determined voice — "if you please we will drop this subject. Your son may be a very good match, and no doubt he is in external matters; and if Alice when old enough should become attached to him, perhaps I might not oppose it. There is nothing more to be said at present; and, above all things, she must not hear of it."

"I see, I see," answered the other baronet, who was rather short of temper. "Missy must be kept to her bread and milk, and good books, and all that, a little longer. By the by, Lorraine, what was it I heard about your son the other day — that he had been making a fool of himself with some grocer's daughter?"

"I have not heard of any grocer's daughter. And as he will shortly leave England, people perhaps will have less to say about him. His commission is promised, as perhaps you know; and he is not likely to quit the army because there is fighting going on."

Sir Remnant felt all the sting of that hit; his face (which showed many signs of good living) flushed to the tint of the claret in his hand, and he was just about to make a very coarse reply, when luckily the Rector came back suddenly, followed by the valiant Captain. Sir Roland knew that he had allowed himself to be goaded into bad manners for once, and he strove to make up for it by unwonted attention to the warrior.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It was true that Hilary had attained at last the great ambition of his life. He had changed the pen for the sword, the sand for powder, and the ink for blood; and in a few days he would be afloat, on his way to join Lord Wellington. His father's obstinate objections had at last been overcome; for there seemed to be no other way to cut the soft net of enchantment, and throw him into a sterner world.

His uncle Struan had done his best, and tried to the utmost stretch the patience of Sir Roland, with countless words, until the latter exclaimed at last, "Why, you seem to be worse than the boy himself! You went to spy out the nakedness of the land, and you returned in a fortnight with grapes of Eshcol. Truly this Danish Lovejoy is more potent than the great Canute. He turns at his pleasure the tide of opinion."

"Roland, now you go too far. It is not the Grower that I indite of, but his charming daughter. If you could but once be persuaded to see her ——"

"Of course. Exactly what Hilary said. In him I could laugh at it; but in you —— Well, a great philosopher tells us that every jot of opinion (even that of a babe, I suppose) is to be regarded as an equal item of the 'universal consensus.' And the universal consensus becomes, or forms, or fructifies, or solidifies, into the great homogeneous truth. I may not quote him aright, and I beg his pardon for so lamely rendering him. However, that is a rude sketch of his view, a brick from his house—to mix metaphors—and perhaps you remember it better, Struan."

"God forbid! The only thing I remember out of all my education is the stories—what do you call them?—mythologies. Capital some of them are, capital! Ah, they do so much good to boys—teach them manliness and self-respect!"

"Do they? However, to return to this lovely daughter of the Kentish Alcinous—by the way, if his ancestors were Danes who took to gardening, it suggests a rather startling analogy. The old Corycian is believed (though without a particle of evidence) to have been a pirate in early life, and therefore to have taken to pot-herbs. Let that pass. I could never have believed it, except for this instance of Lovejoy."

"And how, if you please," broke in the

Rector, who was always jealous of "Norman blood," because he had never heard that he had any; "how were the Normans less piratical, if you please, than the Danes, their own grandfathers? Except that they were sick at sea—big rogues all of them, in my opinion. The Saxons were the only honest fellows. Ah, and they would have thrashed those Normans but for the leastest little accident. When I hear of those Normans, without any shoulders—don't tell me; they never would have built such a house as this is, otherwise—what do you think I feel ready to do, sir? Why, to get up, and to lift my coat, and ——"

"Come, come, Struan; we quite understand all your emotions without that. This makes you a very bigoted ambassador in our case. You meant to bring back all the truth, of course. But when you found the fishing good, and the people roughly hospitable, and above all a Danish smack in their manners, and figures, and even their eyes, which have turned on the Kentish soil, I am told, to a deep and very brilliant brown ——"

"Yes, Roland, you are right for once. At any rate, it is so with her."

"Very well. Then you being, as you always are, a sudden man—what did you do but fall in love (in an elderly fatherly manner of course) with this—what is her name, now again? I never can recollect it."

"You do. You never forget anything. Her name is 'Mabel.' And you may be glad to pronounce it pretty often, in your old age, Sir Roland."

"Well, it is a pretty name, and deserves a pretty bearer. But, Struan, you are a man of the world. You know what Hilary is; and you know (though we do not give ourselves airs, and drive four horses in a hideous yellow coach, and wear diamond rings worth a thousand pounds), you know what the Lorraines have always been—a little particular in their ways, and a little inclined to, to, perhaps ——"

"To look down on the rest of the world, without ever letting them know it, or even knowing it yourselves perhaps. Have I hit it aright, Sir Roland?"

"Not quite that. Indeed, nothing could be further from what I was thinking of." Sir Roland Lorraine sighed gently here; and even his brother-in-law had not the least idea why he did so. It was that Sir Roland, like all the more able Lorraines for several centuries, was at heart a fatalist. And this family taint

had perhaps been deepened by the infusion of Eastern blood. This was the bar so often fixed between them and the rest of the world—a barrier which must hold good, while every man cares for his neighbour's soul so much more than his own forever.

"Is it anything in religion, Roland?" the Rector whispered kindly. "I know that you are not orthodox, and a good deal puffed up with carnal knowledge. Still, if it is in my line at all; I am not a very high authority—but perhaps I might lift you over it. They are saying all sorts of things now in the world; and I have taken two hours a-day, several days—now you need not laugh—in a library we have got up at Horsham, filled with the best divinity; so as to know how to answer them."

"My dear Struan," Sir Roland replied, without so much as the gleam of a smile, "that was really good of you. And you now have so many other things to attend to with young dogs, and that; and the 1st of September next week, I believe! What a relief that must be to you!"

"Ay, that it is. You cannot imagine, of course, with all your many ways of frittering time away indoors, what a wearing thing it is to have nothing better than rabbit-shooting, or teaching a dog to drop to shot. But now about Hilary: you must relent—indeed you must, dear Roland. He is living on sixpence a-day, I believe—virtuous fellow, most rare young man! Why, if that dirty Steve Chapman now had been treated as you have served Hilary—note of hand, bill-drawing, post-obits,—and you might even think yourself lucky if there were no big forgery to hush up. Ah, his father may think what he likes; but I look on Hilary as a perfect wonder, a Bayard, a Crichton, a pelican!"

"Surely you mean a paragon, Struan? What young can he have to feed from his own breast?"

"I meant what I said, as I always do. And how can you know what young he has, when you never even let him come near you? Ah, if I only had such a son!" Here the Rector, who really did complain that he had no son to teach how to shoot, managed to get his eyes a little touched with genial moisture.

"This is grievous," Sir Roland answered; "and a little more than I ever expected, or can have enabled myself to deserve. Now, Struan, will you cease from wailing, if I promise one thing?"

"That must depend upon what it is.

It will take a good many things, I am afraid, to make me think well of you again."

"To hear such a thing from the head of the parish! Now, Struan, be not vindictive. I ought to have let you get a good day's shooting, and then your terms would have been easier."

"Well, Roland, you know that we can do nothing. The estates are tied up in such a wonderful way, by some lawyer's trick or other, through a whim of that blessed old lady—she can't hear me, can she?—that Hilary has his own sister's life between him and the inheritance; so far as any of us can make out."

"So that you need not have boasted," answered Sir Roland, with a quiet smile, "about his being a Bayard, in refraining from post-obits."

"Well, well; you know what I meant quite well. The Jews are not yet banished from England. And there is reason to fear that they never will be. There are plenty of them to discount his chance; if he did what many other boys would do."

Sir Roland felt the truth of this. And he feared in his heart that he might be pushing his only son a little too hard, in reliance upon his honour.

"Will you come to the point for once?" he asked, with a look of despair, and a voice of the same. "This is my offer—to get Hilary a commission in a foot-regiment, pack him off to the war in Spain; and if in three years after that he sticks to that Danish Nausicaa, and I am alive—why, then, he shall have her."

Mr. Hales threw back his head—for he had a large, deep head, and when it wanted to think it would go back—and then he answered warily.

"It is a very poor offer, Sir Roland. At first sight it seems fair enough. But you, with your knowledge of youth, and especially such a youth as Hilary, rely upon the effects of absence, change, adventures, dangers, Spanish beauties, and, worst of all, wider knowledge of the world, and the company of fighting men, to make him jilt his love, or perhaps take even a worse course than that."

"You are wrong," said Sir Roland, with much contempt. "Sir Remnant Chapman might so have meant it. Struan, you ought to know me better. But I think that I have a right, at least, to try the substance of such a whim, before I yield to it, and install, as the future mistress, a—well, what do you want me to call her, Struan?"

"Let it be, Roland ; let it be. I am a fair man, if you are not ; and I can make every allowance for you. But I think that your heir should at least be entitled to swing his legs over a horse, Sir Roland."

"I, on the other hand, think that it would be his final ruin to do so. He would get among reckless fellows, to whom he is already too much akin. It has happened so with several of my truly respected ancestors. They have gone into cavalry regiments and ridden full gallop through their estates. I am not a penurious man, as you know, and few think less of money. Can you deny that, even in your vitiated state of mind ?"

"I cannot deny it," the Rector answered ; "you never think twice about money, Roland — except of course when you are bound to do so."

"Very well ; then you can believe that I wish poor Hilary to start afoot, solely for his own benefit. There is very hard fighting just now in Spain, or on the confines of Portugal. I hate all fighting, as you are aware. Still it is a thing that must be done."

"Good Lord !" cried the Rector, "how you do talk ! As if it was so many partridges !"

"No, it is better than that — come, Struan — because the partridges carry no guns, you know."

"I should be confoundedly sorry if they did," the Rector answered, with a shudder. "Fancy letting fly at a bird, who might have a long barrel under his tail !"

"It is an appalling imagination. Struan, I give you credit for it. But here we are, as usual, wandering from the matter which we have in hand. Are you content, or are you not, with what I propose about Hilary ?"

In this expressly alternative form, there lurks a great deal of vigour. If a man says, "are you satisfied ?" you begin to cast about, and wonder whether you might not win better terms. Many side-issues come in, and disturb you ; and your way to say "yes" is dubious. But if he only clench his inquiry with the option of the strong negative, the weakest of all things, human nature that hates to say "no," is tampered with. This being so, Uncle Struan thought for a moment or so ; and then said, "Yes, I am."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Is it just or even honest — fair, of course, it cannot be — to deal so much with the heavy people, the eldermost ones and the bittermost, and leave altogether

with nothing said of her — or not even let her have her own say — as sweet a young maiden as ever lived, and as true, and brave, and kind an one ? Alice was of a different class altogether from Mabel Lovejoy. Mabel was a dear-hearted girl, loving, pure, unselfish, warm, and good enough to marry any man, and be his own wife forever.

But Alice went far beyond all that. Her nature was cast in a different mould. She had not only the depth — which is the common property of women — but she also had the height of loving. Such as a mother has for her children ; rather than a wife towards her husband. And yet by no means an imperious or exacting affection, but tender, submissive, and delicate. Inasmuch as her brother stood next to her father, or in some points quite on a level with him, in her true regard and love, it was not possible that her kind heart could escape many pangs of late. In the first place, no loving sister is likely to be altogether elated by the discovery that her only brother has found some one who shall be henceforth more to him than herself is. Alice, moreover, had a very strong sense of the rank and dignity of the Lorraines ; and she disliked, even more than her father did, the importation of this "vegetable product," as she rather facetiously called poor Mabel, into their castle of lineage. But now when Hilary was going away, to be drowned on the voyage perhaps, or at least to be shot, or sabred, or ridden over by those who had horses — while he had none — or even if he escaped all that, to be starved, or frozen, or sunstruck, for the sake of his country — as our best men are, while their children survive to starve afterwards — it came upon Alice as a heavy blow that she never might happen to see him again. Although her father had tried to keep her from the excitement of the times, and the gasp of the public for dreadful news (a gasp which is deeper and wider always, the longer the time of waiting is), still there were too many mouths of rumour for any one to stop them all. Although the old butler turned his cuffs up — to show what an arm he still possessed — and grumbled that all this was nothing, and a bladder of wind in comparison with what he had known forty years ago, and though Mrs. Pipkins, the housekeeper, quite agreed with him and went further ; neither was the cook at all disposed to overdo the thing ; it was of no service — they could not stay the torrent of public opinion.

Trotman had been taken on, rashly (as may have been said before), as upper footman in lieu of the old-established and trusty gentleman, who had been compelled by fierce injustice to retire, and take to a public house — with a hundred pounds to begin upon — being reft of the office of footman for no other reason that he could hear of, except that he was apt to be, towards nightfall, not quite able to “keep his feet.”

To him succeeded the headlong Trotman; and one of the very first things he did was — as declared a long time ago, with deep sympathy, in this unvarnished tale — to kick poor Bonny, like a hopping spider, from the brow of the hill to the base thereof.

Trotman may have had good motives for this rather forcible movement; and it is not our place to condemn him. Still, in more than one quarter it was believed that he acted thus, through no zeal whatever for virtue or justice; but only because he so loved his perquisites, and suspected that Bonny got smell of them. And the butler quite confirmed this view, and was much surprised at Trotman's conduct; for Bonny was accustomed to laugh at his jokes, and had even sold some of his bottles for him.

In such a crisis, scarcely any one would regard such a trivial matter. And yet none of us ought to kick anybody, without knowing what it may lead to. Violence is to be deprecated; for it has to be paid for beyond its value, in twelve cases out of every dozen. And so it was now; for, if Coombe Lorraine had been before this, as Mrs. Pipkins declared (having learned French from her cookery-book), “the most Triestest place in the world,” it became even duller now that Bonny was induced, by personal considerations, to terminate rather abruptly his overtures to the kitchen-maid. For who brought the tidings of all great events and royal proceedings? Our Bonny. Who knew the young man of every housemaid in the vales of both Adur and Arun? Our Bonny. Who could be trusted to carry a scroll (or in purer truth perhaps, a scrawl) that should be treasured through the love-lorn hours of waiting — at table — in a zebra waistcoat? Solely and emphatically Bonny!

Therefore every tender domestic bosom rejoiced when the heartless Trotman was compelled to tread the track of his violence, lamely and painfully, twice every week, to fetch from Steyning his “George and the Dragon,” which used to be de-

livered by Bonny. Mr. Trotman, however, was a generous man, and always ready to share as well as enjoy the delights of literature. Nothing pleased him better than to sit on the end of a table among the household, ladies and gentlemen, with Mrs. Pipkins in the chair of honour, and interpret, from his beloved journal, the chronicles of the county, the country, and the Continent.

“Why, ho!” he shouted out one day, “what’s this? Can I believe my heyeyes? Our Halary going to the wars next week!”

“No, now!” “Never can be!” “Most shameful!” some of his audience exclaimed. But Mrs. Pipkins and the old butler shook their heads at one another, as much as to say, “I knowed it.”

“Mr. Trotman,” said the senior housemaid, who entertained connubial views; “you are sure to be right in all you reads. You are such a bootiful scholar! Will you obleege us by reading it out?”

“Hem! hem! Ladies all, it is yours to command, it is mine to obey. ‘The insatiable despot who sways the Continent seems resolved to sacrifice to his baleful lust of empire all the best and purest and noblest of the blood of Britain. It was only last week that we had to mourn the loss sustained by all Sussex in the most promising scion of a noble house. And now we have it on the best authority that Mr. H. L., the only son of the well-known and widely-respected baronet residing not fifty miles from Steyning, has received orders to join his regiment at the seat of war, under Lord Wellington. The gallant young gentleman sails next week from Portsmouth in the troop-ship Sandylegs’ — or some such blessed Indian name!”

“The old scrimp!” exclaimed the cook, a warm adherent of Hilary’s. “To send him out in a nasty sandy ship, when his birth were to go on horseback, the same as all the gentlefolks do to the wars!”

“But, Mrs. Merryjack, you forget,” explained the accomplished Trotman, “that great Britain is a hisland, ma’am. And no one can’t ride from a hisland on horseback; at least it was so when I was a boy.”

“Then it must be so now, John Trotman; for what but a boy are you now, I should like to know? And a bad-mannered boy, in my humble opinion, to want to teach his helders their duty. I know that I lives in a hisland, of course, the same as all the Scotchmen does, and

goes round the sun like a joint on a spit ; and so does nearly all of us. But perhaps John Trotman doesn't."

With this withering "sarcasm," the lady-cook turned away from poor Trotman, and then delivered these memorable words —

"Sir Rowland will repent too late. Sir Rowland will shed the briny tear, the same as might any one of us, even on £3 a-year, for sending his only son out in a ship, when he ought to a' sent 'un on horseback."

Mrs. Pipkins nodded assent, and so did the ancient butler ; and Trotman felt that public opinion was wholly against him, until such time as it should be further educated. But such a discussion had been aroused, that there was no chance of its stopping here ; and Alice, who loved to collect opinions, had many laid before her. She listened to all judiciously, and pretended to do it judicially ; and after that she wondered whether she had done what she ought to do. For she knew that she was only very young, with nobody to advise her ; and the crushing weight of the world upon her, if she tripped or forgot herself. Most girls of her age would have been at school, and taken childish peeps at the world, and burnished up their selfishness by conflict with one another ; but Sir Roland had kept to the family custom, and taught and trained his daughter at home, believing as he did that young women lose some of their best and most charming qualities by what he called "gregarious education." Alice therefore had been under care of a good and well-taught governess — for "masters" at that time were proper to boys — until her mind was quite up to the mark, and capable of taking care of itself. For, in those days, it was not needful for any girl to know a great deal more than was good for her.

Early one September evening, when the day and year hung calmly in the balance of the sun ; when sensitive plants and clever beasts were beginning to look around them, and much of the growth of the ground was ready to regret lost opportunities ; when the comet was gone for good at last, and the earth was beginning to laugh at her terror (having found him now clearly afraid of her), and when a sense of great deliverance from the power of drought and heat throbbed in the breast of dewy nurture, so that all took breath again, and even man (the last of all things to be pleased or thankful) was ready to acknowledge that there

might have been worse moments,— at such a time fair Alice sat in her garden thinking of Hilary. The work of the summer was over now, and the fate of the flowers pronounced and settled, for better or worse, till another year ; no frost, however, had touched them yet, while the heavy dews of autumnal night and the brisk air flowing from the open downs had gladdened, refreshed, and sweetened them. Among them, and between the shrubs, there spread and sloped a pleasant lawn for all who love soft sward and silence, and the soothing sound of leaves. From the form of the ground and bend of the hills, as well as the northerly aspect, a peculiar cast and tone of colour might be found, at different moments, fluctuating differently. Most of all, in a fine sunset of autumn (though now the sun was behind the ridge), from the fulness of the upper sky such gleam and glance fell here and there, that nothing could be sure of looking as it looked only a minute ago. At such times all the glen seemed thrilling like one vast lute of trees and air, drawing fingered light along the chords of trembling shadow. At such a time, no southern slope could be compared with this for depth of beauty and impressive power, for the charm of clear obscurity and suggestive murmuring mystery. A time and scene that might recall the large romance of grander ages ; where wandering lovers might shrink and think of lovers whose love was over ; and even the sere man of the world might take a fresh breath of the boyish days when fear was a pleasant element.

Suddenly Alice became aware of something moving near her ; and almost before she had time to be frightened, Hilary leaped from behind a laurel. He caught her in his arms, and kissed her, and then stepped back to leave plenty of room for contemplative admiration.

"I was resolved to have one more look. We sail to-morrow, they are in such a hurry. I have walked all the way from Portsmouth. At least I got a little lift on the road, on the top of a waggon-load of wheat."

"How wonderfully good of you, Hilary dear !" she exclaimed, with tears in her eyes, and yet a strong inclination to smile, as she watched him. "How tired you must be ! Why, when did you leave the depot ? I thought they kept you at perpetual drill."

"So they did. But I soon got up to all that. I can do it as well as the best

of them now. What a provoking child you are! Well, don't you notice anything?"

For Alice, with true sisterly feeling, was trying his endurance to the utmost, dissembling all her admiration of his fine fresh "uniform." Of course, this was not quite so grand as if he had been (as he had right to be) enrolled as an "*eques auratus*;" still it looked very handsome on his fine straight figure, and set off the brightness of his clear complexion. Moreover, his two months of drilling at the depot had given to his active and well-poised form that vigorous firmness which alone was needed to make it perfect. With the quickness of a girl, his sister saw all this in a moment; and yet, for fear of crying, she laughed at him.

"Why, how did you come so 'spick and span'? Have you got a sheaf of wheat inside your waistcoat? It was too cruel to put such clothes on the top of a harvest-waggon. I wonder you did not set it all on fire."

"Much you know about it!" exclaimed the young soldier, with vast chagrin. "You don't deserve to see anything. I brought my togs in a haversack, and put them on in your bower here, simply to oblige you; and you don't think they are worth looking at!"

"I am looking with all my might; and yet I cannot see anything of a sword. I suppose they won't allow you one yet. But surely you must have a sword in the end."

"Alice, you are enough to wear one out. Could I carry my sword in a haversack? However, if you don't think I look well somebody else does—that is one comfort."

"You do not mean, I hope," replied Alice, missing his allusion carefully, "to go back to your ship without coming to see papa, dear Hilary?"

"That is exactly what I do mean; and that is why I have watched for you so. I have no intention of knocking under. And so he will find out in the end; and somebody else, I hope, as well. Everybody thinks I am such a fool, because I am easy-tempered. Let them wait a bit. They may be proud of that never-do-well, silly Hilary yet. In the last few months, I can assure you, I have been through things—however, I won't talk about them. They never did understand me at home; and I suppose they never will. But it does not matter. Wait a bit."

"Darling Hilary! don't talk so. It

makes me ready to cry to hear you. You will go into some battle, and throw your life away, to spite all of us."

"No, no, I won't. Though it would serve you right for considering me such a nincompoop. As if the best, the sweetest, and truest-hearted girl in the universe was below contempt, because her father happens to grow cabbages! What do we grow? Corn, and hay, and sting-nettles, and couch-grass. Or at least our tenants grow them for us, and so we get the money. Well, how are they finer than cabbages?"

"Come in and see father," said Alice, straining her self-control to shun argument. "Do come, and see him before you go."

"I will not," he answered, amazing his sister by his new-born persistency. "He never has asked me; and I will not do it."

No tears, no sobs, or coaxings moved him; his troubles had given him strength of will; and he went to the war without seeing his father.

From Temple Bar.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRABEAU," ETC.

THE elder branch of the Bourbons was never famous for its virtues, but it certainly contrasts favourably with the younger, which, to go no farther back than two centuries, has run the whole gamut of crime. Cowardice, treason, blasphemy, debauchery, assassination, poison, incest, were in turns the characteristics of the race, until fratricide and regicide combined with all other infamies in one man to complete the odious chronicle.

That man was Louis Philippe Joseph, the brother of Louis the Sixteenth—a name at which humanity shudders. Of all who fell beneath the guillotine not one, not even Robespierre, so well deserved his fate as that French Cain. The Terrorists were wholesale murderers, but they could at least plead in extenuation of their crimes that they were the avengers of centuries of oppression; but this man was a monster, without palliation of any kind; destitute even of that Satanic grandeur which surrounds many of the exceptional criminals of history; his egotism, his malice, his poltroonery, his lasciviousness, excite in us as much con-

tempt as his unnatural alliance with the excesses of the Revolution inspires us with abhorrence. Such was the father of the future King of the French.

Louis Philippe, *né* Duc de Chartres, was born on the 6th of October, 1773. His education and that of his brothers and sisters was confided to the celebrated Madame de Genlis, a woman whose exceptional talents admirably fitted her for the task. Both mentally and physically her system of training was excellent. Besides instructing her pupils in the ordinary branches of knowledge, making them correct linguists by the constant use of the principal European languages in daily conversation, the Princes were taught all kinds of useful arts, such as surgery, carpentry, gardening. To harden them to endurance they carried heavy burdens upon their backs, descended in winter into damp vaults, and in the midst of frost and snow sat for hours in the open air.

The political ideas of the father, fully shared by the *gouvernante*, were early imbibed by the pupils, more especially by the Duc de Chartres, who seems to have taken to them with peculiar zest.

When the news was brought them that the people had attacked the Bastille they were performing a play — private theatricals forming an important part of Madame's system of education. So eager were they to witness the sight that they all started for Paris in their theatrical costumes, and taking seats upon a balcony in the Boulevard Saint-Antoine, watched the destruction of the infamous fortress with great manifestations of delight, the Duc de Chartres clapping his hands in gushes of patriotic ardour.

In 1790, following in the steps of his worthy father, he proclaimed himself a patriot and donned the uniform of the National Guard, took the popular oath, and regularly attended the sittings of the National Assembly, of which he ardently desired to become a member; joined the Jacobin club, and gratefully accepted the office of door-keeper — to admit and let out the patriots, to expel the intruders, and drive away the dogs. No member was more zealous, more "advanced," than the Duc de Chartres — I beg his pardon, Egalité Junior; such being the name he was then known by. So delighted was he with this sublime society that he humbly prayed that his brother the Duc de Montpensier might also be admitted as a member. He was on guard at the Tuileries when Louis the Six-

teenth was brought prisoner from Varennes, and showed his uncle no more respect than did citizen butcher or citizen baker. Upon the abolition of all aristocratic titles he wrote as follows: —

You no doubt are informed of the decree which extinguishes all distinctions and privileges. I hope you have done me justice to think I am too much a friend of equality not to have warmly applauded the decree. In proportion to the scorn with which I regard the accidental distinctions of my birth will I hereafter prize those to which I may arrive by merit.

Let the reader bear the tenor of this epistle in mind, as I shall have occasion to refer to it in another place.

He joined Dumouriez's army, and is said to have greatly distinguished himself at Valmy and Jémappes, as well as at Nerwinde, where he conducted a very skilful retreat in the face of a victorious enemy.

While the Revolution stood by him he was ready to stand by the Revolution, no matter to what lengths or atrocities it proceeded. At the very time of the September massacres, when Lafayette and the nobler democrats, horror-struck at this defilement of true liberty, were raising their voices in indignant protest, he accepted a lieutenant-generalship, ostentatiously repeated the popular oath in each town, and attended every Jacobin meeting. His father voted death to the King, and there are no grounds for supposing that he disagreed with the act; it has even been said that he sat by his side during the trial.

The exuberance of youthful enthusiasm for the cause of liberty has been pleaded in extenuation of these doings. Such might have been urged with an excellent grace for his early revolutionary predilections. Every generous mind was set aglow by the vision of a free and regenerated France. But when massacre and assassination sat in the high places every generous mind was filled with horror and disgust, and disclaimed all sympathy with the movement. But again, it has been urged that to have opposed the popular will would have been to bring down destruction upon himself and family. We may accept such extenuating circumstances in judging the crimes of the vile cowardly parent, but would such considerations outweigh honour, humanity, and great principles in the mind of ardent generous youth? There is not the slightest reason to believe that the Duc

de Chartres ever remonstrated with his father, ever evinced any disapproval of his deeds ; but that they were on the best of terms until the end is proved by certain letters which passed between them just previous to Orléans' death. Admiring biographers relate how he saved a man from drowning, how he rescued a priest from the hands of the mob ; but these trifling acts cannot invalidate the damning evidence of a crafty, dissimulating disposition to be deduced from his conduct at this period. Had the republic continued to favour him, he would have served under Marat, Hébert, or Robespierre, as willingly as under Lafayette, Mirabeau, or Dumouriez ; he would have driven a tumbril to the guillotine or have taken Samson's place with as much alacrity as he accepted the portership at the door of the Jacobin club. But all the fawning adulation, all the pretty sobriquets, could not propitiate republican hatred of aristocrats, which, the instant they ceased to be necessary, swept away its noble would-be friends with as much zest as it would have chopped off the heads of the bitterest *émigrés*.

After the nobles the *bourgeoisie* were the victims ; then there was a general holocaust of respectability, in order to leave the world clear for ruffianism.

Let those who raise the spell beware the fiend !

The magicians were torn to pieces by the devils they had evoked ; the Franksteins were crushed by the monsters of their own creation. The Revolution reversed the classic myth : *the fathers were devoured by the children*.

The defeat of Nerwinde afforded the Convention an excellent excuse to summon the commanders before their tribunal. Knowing that such a summons was equivalent to a sentence of death, Dumouriez and Egalité Junior fled, swam the Scheldt, and gained the Austrian camp. Here they were not only well received, but the Duke was offered a commission — a fact which points to the conclusion that some secret understanding existed between the Austrians and the Orleans party ; otherwise, judging by the treatment received from the same power, by Lafayette and his companions under parallel circumstances, why should such favour have been shown the son of the fratricidal regicide, of the bitterest enemy of Marie-Antoinette, of the ardent Jacobin, of the abettor of the King's death, of the head of the hated house of Orleans ? His refusal of the commission was dictated

by policy. Its acceptance would have classed him with the *émigrés* and the followers of Louis the Eighteenth, and would have weakened the probabilities of his succession to that throne to which Dumouriez was ever pointing, and for the hope of which his father had sacrificed his soul. In after years he made good capital out of the fact that he had never borne arms against the republic — a circumstance, as we shall presently see, that resulted rather from the disinclination of foreign powers to trust his services than from his own choice.

Leaving the Austrian camp, he travelled for a time in company with Dumouriez and other fugitives ; but they soon found it necessary to separate. He went into Switzerland and joined Madame de Genlis and his sister, who had escaped out of France and taken refuge at Zurich. But the authorities, fearful of evoking the anger of the Convention, intimated that their sojourn there was not desirable, added to which some royalist *émigrés*, who had taken up their abode in the town, treated them with such determined hostility that they were obliged to very speedily depart. Conducting the ladies to Zug, he placed them in a convent, while he himself, apprehensive of bringing down fresh annoyances upon their heads should he remain in the neighbourhood, set out incognito and on foot, attended by his faithful valet Boudoin, and so wandered from place to place, enduring great privations, and sometimes even without food. He solicited permission to take refuge in the dominions of his uncle the Duke of Modena. The Duke sent him a handsome sum of money, but refused to entertain him.

He now proceeded to Bremgarten, and under the name of Corby filled the post of secretary to General Montesquieu. His next move was to the College of Reichenau, where, as Chabaud-Latour, he taught mathematics for fifteen months. Suspicious of his identity getting abroad, he thought it prudent to depart out of Switzerland altogether. Hamburg, Denmark, Sweden, Lapland, became in turn the places of a short sojourn — ostensibly, and really, for aught we know to the contrary, for the purpose of studying geography and natural history. At Hamburg he again met Dumouriez, and probably from that time kept up a constant correspondence with him.

In the meanwhile the Convention and the Terror had been swept away, and the milder and more tolerant rule of the Di-

rectory had taken their place. *Emigrés* and *proscrits* were returning to Paris, but the Duc d'Orléans was still a banished man. Nay, so suspicious of him was the government, that his presence even in Europe was a subject of uneasiness to them. To induce him to depart to America they offered to ameliorate the condition of his mother as well as to set free his brothers and permit them to join him there.

Accordingly in 1796 he embarked for Philadelphia. In company with the Duc de Montpensier and the Duc de Beaujolais, who joined him early in the next year, he wandered through the vast forests and over the wild prairies of North America. In four months they traversed one thousand leagues, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, sometimes by water. Upon returning to Philadelphia he received a large remittance from his mother, whom the Directory had reinstated in some of her possessions, together with the news that she had retired into Spain. He now proceeded to New York, thence to Boston, New Orleans, and Havana, intending to join the Duchess; but here his travels were suddenly stopped by order of the King of Spain, who forbade him to enter his dominions. Thus we see France, Switzerland, Modena and Spain, had one after another refused to shelter him. Surely there must have been potent reasons for this fourfold rejection, for this universal distrust.

After visiting Halifax, where he was most hospitably received by the Duke of Kent, the then governor, he embarked for England and arrived in London in the February of 1800. Now in the very hot-bed of Bourbonism, but one course remained open to him — to seek a reconciliation with the Royalists. For this purpose he sought out the Comte d'Artois, who readily undertook the part of mediator, and who charged himself with the delivery of the following epistle, written, after much persuasion and considerable reluctance, to Louis the Eighteenth:—

Believing the majority of Frenchmen to share the sentiments that animate ourselves, in our name, and in the name of our loyal fellow-countrymen, we swear upon our swords allegiance to our King, and vow that we will live and die faithful to our honour and our lawful Sovereign. Should the unlawful employment of superior force place the throne in possession of any other than our righteous Sovereign, we declare that we should follow with as much confidence as fidelity the voice of honour, which tells us to invoke with our

latest breath God, Frenchmen, and our swords, to defend our cause.

This letter was subscribed by the three brothers. We shall see anon how well one of them respected these protestations.

The English government bestowed upon our repentant Egalité a handsome annuity, upon which he and his brothers lived in a villa near Twickenham, close by his old friend Dumouriez. In 1807 the Duc de Montpensier died. He lies in the Abbey. A year later, the failing health of the second brother, Duc de Beaujolais, necessitated his removal to a warmer climate. Malta was the place selected, and thither, accompanied by the Duc d'Orléans, the young man went — to die.

Upon his return, Louis Philippe offered his services to England. *They were refused.*

After this he went to Palermo, where Ferdinand the Fifth of Sicily then held his court. He aspired to the hand of the Princess Amelia, notwithstanding that she was the niece of Marie-Antoinette. King Ferdinand sent his son, Prince Leopold, as a volunteer to Spain, and requested the Duke to accompany him. Upon their arrival in harbour, however, the English would not permit them to land. It was the old story: *they were suspicious of Orléans.* They detained the Prince at Gibraltar, *but they sent his companion back to England.* Here he was joined by his sister, the Princess Adelaide, with whom he embarked for Malta.

In 1809 he espoused the Princess Amelia.

In 1810 the Regency of Cadiz solicited Ferdinand to send his son-in-law to head the army. He went. This time he landed. But he quickly discovered that he was as far from accomplishing the object of his mission as he had been two years before. *Everywhere he encountered the most determined opposition: from the Cortes, from the Spanish generals, who threatened to resign, and from the English, who declared that should any command be entrusted to him they would at once withdraw their forces.*

Here we have another proof of the ill odour in which the Duke was held throughout Europe. He was evidently labelled *dangerous*. His apologists would explain away these facts by telling us that the evil reputation of the father still clung to the son — that England was jealous of the interference of a French Bourbon in the affairs of Spain. Such apologies, although containing a modicum of truth,

are very insufficient explanations. The father had been in his grave many years, and since his death the son had ostensibly led a non-political life, the greater part of which was passed in travel. Besides, had he not lately been reconciled and sworn allegiance to Louis the Eighteenth? These circumstances, and above all the softening influence of time, should have been sufficient to clear his character of the stains of prejudice and past errors, and *would* have done so had he been the man his admirers paint. Wellington always distrusted him. From their knowledge of the various French plots and conspiracies, concocted, as usual, in London, and from their connection with Dumouriez, spy and pensioner, who was unceasingly plotting to advance the Orléans interest, the English government were in an indisputably excellent position to judge his character. They took possession of Dumouriez's private papers after his death. These would undoubtedly have thrown considerable light upon this subject; but such revelations would not have been judicious at the time, scarcely so even now, in a political point of view. We are still too near to the events to obtain complete documentary evidence, in the absence of which it is necessary to employ deductive reasoning.

Disappointed in his Spanish command he returned to Palermo, where he seems to have intrigued, or at least, to have sympathized with, the revolutionary party. The rule of the weak Ferdinand and his imperious queen was an evil one, but natural ties should have bound him to their side. When Lord William Bentinck arrived he retired into private life.

Upon the news of Napoleon's fall he hastened back to France, where he was kindly received by the King, who restored to him the greater part of his father's estates.

Lamartine describes him as being at this time "too cringing a courtier within the walls of the palace and too popular without." But Louis the Eighteenth reposed no confidence in his nephew's fidelity, and it was only through the intercession of the royal family, and more especially of the Comte d'Artois, that he tolerated him. There was one concession, most earnestly desired by the whilom republican, who had written with such lofty contempt upon the accidental distinctions of birth, but which the King persistently refused — the title of *altesse royale*.*

Upon the return from Elba he did not follow the fortunes of the royal exiles, but went back to Twickenham. He wished to keep on good terms with the Bonapartists; they formed a powerful party, which was, for the time, in the ascendant; might remain so; therefore, from his point of view, it behoved him not, at least, to incense them. During the Hundred Days he kept aloof from the Duchesse d'Angoulême and the Legitimists; there were reports abroad, whether true or not it would be difficult to determine, that he was conspiring with Dumouriez, corresponding with Fouché, and tampering with the army.

Upon his return to Paris after Waterloo he indignantly protested against these accusations. "After the Duc de Berri you have the strongest claim upon the throne. I am therefore easy in my mind, and trust your judgment more than your heart," replied the King.

At all events, during the persecutions he joined with the Duc de Broglie and others in defending the Bonapartists. It may be urged that as a *Liberal* such was the line of conduct which might have been expected from him. True, but as a Bourbon, who had sworn allegiance to the legitimate sovereign, he could scarcely have been expected to defend the deadliest enemies of his family. And we have Lamartine's authority for stating that even when that party was the aggressive and not the fallen, he was desirous of conciliating it. Thus his defence of the persecuted, like the generous enthusiasm of his youth, may be referred to very doubtful motives.

The consequence of this step was banishment to England. But, at the intercession of the Comte d'Artois, Louis soon afterwards recalled him. After he had signed the decree the King placed the pen in his brother's hand, with these prophetic words: "*Take care of this, it will be useful when you sign your abdication.*"

And so we come to the accession of Charles the Tenth. Never was ruler more opposed to the spirit of his age than Charles the Tenth. A bigot in religion, he would fain have gone back to the old persecuting days of the League; a believer in divine right, he would fain have ruled France as Louis the Fourteenth

following anecdote, for the truth of which we leave him to vouch. One day the Duchesse d'Orléans said to the Comte de Bruges, "The best return I can make to his Majesty for his bounty is to let him know my son. Tell him, I pray, to place no confidence in him; he is a deliberate villain." The King's reply to this warning was, "*I know him as well as she does.*"

* Michaud, in his life of Louis Philippe, relates the LIVING AGE. VOL. VII.

ruled it. Scarcely was he seated upon the throne when he gave a taste of his quality by re-establishing the penalty of death for sacrilege, by restoring to the monastic bodies the right of holding incommutable property, and by forbidding the works of the great writers of the eighteenth century to be reprinted. Then followed in rapid succession the disbandment of the National Guard, the dissolution of the hostile Chamber, the creation of seventy-six new peers, the fall of Villèle, Paris in arms, riots and bloodshed, the Martignac ministry, disdained from the first by the King, revolutionary speeches upon the address, a few liberal measures, the suppression of the Jesuit establishments, and a second dissolution.

It was at this time that the dark shadow of Polignac began to hover over the scene. Polignac was Charles the Tenth's evil genius. The son of the Princess de Polignac, Marie-Antoinette's friend, he had been carried out of France while he was yet a child, had been adopted by the Comte d'Artois and made one of his aides-de-camp. He possessed much of the elegance and the delicate beauty of his mother, but was by nature sombre, melancholy, and superstitious. A man of contracted mind, intense stubbornness and little foresight.* His religion was the fanaticism of a monk, his politics the absolutism of a despot. Charles the Tenth was to him "not only a father, but the shadow of God upon earth;" and the sovereign power an attribute from heaven which it was sacrilegious to limit. In 1814 he, almost alone, protested in the tribune of the peers against the Charter and the oath to the Constitution. Brought up in a foreign land, the French regarded him as an alien, while the very name he bore, so unfavourably connected with the pre-revolutionary era, excited the strongest dislike and prejudice amongst the people. Upon his accession to the ministry both Chateaubriand and Lamartine resigned their appointments, and all men of liberal views were filled with uneasiness and dark forebodings.

The storm soon burst. Upon the meeting of the Chambers in 1830 the Deputies boldly demurred at the choice of ministers. Adjournment and then dissolution, were the consequences of this

* When told during the days of July that the soldiers would go over to the people rather than fire upon them, he replied, "If the troops go over to the people we must fire upon the troops;" — a sentence that wonderfully illustrates the impracticable blind obstinacy of his character.

bold act. The elections which followed were everywhere in favour of the opposition. Then came the fatal ordinances issued on the 25th of July. The new Chamber was dissolved before it assembled, the laws of election dictatorially modified, and the liberty of the newspaper press entirely suspended. This was the most fatal act of all, falling as it did upon a great part of the very *élite* of the working classes, printers, compositors, type-founders, whom it cast out of employment by thousands. Printing-offices were entered by the police and the presses broken up. Angry crowds of the expelled artisans gathered in the streets, and shouts of "*Vive la Charte!*" were heard everywhere. It was not, however, until the 27th that any serious disturbance occurred; towards the evening of that day the people and the troops came into collision, and blood was spilt. On the 28th barricades were thrown up, desperate fighting ensued, and the Tuileries were entered and sacked by the insurgents. A Provisional Government, of which Lafayette was appointed the head, as well as commander-in-chief of the National Guard, was formed. On the morning of the 29th a deputation, consisting of Gérard, Lafitte, Casimir-Périer, and others, waited upon the Duc de Raguse, and proffered to restore order on condition that the ministers were dismissed and the ordinances repealed. These propositions were submitted to the King and refused. A few hours later he appointed the Duc de Mortemart to the ministry and withdrew the ordinances. Too late; the people had triumphed.

Charles the Tenth deserved his fate. He shamelessly violated the constitutional liberties of his country, and by a series of insane enactments drove the masses into rebellion against his authority. And yet there was a simple dignity, a something of antique grandeur about this monarch, especially in his fallen days. But the Bourbons were ever greater in misfortune than in prosperity. He was in all things a man of the past; it was as though the soul of some old Valois, whose body had long since mouldered beneath the stones of Saint-Denis, had been reborn. His love of the chase, his austere Catholicism, his conscientious belief in the divine right of kings, were all of a past age. Such tastes and ideas had vanished with feudalism, and there were none, except Polignac, who could sympathize with them.

It was with no craven spirit that he

treated before his enemies. From Trianon he passed to Rambouillet, attended by twelve thousand faithful troops, who encamped in the great park. Here a solemn family council was held, which resulted in the King resolving to abdicate in favour of his grandson. He wrote to Orléans, in whose fidelity he still implicitly confided, naming him lieutenant-general of the kingdom and guardian of the interests of the Duc de Bordeaux. After which he departed on his road to Cherbourg. He stopped at the Château de Maintenon, and there, retaining only a small escort under Marmont, disbanded the soldiers, ordering them to repair to Paris, and place themselves under the direction of Orléans. When he resumed his journey, the troops were drawn up in lines on either side the roadway. The Duchesse de Berri, dressed in male attire, leading her son by the hand, came first, then the royal carriage and suite; a long mournful shout saluted the *cortège* as it passed between the ranks, and the King, his firmness giving way at last, leaned back and wept. Until he approached the coast the behaviour of the people was silent and respectful. The last act he performed upon French soil was to take the royal colours from the hands of his officers, telling them that his grandson should one day give them back. Might not the tradition of those words have had some influence upon the recent decision of that grandson?

From the first year of the Restoration the Palais Royal had been an asylum for the discontented, for every open or secret opponent of the government, and for every eminent writer who could influence public opinion; and whether or not the Duke took part in any conspiracies, or whether he persistently set his face against them, it is an undoubted fact, that in him was centred the hope of every plotter against the state. Yet what could he gain by the subversion of the existing government? may be asked. His wealth was enormous, double, it has been asserted, that of Rothschild, and his rank was second only to royalty. That he sought to bring about any sudden and violent change of existing things is improbable; but by diving into the secrets of discontent and conspiracy, by courting popularity, by winning partisans, he was securing himself against all contingencies, and *should* the elder branch be expelled from the throne, he was paving the road to his own accession. Such is the probable explanation of his conduct.

The Comte d'Artois had ever been his firmest friend. Charles the Tenth loaded him with wealth and favours, and permitted him to assume the long desired title of *altesse royale*. How gratefully he requited his beneficence the history of France will show. A short time before the Ordinances of July were issued, the Duke gave a banquet to the King of Naples.

"It is quite a Neapolitan *fête*," remarked one of the guests to him; "*they are dancing over a volcano*."

"It may be so, indeed," he replied; "but eruption or earthquake will at least leave me here. I shall not budge from this palace."

On the 29th, his friend and partisan, Lafitte the banker, sent word that he was "*to beware of Saint-Cloud*." That night he slept in a kiosk in the park at Neuilly. The next morning he hurried away to Raucy in the forest of Bondy, and no one except Lafitte knew whither he had gone. No course could have been more judicious; he thus avoided personal recognition of any demonstration that might be made in his favour, while his interests were in the meantime left in trusty hands that worked unceasingly for him. If Charles tided over the difficulty his honour remained unassailable; if he failed to do so, why then — so much the better.

On the previous day Thiers and Mignet, *with the cognizance of Lafitte the confidant*, published a proclamation, to the effect that Charles, having shed the people's blood, could no longer reign; that the Orleans family had been devoted to the Revolution; that the Duke had fought at Valmy and Jémappes, *that he had never taken arms against his country*, that he would be a citizen king. "The Duc d'Orléans does not declare himself," it went on to say, "he awaits our vote. Let us proclaim this vote, and he will accept the Charter as we understand and mean to have it. He will accept the crown from the French people."

But doubt and hesitation reigned in the bosom of his family. Madame Adelaide feared for his safety, the Duchess spoke of the splendid bounties that Charles had heaped upon him. Nevertheless he resolved to return to Paris. The Provisional Government immediately named him, as the King had already done, lieutenant-general of the kingdom. The populace gathered round his palace and rent the air with cries of "Long live the Duc d'Orléans!" Upon which he remarked, "I would be rather put to death than accept the crown!"

A very pretty little comedy was now acted in the Chamber. Lafitte read a proclamation informing France that she had a dictator until he should become king. Upon which, the Duke, pretending to be overcome, fell sobbing in the banker's arms! After this display of tenderness he was led out upon the balcony to be received with thundering acclamations. Then, amidst much shouting, he proceeded on horseback to the Hôtel de Ville, followed by Lafitte and by four wretched-looking ragged men, who symbolized the submission of the poor to the rich. Arrived there, Lafayette took him by the hand, presented him to the people, and embraced him under the tricolor. Blue fire! Tableau! Green curtain!!!

He had not yet passed the Rubicon, however, and it still remained within his power to decline the crown. Chateaubriand was sent for, and upon his arrival, was received by the two ladies, who tried to sound his disposition. Presently, the Duke came in, looking very worn and anxious. Chateaubriand's advice was, that the Duke should either undertake the regency during the minority, and at once proclaim Henry the Fifth, or summon a new Assembly to decide the question. But such advice was not palatable to Orléans. "Events are stronger than we," he answered. "I alone have control over the masses; the Royalists owe their very lives to my efforts. If I fall back all will be anarchy and massacre."

"I read upon his brow," says Chateaubriand, "the desire to be king."

A second time the great writer was sent for, and a second time the ladies endeavoured to gain him over to their cause; but true to his ancient Legitimist principles, he still remained firm: "Madam," he said to the Duchess, "I see that the Duc d'Orléans is resolved upon the crown; that he has weighed its results, and reflected upon the years of trouble and danger before him."

The Duke sent commissioners to Rambouillet, on pretence of watching over the safety of the King, but upon presenting themselves at the outposts they were driven away by the sentinels. He sent them back again, saying, "*He must go directly, and to compel him to go he must be frightened.*" And yet all this time Charles was implicitly trusting in him! Even at the last moment, when the traitor had made up his mind to accept the crown, he appointed him guardian of the infant heir. Had one spark of honour, of generosity, existed in that wily selfish nature,

that trustfulness would have illumined it. It has been pleaded that his refusal, without bettering the position of royalty, would have plunged France into anarchy, and would have brought down upon his own head forfeiture and exile. The course honourable to his benefactor and just to the nation would have been to have undertaken the direction of affairs until the revolutionary ebullition had subsided, and then to have summoned a National Assembly to decide the future form of government. But even had the unanimous voice of France called upon him to mount the throne, gratitude, honour, and honesty should have vetoed the request.

He was troubled, however, by no such scruples, and on the 7th of August was proclaimed King of the French.

For a time after "the glorious days of July," Lafayette was the honoured guest at the Palais Royal. The ungainly figures of the National Guards in their coarse uniform mingled there with the splendid costumes of ambassadors, courtiers, generals; and the "citizen king," as he shuffled through the streets of Paris, umbrella under arm, would go out of his way to shake the hand of a citizen soldier. But these were all shams, cheap offerings to the French idol—Equality, masks to conceal the pettiness and despotism of his government. There was not an affair of state, however small, into which he did not thrust his personality. He nullified the powers of every minister by constant interference, by tampering with subordinates, and by withholding from him a full knowledge of the affairs of his department. One principle guided his every action: the aggrandizement of the race of Orléans; national honour, the welfare of the people, were as nothing when weighed against the interests of his family. *L'État pour moi* was his motto. With all his peace proclivities and truckling to foreign powers, he very nearly involved France in a war over the Spanish marriage; and that was a family affair. He never forgave any personal wrong or insult he had received. Dupont de l'Eure, when he was minister of justice, nominated a certain gentleman, in every way worthy of the post, to a judgeship. The King appearing very unwilling to ratify the appointment, the minister, after some considerable delay, pressed his Majesty to explain the cause of his demur. "He took a brief against me in an action of law," he answered. The anecdote speaks volumes of the utter meanness of the man's mind.

I have not space to enter into the events of his reign. They may be generalized in a few sentences: changes of ministry, so frequent that they can be compared only to the shuffling of a pack of cards; abortive royalist demonstrations, socialist riots, attempted assassinations, infamous corruption and jobbery; a wily, truculent diplomacy; a perpetual struggle for personal government as opposed to constitutional; a desperate fight of eighteen years' duration against the advance of democratic and popular opinion.

The Chamber of Deputies, like the rest, was a sham representation of the people, and was filled with the creatures of his will. The electoral law, which allowed a vote only to those who paid two hundred francs of taxes, utterly excluded the great mass of the people. The reduction of this qualification to one hundred francs was the object of that agitation which culminated in Reform banquets and the Revolution. Yet it is very doubtful whether, had Louis Philippe yielded to this agitation, he would have saved his crown.

The Revolution of '89 was practical; the result of the natural impulse of an oppressed people. The revolution of '48 was speculative, and was the result of artificial theories, which aimed at the utter regeneration of society and its establishment upon new bases; the first was *bourgeois* in its character, its great object was the destruction of the aristocrats. The masses danced the Carmagnole, sang *Ca ira* and the Marseillaise, and murdered to their heart's content. The liberty to do these things, plenty of food and drink, and the power of dragging down society to their own level, were the limits of their ambition. The revolution of '48 was directed against the plutocracy; it was essentially the revolution of the people — of the working classes; the fight of labour against capital.

Since Charles the Tenth had been expelled from the throne, Republican and Socialist ideas had made vast strides among the masses. Beyond the old Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, Guillotine party, formed out of the traditions of the "nineties," the violence and ferocity of whose aspirations were scarcely consonant with the more moderate spirit of the age, there was another, more subtle, more fanatic, more dangerous from its apparent opposition to violence, than the fuming Terrorist; this party was formed of the disciples of Socialism. Although all aimed at the one great object — the re-

distribution and equalization of wealth — the Socialists were divided into various sects, each of whom had a different theory for the accomplishment of this object. The more intellectual were disciples of Saint-Simon or Fourier.* But it was Louis Blanc's principles of the organization of labour which found most favour among the working classes and the largest following.† Beyond these were the Communists and other fanatic sects, all of whom hoped to obtain the triumph of some particular creed by a general upheaval of society.

Such were the men into whose hands electoral reform would have cast political power. A society so interpenetrated with subversive doctrines existed upon a volcano; those turbulent elements must at some time find vent, must exhaust their fury, and only in exhaustion could subside. The revolution of '48 was as inevitable, as impossible to be averted, as was that of '89. There are periods of mental as there are periods of physical epidemics, with which our present knowledge of sociology and physiology are powerless to cope. But apart from these visionaries, the nation at large was sickened with the rule of this citizen king; its pride was humiliated by his obsequiousness to foreign powers, by his pettiness, his trading *bourgeois* spirit, by his selfish personality. Acts of bold and lawless tyranny had aroused the just anger of the people against the rule of Charles the Tenth; but the government of Louis

* Fourierism would divide mankind into associations or phalansteries, each to consist of four hundred families. These would live in one great edifice in which would be contained workshops, studios, and every convenience for industry, pleasure, and art. The property of the Phalansteries would be divided into twelve parts, of which five would belong to labour, four to capital, and three to talent. Under its organization all waste land would be reclaimed and put under cultivation, and the comforts and enjoyments of the human race increased to a degree that even millionaires never dreamed of. But underlying these practical ideas are certain metaphysical subtleties. Fourier held that attraction and repulsion, which are the forces of the physical, also rule the mental world; *that attractions are proportional to destinies*, and that the desires, aptitudes, and combinations of men, if they had free scope, would infallibly produce individual happiness. Experiments in Fourierism have been made both in France and America, but on a scale too limited for a fair trial.

† These would destroy all competition, and fix the wages of the workman and the profits of the capitalist to an arbitrary scale decreed by law. Individualism would be merged in solidarity: each would *receive* according to his *needs*, and *contribute* according to his *abilities*.

A system more opposed to every principle of political economy, or more utterly destructive of all wealth and trade, could not be conceived. Fourierism is an exalted and philosophical attempt to solve the great problem of society — of the human race. "The organization of labour" would destroy all incentive to exertion by robbing men of the fruits of their labours.

Philippe was an intolerable incubus — it was an "Old Man of the Sea," that hugged it to suffocation.

Towards the end of 1847 the Opposition party, under the guise of banquets, arranged a general plan of reform agitation throughout France. Odilon-Barrot, Ledru-Rollin, and Flocon, the editor of *La Réforme*, were the moving powers of these demonstrations. Trusting to the corrupt and slavish majority of the Chamber, to the fidelity of the army, and to the *bourgeois* dread of revolution, the government regarded these manifestations for a time with contemptuous indifference. But when the twelfth arrondissement of Paris invited the unarmed National Guards to attend a banquet fixed to take place on the 20th of February (1848), they began to grow alarmed, and declared from the tribune that they would put it down, even by force, if necessary. The more moderate agitators, not wishing to drive matters to extremity, withdrew their support, and the affair was abandoned.

But in the meantime the government have taken the precaution to assemble some fifty-five thousand troops within the capital. On the 20th the youths of the schools parade in procession singing the Marseillaise; the people join in the chorus and crowd into the streets; by dawn next morning every road leading to Paris is covered with troops. Barricades are raised, but as yet no acts of violence have been committed. On the morning of the 24th affairs assume a more serious aspect. The National Guards are called out; they obey reluctantly, preserve neutrality, but join in the cry for reform and the dismissal of the ministry. In a few hours they will go over to the insurgents. Amidst the narrow tortuous streets which then occupied the centre of Paris, a strong compact body of republicans is gathered. Marrast, the editor of the *National*, harangues a crowd of workmen from the office window. Along the Boulevard de la Bastille march a straggling mob of ragged, hungry-looking men, women, and children, carrying tattered flags, bearing threatening mottoes; their leader is a fierce fanatic named Lagrange. Peaceful men grow pale at the sight of these tatterdemalions; they bring back memories of the days of "*La Terreur*." An accident commences the *émeute*.

In front of the Hotel of Foreign Affairs is drawn up a battalion of the line, with loaded firearms. Towards this spot advances a body of workmen armed with

pikes and sabres, carrying torches and bearing the red flag. It halts, facing the troops; the flash and smoke of the torches and the waving of the flag frighten the horse of the commander, causing it to plunge back amongst the troops. At that moment the report of a musket is heard — by whom fired is not known — never will be known. The soldiers, believing themselves attacked, on the spur of the moment, *without orders*, fire a volley. A dreadful scene ensues; women and children are trampled under foot by the flying mob, the groans and curses of the wounded and the dying fill the air. Although dismayed for a moment the insurgents speedily return, gather up their dead and wounded, and place them in large waggons, which are drawn slowly through the streets in a torchlight procession, the blood-stained corpses being all the time held up to the gaze of the infuriated people.

And so the night passes. By morning the whole of Paris is in arms, prepared for extreme measures, and the Palais Royal is sacked and fired. Were the troops permitted to act with resolution the insurrection must be suppressed, but the King has issued orders that they shall cease firing and offer only a passive resistance. Here we have a repetition of the same fatal weakness and timidity which lost Louis the Sixteenth his crown on the 10th of August. The mob fire upon the sentries and the municipal guards, and they dare not return it. Officers and soldiers beg to be permitted to avenge their comrades, who lie dead and wounded around them; but the commanders, fettered by imperative instructions, dare not give the order, and the slaughter goes on. In other parts of the city the soldiers, weary of days of inaction, fraternize with the people and go over to them in large numbers.

At the Tuileries all is confusion; in a few hours three administrations have melted away — Guizot, Molé, and Thiers; and the King has no ministry. "Go," cries the courageous Queen, "show yourself to the disheartened troops and to the wavering National Guard, while I and my children and my grandchildren will place ourselves upon the balcony and see you die in a manner worthy of yourself and your throne." He does present himself to the soldiery; but he is received with sullen looks, with cries of "*Vive la Réforme!*" and a few murmurs of "*Vive le Roi!*" A little later, and he is told that but one course remains open

to him — to abdicate. The Duc de Montpensier urges him to consent; the pen is placed in his hand, and he writes: "*Abdicate in favour of my grandson, the Comte de Paris. May he be more fortunate than I!*" Wishing the regency to pass into the hands of the Duc de Nemours, he makes no mention of his daughter-in-law — a young, beautiful, and irreproachable lady, whom he has kept in retirement lest she might too much attract the sympathy and attention of the people.

A messenger is sent to bring up the royal carriages: they have been burnt by the mob upon the Place de Carrousel, and one of the grooms has been killed. No time is to be lost. The King and Queen, attended by a few faithful officers and servants, leave the palace by a subterraneous passage leading from their apartments to the gardens, which they hurry across on foot, as Louis the Sixteenth and his queen did when they fled to the National Assembly on the fatal roth of August. Two *fiacres* are engaged off a public stand, into one of which the Queen is lifted fainting, and they drive away. When they reach the Champs Elysées some insurgents fire upon them, and two horses of the escort are killed, but they reach Saint-Cloud in safety.

The Duchesse d'Orléans, under the protection of Nemours, hurries away to the Chamber of Deputies, where they are debating upon the future form of government. Attired in deep mourning, and holding her two children by the hands, she seats herself motionless at the foot of the tribune. Scarcely has the debate commenced when one of the doors is burst open, and a mob of insurgents enter the Chamber. Some of the deputies surround the royal group, and the debate proceeds. It is going in favour of the Duchess when a second wave of insurgents, armed with crowbars, sabres, bayonets, and headed by Lagrange, rushes in, shouting, "No more royalty! No more kings!" Mounting upon the throne, the canopy and hangings of which his followers tear down and demolish, he proclaims the abolition of royalty. M. Ledru-Rollin, that bombastic mimic of Danton, springs into the tribune, protests "in the name of the people" against the regency, and demands the establishment of a Provisional Government; after which there is a cry raised for Lamartine to speak. He obeys, but ere he has finished his oration a third irruption of yet more furious revolution-

ists, maddened with excitement, blackened with powder, and smeared with blood, brandishing their arms and shouting "*Vive la République!*" again interrupts the debate. The Duchess and her children are screened behind a wall of Deputies, one or two of whom now lead them away by a side door; but they are met by a fourth invading party, who, however, in their hurry, do not recognize them. It is with difficulty that she escapes being trampled under foot, suffocated by the dense throng. Half swooning, she is dashed against a glass door. Upon recovering consciousness she finds to her horror that her children are no longer with her. The Comte de Paris has been seized by a brutal fellow, whose fingers are already twined about the child's throat when he is rescued by a National Guard. The Duc de Chartres is found beneath the feet of the multitude, and both after a time are borne safely to their mother's arms.

In the meanwhile the King has left Paris and Versailles behind, and never rests until he reaches the royal palace at Dreux. Here he sleeps one night; but although there is no pursuit, although he is nowhere encountered by hostility, and receives much respect, in a very panic of terror the royal party separates, and in various disguises the members pursue their flight. On the 26th of February they meet by appointment at Cap d'Honfleur, where for nine days they lie concealed in the house of a private gentleman, while friends are endeavouring to secure them a passage to England. Thence the King proceeds on foot during the darkness of the night to Trouville; and after much delay and several adventures, he gets away, under the name of Theodore Lebrun, in the Havre steamer, and is safely landed at Newhaven.

Nothing more despicable, more cowardly, than this dastardly flight of Louis Philippe from imaginary pursuers — for there was not a member of the Provisional Government who desired his capture — who would not have assisted his escape — can be imagined. It almost inclines one to give credence to the scandals of inimical chroniclers — to believe that no drop of Bourbon blood flowed in his veins, and even to doubt the stories of his bravery at Jémappes and Valmy. Once a brave man always a brave man.

Upon their arrival in England Claremont was assigned them as a residence; and here, except a short sojourn at St. Leonards, the exiled King passed the

brief remainder of his days in that domestic circle in which he alone can claim our respect. The life led by the royal family was that of the simplest country gentry. The King took the head of the table at dinner and carved the principal joint, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, even to the youngest. In the evening the young ones played about him as he sat in his easy chair, and when they had retired to rest he read his newspaper or conversed with his sons, while the Queen and Princesses engaged themselves in needlework or sometimes in a game at whist.

He died on the 26th of August, 1850.

Of all his vast wealth he brought scarcely sufficient out of France to provide him comforts in his exile. His passion for building, which amounted to a mania, absorbed immense sums. At his own cost he restored the Palace and Museum of Versailles; he also completed all the buildings which Napoleon had commenced.

His virtues were purely domestic. He was a model husband; and his filial affection was the cause of some of the most considerable errors of his reign. As a man and a king little can be said in his favour. It is unnecessary to recapitulate what has been already deduced from the events of his early life. He possessed no impulse, no enthusiasm; he always acted upon the expediency of the present moment, was always content to assume any garb that necessity imposed upon him. His whole nature was steeped in hypocrisy and dissimulation. The ardent Jacobin, who despised all titles save those won by merit, knew no happiness under the Restoration until the title of *altesse royale* was permitted to him; the unflinching republican, who countenanced the execution of a king, never ceased to regret the loss of the *fleur de lis* upon his canopy of state and of the ribbon of the Holy Ghost,* and was as greedy of personal power as Louis the Fourteenth. He was above all things the great master of kingcraft, and a diplomatist as wily and as clever as Mazarin or Talleyrand. But great principles and great truths were alike indifferent to him. His one political virtue was clemency; he was averse to bloodshed, and in a reign unparalleled for plots and attempted assassinations but few were put to death for political crimes. Of high and noble sympathies he had

literally nothing; heroism and gratitude had no existence for him. In all things his mind was essentially little and vulgar. His industry was indefatigable, but it was ever engaged upon petty details. He prided himself upon duplicity and untruthfulness, upon deceiving his ministers, upon over-reaching all with whom he had dealings. His memory was prodigious, his knowledge of men and things extensive, his garrulity irrepressible; but he seldom evinced *esprit*, or true delicacy of taste. He was obsequious and fawning to the lowest person who could serve his purposes; he was avaricious of wealth; he was destitute of dignity and incapable of inspiring the respect due to his high position. His cunning Israelitish face, his shabby clothes, his Gampish umbrella, were suggestive of nothing so much as of an old Jew clothesman, and such in spirit as in aspect did he closely resemble. And yet Louis Blanc — by no means a favourable critic — tells us that he was a man gifted with an incomparable seduction of manner, that in the relations of private life he charmed his ministers by a freedom, a familiarity of conversation, and a gracious forgetfulness of the rights of his royal state. But this, after all, was but the cajolery of a diplomatist.

To conclude, in the words of a writer in the *Times*, "He rose without moral greatness, he reigned without the affection of his people, and he fell without the compassion of the world."

From The Cornhill Magazine.
A ROSE IN JUNE.

CHAPTER XIV.

(continued.)

MEANWHILE Rose went on to the station, like a creature in a dream, feeling the very trees, the very birds watch her, and wondering that no faces peeped at her from the curtained cottage windows. How strange to think that all the people were asleep, while she walked along through the dreamy world, her footsteps filling it with strange echoes! How fast and soundly it slept, that world, though all the things out-of-doors were in full movement, interchanging their opinions, and taking council upon all their affairs! She had never been out, and had not very often been awake, at such an early hour, and the stillness from all human sounds and voices, combined with the wonderful

* Removed after the abortive attempt of the Duchesse de Berri.

fulness of the language of Nature, gave her a strange bewildered feeling, like that a traveller might have in some strange star or planet peopled with beings different from man. It seemed as if all the human inhabitants had resigned, and given up their places to another species. The fresh air which blew in her face, and the cheerful stir of the birds, recovered her a little from the fright with which she felt herself alone in that changed universe — and the sight of the first wayfarer making his way, like herself, towards the station, gave her a thrill of pain, reminding her that she was neither walking in a dream nor in another planet, but on the old-fashioned earth, dominated by men, and where she shrank from being seen or recognized. She put her veil down over her face as she stole in, once more feeling like a thief, at the wooden gate. Two or three people only, all of the working class, were kicking their heels on the little platform. Rose took her ticket with much trepidation, and stole into the quietest corner to await the arrival of the train. It came up at last with a great commotion, the one porter rushing to open the door of a carriage, out of which Rose perceived quickly a gentleman jumped, giving directions about some luggage. An arrival was a very rare event at so early an hour in the morning. Rose went forward timidly with her veil over her face to creep into the carriage which this traveller had vacated, and which seemed the only empty one. She had not looked at him, nor had she any curiosity about him. The porter, busy with the luggage, paid no attention to her, for which she was thankful, and she thought she was getting away quite unobserved, which gave her a little comfort. She had her foot on the step; and her hand on the carriage door, to get in.

"Miss Damerel!" cried an astonished voice close by her ear.

Rose's foot failed on the step. She almost fell with the start she gave. Whose voice was it? a voice she knew — a voice somehow that went to her heart; but in the first shock she did not ask herself any questions about it, but felt only the distress and terror of being recognized. Then she decided that it was her best policy to steal into the carriage to escape questions. She did so, trembling with fright; but as she sat down in the corner, turned her face unwittingly towards the person, whoever it was, who had recognized her. He had left his luggage, and was gazing at her with his hand

on the door. His face, all flushed with delight, gleamed upon her like sudden sunshine. "Miss Damerel!" he cried again, "you here at this hour?"

"Oh, hush! hush!" she cried, putting up her hand with instinctive warning. "I — don't want to be seen."

I am not sure that she knew him at the first glance. Poor child, her heart was too deeply pre-occupied to do more than flutter feebly at the sight of him, and no secondary thought as to how he had come here, or what unlooked-for circumstance had brought him back, was within the range of her intelligence. Edward Wodehouse made no more than a momentary pause ere he decided what to do. He slipped a coin into the porter's ready hand, and gave him directions about his luggage. "Keep it safe till I return; don't send it home. I am obliged to go to town for an hour or two," he said, and sprang again into the carriage he had just left. His heart was beating with no feeble flutter. He had the promptitude of a man who knows that no opportunity ought to be neglected. The door closed upon them with that familiar bang which we all know so well; the engine shrieked, the wheels jarred, and Rose Damerel and Edward Wodehouse — two people whom even the Imperial Government of England had been moved to separate — moved away into the distance, as if they had eloped with each other, sitting face to face.

Her heart fluttered feebly enough — his heart as strong as the pulsations of the steam-engine, and he thought almost as audible; but the first moment was one of embarrassment. "I cannot get over the wonder of this meeting," he said. "Miss Damerel, what happy chance takes you to London this morning of all others? Some fairy must have done it for me?"

"No happy chance at all," said Rose, shivering with painful emotion, and drawing her shawl closer round her. What could she say to him? — but she began to realize that it was *him*, which was the strangest bewildering sensation. As for him, knowing of no mystery and no misery, the tender sympathy in his face grew deeper and deeper. Could it be poverty? could she be going to work like any other poor girl? A great throb of love and pity went through the young man's heart.

"Don't be angry with me," he said; "but I cannot see you here, alone and looking sad — and take no interest. Can you tell me what it is? Can you make

any use of me? Miss Damerel, don't you know there is nothing in the world that would make me so happy as to be of service to you?"

"Have you just come home?" she asked.

"This morning; I was on my way from Portsmouth. And you—won't you tell me something about yourself?"

Rose made a tremendous effort to go back to the ordinary regions of talk; and then she recollected all that had happened since he had been away. "You know that papa died," she said, the tears springing to her eyes with an effort of nature which relieved her brain and heart.

"I heard that: I was very, very sorry."

"And then for a time we were very poor; but now we are well off again by the death of mamma's uncle Edward; that is all, I think," she said, with an attempt at a smile.

Then there was a pause. How was he to subject her to a cross-examination? and yet Edward felt that, unless something had gone very wrong, the girl would not have been here.

"You are going to town?" he said. "It is very early for you; and alone?—"

"I do not mind," said Rose; and then she added quickly, "When you go back, will you please not say you have seen me? I don't want any one to know."

"Miss Damerel, something has happened to make you unhappy?"

"Yes," she said, "but never mind. It does not matter much to any one but me. Your mother is very well. Did she know that you were coming home?"

"No, it is quite sudden. I am promoted by the help of some kind unknown friend or another, and they could not refuse me a few days leave—"

"Mrs. Wodehouse will be very glad," said Rose. She seemed to rouse out of her preoccupation to speak to him, and then fell back. The young sailor was at his wits' end. What a strange coming home it was to him! He had dreamt of his first meeting with Rose in a hundred different ways, and rehearsed it, and all that he would say to her; but such a wonderful meeting as this had never occurred to him; and to have her entirely to himself, yet not to know what to say!

"There must be changes since I left. It will soon be a year ago," he said in sheer despair.

"I do not remember any changes," said Rose, "except the rectory. We are in the White House now. Nothing else has happened that I know—yet."

This little word made his blood run cold—*yet*. Did it mean that something was about to happen? He tried to overcome that impression by a return to the ground he was sure of. "May I speak of last year?" he said. "I went away very wretched—as wretched as any man could be."

Rose was too far gone to think of the precautions with which such a conversation ought to be conducted. She knew what he meant, and why should she pretend she did not? Not that this reflection passed through her mind, which acted totally upon impulse, without any reflection at all.

"It was not my fault," she said, simply, "I was alone with papa, and he would not let me go."

"Ah!" he said, his eyes lighting up; "you did not think me presumptuous, then? you did not mean to crush me? Oh! if you knew how I have thought of it, and questioned myself! It has never been out of my mind for a day—for an hour—"

She put up her hand hastily. "I may be doing wrong," she said, "but it would be more wrong still to let you speak. They would think it was for this I came away."

"What is it? what is it?" he said; "something has happened. Why may not I tell you, when I have at last this blessed opportunity? Why is it wrong to let me speak?"

"They will think it was for this I came away," said Rose. "Oh! Mr. Wodehouse, you should not have come with me. They will say I knew you were to be here. Even mamma, perhaps, will think so, for she does not think well of me, as papa used to do. She thinks I am selfish, and care only for my own pleasure," said Rose with tears.

"You have come away without her knowledge?"

"Yes."

"Then you are escaping from some one?" said Wodehouse, his face flushing over.

"Yes! yes."

"Miss Damerel, come back with me. Nobody, I am sure, will force you to do anything. Your mother is too good to be unkind. Will you come back with me? Ah, you must not—you must not throw yourself upon the world; you do not know what it is," said the young sailor, taking her hand, in his earnestness. "Rose—dear Rose—let me take you back."

She drew her hand away from him, and dried the hot tears which scorched her eyes. "No, no," she said. "You do not know, and I want nobody to know. You will not tell your mother, nor any one. Let me go, and let no one think of me any more."

"As if that were possible!" he cried.

"Oh, yes, it is possible. I loved papa dearly; but I seldom think of him now. If I could die you would all forget me in a year. To be sure I cannot die; and even if I did, people might say that was selfish too. Yes, you don't know what things mamma says. I have heard her speak as if it were selfish to die,—escaping from one's duties; and I am escaping from my duties; but it can never, never be a duty to marry when you cannot—— What am I saying?" said poor Rose. "My head is quite light, and I think I must be going crazy. You must not mind what I say."

CHAPTER XV.

EDWARD WODEHOUSE reached Dinglefield about eleven o'clock, coming back from that strange visit to town. He felt it necessary to go to the White House before even he went to his mother, but he was so cowardly as to go round a long way so as to avoid crossing the Green, or exhibiting himself to public gaze. He felt that his mother would never forgive him did she know that he had gone anywhere else before going to her, and, indeed, I think Mrs. Wodehouse's feeling was very natural. He put his hat well over his eyes, but he did not, as may be supposed, escape recognition—and went on with a conviction that the news of his arrival would reach his mother before he did, and that he would have something far from delightful to meet with when he went home.

As for Mrs. Damerel, when she woke up in the morning to the fact that Rose was gone, her first feelings, I think, were more those of anger than of alarm. She was not afraid that her daughter had committed suicide, or run away permanently; for she was very reasonable, and her mind fixed upon the probabilities of a situation rather than on the violent catastrophes which might be possible. It was Agatha who first brought her the news open-mouthed, and shouting the information, "Oh mamma, come here, come here, Rose has run away!" so that every one in the house could hear.

"Nonsense, child! she has gone—to do something for me," said the mother

on the spur of the moment, prompt to save exposure even at the instant when she received the shock.

"But, mamma," cried Agatha, "her bed has not been slept in, her things are gone—her——"

Here Mrs. Damerel put her hand over the girl's mouth, and with a look she never forgot, went with her into the empty nest, from which the bird had flown. All Mrs. Damerel's wits rallied to her on the moment to save the scandal which was inevitable if this were known.

"Shut the door," she said, in a low quiet voice. "Rose is very foolish: because she thinks she has quarrelled with me, to make such a show of her undutifulness! She has gone up to town by the early train."

"Then you knew!" cried Agatha, with eyes as wide open as just now her mouth had been.

"Do you think it likely she would go without my knowing?" said her mother; an unanswerable question, for which Agatha, though her reason discovered the imposture, could find no ready response. She looked on with wonder while her mother, with her own hands, tossed the coverings off the little white bed, and gave it the air of having been slept in. It was Agatha's first lesson in the art of making things appear as they are not.

"Rose has been foolish; but I don't choose that Mary Jane should make a talk about it, and tell everybody that she did not go to bed last night like a Christian—and do you hold your tongue," said Mrs. Damerel.

Agatha followed her mother's directions with awe, and was subdued all day by a sense of the mystery; for why, if mamma knew all about it, and it was quite an ordinary proceeding, should Rose have gone to town by the early train?

Mrs. Damerel, however, had no easy task to get calmly through the breakfast, and arrange her household matters for the day, with this question perpetually recurring to her, with sharp thrills and shoots of pain—Where was Rose? She had been angry at first, deeply annoyed and vexed, but now other feelings struck in. An anxiety, which did not suggest any definite danger, but was dully and persistently present in her mind, like something hanging over her, took possession of her whole being. Where had she gone? What could she be doing at that moment? What steps could her mother take to find out, without exposing her foolishness to public gaze? How should

she satisfy Mr. Incledon? how conceal this strange disappearance from her neighbours. They all took, what people are pleased to call "a deep interest" in Rose, and, indeed, in all the late Rector's family; and Mrs. Damerel knew the world well enough to be aware that the things which one wishes to be kept secret, are just those which everybody manages to hear. She forgot even to be angry with Rose in the deep necessity of concealing the extraordinary step she had taken; a step enough to lay a young girl under an enduring stigma all her life; and what could she do to find her without betraying her? She could not even make an inquiry without risking this betrayal. She could not ask a passenger on the road, or a porter at the station, if they had seen her, lest she should thereby make it known that Rose's departure had been clandestine. All through the early morning, while she was busy with the children and the affairs of the house, this problem was working in her mind. Of all things this was the most important, not to compromise Rose, or to let any one know what a cruel and unkind step she had taken. Mrs. Damerel knew well how such a stigma clings to a girl, and how ready the world is to impute other motives than the real one. Perhaps she had been hard upon her child, and pressed a hateful sacrifice upon her unduly, but now Rose's credit was the first thing she thought of. She would not even attempt to get relief to her own anxiety at the cost of any animadversion upon Rose; or suffer anybody to suspect her daughter in order to ease herself. This necessity made her position doubly difficult and painful, for, without compromising Rose, she did not know how to inquire into her disappearance or what to do; and, as the moments passed over with this perpetual undercurrent going on in her mind, the sense of painful anxiety grew stronger and stronger. Where could she have gone? She had left no note, no letter behind her, as runaways are generally supposed to do. She had, her mother knew, only a few shillings in her purse; she had no relations at hand with whom she could find refuge. Where had she gone? Every minute this question pressed more heavily upon her, and sounded louder and louder. Could she go on shutting it up in her mind, taking council of no one? Mrs. Damerel felt this to be impossible, and after breakfast sent a telegram to Mr. Nolan, begging him to come to her "on urgent business."

She felt sure that Rose had confided some of her troubles at least to him; and he was a friend upon whose help and secrecy she could fully rely.

Her mind was in this state of intense inward perturbation and outward calm, when, standing at her bedroom window, which commanded the road and a corner of the Green, upon which the road opened, she saw Edward Wodehouse coming towards the house. I suppose there was never any one yet in great anxiety and suspense, who did not go to the window with some sort of forlorn hope of seeing something to relieve them. She recognized the young man at once, though she did not know of his arrival, or even that he was looked for; and the moment she saw him instantly gave him a place — though she could not tell what place — in the maze of her thoughts. Her heart leaped up at sight of him, though he might be but walking past, he might be but coming to pay an ordinary call on his return, for anything she knew. Instinctively, her heart associated him with her child. She watched him come in through the little shrubbery, scarcely knowing where she stood, so intense was her suspense; then went down to meet him, looking calm and cold, as if no anxiety had ever clouded her firmament. "How do you do, Mr. Wodehouse; I did not know you had come back," she said, with perfect composure, as if he had been the most every-day acquaintance, and she had parted from him last night.

He looked at her with a countenance much paler and more agitated than her own, and, with that uneasy air of deprecation natural to a man who has a confession to make. "No one did; or, indeed, does," he said, "not even my mother. I got my promotion quite suddenly, and insisted upon a few days' leave to see my friends before I joined my ship."

"I congratulate you," said Mrs. Damerel, putting heroic force upon herself. "I suppose, then, I should have said Captain Wodehouse? How pleased your mother will be!"

"Yes," he said, abstractedly. "I should not, as you may suppose, have taken the liberty to come here so early merely to tell you a piece of news concerning myself. I came up from Portsmouth during the night, and when the train stopped at this station — by accident — Miss Damerel got into the same carriage in which I was. She charged me with this note to give to you."

There was a sensation in Mrs. Damerel's ears as if some sluice had given way in the secrecy of her heart, and the blood was surging and swelling upwards. But she managed to smile a ghastly smile at him, and to take the note without further display of her feelings. It was a little twisted note written in pencil, which Wodehouse, indeed, had with much trouble, persuaded Rose to write. Her mother opened it with fingers trembling so much that the undoing of the scrap of paper was a positive labour to her. She dropped softly into a chair, however, with a great and instantaneous sense of relief, the moment she had read these few pencilled words:—

"Mamma, I have gone to Miss Margetts. I am very wretched, and don't know what to do. I could not stay at home any longer. Do not be angry. I think my heart will break."

Mrs. Damerel did not notice these pathetic words. She saw "Miss Margetts," and that was enough for her. Her blood resumed its usual current, her heart began to beat less violently. She felt, as she leant back in her chair, exhausted and weak with the agitation of the morning; weak as one only feels when the immediate pressure is over. Miss Margetts was the schoolmistress with whom Rose had received her education. No harm to Rose, nor her reputation, could come did all the world know that she was there. She was so much and instantaneously relieved, that her watchfulness over herself intermitted, and she did not speak for a minute or two. She roused herself up with a little start when she caught Wodehouse's eye gravely fixed upon her.

"Thanks," she said; "I am very glad to have this little note, telling me of Rose's safe arrival with her friends in London. It was very good of you to bring it. I do not know what put it into the child's head to go by that early train."

"Whatever it was, it was very fortunate for me," said Edward. "As we had met by such a strange chance, I took the liberty of seeing her safe to Miss Margetts' house."

"You are very good," said Mrs. Damerel; "I am much obliged to you;" and then the two were silent for a moment, eyeing each other like wrestlers before they close.

"Mrs. Damerel," said young Wodehouse, faltering, and, brave sailor as he was, feeling more frightened than he could have said, "there is something more

which I ought to tell you. Meeting her so suddenly, and remembering how I had been balked in seeing her before I left Dinglefield, I was overcome by my feelings, and ventured to tell Miss Damerel——"

"Mr. Wodehouse, my daughter is engaged to be married!" cried Mrs. Damerel, with sharp and sudden alarm.

"But not altogether—with her own will," he said.

"You must be mistaken," said the mother, with a gasp for breath. "Rose is foolish, and changes with every wind that blows. She cannot have intended to leave any such impression on your mind. It is the result, I suppose, of some lovers' quarrel. As this is the case, I need not say that though, under any other circumstances, I should deeply have felt the honour you do her, yet, in the present, the only thing I can do is to say good morning and many thanks. Have you really not seen your mother yet?"

"Not yet. I am going——"

"Oh go, please go!" said Mrs. Damerel. "It was extremely kind of you to bring the note before going home, but your mother would never forgive me if I detained you; good-bye. If you are here for a few days I may hope to see you before you go."

With these words she accompanied him to the door, smiling cordially as she dismissed him. He could neither protest against the dismissal nor linger in spite of it, to repeat the love-tale which she had stopped on his lips. Her apparent calm had almost deceived him, and but for a little quiver of her shadow upon the wall, a little clasping together of her hands, with Rose's letter in them, which nothing but the keenest observation could have detected, he could almost have believed in his bewilderment that Rose had been dreaming, and that her mother was quite cognizant of her flight, and knew where she was going and all about it. But, however that might be, he had to go, in a very painful maze of thought, not knowing what to think or to hope about Rose, and having a whimsical certainty of what must be awaiting him at home, had his mother heard, as was most likely, of his arrival, and that he had gone first to the White House. Fortunately for him, Mrs. Wodehouse had not heard it; but she poured into his reluctant ears the whole story of Mr. Incedon and the engagement, and of all the wonders with which he was filling Whitton in preparation for his bride.

"Though I think she treated you very badly, after encouraging you as she did, and leading you on to the very edge of a proposal — yet one can't but feel that she is a very lucky girl," said Mrs. Wodehouse. "I hope you will take care not to throw yourself in their way, my dear; though, perhaps, on the whole, it would be best to show that you have got over it entirely and don't mind who she marries. A little insignificant chit of a girl not worth your notice. There are as good fish in the sea, Edward — or better, for that matter."

"Perhaps you are right, mother," he said, glad to escape from the subject; and then he told her the mystery of his sudden promotion, and how he had struggled to get this fortnight's leave before joining his ship, which was in commission for China. Mrs. Wodehouse fatigued her brain with efforts to discover who it could be who had thus mysteriously befriended her boy; and as this subject drew her mind from the other, Edward was thankful enough to listen to her suggestions of this man who was dead, and that man who was at the end of the world. He had not an idea himself who it could be, and, I think, cherished a furtive hope that it was his good service which had attracted the notice of my Lords; for young men are easily subject to this kind of illusion. But his mind, it may be supposed, was sufficiently disturbed without any question of the kind. He had to reconcile Rose's evident misery in her flight, with her mother's calm acceptance of it as a thing she knew of; and to draw a painful balance between Mrs. Damerel's power to insist and command, and Rose's power of resistance; finally, he had the despairing consciousness that his leave was only for a fortnight, a period too short for anything to be decided on. No hurried settlement of the extraordinary imbroglio of affairs which he perceived dimly — no licence, however special, would make it possible to secure Rose in a fortnight's time; and he was bound to China for three years! This reflection, you may well suppose, gave the young man enough to think of, and made his first day at home anything but the ecstatic holiday which a first day at home ought to be.

As for Mrs. Damerel, when she went into her own house, after seeing this dangerous intruder to the door, the sense of relief which had been her only conscious feeling up to this moment, gave place to the irritation and repressed

wrath which, I think, was very natural. She said to herself, bitterly, that as the father had been so the daughter was. They consulted their own happiness, their own feelings, and left her to make everything straight behind them. What did it matter what she felt? What was the good of her but to bear the burden of their self-indulgence? — to make up for the wrongs they did, and conceal the scandal? I am aware that in such a case, as in almost all others, the general sympathy goes with the young; but yet I think poor Mrs. Damerel had much justification for the bitterness in her heart. She wept a few hot tears by herself which nobody even knew of or suspected, and then she returned to the children's lessons and her daily business, her head swimming a little, and with a weakness born of past agitation, but subdued into a composure not feigned but real. For after all, everything can be remedied except exposure, she thought to herself; and going to Miss Margetts' showed at least a glimmering of common sense on the part of the runaway, and saved all public discussion of the "difficulty" between Rose and her mother. Mrs. Damerel was a clergyman's wife — nay, one might say a clergywoman in her own person, accustomed to all the special decors and exactitudes which those who take the duties of the caste to heart consider incumbent upon that section of humanity; but she set about inventing a series of fibs on the spot with an ease which I fear long practice and custom had given. How many fibs had she been compelled to tell on her husband's behalf? — exquisite little romances about his health and his close study, and the mental occupations which kept him from little necessary duties; although she knew perfectly well that his study was mere desultory reading, and his delicate health self-indulgence. She had shielded him so with that delicate network of falsehood that the Rector had gone out of the world with the highest reputation. *She* had all her life been subject to remark as rather a commonplace wife for such a man, but no one had dreamt of criticising him. Now she had the same thing to begin over again; and she carried her system to such perfection that she began upon her own family, as indeed in her husband's case she had always done, imbuing the children with a belief in his abstruse studies and sensitive organization, as well as the outer world.

"Rose has gone to pay Miss Margetts a visit," she said at the early dinner. "I think a little change will do her good. I shall run up to town in a few days and see after her things."

"Gone to Miss Margetts'! I wonder why no one ever said so," cried Agatha, who was always full of curiosity. "What a funny thing to go off on a visit without even saying a word!"

"It was settled quite suddenly," said the mother, with perfect composure. "I don't think she has been looking well for some days; and I always intended to go to town about her things."

"What a very funny thing," repeated Agatha, "to go off at five o'clock; never to say a word to any one—not even to take a box with her clothes, only that little black bag. I never heard of anything so funny; and to be so excited about it that she never went to bed."

"Do not talk nonsense," said Mrs. Damerel sharply; "it was not decided till the evening before, after you were all asleep."

"But, mamma——"

"I think you might take some of this pudding down to poor Mary Simpson," said Mrs. Damerel, calmly—"she has no appetite, poor girl; and, Agatha, you can call at the post-office, and ask Mrs. Brown if her niece has got a place yet—I think she might suit me as a housemaid, if she has not got a place."

"Then, thank heaven," said Agatha, diverted entirely into a new channel, "we shall get rid of Mary Jane!"

Having thus, as it were, made her experiment upon the subject nearest her heart, Mrs. Damerel had her little romance perfectly ready for Mr. Incledon when he came. "You must not blame me for a little disappointment to-day," she said, "though indeed I ought to have sent you word had I not been so busy. You must have seen that Rose was not herself yesterday. She has her father's fine organization, poor child, and all our troubles have told upon her. I have sent her to her old school, to Miss Margetts, whose care I can rely upon, for a little change. It will be handy in many ways, for I must go to town for shopping, and it will be less fatiguing for Rose to meet me there than to go up and down on the same day."

"Then she was not well yesterday?" said Mr. Incledon, over whose face various changes had passed of disappointment, annoyance, and relief.

"Could you not see that?" said the

mother, smiling with gentle reproof. "When did Rose show temper before? She has her faults, but that is not one of them; but she has her father's fine organization. I don't hesitate to say now, when it is all over, that poverty brought us many annoyances and some privations, as it does to everybody, I suppose. Rose has borne up bravely, but of course she felt them; and it is a speciality with such highly-strung natures," said this elaborate deceiver, "that they never break down till the pressure is removed."

"Ah! I ought to have known it," said Mr. Incledon; "and, indeed," he added, after a pause, "what you say is a great relief, for I had begun to fear that so young a creature might have found out that she had been too hasty—that she did not know her own mind."

"It is not her mind, but her nerves and temperament," said the mother. "I shall leave her quite quiet for a few days."

"And must I leave her quiet too?"

"I think so, if you don't mind. I could not tell you at the time," said Mrs. Damerel, with absolute truth and candour such as give the best possible effect when used as accompaniments to the pious fib, "for I knew you would have wished to help us, and I could not have allowed it; but there have been a great many things to put up with. You don't know what it is to be left to the tender mercies of a maid-of-all-work, and Rose has had to soil her poor little fingers, as I never thought to see a child of mine do; it is no disgrace, especially when it is all over," she added, with a little laugh.

"Disgrace! it is nothing but honour," said the lover, with some moisture starting into his eyes. He would have liked to kiss the poor little fingers of which her mother spoke with playful tenderness, and went away comparatively happy, wondering whether there was not something more to do than he had originally thought of by which he could show his pride and delight and loving homage to his Rose.

Poor Mrs. Damerel! I am afraid it was very wicked of her, as a clergywoman who ought to show a good example to the world in general; and she could have whipped Rose all the same for thus leaving her in the lurch; but still it was clever, and a gift which most women have to exercise, more or less.

But oh! the terrors that overwhelmed her soul when, after having dismissed Mr. Incledon, thus wrapped over again in a false security, she bethought herself

that Rose had travelled to town in company with young Wodehouse; that they had been shut up for more than an hour together; that he had told his love-tale, and she had confided enough to him to leave him not hopeless at least. Other things might be made to arrange themselves; but what was to be done with the always rebellious girl when the man she preferred—a young lover, impassioned and urgent—had come into the field?

From Fraser's Magazine.

A PROFESSOR EXTRAORDINARY.

"THE whole Art of Success in music, painting, and light literature, taught in one or two lessons by a Professor of the greatest experience. Terms reasonable. Apply by letter first, and stating full particulars, to 'Tityrus,' Post Office —"

Strange, even for an advertisement. But such are the curiosities of literature in which the outer sheet of the *Times* is rich, that the above paragraph would hardly have detained my attention, but for the signature "Tityrus."

Long years ago, I had been at school with one Thomas Everard, nicknamed mad Everard, and not without cause, by the boys—a general favourite, good at everything, very good for nothing, hating trouble, and shunning it as his ghostly enemy; a boy all promise, but rather like a box of samples, promising too much, too cheaply, and in too many departments; the unfailing spring of laughter in and out of season, and of all jokes practical and ideal; the comic genius of the school. There he and I fell in friendship, we swore by each other, we were the closet chums possible—shared pocket money, hampers, studies, and sports. Moreover, after the wont of school boys, we invented a language for the convenience of confidential intercourse, and corresponded in it under the classical pseudonyms of Tityrus and Melibæus. When we left school our paths separated, and I had now lost sight of him for ten years.

But Tityrus had been his private signature to me in our boyhood, and in that extraordinary advertisement there was a something that strongly reminded me of Thomas Everard. Curious to ascertain, I answered it as follows:—

"A gentleman of average intelligence and the usual acquirements, but who finds his education deficient in the science

'Tityrus' professes to teach, offers himself as a pupil. Wishes more especially for hints on success in the lighter departments of literature. Address, 'Melibæus,' Post Office —"

By return of post came the reply I had anticipated in two lines:—

"My dear old fellow, is it, can it be you?"

I wrote back, establishing my identity beyond a doubt, and requesting an answer to my former letter. He sent me an invitation to breakfast with him the next morning at his residence, "The Laurels," in one of the suburbs.

I accepted of course. After much wandering among the forest of villas, lodges, and cottages, I at last hit upon "The Laurels," a small house standing apart from the road, in a shady grove of the tree whence it took its auspicious name.

The garden was pleasantly and significantly planted with bays, the dining-room window edged with parsley in pots, and the entrance led through a miniature conservatory full of bending palms. A very odour of victory which was quite exhilarating pervaded the spot. The internal decorations were similarly appropriate; the hall clock, even the barometer, set in frames of carved olive and ivy leaves; the walls hung with pictures representing triumphant scenes in the lives of modern art competitors; a *prima donna* buried in bouquets; a painter honoured by a sitting from royalty; a poet receiving his badge of knighthood. My spirits rose as I crossed the threshold. This was the House of Fame indeed.

In the library, a small room, but exquisitely furnished, I found my old friend Everard, and here we renewed our suspended acquaintance over as free a breakfast-table as even an Englishman could desire to see.

Ten years! They had worked but small change in him. Yet it was not for nothing that his hair was streaked with grey, and his brow lined at seven-and-twenty; for that inveterate propensity to see the ludicrous everywhere—to look at everything, so to speak, in the bowl of a spoon—an amiable weakness in the thoughtless schoolboy, turns to bitterness in manhood, when applied to what are called the stern realities of life.

He avoided talking of himself. The conversation turned chiefly on me and my affairs. I was perfectly unreserved, drew a picture more faithful than flattering of my first experiences in the literary

career I had embraced — of certain effusions so warmly praised beforehand by dear literary friends, summarily despatched by a few words of blame from the critics, unnoticed by the world at large, and of the inefficiency of the consolation administered afterwards by private admirers, that these, my works, were "too good to succeed." My children, it appeared, were all too good to live.

This reminded me of what I had almost forgotten — that ridiculous advertisement — and I begged to know what might have been his object in putting it in, and attempting to play off so transparent a hoax.

"Hoax?" he repeated, in apparent surprise.

"Perhaps the advertisement was not a hoax," said I, laughing.

"Perhaps this house is a hoax," he returned; "perhaps the coffee and hot rolls are false shows; the cabinets, tables, and chairs vain and airy appearances; the pianoforte a mere whim of fancy — an unknowable phenomenon. But if these, my household gods, are substantial objects, so was the advertisement genuine that caught the eyes that stood in the heads that pertained to the men who owned the purse that held the fees that paid for them."

"Pray explain," said I, "and in language adapted to the understanding of a gentleman of average intelligence — mind, average."

"Well, I can do so in a few words. Believe me, it would be difficult to name the branch of art I have not taken up, meeting everywhere, however, with no better fortune than your own. But now, after having devoted ten years to the diligent study of failure in all its branches, I have acquired, thanks to a long and painful training, so intimate a knowledge of the obstacles that beset the road to renown as at least to qualify me thoroughly for a professor in the art of getting on; and it is in treating success as one of the Fine Arts that I have met with a first, a triumphant, success myself. So, let all my friends flourish."

"Will you be serious?" I urged.

He took a letter from his pocket and handed it to me. "So you won't believe me serious. Possibly you will believe that — a perfectly serious fifty-pound note. Read — 'In grateful acknowledgment of services rendered,' and so forth. From Fogson, the artist — received this morning."

"What, Fogson, the celebrated author

— I won't say painter — of those colour-pieces that have excited so much notice lately?"

"Exactly. That man and his fortune were made by me. He allows it himself. His pictures command any price already."

"Well, I saw his last — a study of sky, water, and forget-me-nots. 'In the Blues,' he called it. I should call it an art aberration."

"Very likely; but he errs to his pecuniary advantage at least. Colour without form — a peculiar style I recommended to him — and, as you see, he finds it answer very well indeed."

"Such pictures serve no true purpose of art that I can see."

"But that is not the artist's object," he persisted. "Do I even profess to show the high road to excellence? Fogson comes to me, and says: 'Sir, what shall I do to be — known?' It was evident that he would never shine in competition with others in treating ordinary subjects, so I suggested Chaos as a field for art he might have to himself. Now, if any students are so foolish as to follow his lead, he rises at once to the height of a founder of a new style — the Chaotic School."

"Still at a loss?" he resumed, laughing at my dubious expression of countenance, "or do you wilfully shut your eyes to the rationale of my theory? Listen: I expect several visitors this morning. Would you like to be present at the consultation, unseen, of course — say behind the curtain in the recess?"

"Certainly I should," I replied, with alacrity; "I feel the strongest curiosity to see your disciples, or patients I ought to say."

"I can rely on your discretion," he said, as he placed me where I was effectually concealed, yet able to observe. "Understand, none of my visitors are strangers to me, for I undertake no one without careful preliminary inquiries. A short correspondence is usually enough, and I have an unerring diagnosis of the particular case ready before I consent to prescribe or fix an interview. Incurables I decline. Such are the radically obstinate, the constitutionally inane. But with average material and strict obedience I have worked wonders."

He had scarcely settled himself in his chair when his servant threw open the door, announcing

"Mademoiselle Annetta Solferino."

Everard's visitor was a young lady of about nineteen or twenty, extremely good-

looking by nature, though not enough to satisfy herself, as appeared from the symmetrical curve of her pencil-arched eyebrows and those heavy, impossible coils of rich dark hair. She was well, but showily dressed, and held a roll of music in her hand. Love—self-love—in her eyes sat playing, and whatever one thing she might have lacked, it was certainly not assurance. She entered into conversation at once, and went to the point without the slightest embarrassment.

"You have heard from me, Mr. Everard, and how I was recommended to consult you by Marterton, the ballad-singer of the season. He declares you have been the making of *him*. Can you do anything for me? I am most anxious to hear."

"Allow me to refer to my notes," said Everard, taking up an album with a list of names alphabetically arranged. "S.—Solferino. Yes, here you are, and the particulars of your case."

They were written in her physiognomy. He who runs may read. Principal: youth, a pretty face, fresh voice, and a dozen lessons from a fashionable master; set against this, little knowledge of music, less love of art, no anxiety to learn, only to rise.

"I understand," said Everard, gravely, "that for two years you have been a concert singer in the provinces with very limited success. You are dissatisfied with the position, and impatient for an opening. Is it so?"

She assented.

"First, will you let me hear you sing? What have you brought? Ah! the old, old story. Operatic airs and English ballads, ancient and modern. Well, you shall choose your piece."

She chose the Jewel Song from "Faust," attacked it bravely, and slaughtered it with energy and resolution.

"Indeed, you have a most lovely quality of voice," observed Everard, almost mournfully, when she had finished; "a sound ear, too. Ah! if you were to give up public singing for a time, and study seriously—for two years, say—you might do much."

"Two years!" The young lady's countenance fell. "Oh, Mr. Everard!" she continued, reproachfully, "is this fair? I thought you undertook in one or two lessons to —"

"Yes, yes," he broke in, changing his tone, "and from that point of view you have nothing more to learn except from me. I will not hide from you that your

execution is faulty, your intonation careless, your shake absurd, your style of vocalization—what style there is—as bad as can well be. Go on as you have begun, and in a few years it will be painful to listen to you. But my remedy is as simple as your case is serious. First tell me, Annetta Solferino, is that your real name?"

"My real name is Hannah Simmonds," she replied, blushing, and with a little laugh; "but it would never do for a singer, you know."

"Of course not. There's a fitness in all things, and programmes must be considered. The question is, would you mind being, shall we say, Annouchka Sobieski for a change?"

"Well, no," she replied; "but what for, Mr. Everard?"

He unlocked a drawer and took out a roll of music. "Come and try over this air. The words you won't understand, but they are written above, phonetically, as they ought to be pronounced. It is a Russian song."

"Is it pretty?" she asked, rather doubtfully, when she had read it through.

Everard shrugged his shoulders. "I don't say that. But it is strange, quaint, new—and quite easy. Let us go through it again. You have really some very good points —"

So she had. She sang extremely well with her eyes, and if she could not shake, at least she could smile, and knew it.

He gave her a careful lesson on the proper reading of the song, with hints as to producing the greatest effects in passages here and there. He was very particular about a certain long drawn unaccompanied note coming once in every verse—one of those little bits of (musical) local colouring, like the Irish howl, or the clic-clac of the Spanish muleteer, which, as he explained to her, have a power beyond melody or harmony for procuring a rapturous encore.

"I have here about a dozen of these songs," said he, "arranged by myself. Pearls without price, for they have never yet been published. They are all within your compass, and I have added all the necessary notes and marks. Sing these songs as directed; and I have but one more injunction to make, but that I must insist upon. Never, in public, sing any others. Be known everywhere—for everywhere you soon will be known—as the singer of Russian songs. Once for all, can you renounce Mozart and all his works—and, in a word, all vocal music

in which you invite comparison with other performers, your superiors?"

"I will," she answered, impressed by the solemnity of his tone.

"Young lady, I congratulate you," said the Professor, with a bow.

"Thanks, thanks." She rose to go, but hesitated. Probably "Terms reasonable" was in her mind.

Everard interposed. "That we will settle, later, when my bright predictions are in a fair way to be realized. My terms may sound high to you now. They will not then, when you make your fifty pounds a week."

Her eyes glittered at the golden vision.

"Only mind you keep to the unpronounceable name. Be photographed in furs, or on a sledge."

"But stay," she said, suddenly; "after all, here are but a dozen songs, and when people get tired of these ——"

"That day will be long in coming. Such little bits of 'genre' music do not require to be varied."

"But it must come at last; and then, when I have sung them all again and again in every concert room in England, what shall I do?"

"Go to America."

There was no more to be said. Away went the future Russian nightingale, in all the plenitude of hope.

Apparently my friend had a large practice. She had scarcely disappeared when a second visitor was admitted—a thin, spare man, a melancholy object with a long beard, sunken eyes, rusty coat, and a generally rejected and dejected look about him that could not be misread. Here, indeed, was a bad case—one who had called in the physician at the eleventh hour.

"Mr. Gabriel Gaunt, I believe," began Everard, courteously. "I must apologize for not having yet returned those pictures you sent here for me to see."

"Thanks; but they have not been missed," he retorted, with bitter emphasis; "there is no demand for them elsewhere that I am aware of."

"But you paint uncommonly well, let me assure you," said Everard, soothingly. "Have you been at it long?"

"Only all my life. I am five-and-forty now, and all to find Gabriel Gaunt no nearer fame than at starting."

"Because you have missed the way. You complain that your pictures are neither hung nor sold. But, in the first place, you seem so fond of large canvasses, my dear sir, and aim at such am-

bitious and varied subjects—'Prometheus,' 'The Earthly Paradise,' 'Alexander's Feast,' 'The Good Samaritan.'"

"But I have given to each the attention it deserves; grudged neither time, nor pains, nor thought."

"And all in vain, sir, as you see, this self-sacrifice of yours to the sublime."

"What!" cried the artist, disgusted; "but is it not the essence of Art to fly high? Of all its purposes, surely the last to be neglected should be its mission to offer the ideal to refresh, refine, and elevate the minds of men wearied and debased by the commonplaces and uglinesses of everyday life?"

"Sir, no more," broke in Everard; "you are in a dangerous way indeed. Have you never reflected that your public for the most part are accustomed in everyday life to disclaim for themselves, to pooh-pooh and decry in others, all lofty motives and ideas? We are unprepared to take pleasure in these, even in art. Ideal beauty, grandeur, heroism—their shrines are deserted; for the popular idols whose worship it is usual, not to say universal, to profess are—gain and comfort."

"Then, do you hold out no hope? Am I not a man as well as an artist? Must I go on forever working in vain, and all through this fatal utilitarianism that is overspreading the tree of English Art like a parasite, and eating the heart out of the good old oak?"

Everard smiled at his warmth. "Sir, let us hope even your case will benefit by my treatment. Unfortunately you have no tricks, no mannerisms, for us to work upon."

"I trust not," he replied, "considering how I have worked to avoid them. I abhor art mannerism."

"So much the worse for you," said Everard, drily. "It is too late to begin the study now; but there is a chance for you still. Sir, I must be plain with you; you must renounce your lofty images, grand sentiments, and all the aspiring principles of ideal art. They don't agree with that mass of organic matter—the public I mean, on whom your success depends. These are not what they hunger and thirst after,—that can afford them the pleasure, the relaxation they look for in the intervals of business. You have, sir, a pleasing style, a true sense of beauty, and your colouring is excellent. Put away the fascinating creations of mythology, religion, and poetry. My plan for you is that you should become a painter of juvenile life, of scenes from the nursery stage

of existence, exclusively. Keep your old titles if you like; the contrast between the imposing name and the pretty subject is always piquant. Thus:

“‘Prometheus’—A little urchin has stolen his father’s cigars, and is smoking on the sly.

“‘The Good Samaritan’—Little girl giving away her bun to a beggar.

“‘The Earthly Paradise’—A child in the midst of its birthday presents.

“‘Alexander’s Feast’—Children at tea—eldest boy presiding.

“There is a mine which is practically inexhaustible. You may ring the changes on such themes forever. With your technical dexterity I can promise you wealth, fame, popularity to your heart’s content. These works make comparatively little demand upon you, require but slender forethought, study, or research. You are married, sir, I daresay.”

“I am.”

“And, excuse me, a father?”

“Of six,” he sighed.

“So much the better. How easily you can manage a design for ‘The Earthly Paradise’—nursery Paradise, you perceive. Study of new toys—humming-top, woolly lamb, horse and cart, soldiers. What a rich field for clever little bits of accessory painting! Or a sketch for the Children’s Feast. Study of tea-things—fruit, sugar, plenty of jam, and buns. Everybody will exclaim, ‘How natural!’”

“Yes, but how trite! Where is imagination, where poetical beauty, elevation, force, significance, and suggestion?”

“Excluded, I grant. But, trust me, triteness is the safest art investment for the coming year. Make up your mind to it, and, with your abilities, you may look on your fortune and name as established.”

“And then—then, I shall be able to return to subjects of a higher stamp, and the very works that passed unnoticed, signed by an obscure name, will be appreciated at last.”

“At your peril!” said Everard, decisively. “And this is another important constitutional peculiarity in the art-loving but conservative public with whom you have to deal. Once become their favourite painter in some special groove, and others are closed to you. They will allow you no merit in other walks, and think it impertinent if you try to change. Choose, then, once for all, between the great and the little Prometheus, high art and obscurity, the nursery and renown.”

He had chosen. He took from Everard the list of subjects, pressed his hand, and

silently withdrew. Suddenly he came hurrying back,—

“I beg pardon, Mr. Everard, but could you manage to let me out some other way? I see Crotchet, a friend and brother artist, waiting in your hall, and I don’t care for him to know that I’ve been here.”

Everard smiled, and kindly allowed Mr. Gabriel Gaunt to make his exit by the garden.

I was amused at hearing Crotchet’s name. He was an acquaintance of mine, too; a young painter with plenty of facility, ambitious, greedy of praise, yet disturbed by certain misgivings, founded, I thought, on intuitive sense of want of original genius.

He and the Professor talked long and confidentially. Crotchet described his symptoms, his inability to ennoble slight subjects, or to cope with great ones—his failures in composition, in portrait painting, except the drapery. He was quite conscious of his shortcomings, and did not, like Mr. Gaunt, complain of the unappreciative public; he had a personal craving for success, which he knew to be altogether out of proportion to his powers.

“You should adopt some well-known manner,” said Everard, deliberately; “some particular quality of texture, as it were: the woolly, the fluffy, the silky, the velvety, the streaky, the spotty, or else some pervading tint—something which shall always be prominent in your pictures, and by which they may be identified directly. It is like hoisting a flag. Other striking qualities wanting, strangers may know you then by your colours at a distance. The peculiarity may sometimes seem to you a fault in itself; but the secret is, not to be ashamed of it. Seize the eccentricity of some fashionable modern painter, exaggerate it into a vice, make it the leading characteristic of all your work, and you will always find a party who will extol it as a merit.”

“And the subject, sir——”

“Is—a detail. Artists may one day learn to dispense with it altogether; but I advise you to retain a nominal one—no matter what, if you have a fashionable manner. You may range from a young lady in her toilette from Madame Elise to—a pot of pickles.”

“I fear you consider vulgarity to be one popular characteristic in modern Art,” said Crotchet, looking up suspiciously. “But we must live, you know.”

“Ay, and thrive; and so you will,” said Everard. “I only undertake to an-

swer for the present; I am no prophet, but sometimes unborn ages *will* crowd upon the soul, and in such moments I see a picture gallery of the future. *All* the paintings are sold, and at large prices. A new era has dawned — a golden age for artists, if not for art, and the exhibition is become a series of ingenious advertisements. Thus No. 1 represents a burglar picking, or attempting to pick, a safe. The safe is admirably painted, and the picture playfully entitled, 'Who is Griffiths?' No. 2 is a study of a laundry-maid turning over a pile of snow-white collars, cuffs, and lace handkerchiefs on a shelf, beside her a large packet of 'the unrivalled Glenfield Starch.' No. 3, a girl walking out in the rain — the figure is secondary; the conspicuous object, 'the Desideratum Umbrella.' No. 4, 'the modern Lady Godiva,' holding a pamphlet on Mrs. Allen's Hair Restorer. No. 5, a sick child fast asleep — thanks to 'the only genuine Chlorodyne;' and so on throughout the catalogue. And if to-day a picture is worth hundreds as a useless luxury, how much more will it not be worth to the purchaser, who sees in it a lucrative trade investment! However, the Royal Advertisement Academy is not yet, and all I have to say to you, sir, is — take care of your manner, and let the subjects take care of themselves."

Crotchet was looking thoughtful exceedingly. "I think I begin to see my way, at all events," he said.

"It is a smooth and easy one, and soon leads to a rich art sinecure. Good morning, sir, and be sure to let me hear from time to time how you get on."

Crotchet took his departure in the highest spirits; he is now one of the most expensive painters we have.

"Who is next?" asked Everard of the servant.

"Mrs. Tandem Smith."

"Ah! and this is her third consultation. It ought to be the last, and perfect the work. Well, we shall see. Bring me those MSS. on the table, and show the lady in."

A very interesting-looking person she was — still young, with a pretty-featured, intelligent, refined countenance — well-dressed in black, and extremely graceful. There was that in her appearance which, like the opening period of a good poem or novel, promised attraction.

They proceeded to business at once. I could see that the lady was in earnest. Here was no sentimental girl solacing herself for imaginary sorrows by the

sight of them in print, but an ambitious woman with a definite goal she was bent on reaching. No wonder that Everard seemed to enter into her affairs with special *empressement*.

"Well, madam, I am happy to say that I consider the last chapters very much improved indeed. The whole novel will, of course, require to be rewritten; but once familiarize yourself with the right key, and you are safe. Let us take the introduction, where I find most to object to — in the style, that is. As for the scene, it will do; in fact, I rather like it. You open with a young fellow — a ruined spendthrift, playing, so to speak, with the idea of suicide. You have described his state of mind very powerfully — too powerfully. Truth is truth, but not always amusing, and your aim should be to amuse. Your description is too long and too serious, madam. Consider the impatient temperament of the modern reader, and abridge. Now look at your opening page, beginning, 'It was the first of June,' &c., but which I should propose to re-write thus."

And Everard began to read aloud from the MS. before him: "'1 | 6 | '70, No. 19 Duke Street. Scene — First floor chambers handsomely furnished. Time 5 o'clock. Curtain rises and discloses Tom —'"

"But I am not writing a play or a letter," objected the lady, half laughing.

"That is the very reason, madam. Patience, I beg. 'Curtain rises and discloses Tom, sunk in a revery and an arm-chair. "What shall I do? Shall I brave it out and go to meet Bella in the park? Shall I take the mail and bolt to Boulogne, or shall I pitch myself over Waterloo Bridge into the river?"

"'What's up?' mutters the reader. Very little, it is to be feared, oh, my friends! As for Tom, he, his funds, and in consequence his spirits, have sunk so low that he is ready to toss up his last shilling whether or not he shall arise and commit himself, his debts, his misfortunes, and iniquities to old Father Thames, his arms.'"

"But that is burlesque," she exclaimed, in dismay.

"And why not?" rejoined Everard; "in burlesque there is safety. Always laugh at yourself first, is a good rule. Thus you get the start of the critical reader, and it is not worth his while to laugh at you."

"But surely flippancy, in the particular situation, is out of place."

"Of course your point of view is the loftier of the two—sublime, indeed. I don't deny it."

"But there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous," said she, with a smile.

"And it is perhaps the most important characteristic of our age to have suppressed that step. Let us pass on. By the way, I notice that you never make topical allusions. You should mention the Duke of Edinburgh's wedding, the Czar, the Ashantees. It lights up the novel and brings it home to the reader."

"But such nine days' wonders are over on the tenth, and these very allusions will then give my book as old-fashioned an air as an old photograph taken in the days of crinoline."

"No doubt, madam, that is true in the main, and applies to those who write for posterity. But as an empiric—a teacher of success, the results I labour to produce must be tangible and immediate. For these you will do well to recollect your previous disappointing experiences, and consent to be guided by me.

"We come now to a passage I highly commend—the proposal in the railway carriage. But I think in the treatment there is room for improvement still. I would suggest that you make Hilda in this trying and exciting hour take note of as many trivial and prosaic little circumstances as possible. Put down that it was a first-class compartment, but second-rate as usual. Mention the foot-warmer, miscalled, because it was stone cold, and that somebody had scratched Orlando Perkins on the window pane with a diamond. They now approach a station; and here a gentleman, the sole companion of Hilda and Tom, jumps out, long before the train stops. Why will gentlemen always jump out before the train stops? Hilda is now *tête-à-tête* with her admirer. She loses her ticket. None of the rights of men so desirable as waistcoat-pockets. Tom gropes under the seat and picks it up. In doing so he finds himself for a moment on his knees before Hilda, and stops short in that attitude. Both turn as red—as roses, you would write, madame. Nay, never be betrayed into sentiment—say lobsters or carrots."

"Mrs. Tandem Smith was making a wry face. "Well, Mr. Everard," she rejoined; "they say you understand these things. Frankly, the style you recommend I neither like nor approve, but I am afraid—I mean, I hope I shall easily acquire it."

"You will find it a very useful exercise

sometimes to take passages from the serious romance writers of past generations and translate them into flippant, modern-novel English. Thus—here is a description which would hang heavy now-a-days: 'A western wind roared round the hall, driving wild clouds and stormy rain up from the remote ocean. All was tempest without the lattices—all deep peace within. She sat at the window watching the rack in heaven, the mist on earth; listening to certain notes of the gale that plained like restless spirits—notes which, had she not been so young, so gay, so healthy, would have swept her trembling nerves like some anticipatory dirge; in this, her prime of existence and bloom, they but subdued vivacity to pensiveness.'

"This would run better in a bantering vein—thus: 'The brave north-wester is dancing round the hall, polking with the rain for a partner. All the racket is outside—inside we are mum. I sit perched at the window, staring at this spectacle of confusion worse confounded—listening to the screeching of the gale that howls like a hundred cats at midnight. Were I an old maid, this must have sunk my spirits to zero at once. As it is, they only fall to temperate.'

"Or take an old-fashioned declaration of love: 'Will you not give me this hand to guide me again into the paradise of my youth? Violante, it is in vain to wrestle with myself—to doubt, to reason, to be wisely fearful. I love—I love you! I trust again in virtue and faith; I place my fate in your keeping.'

"Which, for the matter-of-fact spirit of the age, you might render thus: 'I want to know if you won't take me in hand, dear? I've done my best to put you out of my head; but it's no earthly use—none. I'm fond of you, Vio, and then the world doesn't seem half such a wretched hole to me after all. It will be rather too hard lines if you send me away now.'

Mrs. Tandem Smith sighed, but promised attention and strict obedience to all directions. After a few words of encouragement on the one side, and acknowledgment on the other, she took leave, Everard himself escorting her to the door. When he returned I, supposing his morning's work to be over, was about to show myself, when the servant reappeared, saying,

"Sir, Mr. Lamarionette waits."

"Still they come!" I uttered from my retreat; and Everard turned to receive

the new arrival, a young gentleman whose errand I guessed at a glance—he had such poetical hair, and a lofty, happy confidence which I could only envy.

“Glad to see you, Mr. Lamarionette,” said Everard, accosting him affably; “and pray, sir, how goes the wicked world with you?”

“Well, sir. You have read my ‘Romanesques,’ and ‘Chansons Watteau,’” he replied, with an airy gesture; “you ought to be able to tell me.”

“I told you before, sir, on the occasion of your last visit, that I thought your ‘Romanesques’ and ‘Chansons Watteau’ rather dry and brusque, and feared they would not take.”

“Take!” he repeated, in disgust.

“And to be frank with you, sir, the leading impression they left on me was that yours is scarcely a poetical brain. Now I wonder what put it into your head to be a poet?”

“Come, come, sir; can you deny that in the poetry of the period all the old conventional rules and trammels are frequently broken through? The diction is permitted to be colloquial, boldly prosaic, even rude and disjointed at times; soft language and melodious metre are utterly discarded, to the economizing of a vast amount of time and trouble.”

“Ah!” said the Professor, attentively; “so that is the way you go to work, is it?”

“Well, sometimes I daresay I could dash you off a hundred lines on the spot.”

“Do,” returned Everard; “but not a hundred, please. A dozen will suffice for a sample.”

“Give me a theme,” said he, running his hand through his hair.

“Theme, sir; I should have thought anything would do—the table, your umbrella. Stay! suppose you take that bee flying about the room.”

Lamarionette began to write with surprising ease and fluency. Very shortly he was ready with his exercise, and handed it to Everard, who read aloud as follows:

TRAIN OF THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY A BEE.

What was it went then presto past my ear,
And whisked away till lost i' the empty space?
Some winged machine. Put case, we call it
Bee.

Bee, wasp, hornet, or fly—why, where's the
odds,

All insect aeronauts, come you to that.
What is the difference 'twixt bee and man?
Was not our common sire a jelly fish?
So bee's my cousin 1,000,000 times removed.

Conditions other, I had been born bee,
Bagged, stinged, four-winged, six-legged, et-
cetera.

(The hero of a lay once famous. “What's
The jargon?” ask you—I, “The jargon's
Watts.”

(There's a vile pun, my friend. Methinks
more like

Mine enemy.) How doth the busy bee
Improve the shining hour? Query, how?
Watts gives no why or wherefore. Smith,
can you?)

And Bee's a poet. Ah! so much the worse
For him. All by the natural process known
As Evolu—Egad, here comes the creature
back.

Zounds! 'Tis a big bluebottle, after all.

“Stop, stop, sir, that will do!” broke
in Everard here. “That is one style,
certainly, and is very well—all very well
—in its way; still I wouldn't make it
mine, if I were you.”

“And why not?”

“Because a crust of eccentricity of
this kind, sir, popular though it may have
been, or is, would perhaps hardly be safe
for you to take your stand upon without
some slight foundation of originality and
imagination—a fund of ideas.”

“I'm half afraid I am not very strong
in ideas, just now,” he remarked, with jo-
cose candour.

“Well, well, we must substitute some-
thing,” said Everard, consolingly. “Ad-
jectives are very useful in that way, and I
should like you to study them; for a string
of pretty, musical, nonsensical, compound
epithets, believe me, have sustained many
a poetical reputation when imagination
and wit fell short. You will have to
change your manner, sir, but, on the
whole, save yourself trouble in the end;
for here, at least, you may take any sub-
stratum, however barren—a copy-book
text, a doggerel verse—trick it out with
forced metaphors, alliteration, archaic
forms, and swinging metre, and you will
be astonished to find how well it looks
and sounds. Here is a sketch that will
give you an idea of the style of thing. I
have taken the barest framework possible
—four lines of a nursery rhyme, ‘Twin-
kle, little Star.’ But see how easily they
may be expanded. To begin with, we will
give it a fancy title:

L'ETOILE DU NORD.

The shimmering, shivering, trembling twink-
ling starlet white,
Dancy rays darteth down, showering blossoms
of silvern light;
O shudder and shimmer and tremble and blink
from afar,
Faery-beamed Phosphor, heaven-bespangling,
sheen-shooting star!

Full often I mervaille, starlet, in midnightly musings y'lost,
 Dazed in yon skyey depths, on the ocean of fantasy tossed;
 And, ah! would that I wist, bright herald, what eke thou mayst be,
 Thy name would I know and thy nature, and the spell thou art shining on me.

Woe is me, thou art far from the watcher set high the welkin above,
 And alike unto thee are earth's pain and its pleasaunce, its hate and its love,
 Its vice and its virtue, the slave and the tyrant, the traitor and true,
 Its laurel and cypress, the lotus and lilies, the roses and rue.

"Shall I go on?"

"Many thanks," said the poet, "but I think I need not trouble you."

"Well, sir, there you have a study in what I call the decorative style of poetry—a highly popular style now-a-days—with certain conventional forms that are very generally admired; and I know of no style that offers greater facilities for imitation."

"Yes, yes," said Lamarionette; "it does excellently, I daresay, for songs and sonnets and such bagatelles, but will it help me to my desire? My present ambition, as I explained to you at the first, is to attempt a more important work—something of magnitude, something to last."

"Exactly; but practise yourself well thus in the shorter pieces, and you will most surely find your way to other very similar principles—secrets to help you through with longer and serious works. However, in parting, take this from me, as a hint for your grand poem;" and he drew from his pocket a manuscript.

"What!" said Lamarionette, somewhat taken aback by its length; "you seem to have written the whole play for me already."

"Indeed, no, sir; this is only a single speech that might occur anywhere in the poem. Take it home, and analyze it well. It is extensive, certainly, as speeches go; but remember, yours was to be a mammoth work, on a scale hitherto unattempted, unique in its proportions; and the name '*Behemoth*, a Mystery.'"

"But will it not be a great labour?" he objected; "labour is rather uncongenial to me."

"I am not surprised at your taking alarm," said the Professor, blandly, "for the science of Poetical Economy, though very simple, has only lately been reduced to method. I advise you to study it.

Then, when you read Shakespeare, you will see in him a mere abstract, an outline of what he might have been. Don't you understand? Take an illustration; Othello's dying message to the Venetian State—a few familiar lines, most unproductive capital in his hands, but capable of almost infinite multiplication by use of the proper means. Listen:

Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate;
 Nothing put out, dress naught in hues too fair;

Hardness and blackness see that thou turn not
 Tender and white; nor from rough ear of swine

Seek thou to forge and shape a silk-soft
 purse

For dames to toy withal. It is but meet
 That I should suffer this. It is but fit
 This my dumb brow be seared, my head girt round

With fiery crown of scorn, my hand accursed,
 My life shame-slaughtered and my fame consumed,

Since blood once shed still crieth from the
 ground.

Nor set down aught in malice poison-tongued.
 Did I walk black as all-devouring death,
 Feller than gnawing fire, breath-draining steel,
 Or than the yawning grave, or greedy foam
 That lips the shores of Cyprus, still what cause

Is here, what plea, what warrant, or what
 need,

To smite with slanderous fang? Then must
 thou speak

Of one that loved not wisely but too well;
 Not in the gyves of reason, maimed by fear
 Of scathe or peril that might come thereof,
 But, free as fire or wind, or the blown sand
 That shakes the desert, love uprose, a sword
 To scour the earth, to save or to destroy;
 Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought,
 Perplexed in the extreme, heart all on fire
 With venom as with wine, soul set on edge,
 Brain stabbed with madness till the senses reeled,

And knew not hell from heaven, then blindly
 dealt

The double-smiting stroke that told both
 ways,

And hurled the smiter to the pit of death,
 There to lie still and rot; of one whose hand,
 Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
 Richer than all his tribe—whose foot trod
 out

Heaven's flower; whose iron lips with a
 sword's kiss

Drank out the heart they breathed by, one
 whose heart

Shot flame to quench the life whereon it fed,
 Then like a dead husk shrivelled fell; whose
 eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
 Their medicinal gum, or autumn boughs

Bleed sere and crimson leaves, or winter skies,
Drop feather flakes of snow. Set you down
this,
And say besides" —

"Enough, enough!" cried Lamari-
nette, to my inexpressible relief. "Pray
say no more, but give me the notes. I
perfectly understand. Good morning to
you."

"There," sighed Everard, as the door
closed upon him; "you may appear. The
last applicant has been disposed of."

"Not yet," said I, emerging from my
hiding place. "One patient more, and by
appointment, too."

Everard fell into a brown study. "Yes,"
he resumed at last, reverting to our
former conversation just as if he had for-
gotten the interludes. "It is unfortunate
that you are so sensitive, so alive to the
blemishes and shortcomings you see
around you, and you have no despotic
hobby to carry you on, blindfold and reck-
less, across country to some goal or other.
However, you shall have my best advice.
You wish, I suppose, for pecuniary suc-
cess?"

"Certainly."

"Then write a pamphlet with a title to
catch the million — 'How I went abroad
on five francs a day.'"

I demurred, and confessed to more am-
bitious aims.

"Ah! you wish for notoriety. Then
try personal satire — a libel in any form
of fiction you please; but introduce real,
well-known men and women, members of
the aristocracy if possible, with every de-
tail interesting or uninteresting you can
rake up; any back-stairs gossip about
their private lives, habits, residence,
dress, manners, virtues, and vices; only
disguising their names, but so flimsily
that there shall not be the slightest diffi-
culty in identifying everybody."

I exclaimed in indignation. The scur-
rilous was most repugnant to me.

"You are very particular," said Ev-
erard, with a twinkle of the eye; "but I
was afraid that would hardly suit you.
Could you manage a book of American
humour? No? Then, frankly, I see but
one chance for you yet. Become a critic."

"A critic!"

"Yes. Then you can give play to your
fastidious taste, free vent to your indigna-
tion against the successful undeserving,
and derive profit from both. The trouble
to a man of education and talent like your-
self is fractional, the gratification im-
mense, the pay liberal. Ambition, if you
suffer from it, will be fully satisfied. You

will help to rule the ruling power, public
opinion, with a rod of iron. Nobody can
afford to insult or despise you. I will
give you a letter of introduction to the
gentleman who edits the popular journal,
The Asp."

"Thanks, no," I replied, hastily. "I
have an old-fashioned prejudice against
vivisection."

"Upon my word, then, my dear fellow,
I must give you up," said the Professor.
"I can only hope you may shortly come
to a better state of mind, and meekly bow
to the new glorious principle, the golden
rule of the greatest incapacity of the
greatest number holding sway, as else-
where, so in the Fine Arts."

A sadder and wiser man I left "The
Laurels," dismissed as an Incurable by
my old friend, the Professor of Success.
B. T.

From The Spectator.

BISHOP WORDSWORTH ON CREMATION.

BISHOP WORDSWORTH, in his sermon
at Westminster Abbey against Crema-
tion, can hardly have meant, indeed cer-
tainly did not mean, that the persecutors
of the early Christian martyrs, who, in
the second century, burnt their bodies and
scattered their ashes into the Tiber, in-
terfered in any way with the resurrection
of those bodies, in whatever sense the
doctrine of the Church teaches that res-
urrection, from the dead. No doubt what
he did mean to say was, not that crema-
tion would *prevent* the resurrection of the
bodies of the persons burnt, — a view that
would be far more pagan than any ever
suggested by the most flagrant sceptics,
since it would imply that man, by a par-
ticular funeral rite, could cheat God of
his purposes, — but that it would restore
a pagan kind of contempt for the body,
and all that is connected with the body, —
a contempt hardly reconcilable with the
general temper of Christian affections.
We do not suppose that, in the present
day, even Dr. Wordsworth can imagine
that *the* very body existing at the moment
of death can be raised again in another
world, — since it appears to be demon-
strable that the same physical constituents
have entered into thousands and thou-
sands of human bodies. And it would be
making sacred things simply ridiculous,
to maintain that a community of corporal
rights could exist (say) between the per-
sons of the saved and the persons of the

condemned, — that portions of the same limb might be visited with extreme sufferings in a place of punishment, and yet minister to the sense of blessedness of another owner of it, in a world of blessedness. Nor, indeed, if Dr. Wordsworth did hold so absurd a tenet, would he have any greater difficulty on that account in accepting the rite of cremation. If every one is to reclaim his own earthly body, it would be neither more nor less difficult to do so after the sort of redistribution of its elements which is accomplished by fire, than after the sort of redistribution which is accomplished by decay. Decompositions resolve the body as surely into completely new material forms, gaseous, fluid, and solid, as cremation. If the old body is to be fetched together from the elements once more, it would be quite as easy after combustion and the reassimilation by trees and plants and animals which would follow combustion, as it would be after decomposition and the reassimilation by trees, plants, and animals which would follow decomposition. Dr. Wordsworth is not so simple but that he knows this. His sermon was not preached in alarm at any obstruction which the new proposal would be likely to offer to the promises and purposes of God, but evidently in fear lest it should cultivate a new way of looking at things amongst men, which would make it more difficult to believe in the doctrine of immortality, and especially, it would appear, in the doctrine of a *bodily* resurrection.

And if, as we do not doubt, this was the Bishop of Lincoln's meaning, his view is at least intelligible, however little credit it may do to the depth of our Christian convictions. It cannot be doubted that anything which interferes with religious customs, which changes or breaks up the customary channels in which awe and reverence have hitherto been accustomed to run, does *tend* to loosen the hold of merely customary faiths upon the mind; and we interpret the Bishop of Lincoln's cry of alarm as being a pathetic way of saying to us, — "For God's sake don't break up any religious custom, on grounds however weighty; if you do, you will be dissolving the only spiritual beliefs we have, — for of earnest, individual conviction, based on the experience and thoughts of our own time, there is so exceedingly little, so infinitely little, that if once we part with the traditionary faith we have inherited from our fathers, we shall lose ourselves

in the desert of unbelief." That seems to us, virtually, the drift of the Bishop's warning. He doubts if the faith of the day in immortality can bear the shock of seeing the bodies of our friends treated merely as "matter in the wrong place," and reduced to ashes before our eyes. It may be very true that "the body is not the body which shall be;" but yet respect for the body "which shall be" implies, he thinks, a certain reverence and tenderness towards the body which is. If, instead of hiding from ourselves as we now do, the slow process by which the mortal frame returns to the elements, we hasten that process, and make it visible to the eyes of all; if we leave no spot on the earth to which our memory can cling as that which contains the earthly form of the friend we have lost, some of the chief props and aids to the weak human faith in immortality will be removed, though they may not be and are not the supports of it. In a word, revolutionize in any marked way the traditional habits of men at those times in their lives when their minds are turned towards the supernatural world, and you run a great risk of forcing on them anew difficulties which have hitherto been slid over, and causing faith itself to fall in along with the buttresses by which its infirmity has hitherto been supported.

Now, if all this be so, — and we are not sure that there may not be something natural in the Bishop's alarm, — it is the severest reflection on the superficiality and poverty of Christian faith which can well be imagined. Surely by this time at least, Christianity should have ceased to be dependent on the mere atmosphere of social usage for one of its cardinal faiths, should be able to dispense with any form of burial sincerely believed on good grounds to be hurtful to the health of the living generation, and should be found equal to moulding the new form, whatever it may be, so as to represent with equal distinctness the old faith. If it cannot do this, it must have lost all its living hold on the heart of society, and itself need a regenerating change. It is, no doubt, perfectly true that just as the human body itself sometimes moulders away without any visible change in its outward aspect, till at a touch or a breath of air it suddenly crumbles into dust, so a great faith will manage to keep up all its old dignity and majesty of appearance till some trifling disturbance tests its reality, and you find it suddenly vanishing beneath a touch. But surely that is not

so now with the Christian faith, and it is hardly the sign of an earnest individual faith in Dr. Wordsworth himself to teach so strenuously that it may be so. There is much superficial and much insincere Christian profession, but it is hardly credible that any large number of men would be made pagans by the custom of cremation, if for sanitary reasons it were ever introduced. No doubt, there would be a natural enough shrinking from the new duty; a feeling that there was a want of tenderness in thus suddenly and absolutely expunging all trace of the vanished life from the earth. But just such shrinkings there are already from all kinds of duties, which the spirit of Christianity not only does not forbid, but is usually believed strictly to enjoin,—from war, for instance, in a good cause,—from using the sword in defence of civil order, from submissiveness of behaviour to a civil power really anti-Christian, in all things not positively unlawful. Christianity in all its more solid forms has always shown, as an Evangelical preacher once said of Providence, “great strength of mind.” It has never been tender to small scruples. It has never doubted that it had sufficient inherent power in itself to find the means of reversing a mere current of artificial association; nay, more, that it had the resources to encounter even a real moral paradox, like the extremely pacific and apparently “non-resistance” tendency of much of our Lord’s teaching, without fearing that the paradox would be too much for the spirit thus encountering it. To think of the change from our present customs of burial to those which were common in the pagan world as likely to cause any difficulty of this order would be quite absurd. If Christianity is as full of life now as we believe it to be, it would soon make cremation,—supposing cremation to be really recommended by the humane respect for human health,—as Christian a right as inhumation has ever been; and it would even profit by its courage to insist on the sacrifice of a mere sentiment of delicacy towards the dead, however keen and natural, in the cause of the health and happiness of the living. The whole question is one for the science of the country to decide, and nothing can be more derogatory to the vigour of Christianity, than to represent it as identified in any way with the present system of burial.

If it be as Bishop Wordsworth thinks, then, all we can say is that Christianity

has lost altogether its initiative, its moulding force, its power of putting a new heart into an old thing, and adapting itself to the changes of the world and the expansion of human knowledge. The Bishop’s dread that some change in the mere outward costume of faith may destroy faith is as old as timid hearts and hesitating minds. St. Peter was half ashamed of the new practice of eating with the Gentiles, and had to be withstood by his brother Apostles “to the face,” before he could get over his dread that the discontinuance of Jewish exclusiveness would endanger the young Christian Church. So, again, it was supposed, at the time of the revival of learning, that Christianity must collapse before the renewed study of the old pagan thought,—whereas Christianity won new conquests by her use of the spoils. Again, when the new science came into being, and it appeared that the sun and not the earth was the centre of our system, it was feared that notions so remote from those of the old prophets and Hebrew chroniclers would subvert the religion with which scientific error had been mixed up. But once more the erroneous character of those faint-hearted anticipations was proved, and Christianity found itself more powerful than ever, though it had to alter its language in relation to the character of Hebrew inspiration. And now we are told that mere change of a funeral rite,—a change which, if it had to be made, would not be accompanied by any change, however small, in the conceptions of the Church as to the destiny of man, or even as to the dignity of the human body,—indeed, the change would be one made in homage to the dignity of the living body,—would be fatal to the greatest article in the Christian creed, so far as it affects human life and destiny. Surely the Bishops need not regard it, as some of them almost appear to do, as their official duty to utter such evil auguries for the Church of which they are supposed to be the guides. Surely fainter hearts can hardly be conceived than the hearts of those who think that the faith in a life beyond the grave will be dissipated by any attempts so to deal with the remains of the dead as to prevent their being a legacy of evil to the living. We, for our parts, are not yet satisfied that the men of science have shown a source of danger so serious now and so capable of complete elimination, as to recommend the change, and to justify the distress which at first it must cause. But clearly

it is a question for science. And ecclesiastics who tell us that, if science shows it to be humane and a new security for health and strength, Christianity will sink beneath the shock,—only betray their own unconscious fear that the career of Christianity is nearly over, and its vital strength exhausted, or they would never dream of its succumbing to so petty an alarm as this.

From The Spectator.
COMETS.

OF all the objects with which astronomers have to deal, Comets are the most mysterious. Their eccentric paths, their marvellous dimensions, the strange changes to which they are subject, have long been among the most striking of the wonders of astronomy. There is something specially awe-inspiring, too, in the thought of the gloomy domains of space through which the comet that visits our system for a brief time has for countless ages been travelling. Ordinary modes of measuring space and time fail us, indeed, in speaking of these wonders, or at least convey no real meaning to the mind. If the comet, for instance, which is now a conspicuous object in our northern skies be of this order—if, as our comet-tracker Hind begins to suspect, its path in our neighbourhood is parabolic, so that either it has an enormously long period of revolution, or has come to us across the interstellar spaces themselves,—how useless is it to set down the array of numbers representing the extension of its path, or the years during which the comet has been voyaging through desert space! The comets indeed which come from the star-depths—and observation renders it all but certain that some have done so—cannot in any case have pursued a voyage less than twenty billions of miles in length, and cannot have been less than eight million years upon the road. That, too, was but their latest journey. From the last sun they visited to our own sun, such was their voyage; but who shall say how many such voyages they had pursued, or how many they will complete after leaving our sun's neighbourhood, before the time comes when some chance brings them near enough to a disturbing planet to cause their path to become a closed one? And even those comets which are now known to follow a closed path, returning again and again to the

neighbourhood of the sun, need only be studied thoughtfully to present similarly startling conceptions. No matter what theory of their origin we adopt, we are brought face to face with the thought of time-intervals so enormous that practically they must be viewed as infinite. If we take the assumption that a comet of this order had been travelling on a path of parabolic or hyperbolic nature towards our sun, had been captured by the disturbing attraction of a planet, and compelled thenceforth to circuit on an oval path of greater or less extent, yet according to all laws of probability, how many times must it have flitted from star to star before it was thus captured! For the chances are millions to one against so near an approach to a planet as would ensure capture. But if, appalled by the enormous time-intervals thus revealed to us, we turn from that assumption, and find within the solar system itself the origin of the periodic comets, how strange are the theories to which we are led! Those comets which come very near to the sun may have had a solar origin; and those which approach very near the path of one the giant planets may have been propelled from out of such a planet when in its sun-like youth. Even then, however, other comets remain which are not thus to be accounted for, unless we regard them as derived from planets outside Neptune, hitherto undetected, and perhaps detectable in no other way. And when we have taken such theories of cometary origin, not, indeed, for acceptance, but to be weighed amongst possibilities, how stupendous are the conceptions to which we are thus introduced! *Suns* (for what is true of our sun may be regarded as probable of others) vomiting forth cometic matter, so violently as to communicate velocities capable of bearing such matter to the limits, or beyond the limits of the solar system: *planets* now passing through later stages of their existence, but presented to us, according to such theories, as once in a sun-like condition, and at that time capable of emulating the comet-expelling feats of the great central sun.

Are these thoughts too wild and fanciful to be entertained? They may appear so; yet where are we to find others less amazing? The comets of the various orders—short-period, long-period, and non-periodic—are *there*. Their existence has to be in some way accounted for; or if such explanation is at present impossible, as seems likely, we may yet

follow the various lines of reasoning which present themselves. And we have very little choice. Take a comet of long period passing near the orbit, let us say, of Uranus,—even as Tempel's comet, the parent of the November meteors, is known to do. Either that comet has been gathered in from outer space by the sun, and compelled to follow its present path by the disturbing influence of Uranus, or else—what? Only two other theories are available. Trace back the comet's path in imagination, round and round that oval path, which carries it across the paths of Uranus and the earth but nowhere else brings it within millions of miles of any possible disturbing influences. Rejecting the earth as insufficient in attractive might (or, at least, so inferior to Uranus as to leave us in no doubt in selecting between the two), we have only during the past of the comet, as so traced, the planet Uranus to which we can refer it. We have rejected the attractive influence of Uranus; but two other influences remain. Eruptive action in a former sun-like state, an action corresponding to the eruptive processes known to be taking place in the sun, is *one* possible origin. The mind of man, unapt though it is to deal with time-intervals so enormous as are required to transmute a giant orb from the sun-like to the planetary condition, may yet accept this interpretation, if no other present itself which is not still more appalling. Only one other, as it seems to us, remains, and this compels us to contemplate time-intervals compared with which those required to change Uranus from sun to planet seem insignificant. If, as we are taught by the nebular hypothesis of the solar system, or, in fact, by any theory of its evolution whatever, the planet Uranus was once in a vaporous condition, extending as a mighty rotating disc far beyond its present sphere, and probably far beyond the path of its outermost satellite, we may conceive a comet arriving from outer space to be captured by the resistance of the once vaporous planet, not by its mere attractive force. But to what a result have we thus been led! If we accepted this view, rather than the theory that Uranus had expelled the comet, we should have first to carry our thoughts back almost to the very beginning of our solar system, and then to recognize at

that inconceivably distant epoch, comets travelling from sun to sun, and some of them coming from other suns towards ours, to be captured from time to time by the resistance of the vaporous masses out of which the planets of our system were one day to be evolved.

We do not know how the questions raised by such thoughts should be answered, although, as has been elsewhere shown, there is more evidence in favour of the theory of expulsion than of the other two theories just sketched. But we have reason to feel assured, as we contemplate a comet like that which now adorns our skies, that could we learn its history, a practical infinity of time would be brought before us as the aggregate of the time-intervals we should have to deal with. Nor is the marvel of the comet diminished by what we have learned from observation or from mathematical analysis. We have found that the tracks of comets are followed by countless millions of meteoric bodies, and thus the strangest thoughts—of infinity of space occupied by infinite numbers of cosmical bodies, aggregating towards multitudinous centres during infinity of time—are suggested to us. The telescope has shown us wonderful processes taking place during the comet's approach to the sun, and most wonderful process of all, the repulsion of the vaporous matter in the tail, as though to assure us that the expelling power of suns is even more than matched by the repelling power they exert on portions of cometic matter brought in certain conditions under their influence. Analysis by the spectroscope, that wonderful instrument which astronomy owes to Kirchhoff, has taught us much respecting cometic structure, showing that the light of the nucleus is that of a glowing solid or liquid (or of matter reflecting sunlight), the light of the coma that mainly of glowing vapour, while in the tail these two forms of light are combined. And polariscopic analysis speaks with equal clearness of the composite nature of cometic structure. But when all this has been said, we are little nearer to the solution of the mysterious problems which comets present to us. They still teach us, as they have so long taught, that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

From Chambers' Journal.
DERISIVE PUNISHMENTS.

TIMES are considerably changed since ridicule formed a part of ordinary judicial punishment. Sometimes the suffering inflicted went beyond a derisive public exhibition. It was hard for ladies of a political turn of mind, as the Countess of Buchan learned, when, after Bruce's defeat at Methven, she fell into the hands of the foes of the warrior upon whose head she had placed the Scottish crown. "As she did not strike with the sword, so she shall not die with the sword," said King Edward, in his cruel mercy condemning the patriotic lady to be confined in a crown-shaped wooden cage, of strong lattice-work barred with iron, and hung in air from a turret of Berwick Castle, "for a spectacle and everlasting reproach." It was poor consolation for the prisoner to know that Bruce's sister and daughter were exhibited in the same manner, one at Roxburgh Castle, and the other in the Tower. When ladies of high degree were treated as though they were wild beasts, we are not surprised to learn that a very long time ago — so long ago that the date has been lost — a parson at Broughton-Hackett, Worcestershire, found guilty of aiding a farmer's wife to get rid of her spouse, was put in a strong cage, and suspended on Churchill Big Oak, with a leg of mutton and trimmings within his sight, but beyond his reach, and so starved to death.

Caging, however, was hardly a recognized form of punishment in England, the pillory being the legal instrument of punishment by exposure. It was simply the Anglo-Saxon "stretch neck" — a folding-board with a hole in the centre for the admission of the criminal's neck — with two additional holes for the hands, fastened to the top of a pole fixed upon a stool or platform. No more disagreeable penalty could have been hit upon for adulterators, cheating traders, forestallers, dice-coggers, forgers, fortune-tellers, public liars, cut-purses, and vagabonds having no claim upon the friendliness of the multitude, at liberty to pelt the unlucky rogue with mud, garbage, and stones at discretion. Charles I.'s Star Chamber turned the pillory into an engine of political oppression; in their tyrannic shortsightedness, making it a place of honour, rather than of degradation, for, when men like Leighton, Prynne, and Lilburne stood in Palace Yard, the sympathizing crowd hailed them, not as felons, but as heroes, for boldly declaiming against misdoings

in high places, at a time when a man could be condemned to lose his ears for calling Laud "a little urchin" in a private letter to a friend. The archbishop and his satellites did their master very ill service in giving occasion for the scene in Palace Yard on the 30th of June 1637, thus described in one of Strafford's letters: "In the palace yard two pillories were erected, and there the sentence against Burton, Bastwick, and Prynne was executed. They stood two hours in the pillory. The place was full of people, who cried and howled terribly, especially when Burton was cropped. Dr. Bastwick was very merry; his wife, Dr. Poe's daughter, got on a stool and kissed him. His ears being cut off, she called for them, put them in a clean handkerchief, and carried them away with her. Bastwick told the people, 'the lords had their collar-days at court, but this was his collar-day, rejoicing much in it.' Fifty-six years later, Daniel Defoe stood unabashed in the pillory of the Temple, amid a heap of garlands, flung by a crowd of well-wishers.

A stranger scene still was witnessed at Charing Cross in 1758. Dr. John Shebbeare was in that year sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and to stand one hour in the pillory, for writing certain *Letters to the People of England*, insisting that France owed her grandeur, and England her misfortunes to the undue influence of Hanover in the British council-chambers. Upon the 5th of December, a pillory was erected at Charing Cross, to which the culprit was brought in one of the City stage-coaches by Under-sheriff Beardmore, who handed him into the pillory, and left him to stand there at his ease; neither his head nor his hands were inclosed in the pillory holes, and a richly dressed servant held an umbrella over the doctor's head, to fend off the rain. The under-sheriff was arraigned for neglecting his duty, and although he contended he had fulfilled the letter of the law, was fined and imprisoned for his indulgent interpretation. The Irishman who acted as footman on the occasion was not satisfied with the guinea he received for his trouble, saying to Shebbeare: "Only think of the disgrace, your honour!" and the doctor was obliged to salve the indignity with an extra crown. A greater man than the Devonshire surgeon, Lord Cochrane, of Basque Roads fame, was sentenced in 1814 to be pilloried. Upon Sir Francis Burdett declaring his intention of standing by his colleague's side in the pillory, the government, not caring to risk the

consequences, wisely ignored that part of the sentence, and rested satisfied with degrading, fining, and imprisoning the famous sea-fighter. Exposure in the pillory has sometimes proved fatal. In 1756, the Smithfield drovers pelted two perjured thief-takers so severely that one of them died; in 1763, a man was done to death at Bow in the same way; and in 1780, a coachman, named Read, expired in the pillory before his time was up. In 1816, the punishment was abolished for all offences save perjury, and in 1837 put an end to altogether.

The stocks, which answered the purpose of a pillory, were often made to serve as whipping posts also, by carrying their supporting posts to a convenient height, and affixing iron clasps to hold the offender's wrists. Sometimes a single post fixed in front of a bench answered the double purpose equally well; a pair of iron clasps on the top being used in whipping-cases, and another pair fixed below sufficing for ankle-holders. Every parish had its stocks. "Coming home to-night," writes Pepys, "a drunken boy was carried by our constable to our new pair of stocks, to handsel them." They were generally erected near the churchyard, or by the roadside, a little way out. Driving along the country road, one may often come upon such a relic of the past, nearly hidden by weeds of many years' growth. London, of course, was liberally provided for in this way: writing in 1630, Taylor the Water-poet says:

In London, and within a mile, I ween,
There are of jails or prisons full eighteen;
And sixty whipping-posts and stocks and cages.

The City stocks stood near the Exchange end of Cheapside, and must have occupied a goodly space of ground, for, when they were pulled down in 1668, Pepys said the clearance made the coming into Cornhill and Lombard Street "mighty noble." Long after the stocks had vanished, their memory was preserved by the Stocks Market, where Sir Robert Viner's transmogrified statue of Sobieski did duty for His Majesty King Charles II. triumphing over a turban-crowned Cromwell, until the market itself was swept away in 1735, to make room for the Mansion-house. Episcopal palaces would appear to have had stocks attached to them. One Sunday, in 1631, Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* was privately performed at the Bishop of Lincoln's house in London. The consequence of an inquiry into

the matter was, that a Mr. Wilson, as the special plotter and contriver of the business, and the player of the part of Bottom, was condemned to sit from six in the morning to six at night in the stocks at the porter's lodge of the bishop's house, the ass's head on his shoulders, a bottle of hay before him, and a derisive inscription on his breast.

In 1736, the good people of Whitstable were edified by the sight of a doctor and a clergyman sitting side by side in the stocks for swearing at one another. In 1827, a man was placed in the stocks in St. Nicholas's Churchyard, Newcastle, for disturbing the congregation by entering the church during service-time, and shouting: "Bell forever!" Mr. Bell being the popular candidate for the county. A similar piece of misconduct, without the excuse of electioneering excitement, upon the part of one Mark Tuck, led to the revival of the institution at Newbury a year or so ago. Twenty-six years had elapsed since the stocks had been tenanted, and the butter market was thronged with sight-seers anxious to see how the victim would take his punishment. He did not appreciate their kind attentions, and saluted every chiming of the church clock with expressions of thankfulness. After four hours' exposure to the derision of the crowd, Tuck was released, and lost no time in making his way home, without staying to thank those who had revived an old custom for his especial benefit.

A German dame who let her tongue wag too freely about her neighbours, used to be compelled to stand upon a block in the market-place, with a heavy stone dangling from her neck, shaped either like a bottle, a loaf, an oval dish, or representing a woman putting out her tongue; unless she happened to be rich enough to buy permission to exchange the shameful stone for a bag of hops tied round with a red ribbon. In 1637, a woman of Sandwich, in Kent, venturing to take liberties with the good name of "Mrs. Mayoress," had to walk through the streets of the town, preceded by a man tinkling a small bell, bearing an old broom upon her shoulder, from the end of which dangled a wooden mortar. Staffordshire scolds did not get off so easily. They had to follow the bellman until they shewed unmistakable signs of repentance, debarred from giving any one a bit of their mind by the branks, or scolds' bridle, an ingenious arrangement of metal hoops contrived to clasp the head and the neck firmly, while the padlock behind

remained locked, while a spiked plate pressed upon the tongue, so as effectually to preclude its owner making any use of it. The branks, however, was not peculiar to Staffordshire; it was in use in Scotland centuries ago. In 1574, two quarrelsome Glasgow bodies were bound over to keep the peace, on pain of being "brankit." Pennant says the authorities of Langholm, in Dumfriesshire, always kept one in readiness for immediate use, and plenty of specimens are yet to be seen in different places in England. One preserved at Walton-on-Thames is of thin iron, with a less terrible bit than that of the Staffordshire branks, being only a piece of flat iron some two inches long, to keep the wearer's tongue quiet by simple pressure. This instrument bears the date of 1633 on an inscription running:

Chester presents Walton with a bridle
To curb women's tongues that talk so idle —

a couplet explained by a story of a Mr. Chester losing an estate through a mischief-making woman's tongue, and commemorating his loss by presenting Walton with its scolds' bridle. Dr. Plot, the Staffordshire historian, is loud in his praise of this odd device for reforming clamorous women. "I look upon it," says he, "as much to be preferred to the cucking-stool, which not only endangers the health of the party, but also gives the tongue liberty 'twixt every dip, to neither of which this is liable; it being such a bridle for the tongue as not only quite deprives them of speech, but brings shame for the transgression, and humility thereupon, before it is taken off."

The worthy antiquary was mistaken in supposing the cucking-stool to be one and the same thing with the ducking-stool, whereas it had nothing whatever to do with the cold-water cure for hot-tempered shrews. Borlase calls it "the seat of infamy," whereon Cornish scolds were condemned to abide the derision of passers-by for such time as the bailiffs of the manor thought the occasion demanded. In Leicester it was customary to set the offender upon the stool at her own door, and then carry her in turn to

each of the four town gates. In Montgomery, it was not used as a seat at all, the culprit having to stand upon it with naked feet and dishevelled hair. In Scotland, alewives convicted of selling bad ale were set upon the cuck-stool, while the liquor was distributed to the poor folk, for whom, however bad it might be, it was considered apparently good drink enough. In 1572 a new cucking-stool cost the parish of Kingston-upon-Thames 7s. 6d. for timber, 3s. for iron-work, 4s. 10d. for wheels and brasses, and 8s. for the matting; a total outlay of L.1, 3s. 4d. — no mean item in parochial expenditure, as money went three hundred years ago. The ducking-stool was a strong chair fastened to the end of a pole, or beam, projecting over a river, well, or water-trough. We do not know that we can better Misson's description of it: "They fasten an armchair to the end of two strong beams, twelve or fifteen feet long, and parallel to each other. The chair hangs upon a sort of axle, on which it plays freely, so as always to remain in the horizontal position. The scold being well fastened in her chair, the two beams are then placed, as near to the centre as possible, across a post on the water-side; and being lifted up behind, the chair, of course, drops into the cold element." However inferior in efficacy to the branks, the ducking-stool had the advantage in affording more amusement to on-lookers. Amusing to spectators, no doubt, but it was a cruel pastime, and has very properly gone out of use.

Some queans with inveterate habits of scolding were not to be cured by the watery ordeal: in 1681, a Mrs. Finch, who had been ducked three several times, was convicted as a common scold for a fourth time, and fined three marks, the Court of King's Bench ordering her to be in prison till she paid the fine. In 1745, the hostess of the *Queen's Head*, at Kingston in Surrey, was ducked under Kingston Bridge. This is the latest instance we know of, in England at least; but a woman named Mary Davis underwent the like discipline somewhere in America so lately as 1818.

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THREE SONNETS.

TO NATURE IN HER ASCRIBED CHARACTER OF
UNMEANING AND ALL-PERFORMING FORCE.

I.

O NATURE! thou whom I have thought to
love,
Seeing in thine the reflex of God's face,
A loath'd abstraction would usurp thy
place,—
While Him they not dethrone, they but dis-
prove.

Weird Nature! can it be that joy is fled,
And bald un-meaning lurks beneath thy
smile?
That beauty haunts the dust but to beguile,
And that with Order, Love and Hope are
dead?

Pitiless Force, all-moving, all-unmov'd,
Dread mother of unfather'd worlds, assauge
Thy wrath on us,—be this wild life reprov'd,
And trampled into nothing in thy rage!

Vain prayer, although the last of human-
kind,—
Force is not wrath,—she is but deaf and blind.
June 19.

II.

Dread Force, in whom of old we lov'd to see
A nursing mother, clothing with her life
The seeds of Love divine, with what sore
strife
We hold or yield our thoughts of Love and
thee!

Thou art not "calm," but restless as the
ocean,
Filling with aimless toil the endless years,—
Stumbling on thought, and throwing off the
spheres,
Churning the Universe with mindless motion.

Dull fount of joy, unhallow'd source of tears,
Cold motor of our fervid faith and song,
Dead, but engendering life, love, pangs, and
fears,
Thou crown'dst thy wild work with foulest
wrong,—

When first thou lightedst on a seeming goal,
And darkly blunder'd on man's suffering soul.
June 20.

III.

Blind Cyclop, hurling stones of destiny,
And not in fury!—working bootless ill,
In mere vacuity of mind and will—
Man's soul revolts against thy work and thee!

Slaves of a despot, conscienceless and *nil*,
Slaves, by mad chance befool'd to think
them free,

We still might rise, and with one heart
agree
To mar the ruthless "grinding of thy mill!"

Dead tyrant, tho' our cries and groans pass by
thee,
Man, cutting off from each new "tree of
life"
Himself, its fatal flower, could still defy thee,
In waging on thy work eternal strife,—

The races come and coming evermore,
Heaping with hecatombs thy dead-sea shore.

June 23.
Spectator.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

THE LAST TRYST.

OVER brown moors and wither'd leas
The angry winds were sweeping;
Over the great grey northern seas,
The crested waves were leaping;
And you and I stood close together,
In the chilling gleam of the wintry weather,
As the bare gaunt branches, overhead,
Shook their lingering leaflets, gold and red,
While in every faltering word we said,
Rang the pitiful wail for the days that were
dead;
For, by the sad seas, 'neath the storm-beat
trees,
Our last tryst we were keeping.

I scarce could hear the words you sobbed,
Amid your passionate weeping,
And the glow from my eager prayer was
robbed,
By the chill around us creeping;
From the silent paths, where in summer
weather,
Youth, joy, and music had met together,
From the cry of the sea-mews flitting past,
O'er the wild white waves in the bitter blast,
From the breakers that crash'd on the hollow
sand,
From the sough of the breeze o'er the dull
-damp land,
From sea and shore rose "No more, no more,"
As our last tryst we were keeping.

There was not a pale bud left, in sooth,
'Mid the dry leaves round us heaping;
The bitter harvest of reckless youth,
Time's iron hand was reaping;
Our lips still said, "Forever, forever,"
As the trembling fingers clung together.
But even then each sad heart knew
What fate and circumstance meant to do,
And the mighty billows boom'd like a knell,
As we turned apart from that long farewell;
And to wind, and rain, and the moaning main,
Left the last tryst of our keeping.

All The Year Round.

From The Quarterly Review.
THE ISLE OF WIGHT.*

"BRITAIN," writes the so-called Nennius,† quoting from the Welsh Triads, "containeth three considerable islands: whereof one lieth over against the Armorican shore, and is called Inis gueith; the second is situated in the navel of the sea between Ireland and Britain, and its name is called Eubonia, that is Manau; another is situated in the furthest verge of the British world beyond the Picts, and is named Orc. So was it said in the proverb of old when one spake of its judges, and kings, 'He judged Britain with its three islands.'" Other pens have described in this "Review" her northern sisters, "the storm-swept Orcaades," and the bleak house of the heroic Charlotte de la Tremouille, and the saintly Wilson. It is our present purpose to devote a few pages to the leader of the "laughing train" of "little isles on every side" —

Wight who checks the westering tide,‡

which, as old Drayton says in his long-drawn lines —

* 1. *The History of the Isle of Wight*. By Sir Richard Worsley, Bart. London. 1781. 4to.

2. *Tour of the Isle of Wight*. By J. Hassell. London. 1790.

3. *A New, Correct, and Much-improved History of the Isle of Wight*. Albin, Newport. 1795. 8vo.

4. *Description of the principal Picturesque Beauties, Antiquities, and Geological Phenomena of the Isle of Wight*. By Sir Henry C. Englefield, Bart. London. 1816. 8vo.

5. *The Undercliff of the Isle of Wight*. By George A. Martin, M.D. London. 1849. 8vo.

6. *The History and Antiquities of the Isle of Wight*. By George Hillier. London. 1855. Parts 1 to 4. 4to.

7. *Murray's Handbook for Travellers in Surrey, Hampshire, and the Isle of Wight*. London. 1865.

† "Nennius," § 8. "The work which bears the name of Nennius was most probably written in the eighth century. It is a compilation made originally without much judgment. . . . Still, however, it contains fragments of earlier works which are of great interest and value." — Guest, "Early English Settlements in South Britain," *Transact. of Arch. Inst., Salisbury* volume, p. 36. The original of the passage given above is found in one of the Welsh Triads quoted by Dr. Guest in the "Proceedings of the Philological Society," i. 9: "The three primary adjoining islands of the Isle of Britain, Orc, Manaw, and Gwyth, and afterwards the sea broke the land, so that Mon became an island and in the same manner the isle of Orc was broken."

‡ Collins, "Ode to Liberty."

Of all the southern isles hath held the highest place,

And evermore hath been the great'st in Britain's grace.

The name of the Isle of Wight at once calls up ideas of all that is most lovely in scenery and genial in climate. Sung by poets, painted by artists, eulogized by physicians, the favourite resort alike of the pleasure-seeker and the invalid, the artist and the geologist; a household word with Englishmen, which all either have seen or intend to see; few spots in the wide world are more often thought of with loving thankfulness. How many are the weary labourers of this over-worked generation in whose minds it is connected with days or weeks of the purest happiness snatched from the

noise and smoke of town,

and dreamt away among their merry children on its pebbly beaches, or beneath its ivy-clad rocks, gazing out on the wide expanse of the limitless ocean, drinking in health and refreshment both for mind and body with every breeze! These grateful memories swell into a deeper and more sacred feeling with those who, on the first approach of that fell destroyer of the youngest and loveliest — consumption — have borne their loved ones from bleaker and less genial homes to winter on its sunny slopes beneath the sheltering wall of its gigantic downs, and have seen with thankfulness the glow return to the wan cheek and vigour to the enfeebled limbs; or if this has been denied them, and the disease has run its fatal course to its sad end, have at least enjoyed the consolation of knowing that life has been prolonged, suffering lessened, and that the invalids' closing days have been brightened by the loveliness around them: that if their sun has set, it has not set in darkness and gloom.

But it is not every one for whom our island awakens such solemn memories as these, — memories which we must almost apologize for referring to. With the artist the Isle of Wight speaks of many a treasured addition to the sketch-book. Many a young observer has, like the lamented Strickland, learnt his first geological lessons in this island, which, in the words

of Mr. Hopkins,* seems almost to have been "cut out by Nature for a model illustrative of the phenomena of stratification;" while a whole host of accomplished geologists—including such honoured names as Webster, Sedgwick, and the too early lost Forbes—have here pursued investigations, the fruits of which have enriched the scientific world. The botanist has many a pleasant memory of prizes secured for the "hortus siccus," among its woods, downs, bogs, and sand-hills, or on the level reefs, fertile in seaweeds, that fortify its coasts. Indeed, whatever his tastes may be, no one with any eye or feeling for the beauties of nature can have visited the Isle of Wight without acquiescing in the panegyric passed upon it by Sir Walter Scott,† as "that beautiful island, which he who has once seen never forgets, through whatever part of the world his future path may carry him."

The rhomboidal form of the Isle of Wight, likened by various observers to a turbot, a bird with expanded wings, and a heraldic lozenge, the two diameters measuring roughly 23 and 14 miles, is due both to its geological formation and to the unequal action of the sea on the coast-line, eating out the softer strata of the Lower Greensand and Wealden beds into the wide concavities of Sandown and Chale Bays, while the harder chalk is left in bold projecting headlands.

The leading feature in the Isle of Wight, both from a geological and picturesque point of view, is the high undulating ridge of bare swelling chalk downs, running from end to end of the island, of which it forms, as it were, the backbone, ruling its whole physical structure, and rising sheer from the sea at either extremity in bold mural precipices honey-combed with caverns, forming the Culver-Cliffs to the east, and the Main Bench and Needles headland to the west. The Needles themselves are simply shattered remnants of the chalk ridge that once stretched continuously across the channel to the Isle of Purbeck: huge wedge-

shaped pinnacled masses left while all about them has yielded to the ceaseless dash of the breakers.

Towards the centre of the island these chalk downs, instead of being limited to a single narrow wall, form two or three parallel ridges with outliers: here, cut into combs and dingles with steeply sloping sides clothed with rich foliage, or shagged with aged thorns dwarfed or twisted by the fierce blasts with which they have had to maintain a lifelong struggle; there, closing in and forming long sequestered glens, or rounding into smooth elbows, or dipping down their undulating arms into the sand-valleys below. As we approach either extremity the ridge diminishes in breadth, being scarcely a quarter of a mile broad at Af-ton Down above Freshwater Gate, while the strata more and more nearly approach to verticality, evidenced to the eye by the black lines of flints scoring the white face of the chalk with as much regularity as the lines of a copy-book.

The southern promontory presents another range of chalk downs—Shanklin, St. Boniface, and St. Catherine's Downs—containing the highest ground in the island, little short of 800 feet above the sea-level, throwing off huge pier-like projecting arms northwards into the valley of denudation,—for the most part displaying an undulating surface of the Lower Greensand, sometimes running in ridges, sometimes swelling in isolated hillocks, sometimes furrowed into gullies and watered by the Medina and the Yar and their tiny tributaries,—which divides this range from the central ridge.

The axis of the upheaving force which raised the central ridge appears to have coincided with a line drawn from near Sandown Fort to somewhere between Brighthelmston and Brook. At each extremity of this anticlinal line in Compton and Sandown Bays, the Wealden emerges from under the Lower Greensand, and attracts the geologist by its Saurian remains and rafts of fossil trees.

Immediately below the chalk lies the Upper Greensand, whose mural escarpment and shelf-like outline contrasts for-

* "Cambridge Essays," 1857, p. 185.

† "Surgeon's Daughter," chap. vi.

cibly with the smooth rounded forms of the chalk. It is this formation to which the scenery of the Undercliff owes its most characteristic feature in the vast vertical wall, furrowed by time and stained with the tenderest hues, which stretches almost without interruption from Bonchurch to Chale.

Next comes the Gault, locally known as "the blue slipper," from its colour, and the tendency of the superincumbent strata to slip or slide on the smooth unctuous surface of its clays, when moistened by the copious land springs which percolate through the chalk and sandstone. It is to this that the gigantic landslip that under the healing hand of nature has created the romantic beauty of the Undercliff is due. The base of the sandstone wall being undermined by the springs, the overhanging masses were torn away by their own weight and carried downwards on the slippery surface of the gault, until they encountered some obstacle which checked their descent, and caused them to hang picturesquely poised on the steep grassy slope, where, draped with ivy and a profusion of graceful creepers, they afford shelter to early primroses and violets, which cluster round their base, and, with "a budding world" of purple orchises and curling fern-fronds, form a picture of surpassing loveliness.

The northern half of the island between the central chalk-ridge and the Solent is occupied by a succession of the older tertiary strata which form the very remarkable cliffs of Alum Bay. The almost magical beauty of this locality is due to the quick succession of beds of vivid and violently contrasted hues—red, yellow, black, white—upheaved from their naturally horizontal positions, and made to stand on end, as it were, for the convenience of the geologist. One narrow bed of pipe-clay, intervening between the richly-tinted sands, contains impressions of leaves of most exquisite delicacy, belonging to a sub-tropical flora, identical with those in a corresponding bed across the Solent at Bournemouth.

The Chines, though in no sense peculiar to the Isle of Wight, but found

under different names wherever the same physical causes operate, are among its best known geological features. They are deep fissures or gullies eaten out of the soft strata of the Lower Greensand by the action of running water, and derive their name from the A.-S. "cine" or "cyne,"* a cleft. Some of the most attractive scenery of the island is to be found in these little ravines, which, if they had not at one time received such exaggerated praise, would be more esteemed now. At Shanklin a little rill tumbling at the head of the glen over a harder bed of rock which checks its action, has worn away a sinuous ravine, the steep sides of which are prettily draped with coppice and creepers, through which the brook wends its way to the sea, which it enters through a mighty gash in the cliffs, "as if cut with the sword of an Orlando." Luccombe Chine, a mile or two further along the shore of the south-west, though smaller, has been more left to nature, and is to many more pleasing. The third celebrated chine—that of Blackgang—is a complete contrast to the other two in its bare treeless aspect; and has been so completely vulgarized by smug villas and toy-shops, that to the ordinary visitor it is simply "a delusion and a snare." To the geologist the fine sections of the strata presented in its naked sides and sea-front must always make it an object of interest.

Of its earliest inhabitants, the Celtæ, or the Belgæ by whom the former had been displaced shortly before Cæsar's invasion, the Isle of Wight exhibits numerous and distinct traces. The very name by which, under various forms, its has been known for at least the last two thousand years, is in all probability of Celtic origin. The *Ynys Gwyth* of the Welsh Triads, the *Inis Gueith* of Nennius, is considered by Dr. Guest to be equiva-

* The verb "to chine" was used not only by Spenser,—

"Where biting deepe, so deadly it imprest
That quite it chyned his backe behind the sell."
Faerie Queene, b. iv. c. 6.

but also by Dryden, as quoted by Richardson *sub voc.*—

"He that in his day did chine the long rib'd Apenine."

lent to "the *channel island*." In accordance with this is the statement of Nennius, or at any rate one of his transcribers, that *guith* in British or Celtic signified "division,"* a name evidently indicating a belief that at some far remote period it had been severed from the mainland. The crests of nearly all the downs, which stretch in an almost unbroken line from Bembridge at the eastern to Freshwater at the western extremity of the island, are studded with

The grassy barrows of the happier dead, not a few of which are deemed by archaeologists good examples of the British barrow. The mounds which stand out so conspicuously against the sky on Shalcombe Down, are said to have been raised over Arwald, the Jutish king of the island, his son, and dependants, who had fallen in battle with Ceadwalla. Interesting groups occur on Chillerton, Brook, Afton, and Ashley Downs. Many, if not most, of these have been rifled, and the contents too frequently broken and dispersed.

But we have traces of the homes as well as of the graves of the people. The steeply-sided, sinuous dells which divide the knot of chalk-downs to the west of Carisbrooke shew groups of shallow bowl-shaped depressions, which have been long popularly known as "British Villages." These mark the sites of the rude conical huts of the aboriginal inhabitants,† who had formed their settlements in the valley, under the protection of the hill-forts, the remains of which still crown the ridge above. These excavations occur in groups of two, three, or more, within the compass of a larger ring, which served as a rampart against hostile attacks; each group, or *kraal*, as they would be termed in South Africa, indicating the abode of a single family. The name of the valley in which the largest number of these traces of habitation are found — Gallibury Bottom — serves to confirm the tradition. The British inhabitants of Wessex were known to the Saxons as *Wealhas* or *Gaels*, and Gallibury may well indicate the *burh* or "fortified place" of the barbarous tribes found here by the Jutish invaders.

Another primæval memorial may be

seen where, at the head of a hollow way of unknown antiquity shaded by low spreading oaks above the village of Mot-tiston —

Tinted by Time, the solitary stone
On the green hill of Mote each storm with-
stood,

Grows dim with hoary lichen overgrown.

Peel, The Fair Island.

This *Longstone*, as it is popularly called, is an example of the *menhirs*, or standing stones, which in former days were so confidently connected with Druidical worship, but of the purpose of which so little is really known. It is a rough quadrangular pillar of ferruginous sandstone, 13 feet in height, and is estimated to weigh little less than 30 tons.

Whether the *Ἰκτις* which Diodorus Siculus describes as the storehouse of the Cornish tin, the mart frequented by the Greek merchants from Marseilles and Narbonne, should be identified with the Isle of Wight, or with St. Michael's Mount, is a question which has been long and hotly debated, and of which we may say "adhuc sub iudice lis est." The discovery of a block of tin, of the shape of an *astragalus*, dredged up at the entrance to Falmouth Harbour, appears to the accomplished Sir Henry James* an irrefragable proof that the port from which the *astragali* of tin mentioned by Diodorus were shipped for the coast of Gaul is to be identified with St. Michael's Mount, and his conclusions were to a considerable extent accepted by the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis.† But the Isle of Wight tradition is too well authenticated to be lightly set aside, and it can hardly be questioned that the *Ictis* of Diodorus, as well as the *Mictis* of Timæus, are merely variations of *Vectis*, the Roman designation of the Isle of Wight. Diodorus, writing from hearsay, without any personal acquaintance with the localities, may have well combined the accounts of the two tin-ports, and produced a description accurately tallying with neither.

The Romans have left fewer and less distinct marks of their occupation, which commenced under Vespasian, acting as lieutenant to Plautius in the invasion of Claudus A.D. 43, and here first "designated by the fates for empire,"‡ than in many other parts of England. Besides coins and fragments of pottery, we can

* "Quam Britones insulam Gueid vel Gwith vocant, quod Latine *divortium* dici potest." — MS. C. C. Cambridge.

† *Τὰς οἰκίσεις εὐτελεῖς ἔχουσι ἐκ τῶν καλῶν ἢ ξύλων κατὰ τὸ πλεῖστον συγκεκλιμέναις.* — Diod. Sicul., lib. v. c. 21, speaking of the inhabitants of Britain.

* "Archæological Journal," No. cxi. pp. 196-202.

† Ibid. For Sir G. C. Lewis' earlier view, see his "Astronomy of the Ancients," pp. 450-454.

‡ Tacit. Agric. 13, "Monstratus fatis Vespasianus."

point only to the recently discovered villa at Carisbrooke. This is small but well preserved, with bath, hypocaust, and the other usual arrangements, and is enriched with a complex tessellated pavement and mural paintings, recalling the decorations of Pompeii.

The state of these remains, like that of Roman buildings generally throughout England, indicates the barbarism which, after the departure of the Romans, had rudely sought to stamp out the civilization they had brought with them but had failed to naturalize. Not a single article of value was discovered in its ruins. Everywhere there were traces of the occupation of a savage people; fires had been kindled on the beautiful tessellated floors; the bones of deer, sheep, and other animals, strewn about the rooms, spoke of the coarse repasts which had succeeded to the "noctes cœnæque dēum" of the countrymen of Lucullus and Apicius. The ruin was evidently due not to gradual decay, but to wilful destruction.

The evidences of the Anglo-Saxon occupancy are limited to the sepulchral barrows and their contents. These are very numerous, and few cemeteries in the country have yielded a richer harvest than that on "Chessell Down," near Freshwater. Among many other discoveries indicating a considerable advance in wealth and refinement, we may particularize the skeleton of an infant with its bronze rattle; of a female with the bodkin which had confined her hair still lying at the back of her head, and her bronze needle and scissors by her side; a silver spoon, with its capacious bowl washed with gold; and balls of crystal with silver mountings — mysterious objects which, from the time of the entrance of the Jews into Canaan* to that of Lilly and Dr. Dee, have been associated with magical rites, and unhallowed prying into futurity.

The Saxon, or rather Jutish, occupation of the island dates from 530, when Cerdic of Wessex, and his son Cynric, subsequently to their conquests on the

mainland, crossed the Solent, and, after a bloody battle, stormed the *burh* or stronghold at Carisbrooke, and made themselves masters of Wight. Four years later, on Cerdic's death, the island was granted to his nephews, probably the sons or grandsons of his sister, who had married a Jutish husband — Stuf, and the eponymic hero, whose real name has been completely lost in that derived from his island achievements, Wiht-gar, "the spear of Wight." Wihtgar, according to Florence of Worcester, died in 544, and was buried in the citadel called after him Wihtgaresburh, which, though so altered by decapitation and phonetic corruption as to be hardly recognizable, still preserves in its name of Carisbrooke the memory of its Jutish lord. The little island-kingdom continued dependent on Wessex for more than a century, till, in 661, Wulfhere of Mercia ravaged it, and transferred it to Ethelwald, king of the South Saxons. Ethelwald was a convert to Christianity. Wulfhere had been his sponsor, and with that union of sanguinary barbarism and fierce zeal for the faith which so often characterized these half-leavened heathens,* made the extirpation of paganism a condition of the gift to his royal godson. The neighbouring county of Sussex, then just emerging from heathenism under Wilfrid's teaching, furnished a missionary, Eoppa,† who, in the words of the A.-S. Chronicle, "first of men brought baptism to the people of Wight." But Eoppa's mission proved a failure, and when, twenty years later, A.D. 686, the island was again ravaged by Ceadwalla, after the death of Ethelwald in battle, the whole Jutish population were found heathen, and, as such, were doomed to extermination by "the fierce catechumen."‡

Fielding, the novelist, when provoked beyond endurance by the extortions of his shrewish landlady at Ryde, says sari-

* " 'I cannot bear to see the finest provinces of Gaul in the hands of these heretics,' cried Clovis with all the zeal of a new convert. The clergy blessed the pious sentiment, and the orthodox barbarian was rewarded with a series of bloody victories." -- Kemble, "Anglo-Saxons," vol. ii. p. 355.

† Eoppa is mentioned by Bede, "Eccl. Hist.," iv. 14, as one of Wilfrid's Sussex clergy and Abbot of Selsey. The "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" also says, sub anno 661, that "Eoppa the mass priest, by the command of Wilfrid and king Wulfhere, first brought baptism to the 'people of Wight.'" From this it would follow that both the earlier and later missions were directed by Wilfrid.

‡ "Adelwold, being greatly desyrus to make the people of the Isle to taste of Christ, sent one Eoppa a priest to preache the worde unto them, but he profited nothing." -- Lambarde, "Topograph. and Histor. Dict. of England," 1730, p. 395.

* The Hebrew of Lev. xxvi., Numb. xxxiii. 52, Prov. xxv. 11 ("image of stone," "pictures," E. V.; *λῆθος σκοπός σκοπιᾶς*, LXX.), has been interpreted by Spenser ("De Legibus," vol. i.), Delrius ("Disquis. Magic," lib. iv. c. 2, p. 468), Douglas, and others, of these divining balls. See for a long and learned disquisition on the point, Douglas' "Nenia Britannica," p. 14, § 9. Such crystal balls, set in precious metals, were found in the tomb of King Childeric at Tournay, as well as in a large number of the Kentish (Jutish) barrows opened by Douglas and Faussett.

castically, "Certain it is the island of Wight was not an early convert to Christianity, nay, there is some reason to doubt whether it was ever entirely converted." Whatever may be thought of his inference, the great novelist was correct in his history. It has often been remarked as singular that, while the Jutes of Kent were the first of the Anglo-Saxon race to embrace the Christian religion, their kinsmen in Wight should have been the last to do so. This is, doubtless, attributable to the insular position of Wight, the Solent Sea — "pelagus solvens," as Bede styles it, false in etymology but true in fact — cutting its people off from intercourse with the mainland as effectually in those days of timid navigation, as the dense forests of the Andredesweald did their pagan neighbours in Sussex, whose conversion, due to the same great Christian pioneer, only preceded that of Wight by a few years.* Before he started on his enterprise, Ceadwalla, as it were to bribe the powerful God of the Christians to favour his arms, had vowed that, if successful, he would devote a fourth part of the land and spoil to Christ. The ubiquitous Wilfrid, who in consequence of "the sad scenes of sacerdotal jealousy and strife which made his course almost a constant feud, and himself an object of unpopularity, even of persecution,"† has hardly secured the place he merits as one of the most enterprising and successful of missionaries, was at hand to register the youthful warrior's vow. On the success of his arms in Wight, Wilfrid — of whom Fuller appositely remarks that "his *παρέργῳ* were better than his *ἔργῳ*, his casual and occasional better than his intentional performances,"‡ — eager to renew the spiritual victories vouchsafed him by God among the barbarians on the shores of the Baltic, and, still more recently, among the savage population of Sussex, claimed the promised fourth part as God's heritage. The claim was allowed. Three hundred families were spared from massacre, and tradition points to the site of Brading Church as the scene of the ad-

mission of the heathen Jutes into the Christian faith. Scarcely had the foundations of a Christian church in Wight been laid, when Wilfrid was recalled to Northumbria, and he was compelled to entrust the carrying on the work to other hands.

The history of this interesting epoch would be incomplete were we to omit the affecting episode of the two young princes, sons or brothers of Arwald, the Jutish king, who, having escaped the slaughter of their kindred, were discovered in their hiding-place of Stoneham, "Ad Lapidem," near Southampton, and doomed to death by Ceadwalla, but were spared for a little space at the intercession of Cynibehrt, Abbot of Redbridge, that he might teach and baptize them before they had to die; and who, in the words of Bede, who tells the tale with beautiful simplicity,* "joyfully underwent a temporal death, by which they did not doubt that they should pass to an eternal life of the soul," and found a place in the martyrology of the Roman Church, which keeps the 21st of August as the anniversary of "Fratres Regis Arvaldi MM."

The position of the Isle of Wight, so open to hostile descent by sea, and so convenient as a base of operations on the mainland, rendered it from very early times a second Cythera, and we can well believe that some Chilon of the day has before now wished it sunk in the sea.† Indeed the history of the island, from the eighth to the sixteenth century, is little more than that of successive piratical invasions, ravages by fire and sword, and hostile occupations, and of the measures adopted for the defence of its coasts. But incessant as were their descents, culminating in the terrible devastation of 1001, when fire and sword swept over the whole island, the Danes made no permanent settlement in Wight. Local nomenclature, that invaluable handmaid to history, is here our guide; and the entire absence of Danish elements in the names of places — the *bys*, and *holms*, and *thorps* — which are so abundant in the East of England, proves beyond question that the Danes came for booty, not for tillage, and looked on the island as a sojourning-place, not as a home.

* Jeremy Taylor, to whom no historical or classical illustration, however incongruous, ever came amiss, from "the Ephesian matron" of Petronius to "Venetapadius Ragium, king of Narsinga," records Ceadwalla's conquest of the Isle of Wight among the triumphs of prayer (Jeremy Taylor's works, Heber's edition, vol. iii. p. 91). We fear that the facts dispel the illusion.

† Milman, "Latin Christianity," vol. ii. p. 90.

‡ "Wilfrid was one of great parts and greater passions . . . as nightingales sing sweetest the farthest from the nests, so this man was most diligent in his services when at the greatest distance from his home." — Fuller, "Ch. Hist.," cent. vii. § 97, 98.

* Bede, "Hist. Eccl.," lib. iv. c. 16.

† Herod. vii. 235: ἔστι δὲ . . . νῆσος ἐπικειμένη τῇ οὐνομῇ ἐστὶ Κύθηρα, τὴν Χίλων, ἀνὴρ παρ' ἡμῶν σοφώτατος γενόμενος, κέρδος μέζον ἔφην εἶναι Σπαρτίησι κατὰ τῆς θαλάσσης καταδεύκεναι μᾶλλον ἢ ὑπερέχειν.

The establishment of the strong rule of the Conqueror opened a new and happier æra for the harassed island. The feudal system being introduced, the lordship of this exposed and dangerous outpost was committed to the famous seneschal, William FitzOsbern, the Duke's nearest personal friend, the prime mover in the conquest of England, who, by his vigorous counsels, had fixed the wavering resolve of William on the receipt of the news of the Confessor's death; and who had proved his chief agent, together with Odo of Bayeux, in the reduction of the conquered country, where the very name of "the great oppressor," so dear to the Normans, struck terror into the hearts of the English.*

We know not whether FitzOsbern ever set foot in his island fief. A chartulary of Carisbrooke Priory indeed ascribes to him the *conquest* of the island, but this may safely be regarded as a blunder. A district impoverished of men and means by a century or two of Danish ravages, was not likely to be in a position to think of withstanding its Norman lord. He erected a small priory at Carisbrooke, dependent on the Abbey of Lire (de Lyra), in the diocese of Evreux, of which he had been the founder, as well as of Corneilles, in which, still Norman at heart, he was buried by his own desire. The lordship passed to his second son Roger, and on the defeat of his conspiracy escheated to the Crown.

The island was visited by William himself twice towards the close of his reign. It was here, in 1082, that his unlooked-for appearance dispersed the ambitious dreams of his half-brother Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, as he was gathering the forces with which he was about to start for Rome, in the hope, encouraged by the utterances of soothsayers, of being chosen successor of Hildebrand when he should vacate the Papal throne. In the "Aula Regia" of the island, while the assembled barons shrunk in religious dread from executing their master's command by "laying hands on a consecrated bishop, William—the subtle mind of Lanfranc, it is said, suggesting the distinction"—himself arrested him as Earl of Kent; under which title, the remonstrances of the Bishop of Bayeux being unheeded, he was hurried off to Normandy, and kept prisoner in the castle of

Rouen * till William's decease. The second visit was in 1087, on his last voyage from England to Normandy, not many months before his death. The lordship of the Isle of Wight, escheated to the Crown on the rebellion of the younger FitzOsbern, was in the early part of his reign granted by Henry I. to Richard de Redvers (de Ripariis), Earl of Devon, one of the five barons who had adhered unwaveringly to him during his struggle with his brother Robert. It remained in his lineal descendants through a long series of De Redvers and De Vernons, until the reign of Edward I., when Isabella de Fortibus, Countess of Albemarle and Lady of Wight, who had outlived all her children and near kinsmen, sold it on her deathbed, at Stockwell, near London, in 1293, to the King for six thousand marks.

The Lords of the Isle of Wight ruled almost as petty sovereigns within their lordship. An examination of the "Pleas of Court" and other similar authorities, proves that they enjoyed privileges of feudal service usually restricted to the Crown. Never were these rights more strenuously asserted than when, just as they were about to expire forever, the lion-hearted Isabella de Fortibus was called upon to substantiate her claim before the King's Justices Itinerant to that "which belonged to the crown of my Lord the King," A.D. 1275. "The heart," writes Mr. Hillier, "is touched with the picture of the lone woman, widowed and childless, struggling, the last of her race, to preserve in her own keeping the brightest part of the inheritance of her fathers." We read with real satisfaction the sentence of the Justices, confirming Isabella in all her ancestral rights, which she enjoyed until her death undisturbed, except by the priors and monks of the various religious houses in the island, between whom and the Countess there was a perpetual feud.

Liabie as the Isle of Wight was to inroad at all times, hostilities between England and France gave the signal for the commencement of predatory descents, which for three centuries hung over the unfortunate island in a cloud of perpetual menace, ever and anon bursting in a storm of devastation. The reigns of the Plantagenet Edwards, though fertile in alarms, do not record any serious invasion. The French were continually hovering about its coasts, and from time to

* Freeman, "Norman Conquest," vol. iii. p. 324. "Hanc Normannis carissimum Ang is maximo terrori esse sciebat." — Will. Pict. 143. "Primus et maximus oppressor Anglorum." — Orderic.

* Freeman, "Norman Conquest," vol. iv. p. 683.

time we hear of their landing and inflicting some damage. But the vigorous system of defence organized by Edward I., immediately on his becoming possessed of the lordship of the island, joined to the natural prowess of its men — “the island,” according to Camden, being “not so well fortified by its rocks and castles as by its inhabitants, who are naturally warlike and courageous” — effectually prevented their making any lodgment there. When in 1340 the French had landed at St. Helen’s Point in some force, and were making their way into the interior, they were attacked by a hastily raised body of the islanders, headed by the Captain of the Isle, Sir Theobald Russell, of Yaverland — the ancestor of the noble house of Bedford — and were driven back to their ships with great loss, Russell himself falling in the moment of victory. Thirty years later, at the commencement of the feeble reign of Richard II., the French power was in the ascendant, and the island suffered grievously. The whole of the southern coast of England was insulted and plundered by the French fleet, which completely mastered the Isle of Wight, plundering and burning the towns of Newport, Francheville (Newtown), and Yarmouth, and desolating the whole country. Carisbrooke alone held out against the invaders, who here received a decisive check from the loss of their commander, and of a large body of men surprised in an ambush which compelled them to retire, after exacting a thousand marks from the pillaged islanders, the greater part of whom left the island for the mainland.*

The title of “Lord of the Island” † sank in a sea of blood — the best blood of the Isle of Wight. The last who enjoyed it, Sir Edward Woodville, the brother of Elizabeth Woodville, the queen of Edward IV., was the leader of an ill-judged and disastrous attempt to strengthen the cause of the Duke of Brittany against Charles VIII. of France, with a force raised in his island lordship. A body of 400 yeomen, led by forty gentlemen of the isle, picturesquely accoutred in white coats with broad red crosses, set sail from St. Helen’s, and having joined the Duke’s forces, engaged the King’s

army under La Tremouille at St. Aubin’s, July 20, 1488. La Tremouille gained a complete victory. Woodville’s whole force, against whom the enemy’s strength was chiefly directed, was cut to pieces. Only one boy, it is said, escaped, to carry the disastrous news to his native isle. It was long before the Isle of Wight recovered from this overwhelming blow. It had lost the flower of its manhood and youth, the heads to plan and the sinews to work; and there was scarcely a family, either of the gentry or commonalty, which had not personal reasons to deplore Woodville’s chivalrous but foolhardy expedition.* So critical was the condition of the isle, that it engaged the attention of Parliament, by which an Act was passed the next year, prohibiting any one to hold any lands, &c., of a higher annual value than ten marks, in order that the island, which is described in the preamble of the Act as “of late decayed of people, desolate and not inhabited, the towns and villages let down, the fields dyked and made pasture for beasts,” so that by reason of the scantiness of the population “the isle cannot be defended, but lieth open and ready to the hands of the King’s enemies, as well of our ancient enemies of the realm of France and of other parties,” — might be again well inhabited and able to defend itself from invasion.

The disastrous issue of Woodville’s expedition might have been expected to have completely crushed the impoverished island. But so great was the innate vigour of its population, that it soon recovered from the calamity, and in 1545 was able to take an energetic part in repelling the great French Armada, fitted out by Francis I., under the command of D’Annebault, for the invasion of England, whose first object was to obtain possession of the Isle of Wight, the occupation of which “would be the prelude of an attack on Portsmouth, the destruction of the fleet, and the crippling of the naval power.” † The whole tale has been told by the graphic pen of Mr. Froude, and we refer our readers to his “History” for the narrative of the various unsuccessful attempts of the French to make

* “Rolls of Parliament,” 2 Ric. II. A.D. 1378.

† The catalogue of the Lords of the Isle contains the names of Edmund, duke of York; the “good Duke Humphrey” of Gloucester; Richard, duke of York, father of Edward IV.; Edmund, duke of Somerset, and his son Henry, duke of Somerset; Lord Rivers, and his son Lord Scales.

* Henry VII. felt himself so seriously compromised by this expedition, that he addressed a letter to Charles VIII. exonerating himself from all complicity in it. We have Charles’s reply (“State Papers,” vol. vi. p. 9), accepting Henry’s assurance that “l’alée [the going] d’dict feu de Scalles et de noz subgetz quil avoit menez avecques luy en Bretagne estoit sans nostre secu et conge, et a nostre tres grant desplaisance.”

† Froude, “Hist. of England,” vol. iv. p. 417 *sq.*

themselves masters of the island; their landings at different points of the coast — Sea View, St. Helen's, Shanklin — and the undaunted spirit with which the islanders drove them back; their complete rout on Bembridge Down; and the fate of the heroic Chevalier D'Eulx and his watering party cut off by an ambush in Shanklin Chine.

In every projected invasion of England the occupation of the Isle of Wight formed part of the invader's plan. When the next great Armada, vaingloriously christened "the Invincible," set sail with the Papal blessing from the coasts of Spain, the first object of Medina Sidonia was to seize and fortify the Isle of Wight, as a basis of operations.* Elizabeth's Government was fully aware of the importance of the position, and issued orders for the garrisoning and protection of the island, ably carried out by the then Governor, the Queen's cousin, the energetic Sir George Carey. The whole population became an army: watches were posted on all the heights, with beacons ready to be fired on the first sight of the Spanish fleet: the neighbouring counties on the mainland were charged with the supply of men to aid in the defence of the island, and boats to convey them.† No precaution was omitted. The issue of the expedition is familiar to us all. No foreign soldier even attempted to set foot on the island, beneath whose chalk cliffs some of the severest encounters took place between the light English craft and the huge unwieldy Spanish galleons.

Although the Isle of Wight may look back proudly to the part played by her sons in this crisis of the nation's history, her internal condition was at that time far from prosperous. She was slowly emerging from a condition of the deepest depression under the stern but vigorous rule of Sir George Carey, who had succeeded the daring and unscrupulous Sir Edward Horsey, Leicester's confidant in his intrigue or secret marriage with Lady Douglas Sheffield, whose services as a privateer in the Channel, and with the Earl of Warwick at the disastrous siege

of Havre, had been rewarded with the governorship of the Isle of Wight.* Indeed the first years of Elizabeth's reign were a gloomy period for the nation at large, and few parts of England presented a more disastrous aspect than the Isle of Wight. The returns of the commission organized by the vigorous mind of Cecil still exist in the Public Record Office for three centons of the island, and the picture is a melancholy one.

The whole island was depopulated and impoverished beyond conception. Newport, its capital, had been "a great deal more than it is." Whole streets and villages of artificers and others are described as "void, and no sign of any housing." In one parish, that of Arreton, twenty-three tenements were uninhabited. Yarmouth was reduced to a handful of houses, "not past a dozen," while in Newtown, which bore marks of having once been "twice as good as Newport," scarcely a single good house was standing.

The report of the state of religion † was not brighter. Of eleven parishes included in the return, there were but five in which "service as by law appointed" was celebrated. At Yarmouth the benefice was unable to find a priest. At Binstead and Whippingham the parsons were non-resident, and the churches were served by a French curate. At Wootton a layman read the Epistle and Gospel, with the procession (the Litany) on Sundays and holidays. The saddest tale is that of St. Helen's. The encroachments of the sea had undermined the foundations of the church, which had fallen into such complete ruin that "one might look in at one end and out at the other," while there had been "never a curate and little service" for many years past, so that "the parishioners had been fain to bury their corpses themselves." "And yet," adds the indignant commissioner, "they pay neverthe-

* Sir Edward was the "Ned Horsey, the ruffling cavalier of Arundel's," of the picturesque narrative of the plot against Mary, in March 1556, disinterred by Mr. Froude from the Record Office. One part of this scheme was the betraying of the Isle of Wight and Hurst Castle to the French, by the governor, Uvedale. Froude, "Hist.," vol. vi. pp. 434, 438.

† "When Archbishop Parker made a primary visitation of his diocese, some of the beneficed clergy were mechanics, others Romish priests disguised. Many churches were closed. A sermon was not to be heard in some places within a distance of twenty miles. To read, or at least so to read as to be intelligible and impressive, was a rare accomplishment. Even in London many churches were closed for want of ministers, and in the country it was not easy to provide a minister competent to baptize infants and inter the dead." — Marsden, "Early Puritans," p. 100. See also Neale's "Puritans," vol. i. c. iv. vi.; Strype's "Parker," p.

* Motley, "United Netherlands," vol. ii. p. 468. Strada, "De Bello Belgico," p. 534.

† The island was distributed for purposes of defence into districts called "centons." There were ten such in 1533, each commanded by a leading landholder as "centoneer," having under him a "vintoneer," or lieutenant, and, besides his troop of from 100 to 200 men, a number of "hobblers," watchmen mounted on "hobbies," or small horses, to ride from place to place and give notice of the enemy's approach. See "Lansdowne MSS.," 40, xxiv. A.; "Bibl. Reg. MSS.," 18 D. iii.

less their tithes." The position of St. Helen's, in close proximity to one of the chief naval roads of the South of England, where seamen of the Catholic nations were in the habit of touching for water and fresh provisions, rendered its ruined state a matter of national concernment. "Foreign sailors," writes Mr. George Oglander, who makes the presentment, "seeing the shameful using of the same, think that all other churches within the realm be like used, and so have both spoken and done shameful acts in our derision, and what they have said and made report of in their own country God knoweth. It is a gazing stock to all foreign nations."

Of the internal condition of the island in the early part of the seventeenth century we have a graphic picture in the MS. memoirs of Sir John Oglander. This worthy knight, a loyalist to the backbone, was the representative of a family which first came into the island with Richard de Redvers * and settled at Nunwell, near Brading, which they have held in uninterrupted descent to the present day. On two visits paid to the island by Charles I., first as Prince in 1618, and afterwards as King to inspect the Scotch troops on their way to the Isle of Rhé, he was received by Sir John. This transient intercourse led to momentous results. His personal knowledge of Oglander, together with his reputation for loyalty, and an exaggerated confidence in his influence in the island, weighed much with Charles I. in choosing the Isle of Wight as a refuge after his escape from Hampton Court, and he was the last subject whom the unhappy monarch, still enjoying the semblance of freedom, honoured with a visit, Thursday, November 19, 1647. Oglander's loyalty cost him dear. He was torn from his beloved island by the Committee of Parliament, kept a prisoner in London for many years, and was eventually obliged to pay a large sum of money to obtain his discharge.

In the "Memoirs" to which we have referred the worthy knight never wearies of descanting on the happy condition of the island in his youth, before "peace and law had beggared them all;" when

the hateful race of attorneys "that of late hath made this their habitation and so by sutes undone the country," was unknown; when "money was as plenty in yeoman's purses as now in the best of the gentry," who, "full of money and out of debt," dreamed away a calm and incurious existence,

The world forgetting, by the world forgot;
seldom or never going out of the island, "making their wills when they went to London, thinking it like an East India voyage, supposing no trouble like to travelling," content to entrust their letters, when they had any, to a coneyman who came from London to buy rabbits.* He draws a pleasing picture of the accomplished Lord Southampton, so reasonably identified with "the onlie begetter" of Shakespeare's Sonnets, when Governor, gathering the island gentry about him at his Manor House of Standen, and spreading around him the refining influence of his high character. Then, he wails, "this island, full of knights and gentry beyond compare, was the Paradise of England, and now" (A.D. 1647, the period of Charles' incarceration) "it is just like the other parts of the kingdom; a melancholy, deserted, sad place — no company, no resort, no neighbourly doings one of another. You may truly say *tempora mutantur*."

We have now arrived at the period when the Isle of Wight assumes its chief interest in the popular mind in connection with the flight and imprisonment of Charles I. But the story is too familiar to justify repetition, and if told in any detail it would carry us far beyond our prescribed limits. The events of the next twelve months are a familiar portion of English history. The unfortunate monarch's gradually restricted liberty; the growing disrespect and inattention to his personal comfort; the hateful bigotry which refused him the ministrations of his own chaplains and forced on him the services of bitter polemics; the abortive schemes of deliverance, and attempts at escape; his daily life in what Andrew Marvel styles "Carisbrooke's narrow

* The cradle of this family was the Castle of Orglandes, in the parish of Valognes, in the Department of La Manche. The Marquis of Orglandes, the chief of the French branch, was Member of the Chamber of Deputies in 1825. Peter de Oglander, chaplain to Richard de Redvers, became Dean of Christchurch Twynham, converted by his lord from a college of secular canons into an Augustinian priory. While we write we notice with regret the death without issue of the last Oglander of Nunwell

* Hares were not introduced into the island till the sixteenth century, when Sir Edward Horsey, the governor, promised the gift of a lamb in exchange for every live hare. Foxes are a far more recent introduction, dating from the present century, when the animal, previously unknown, was brought in by "a person more fanciful than kind to his country," as Bishop Wilson says of the introducer of magpies into the Isle of Man, for the sake of hunting. It was a strange old boast of the Isle of Wight that "there was neither fox, lawyer, nor friar in it."

case ;” the literary pursuits with which he occupied the weary hours of confinement ; the mimic court held by the “grey discrowned monarch” at the Grammar-school House at Newport during the discussion of the proposed treaty ; his rude seizure by Major Ralph in the name of the army ; his hurried night-journey across the island to Worsley’s Tower, and thence to the gloomy fortress of Hurst, December 1st, 1648, — all have been often narrated, but never with such fulness of detail as by the late Mr. George Hillier in his interesting little work, “Charles the First in the Isle of Wight.”

It is not our purpose to narrate the captivity of the Princess Elizabeth and her brother, the promising young Prince Henry, who, with brutal disregard to their feelings, were removed by order of Parliament to a place full to them of melancholy memories. Within a month, Elizabeth, constitutionally a sickly child, deformed in person, and crushed by a premature load of agony too great for her susceptible nature, had rejoined her beloved father. Her body lay in state for sixteen days, and was honourably interred in Newport Church in a manner befitting her royal parentage, the mayor and aldermen attending in their robes and insignia of office. An exquisitely beautiful recumbent statue of the Princess, by Baron Marochetti, was erected by Queen Victoria in 1856 “as a token of respect for her virtues and of sympathy for her misfortunes.” Her little brother, the Duke of Gloucester, remained two years longer in the castle — which must have been a dreary abode to him, deprived of the company of his “sweet sister Patience” — until he received Cromwell’s permission to leave England, March 1653.

With these events the history of the Isle of Wight virtually closes. Charles II. paid it more than one visit (once against his will, being forced to land at Puckaster by a violent gale) ; and honoured Yarmouth with his presence, as the guest, at his newly-erected red brick mansion (now the Bugle Inn), of Sir Robert Holmes, an Irish soldier of fortune, who, after some years of service under foreign Powers, exchanged the land for the sea, and became a naval commander of more celebrity than honourable fame ; and who, for his questionable achievements, hardly to be distinguished from piracy, had been rewarded by his not over-scrupulous royal master with the governorship of the island. At the time of the Revolution of 1688, great fears of

a landing of the Dutch fleet were entertained, and hasty orders were issued to maintain a strict watch and secure the defences of the island. But the island annals present nothing of any public interest until our own times, when we have seen it selected by our Queen for her marine residence ; * and have watched the creation at Osborne of a true English home of culture and refinement, the centre of the purest domestic affections. In other generations it will be regarded as, perhaps, the chief glory of this island, that it was the loved home of the Prince Consort, and of the purest and most devoted to duty of all British sovereigns — unsurpassed as Wife, Mother, and Queen.

The Parliamentary history of the Isle of Wight opens a curious page in our representative annals. Up to the passing of the Reform Bill it contributed no fewer than six members to the House of Commons — half the number returned by the whole of Yorkshire, as many as Middlesex including London — two for each of the boroughs of Newport, Newtown, and Yarmouth. The whole number of nominal electors fell short of a hundred, the seats being really at the disposal of one or two of the leading families of the island. When in 1295 Edward I. convened the Parliament which is considered by Hume † “the real and true epoch” of the House of Commons, Yarmouth and Newport each sent a burgess. ‡ But the right slept for three centuries, none being returned till 1585. At this time Elizabeth, who felt all a Tudor’s hatred of Parliamentary interference, had adopted the policy of her brother and sister, and made a large increase to the numbers of the House of Commons. The insignificance of Yarmouth and Newtown afford a proof of the truth of Hallam’s statement § that “a very large proportion” of these new accessions were “petty boroughs evidently under the influence of the Crown or peerage.” Anything like an independent exercise of the franchise was un-

* The old name of Osborne, according to Worsley, was Austerborne. It anciently belonged to the old island family of Bowerman, whence it passed by marriage to the family of Arney, and by purchase in 1549 to the Lovibonds, and from them to the Manns. Sir J. Oglander writes, “Osborne was built by Thomas Lyvibone, and sold by his sonne to Captain Mann, and hath been the ruin of the family. Some buydes and some destroyeth.” The heiress of the Manns married a Blachford, of Fordingbridge. The mansion at first occupied by her Majesty, but since entirely pulled down, was erected by R. Pope Blachford, Esq., towards the close of the last century. The estate was purchased by the Queen of Lady Isabella Blachford.

† “Hist. of England,” vol. ii. p. 281, c. xiii.

‡ “Rolls of Parliament.”

§ Hallam, “Constit. Hist.,” i. 264-5.

known from the very first. The right of appointing one of their members was at once made over by the burgesses of Newport to the energetic "Captain of the Isle," Sir George Carey, as a token of gratitude for the restoration of their privileges. At Yarmouth both the representatives were named by him. A letter of his to the Corporation, September 10th, 1601, is printed by Albin,* desiring that they should "assemble themselves together, and with their united consent send up unto him (as they heretofore had done) their Writt with a Blank, wherein he might inscribe the names of such persons as he shall think the fittest to discharge that Deutie on their Be-hoofe."

Carey's successor in the Governorship, Henry Wriothesley, Lord Southampton, took good care to maintain the prerogatives of his office. We have some interesting autograph letters lying before us which throw a curious light on the history of elections at this period. One directed to the burgesses of Yarmouth, expresses the surprise and indignation of his Lordship at their having ventured to promise a vacant seat without consulting his wishes, and "by waie of prevention and cunninge prouided rather to make excuse than to satisfy his reasonable requeste." "Your forehead promise," writes the indignant Earl, "I shall find meanes to preuent, and shall have occasion to note your little loue and respecte to me, your countryman and frend." Such a menace was not without its effect. At the next election Lord Southampton's son, Thomas Wriothesley,† made application to his "very louing frendes" for one of the seats, stating that, though his Lordship declined to dispose of more than one of the burgess-ships, yet he would "take it as a great respect done unto him" if the town would "willingly doe him the fauour" to name his son for the second. As a matter of course the Governor's son was returned, and sat for the borough until his father's death removed him to the Upper House.

The plea that has been not unjustly urged for these "pocket boroughs" that, however contrary to the theory of popular representation, they proved sometimes practically beneficial in opening the door to rising young statesmen who might

otherwise have found it difficult to obtain admission to the House of Commons, was exemplified in the Isle of Wight. It was thus that Canning was first brought into Parliament by Pitt in 1793, as member for Newtown. And the Duke of Wellington, then "General Sir Arthur Wellesley," entered the English House of Commons in 1808 as the representative of Newport, his colleague being "Henry, Lord Palmerston." Other names of note illustrate the election rolls of the Isle of Wight boroughs. The noble and pure-hearted Falkland sat for Newport, and Philip, Lord Lisle, the gallant brother of Algernon Sidney, for Yarmouth, in the Long Parliament. The Duke of Marlborough, when plain John Churchill, and the quondam tailor's boy of Niton—brave old Sir Thomas Hopson, the hero of Vigo Bay—appear among the representatives of Newtown.

The ceremony of election in the Isle of Wight boroughs was a very simple and agreeable one. Of course a dinner constituted its main feature. At such periods the dilapidated Court-house at Newtown—the proceedings at Yarmouth were substantially the same—was the scene of unwonted festivity. At twelve o'clock the burgesses assembled for an oyster luncheon, for which the lessee of the river was bound to find the materials. Before this repast was well digested, at about 3 P.M. the company sat down to a plentiful cold dinner, at the close of which the chairman drew from his pocket a card bearing the names of the two new members. These he read aloud, and at once proposed their health as their new representatives; a toast which was usually drunk "with the utmost enthusiasm."

We have already spoken of the first introduction of Christianity into the island by Wilfrid. The Norman Conquest found the island divided into parishes, and churches built; and the new settlers, friends of civilization and the Church, erected others.

The ancient island parishes, though now mostly subdivided, seem for the most part to have been laid out, like the rapes of Sussex, by drawing a straight line, or stretching a rope, from sea to sea. They formed long narrow strips, with the church and village in the centre. The parish of Newchurch, divided across its middle by the steep chalk backbone of the island, including the populous towns of Ryde at one extremity and Ventnor at the other, survived in unbroken unity to

* Albin, "History of the Isle of Wight," p. 354.

† Wriothesley's signature to this letter, "Thomas Risley," deserves notice as a curious example of phonetic spelling, and a proof of the lax unsettled orthography of surnames in the sixteenth century.

our own day, and has only recently assumed a more manageable form.

Nonconformity found here a congenial home. Foreign Protestants made it their resort, and seafaring men of all nations passed there, which, says Neale,* "occasioned the ceremonies not to be so strictly observed as in other places, their trade and commerce requiring a latitude." This looseness of observance was very offensive to the strict disciplinarianism of Archbishop Parker: "a Parker, indeed," in Fuller's words, "careful to keep the fence and shut the gates of discipline against all such night stealers as would invade the same;" and one of the last public acts in which he was employed (1575) was a visitation of the Isle of Wight, which he carried out with such extreme severity, ejecting the ministers who refused conformity and closing their churches, that the inhabitants made complaint to his bitter enemy the Earl of Leicester, who had established himself the champion of the Puritans. His representations had so much influence over Elizabeth's vain and capricious mind — irritated by a sense of the disapprobation of her infatuated conduct towards her favourite, which the Archbishop had been unable entirely to conceal — that she issued immediate order for the reversal of Parker's injunctions, and when he next appeared at Court by royal command, behaved to him with such outrageous rudeness, that the aged prelate left the Court stung to the quick, with a resolve that he would never visit it again.

The churches of the Isle of Wight, though often eminently picturesque, both in position and outline, are not remarkable for architectural beauty. In fact it was too remote to be reached by more than the fringe of the wave of architectural progress; while a constant dread of the hostile descents of the French and their frequent ravages kept the inhabitants in too depressed a condition to have either the means or the heart for the erection of costly buildings. They are usually long, low buildings, without clerestory, and very often without chancel-arch, frequently consisting of two equal aisles or bodies, with no constructional mark to distinguish them, or to define the site of the parochial altar. The best example of this arrangement is the Church of Godshill, one of the largest and finest in the Island. The towers are mostly low and square; but that of Caris-

brooke is a good work of the Perpendicular period, recalling in its outline the plainer Somersetshire examples. The same model has been followed at Godshill, Chale, and Gatcombe; but, picturesque as they are, even these cannot be called good works of art. Fragments of Norman work linger and there. The best example is the tiny church of Yaverland — the loved of landscape painters, as it groups with the gables of the Jacobean manor-house beneath its shadowing elms — where the south door and chancel-arch are good specimens of the barbaric richness of the style. Wootton, Northwood, and Shalfleet, also have Norman doors, and the last-named church the huge stump of an ill-used Norman tower. The best architectural works in the island, at Calbourne, Shalfleet, and Arreton, belong to the Early English period. The later styles present nothing which needs comment, though there is hardly one of the island churches which is not worth turning aside to see. Most of them are charmingly placed, very frequently, as at Godshill, Newchurch, and Motteston, crowning an almost precipitous eminence, and are picturesque with the picturesqueness of a building which has grown into its present form by gradual additions, fused by time into one harmonious whole. The church of St. Lawrence, in the Undercliff, has a wide celebrity, from its diminutive size. Its claim, however, to be the smallest church in England was, even before the enlargement, contested by some of the churches of the Lake District, and cannot now, small as it is, be sustained.*

The churchyard of Brading furnishes one of the most beautiful pieces of memorial poetry in the language, rendered familiar by Dr. Callcott's musical setting, commencing —

Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear.

It is to the memory of a Mrs. Berry, and is ascribed to the Rev. John Gill, some time curate of Newchurch. In the churchyard of Carisbrooke may still be read a yet more famous epitaph, which thirty years ago gave rise to the case of "Breeks v. Woolfrey,"† in the Court of

* Before its enlargement, the dimensions of St. Lawrence Church were 20 feet long by 12 feet broad, and 6 feet high to the eaves.

† The epitaph in question ran as follows: "Spes mea Christus. Pray for the soul of J. Woolfrey. 'It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead.' 2 Mac. xii. 46. J. W. obiit 5 Jan. 1833. Æt. 50." The judgment was delivered by the late Sir Herbert Jenner. The inscription on Bishop Barrow's monument near

* "Puritans," vol. i. p. 225.

Arches, and procured the decision, by the highest Ecclesiastical Court, that prayers for the dead are not expressly prohibited by the authoritative documents of the Church of England.

From the churches the transition is natural to the clergy who served them; and here, though we find some names of note, and a few which the English Churchman will ever regard with reverence and love, the list is but meagre. Brighthston Rectory is honourably distinguished as having given to the English Church three prelates who will not easily be forgotten—the saintly Ken, whose favourite walk is still pointed out in the lovely parsonage garden; that highly-gifted prelate, from the shock of whose death, felt almost as a personal sorrow in every part of the country, England is hardly yet recovering, beyond dispute the greatest Bishop the English Church has seen for a century and a half—the late Bishop of Winchester; and the present Bishop of Salisbury. Brighthston, also, during his son's residence here as rector, was a favourite home of the eloquent and philanthropic Wilberforce in that "calm old age on which he entered with the elasticity of youth and the simplicity of childhood, climbing with delight to the top of the chalk downs, or walking long on the unfrequented shore." * Brading, of which he was curate, and Arreton are inseparably connected with Legh Richmond's popular narratives—"The Young Cottager" and the "Dairyman's Daughter." The large-hearted Dean of Chichester, Dr. Hook, who, as Vicar of Leeds, first taught the Church of England how to deal effectively with the huge populations massed together in our great manufacturing towns, commenced his clerical life as curate of Whippingham, of which his uncle, Dean Hook of Worcester, was rector. In the old churchyard of Bonchurch, studded with purple violets, beneath a monument realizing his own "Shadow of the Cross," within sight of the rock-strewn slope of Eastend, the scene of the "Old Man's Home," reposes William Adams, who, though not strictly belonging to their body, may be permitted to rank among the clergy of the island, which will always be affectionately associated with his name. By his side

the entrance of the Cathedral of St. Asaph, "O vos transeuntes in domum Domini in domum orationis, orate pro conservo vestro ut inveniat misericordiam in die Domini," is a familiar example of the same primitive practice.

* "Life" by his sons.

lies the brilliant but unhappy John Sterling, better known for his biographers Julius Hare and Thomas Carlyle, than for anything he himself achieved, who died at Ventnor in 1844, asking almost with the last breath for the old Bible he so often used in the cottages at his Hurstmonceaux Curacy. To go back a few years we must not forget that Wood, the mathematician, who, coming up to college so poor that the story goes he was fain to work his problems by the light of the stairlamp, achieved the high positions of Master of St. John's and Dean of Ely, died Rector of Freshwater, as was also the father of Dr. Robert Hooke, the able, but whimsical and penurious Gresham Professor of whom old Aubrey has so many amusing tales to tell. A cousin of Izaak Walton became Rector of Wootton in 1767. He was a man of kindred spirit with his celebrated namesake, and his memory is still cherished as of one of considerable theological attainments, polished manners, and a kind humble heart; manifesting primitive piety, and a heavenly mind; * passing his time among his books, in cultivating choice flowers, and in friendly intercourse with his parishioners and near neighbours. Carisbrooke reckons among its vicars Alexander Ross, a Scotch schoolmaster, chaplain to Charles I., † one of those laborious writers who compile huge tomes *de omni scibili*, unrelieved by a single scintillation of genius and only rescued from oblivion by his name forming a tag to one of Butler's triple rhymes:—

* His father was chaplain to Bishop Morley, of Winchester, by whom he was appointed Rector of Brighthston. When the son became Rector of Wootton, the family came over to inspect the church and the rectory. The roads being quite impassable for a carriage, the waggon employed on the glebe farm was put into requisition for the transit, the old rector sitting in his arm chair, the ladies reclining, like Jane Austen's mother on her journey to her new home, on beds and sacks; the young rector riding on horse-back. At this period early service at 4 A.M. during the harvest month was attended by the farmers and their labourers. The Waltons, in common with the clergy generally of their day, farmed their own glebe, the unmarried farm-servants living in the parsonage with the household. A gay posy was *en règle* for the Sunday costume of the parson, which when service began was laid on the reading desk.

† It is a common calumny, reported again and again till it has gained currency and belief, that the living of Carisbrooke, together with those of Niton, Whitwell, Godshill, and others, was extorted from Charles I. by the Provost and Fellows of Queen's College, Oxford, as the price of the gift of their college plate in his necessities. Dates disprove the whole story. These advowsons were given to the college by the King on the intercession of Henrietta Maria, who, as Queen Consort, was official patroness of the college, Nov. 8, 1636. The so-called "loan" of the plate took place six years afterwards, Jan. 5, 1642.

There was an ancient sage philosopher,
Who had read Alexander Ross over.

Hudibras.

His chief literary achievement was the continuation of Raleigh's "History of the World," Mezentius-like attaching a lifeless corpse to a living body.* Calbourne was the benefice with which, just before his death, Edward VI. rewarded Nicholas Udall, the Eton Master—the "plagousus Orbilius" of poor Thomas Tusser†—for his share in the translation of the "Paraphrases" of Erasmus, which had not undeservedly gained him ‡ a stall at Windsor the year before. May we hope Udall proved more merciful to the Isle of Wight parishioners than to his Eton scholars.

The Isle of Wight has not been fertile in native celebrities. Cole, the Provost of Eton and Dean of St. Paul's, the "Vicar of Bray" of his day, changing his faith with every change of those in authority, the preacher of the sermon when Cranmer was burnt, was a native of Godshill. The two Jameses, uncle and nephew, once well-known as scholars, controversial divines, bibliophilists, and antiquarians, were born at Newport. The elder, Dr. Thomas James, assisted Sir Thomas Bodley materially in the formation of the library at Oxford that immortalizes his name, of which he was the first keeper, and, in 1605, drew up the first catalogue.§ His nephew Robert did like service to Selden in illustrating the Arundel Marbles, and to Sir Robert Cotton in the arrangement of his famous MS. library. Newport at the same time furnished Elizabeth with three of her most trusted servants—"one," as she used to say, "for her soul, one for her body, and one for her goods," all sons of tradesmen—Dr. Edes, Dean of Worcester, her Chaplain; Dr. James, her Physician in

Ordinary; and Sir Thomas Fleming, her Solicitor. They owed their promotion to the influence of Ursula, Lady Walsingham, the widow of Richard Worsley. Sir Thomas Fleming, whose base sycophancy, and the readiness with which he lent himself as a tool of the Crown in its illegal exactions, raised him to the high place of Lord Chief Justice of England, was the son of a mercer. Fleming is chiefly, and that infamously, notorious for his judgment in the great case of Impositions, fully as important in the opinion of the late Lord Campbell as "Hampden's case of Ship-money, though not so celebrated, from having been long acquiesced in to the destruction of public liberty," by which it was laid down that the king might impose whatever duties he pleased on imports. James I., on hearing of this judgment, declared that he was "a judge to his heart's content."*

The most truly great name in the annals of the Isle of Wight is that of the regenerator of public-school education in England, who first taught schoolmasters to look upon their pupils as moral and spiritual beings with characters to be moulded and souls to be trained, Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, who was born, June 13th, 1795, at Slatwoods in East Cowes, where his father was Collector of Customs. Dean Stanley records in his biography that shoots of a great willow-tree, still remaining here, were transplanted by Arnold to his successive homes at Laleham, Rugby, and Fox How.† The Isle of Wight has also given to England one of the chief female educators of our day, Miss Elizabeth Sewell, whose writings have exercised so beneficial an influence over the minds and hearts of the young, not here only, but in America and wherever the English language is known.

Although the island cannot claim him as a native, it has been so long the chosen home of the Laureate, that it will ever be inseparably connected with the name of Tennyson. Farringford, "where," to quote his own words,—

* Ross was also the author of *Πανόρεια*, "A View of all Religions," "Virgilius Evangelizans," and a host more of long since forgotten works.

† "From Paules I went, to Eaton sent,
To learne straight waies, the Latin praises,
When fiftie three stripes given to me
At once I had.
For fault but small or none at all
It came to pass thus beat'I was.
See Udall see the mercie of thee
To mee poore lad!"

Five Hundreth Points of Good Husbandrie.

‡ "The 'Paraphrase' and Notes of Erasmus, in my judgment, was the most important book even of his day. We must remember that it was almost legally adopted by the Church of England."—Milman "Latin Christianity," vol. vi. p. 624.

§ Camden, speaking of him in his lifetime, calls him "a learned man and true lover of books wholly dedicated to learning; who is now laboriously searching the libraries of England, and proposeth that for the public good which will be for the great benefit of England."

* Fleming purchased the monastic properties of Carisbrooke and Quarr on easy terms. Sir J. Oglander records with one of his characteristic groans:—"Sir H. Fleming bought Quarr for nothing. So you may see that great abbey of Quarr, founded by Baldwin Ryvers, is come now to the posterities of a merchant of Newport. O temporal O mores!"

† "Slatwoods," writes Dr. Arnold to his sister, Mrs. Buckland, "was deeply interesting. I thought of what Fox How might be to my children forty years hence. But Fox How cannot be to them what Slatwoods is to me—the only home of my childhood."—Arnold's "Life and Correspondence," vol. ii. p. 46.

Far from noise and smoke of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown,
All round a careless ordered garden,
Close to the ridge of a noble down ;

and

Groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blasts of winter, stand ;
And further, on the hoary channel,
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand ;

nestles among its noble trees — not pines only — in a daffodil-bestrewn park, beneath the shelter of the huge chalk down that towers between it and Fresh-water Bay. The whole south-eastern coast of the island lies here stretched out to the eye, with its wide sweeping bays and projecting headlands, ending in the grand embattled face of St. Catherine's Down crowned by its little mediæval lighthouse.

The only independent monastic foundation in the Isle of Wight was that erected at Quarr by Baldwin de Redvers, Earl of Devon and Exeter, the second Lord of Wight of that stock, in 1132, among the oak coppices that fringe the undulating shores of the Solent to the north-west of Ryde. The site of the new abbey derived its name from the quarries of freshwater limestone, the excellence of which as a building stone had been discovered in very early times, and which, by the Conqueror's grant, confirmed by the Red King (with an amusing stipulation telling of the Norman love of the chase, limiting digging for stones to spots where the thicket was low enough for the horns of a passing stag to be seen), had furnished materials to Walkelin, Bishop of Winchester, for the erection of his cathedral, and subsequently to Stigand when he transferred his see from Selsea to Chichester. Quarr was a Cistercian abbey, "the daughter of Savigny," and one of the earliest of that name in England.

The church of Quarr was the burial-place of its founder and the various members of the family. Hither, too, when her strangely chequered life ended, were brought the remains of the Princess Cecily, the third daughter of Edward IV. — "a lady not so fortunate as fair," writes Hall — from her manor-house of East Standen on St. George's Down, where, after the death of her first husband, Lord Wells, and the failure of the attempts to wed her to the heir of the Scottish Crown, she lived "not in great wealth" with her second husband, Sir John Kyme of the Lincolnshire family of that name, whom,

says Fuller, she married "rather for comfort than credit." But neither noble nor royal memories availed to save the abbey from destruction. The work of demolition begun by its first purchaser, one Mills, a tradesman of Southampton, was carried on by Sir Thomas Fleming, and has been completed almost in our own day. The fragments of the buildings now remaining are too scanty and too much mutilated to afford any sufficient clue to the style or arrangements of the fabric.

A few cells of the great Norman abbeys — Alien Priories, as they came to be called when Normans and Englishmen were no longer subjects of the same ruler — were dotted over the island. Diminutive little establishments these, supporting a prior and one or two monks, who tilled the lands and transmitted the profits of their farming to their Lord Abbot beyond seas. Carisbrooke was the chief of these miniature foundations, assigned by FitzOsbern to his Abbey of Lire. Appuldurcombe, founded by Isabella de Fortibus, as a cell of Montebourg, passed by marriage with Anne Leigh the heiress of the lessee, herself once attached to the Court as lady-in-waiting,* to Henry VIII.'s boyish friend, page to his brother Prince Arthur, James Worsley. Sir James's son Richard erected a large gabled house on the site of the priory, at which, in 1538, he received his father's friend, Henry VIII., accompanied by Lord Cromwell. This house was replaced by the present stately Corinthian mansion, standing in the midst of a park laid out by "Capability Brown," in the early part of the last century, which, after becoming the shrine of the collection of pictures, statues, and antiquities forming the celebrated "Museum Worsleianum" gathered by Sir Richard during his voyages in the Mediterranean and the Levant, has passed into other hands and only escaped demolition by being converted into a college.

Carisbrooke Castle was from the earliest times the stronghold of Wight. Very few of the military ruins of England surpass it in picturesque beauty and architectural interest. Its situation is striking, crowning a round-headed outlier of chalk, looking out over the broad, well-

* Lady Anne Worsley was one of the last pilgrims to the shrine of St. Iago at Compostella, once so fashionable a resort for English ladies. She carried with her a large train of female companions, old and young, some of whom Sir J. Oglander had seen and conversed with.

watered valley of Buccombe (Beaucombe). The shattered walls of the keep, perfect in their circumference, rise to a still greater elevation, being constructed on one of those huge conical mounds, dating from primæval times, which formed the "arx" or "acropolis" of our ancient fortresses; the *burh* of the earliest settlers. The finest feature of the exterior is the noble entrance gateway, erected by Edward IV.'s brother-in-law, Anthony Woodville, Lord Scales, and bearing his arms on its face. The Governor's Lodgings — the residence of Charles I. during the early months of his captivity, and the scene of his first abortive attempt at escape, and in which his daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, died — preserve, amid later additions and tasteless alterations, the shell of the Hall of Baldwin de Redvers, and the little chapel of Isabella de Fortibus, converted by Lord Cutts into a grand staircase. The Elizabethan apartments to the left of the entrance, to which Charles was removed for greater security, have fallen into complete ruin. The window usually shown as that by which the King attempted to escape, owes its celebrity to the invention of local guides. But it is much more picturesque than the true one, and answers the purpose of visitors and showmen just as well. Baldwin de Redvers' famous well, with its donkey working, turnspit-like, in a large wooden wheel, is too characteristic a feature of Carisbrooke Castle, and too universally famous, to be altogether passed over.* The tilt-yard where Charles, and afterwards his children, whiled away their weary hours at bowls, and the stone-faced outworks, constructed on the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada, by Giambelli,† "a subtle Mantuan," the author of the successful plan for destroying Parma's bridge at Antwerp with fireships, are rich in historical memories.

Few objects are more pleasing to the eye, as one wanders through the Isle of Wight, than the noble old greystone gabled manor-houses, now almost without exception degraded to the rank of farm-houses. One of the most picturesque of these, both in outline and position, is that of Motteston. This was the

abode of the ancient family of Cheke, from which sprang Sir John Cheke, immortalized by Milton as the tutor of Edward VI.,* and the reviver of Greek learning at the University of Cambridge. Sir John's sister, Mary Cheke, became the wife of his pupil, Cecil Lord Burghley.

A little beyond Motteston, to the west, is the manor-house of Brook, preserving some traces of its antiquity amidst the splendid addition made to it by its present owner, who here received the liberator of Italy — Garibaldi — on his visit to England in 1864. In 1499 its then owner, Dame Joanna Bowerman, entertained Henry VII., who was so much pleased with his entertainment that he presented his hostess with his drinking horn, and made her a grant of a fat buck from his forest of Parkhurst yearly.

Old beliefs and superstitions, though fast passing away, still linger on among the country folks. Older people have well-accredited stories of fairies to tell, though the jealous little people are no longer to be seen in their former haunts, having fled before the intrusion of strangers. The Isle of Wight fairies, unlike their kinsfolk in the New Forest, were all beneficent. Instead of misleading travellers, drawing them into bogs and quagmires and making themselves merry over their mishaps, the "little ladies" were wont to show benighted wanderers on the Downs the right way home, open gates for them, and perform other kindly services. They were often seen in their bright-coloured glistening attire, dancing on the smooth turf of the hill-side, or among the ruins of Quarr, one of their most favourite haunts, to music of the most entrancing sweetness. They were not an idle people, but with their own hands hollowed out their subterranean halls — one such used to be pointed out in a high bank overshadowed with ancient thorns, on the side of Arreton Down — by the aid of tiny spades and shovels. If any of these miniature tools were broken they were left outside to be mended by the farm-servant, who never failed to find on the spot next morning a heap of delicious little cakes made by fairy-hands, as payment for his service.

* Our readers will remember how the brothers Smith, when describing Yamen's fall, borrow a simile from this celebrated well: —

"And his head, as he tumbled, went nickety-nock,
Like a pebbie in Carisbrooke well."

Rejected Addresses.

† Motley's "History of the United Netherlands," vol. i. p. 190; vol. ii. p. 486.

* "Thou soul of Sir John Cheke,
Who taughtest Cambridge and King Edward Greek."
Milton, Sonnet xi.

Edward VI., according to Fuller, used to say of his tutors: "Randolph, the German, spoke honestly; Sir John Cheke talked merrily; Dr. Coxo solidly; and Sir Anthony Cooke weighingly."

Sometimes when they had any larger work of excavation on hand they would borrow the farmers' tools, never omitting to pay the hire of them in elfin confectionery. The New Forest fairy, Lawrence, who is still believed to hold lazy folks by his benumbing spell, does not seem to have crossed the water. Instead of the Hampshire proverb "Lawrence has got him," the local saying in the Isle of Wight with regard to any one suffering from a fit of idleness is, "He has got the Isle of Wight fever." Laziness is thus regarded as the physical result of the enervating climate, and the natural takes the place of the supernatural.

Of course every ancient manor-house had its ghost. The most terrible was that of the suicide, Sir Tristram Dillington, at Knighton. His shadowy form has been seen by persons yet alive wandering over the deserted terraced gardens of his demolished mansion, holding his head in his hand. The spirit of a new-born child, its long white clothes swaying in the night-wind, has scared many a belated pedestrian at the stile leading into Marvell Copse. Another ghost was in the habit of presenting itself at house-doors as a mendicant soliciting arms, revealing himself in paralyzing power to those who sent him away unrelieved. Many a sturdy tramp has secured immediate and liberal attention to his demands by the fear that if refused he would assume a ghostly form of terror, and so stiffen the joints of the hard-hearted one that they could never be bent again. Portraits often stepped out of their frames and walked about the house at dead of night. At Wootton Parsonage the ghost of Dr. Thomas Lisle, a former rector, descended from the grand old family of the De Insulas, rustled down the staircase in his sweeping silk gown and cassock at twelve o'clock. The uneasy spirit of the "wicked Queen Eleanor," whom tradition connects with the island, used to be seen wandering with wringing hands through the oak wood that bore her name — "Queen Eleanor's Grove" — near Quarr. Tales of hidden treasure also still cling to the abbey ruins. It is barely fifty years since search was made for "a gold coffin" believed to be buried there. Gold, indeed, did reward the searchers; but it was only the golden tresses of some long-departed fair one, whose nameless stone coffin was violated, and her remains dispersed.

The name of the village of Godshill preserves the still current tradition that the parish church, one of the first founded

in the island, was to have been built in the valley, but that unseen hands — believed to be those of angels — every night undid the work of the previous day, and carried the stones to the summit of the green knoll, where, conspicuous for miles around, the sacred edifice now stands.

Old customs and ceremonies still linger. At Shrovetide parties of boys and girls go about "a-shroving," that is, begging for something to eat and drink, or some small dole in money at the various houses they visit, chanting the rude refrain: —

I be come a-shroving, a-shroving,
A bit of bread or a bit of cheese, or a bit of
good fat bacon;
A pancake or a truffle cheese, or a bit of your
own baking;
I'd rather have than not at all, a bit of your
own baking, &c.

If the house-door remains shut to their request, they leave it with a voiley of stones and clods.

At Yarmouth, on New Year's Day, the children used to parade the town singing a snatch of old-world verse, so pretty as to be worth preserving: —

Wassail, wassail to your town,
The cup is white, and the ale is brown;
The cup is made of the ashén tree,
And so is the ale of good barley.
Little maid, little maid, turn the pin,
Open the door and let me in;
God be here, and God be there,
We wish you all a happy new year.

Old women go about a-gooding on St. Thomas's Day, and at Christmas "the Mummers" present themselves at the door, decked out with tawdy finery and tinsel. The rude drama they act is, in the main, the same found in most parts of England, grossly interpolated with modern allusions, representing a fight between St. George and the Moslem.

Some of the old customs at funerals were long preserved here, and perhaps have not yet died out. Sprigs of rosemary, as at the funeral in Hogarth's "Harlot's Progress," were handed round to the mourners before the corpse left the dwelling. Each carried one, and at the conclusion of the service dropped them on the coffin in the grave. Cakes flavoured with spice and rosemary were handed round with the sprigs, and the day succeeding the funeral half-a-dozen wrapped in white linen were left at the clergyman's house. Weddings were frequently celebrated on Sunday mornings before service. When the ceremony was over, the happy pair separated, and the division of

the sexes in church being still maintained, the bride quietly stepped across to her usual seat on the women's side, the bridegroom taking his own among the men. We question whether after so engrossing a ceremony the newly-married pair could have given much account of the sermon.

In consequence of the badness of the roads, wheel-carriages formerly scarcely existed in the island. Everybody who travelled at all travelled on horseback; "Madam," the rector's wife, sitting behind the well-bewigged divine on the pillion, with as much composure as "Gammer" from the farm with her basket of butter and eggs. A single one-horse chaise at Newport was, a century since, the only vehicle for hire in the whole island. The driver walked at his horse's head, leading his animal by a leather-strap. When any of the Newport tradesmen's wives had occasion to make use of this vehicle, it was always — so true to nature is Cowper's Mrs. Gilpin — to avoid observation and ill-natured comment, driven a little way out of the town for the parties to get in. When, in 1758,* an enterprising landlord of the "Bugle" set up a post-chaise, the wise men of the town shook their heads at so great an extravagance, portending his speedy ruin.

And now to turn to the provincialisms of the island. A number of fine old words, familiar to us in Shakespeare and other earlier poets, survive in the common speech of the people, though, alas! not so frequent as they once were. The boys still "miche" (play truant), and set up "gally-crows" in the field to "gally" (scare away) the birds, and talk of the jay and magpie as "prankit" (variegated). The labourer takes his "dew-bit" (the first light breakfast), puts on his "stroggs" (leggings), and repairs to the "barton" (strawyard), to look after the "mud calves" (weaned calves), and after he has "tighted the heft of his zull" (fastened the handle of his plough), climbs the "shute" (steep ascent, *chute* Fr.) at the top of the "butt" (a small enclosed meadow), and having "lopped" (scrambled) over the fence, begins to grub up the "mores" (roots) in the "shamble" (rough neglected ground), between the "lynch" (a long narrow coppice) and the "slink" (a slip of a field). When he begins to feel "lere" (empty), he sits under

the "lewth" (shelter) of the "rew" (strip of wood) and eats his "nammet" (noon-meal), while the "wosbirds" (wasps) are buzzing about him; and his lank "scaithy" (filching) whelp watches anxiously for his share of the meal. One who is hard of hearing is as "dunch as a plock" (deaf as a block); cows when dry are "azew;" a bundle swinging lightly at the end of a stick is said to "bome;" a small farm is a "bargain;" the churchyard is almost invariably the "litten" in the country districts; "a dúver" is a sandy flat by the sea-side; meat is said to "plim" when it swells in cooking; a pitcher is a "pill;" the wick of a candle is "a wind-let;" an apple "turnover" is a "stuckling;" sufferers under a shivering fit of the ague, "jower;" a weakly child is spoken of as "tew" or "tewly."

Some words suffer metathesis in the ordinary Isle of Wight speech. A man speaks of being "wotshed" instead of wetshod; great becomes "girt;" pretty, "pirty;" and the dusk of evening is hardly recognizable under the form "duks."

Of the chief centres of population, Newport is the only one which, in spite of its name, can boast of any antiquity. Compared, indeed, with the hoar antiquity of Carisbrooke and Brading, the "Novus burgus" of Richard de Redvers is a thing of yesterday. But it can claim seven centuries of existence, and may therefore look down with justifiable pride on the modern creations of fashion and pleasure that are rivalling or surpassing it in population. Founded by the first lord of the De Redvers stock in the reign of Henry I., and built, like Exeter, Lewes, and so many of our ancient towns, just where the river ceases to be tidal, Newport, the "new haven" of the Castle of Carisbrooke, received its first charter from his great grandson and namesake, Richard, and obtained continually increasing privileges from its subsequent lords. It is a neat, quiet, little town, laid out by its founder in four chief streets intersecting in the centre, with back streets running parallel to them behind, affording each "place," or building lot, the convenience of a double entrance. Except the Grammar School, with its sad memories of Charles I., and the abortive negotiations between him and his Parliament; and the richly-decorated new church, of which the chief ornament is the chaste recumbent statue of the Princess Elizabeth; and a feeble classical Town-hall, the work of Nash, Newport

* "This was the year in which the first private carriage was set up in Manchester by some specially luxurious individual, none having been previously kept by any person in business there." — Smiles's "Engineers," vol. i. p. 342.

has no public buildings that deserve a moment's attention. Nor are its historical memories such as to compensate for the want of architectural attractiveness. Beyond its cruel devastation by the French late in the fourteenth century, the reminiscences of Charles I., and an attempted rising in his favour by Capt. Burley in 1647, Newport offers nothing worth record.

Ryde, the second town in the island in dignity, the first in population, was in very early times a place of importance as one of the chief points of communication with the mainland. Its name, related to the Celtic Rhyd, a ford, a crossing (an element we find in Augustoritum, Camboritum, &c.), indicates its character. But it was a mere place of passage, with a few fishermen's huts on the beach and a small group of houses on the top of the hill above, and even as late as 1665 its population scarcely exceeded 200.* Within the present century the two villages of Upper and Lower Ryde were still separated by corn-fields; and wheat-crops were reaped where the shops of Union Street display their brilliant and tempting wares. Bitter enmity existed between the neighbours, breaking out as occasion offered into open hostilities, when a party would sally forth from the lower to do battle with sticks and stones with the lads of the upper town, or the upper would send down a detachment to take reprisals on their 'longshore enemies.

We are indebted to the satirical pen of Fielding, who was unwillingly detained here on his voyage to Lisbon, for a picture of Ryde in 1759. Our readers may be glad to be reminded of the life-like pictures drawn by the great novelist of Mrs. Francis, his extortionate and shrewish landlady, and her stolid complaisant husband, who "wished not for anything, thought not of anything, — indeed, scarce did anything, or said anything," — replying to all Fielding's remonstrances with, "I don't know anything about it, Sir; I leaves all that to my wife:" of her tumble-down tenement, the best inn that Ryde then afforded, "built with the materials of a wreck, sunk down with age on one side, and in the form of a ship with gun-wales," — of her bills, with their daily-increasing tariff, "a pennyworth of fire rated to-day at a shilling, to-morrow at eighteen pence," — "two dishes dressed for two shillings on Saturday, and half-a-

crown charged for the cooking of one on Sunday;" — of her indignant retort to Fielding's remonstrance — "Candles! why, yes, to be sure; why should not travellers pay for candles? I am sure I pay for mine;" and of her closing lamentations at the smallness of her bill, after every charge which a landlady's ingenuity could invent or a landlady's conscience allow had been introduced, — "She didn't know that she had omitted anything, *but it was but a poor bill for gentlefolks to pay.*"

If the members of the Yacht Squadron, whose trim craft give so much life and animation to its waters, and whose annual Regatta collects so much of the wealth and fashion of the land, or the gay crowds who throng the pier in every variety of fashionable costume, were to have a view of Ryde as it appeared to Fielding, they would not easily recognize their favourite resort. The "impassable gulf of deep mud, which could neither be traversed by walking nor swimming," no friendly pier yet crossing its treacherous surface, rendered Ryde "for near one-half of the twenty-four hours inaccessible by friend or foe." Until the present pier was opened in 1815 the way of approach was that commemorated by Marryat in his "Poor Jack;" when "the wherries came in as far as they could, and were met by a horse and cart, which took out the passengers and carried them through the mud and water to the hard ground." Amusing tales are still told of inconvenient accidents occasioned by jibbing or unruly horses, or the loss of the "cart-pins," which involved the precipitation of the whole freight backwards into the ooze and slime.

Cowes, which was an earlier yachting centre, and still claims official precedence of Ryde in this respect, cannot go back, as a town, beyond the latter part of the sixteenth century. The two forts, seen and described by Leland, very soon after their erection by Henry VIII. from the materials of Beaulieu Abbey, —

The two great Cows that in loud thunder roar,
This on the eastern, that on the western shore,
gave the name to the locality, which has been transferred to the little town that gradually, after the erection of a Custom-house for the Island in 1575, clustered round the western Cow or fort. Its convenience as a port and harbor and landing-place was soon recognized, and its growth in prosperity, though not rapid, has been solid and steady. Of late years

* The population of Ryde at the last census amounted to 11,234.

the residence of Her Majesty and the Royal Family at Osborne has supplied an additional stimulus to the commercial activity of West Cowes, and of her younger sister on the eastern bank. Cowes is a very attractive place when seen from the water. The houses climb up a steep wooded hill rising from the water, crowned by a stately church and a number of handsome villas. But the favourable impression is hardly maintained on landing. Henry VIII.'s block-house has become the Yacht Club-house.

Returning to the eastern side of the island, the decayed corporate town of Brading, with its grey spire-crowned church, its half-timbered houses, crumbling town-hall, bull-ring and stocks, seems to belong a bygone age. It will always possess an interest from its connection with Wilfrid, the Evangelist of the island; but there is not much to make us linger, and we pass on after casting a glance over the broad tidal-basin, Brading Haven, into which the silver Yar, after forcing its way through the chalk downs, expands before it joins the sea, and reflecting how greatly the prospect would have lost in beauty if Sir Hugh Myddleton's engineering operations for draining the haven, and converting it into corn-fields and pastures, had not been allowed to become abortive through the want of decision and energy on the part of its promoters.

While Brading has been sinking, her daughters of Sandown and Shanklin have been rising, and the once tiny villages — Sandown, indeed, was no more than a cluster of fishermen's cottages with a humble way-side inn — have assumed the aspect and importance of considerable towns.

The bright, cheerful little town of Sandown, with its fine expanse of dry level sand, peopled in the summer and autumn months with tribes of happy children who, like those who frolicked on the shores of the Ægean three thousand years ago,

In wanton play with hands and feet o'erthrow
The mound of sand which late in play they
raised, —

Iliad, xv. 424, 425. — Lord Derby's Translation.

is inseparably connected with the memory of John Wilkes, of the "North Briton," who may be said to have discovered the place, and who by the erection of his "Villakin" in 1788, which he never tired of praising and adorning, first showed it

to be a possible residence for a gentleman. Wilkes's letters to his daughter are full of amusing descriptions of the place and his neighbours, his difficulty in obtaining provisions, his love for the feathered tribes, the kindness of the gentry of the vicinity in supplying his wants, his visits to them and theirs to him. One Sunday, he tells his "dear Polly," going over to church at Shanklin, he met Garrick and his charming wife, who took him back with them to Mr. Fitzmaurice's seat at Knighton, at which they were staying. Here he found Sir Richard Worsley and some of his Neapolitan acquaintances. Sir Richard engaged him to visit him at Appuldurcombe on the Monday, where he entertained "the whole Knighton set" at a grand breakfast, "Mrs. Garrick, as usual, the most captivating of the whole circle." Wilkes numbered the Hills of St. Boniface, the Bassetts, the Oglanders, and all the leading island gentry among his associates; and we gather from this correspondence a very pleasing idea of the genial and refined hospitality which prevailed among them. The fort at Sandown, erected by Henry VIII., once washed away by the sea, and only saved from the same fate a second time by very expensive engineering works, not long since boasting of a well-salaried governor, has been finally pulled down in our own day, and a new fort erected of granite cased with iron, as one member of the formidable and costly line of coast defences, by which it is fondly hoped the Isle of Wight has been rendered impregnable.

Lovely as Shanklin is, and must ever remain with its chine, its cliffs, and its woods, in spite of the worst that enterprising house-builders have done and are doing to vulgarize it, it must not detain us. We may, however, remark in passing that Shanklin was one of the strongholds of Jacobitism in the Isle of Wight. The old summer-house in the Manor House garden is still pointed out in which meetings of the adherents of the exiled royal family used to be held, and at which, with the old Squire of Shanklin at their head, the island gentlemen would drink the health of Charles Edward on bended knee.* In later years, before it

* A century ago, in the days of the old squires, Shanklin is described as a Utopia of friendship and mutual good will. "The inhabitants," writes Hassell, "are like one large family. Ill nature is not known among them. Obliging in the extreme, they seem to be the happiest when their visitants are best pleased." Nor was Shanklin peculiar in this respect. The quiet villages of the island, where the gentry had lived for

had become so crowded a resort, Shanklin was a very favourite place for Oxford reading parties. Bishops Hampden and Hinds passed the long vacation of 1812 here, "occupied," writes the former, "with our books the greater part of every day, and having no recreation beyond a *tête-à-tête* walk along the sea-shore: never even making an excursion into other parts of the attractive scenery of the island." They had been preceded by their friend, Archbishop Whately, who read here for his Oriel Fellowship.

We must, however unwillingly, leap over the exquisite scenery between Shanklin and Ventnor: Luccombe with its bowl-shaped chine and rude fishermen's huts, full of charms to the landscape-painter; the romantic ruin of the East-end Landslip, created within living memory by the subsidence of the inferior strata; Bonchurch, the portal of the Undercliff, with its cliff walls and rugged, isolated rocks, and sheltered nooks, and picturesque residences, "in the very style a poet would have imagined and a painter designed;"* still, in Dr. Arnold's words, "the most beautiful place on the sea-coast on this side Genoa"†—and devote a few closing words to Ventnor—the Metropolis of the Undercliff. Forty years since this now large and flourishing town was the tiniest of fishing hamlets. A group of low-thatched cottages on the shore of the Cove, a picturesque mill hanging on the steep cliff above, down which the mill-stream dashed in a pretty cascade; a low-roofed wayside inn, the thatch of which a tall man could easily reach; and a humble dwelling or two hard by, formed the whole of Ventnor. And such it might have remained had not the late distinguished physician, Sir James Clark, discovered the curative power of its genial climate in pulmonary disease, and recommended it as a winter resort for invalids. Consumptive patients resorted to Ventnor in crowds. Its praises as the "English Madeira" were said and sung by grateful visitors, and the place speedily sprang into eminence and celebrity as one of the best of

the health resorts of Southern England. And if the fashion has in some measure turned, and Bournemouth and other younger rivals are rivalling, or even surpassing Ventnor in public estimation, the logic of facts will ever continue to argue very strongly in favour of it as a residence for the invalid who seeks to escape the cold blasts of our northern winter, and the still more perilous alternations of our treacherous spring, without the fatigue of foreign travel, and the numberless miseries inseparable from a winter passed where English comforts are unknown. The Registrar-General's returns prove that Ventnor almost bears the palm of all English health-resorts. Its microscopic mortality, notwithstanding the large number of consumptive patients carried there in the final stages of their insidious disease simply to die, is a triumphant proof of the remarkable salubrity of this favoured locality. While on this subject we must not omit to call attention to the most recent development of sanitary agencies, whose beneficent object is to place the benefits of the genial climate of the Undercliff within the reach of a class which without such help must be permanently shut out from them. We refer to the National Consumption Hospital erected on the cottage or detached block system in one of the most beautiful and sheltered spots in the Undercliff, of which the first stone was laid two years since by the Princess Louise on behalf of her royal mother, who from the first has manifested a warm interest in its success, and which is entering on a career of extensive usefulness destined long to perpetuate the name of its energetic originator, Dr. Arthur Hill Hassall.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER.

CHAPTER XIX.

AFTER this curious meeting Val paid several visits to the little corner house; so many, indeed, that his tutor interfered, as he had a perfect right to do, and reproached him warmly for his love of low society, and for choosing companions who must inevitably do him harm. Mr. Grinder was quite right in this, and I hope the tutors of all our boys would do exactly the same in such a case; but Val, I am afraid, did not behave so

generations in the midst of their humbler friends and dependents, knowing everybody and manifesting a kindly interest in all, formed much such parochial Goshens as the gentle Mary Leadbeater describes Ballitore before the Irish Insurrection. "When the temporary absence of a neighbour caused a shade of gloom, and his return a ray of sunshine; when the sickness or misfortune of one was felt by sympathy through the whole body."—*Leadbeater Papers and Correspondence*.

* Sterling.

† "Arnold's Life and Correspondence," vol. ii. p. 45.

respectfully as he ought, and indeed was insubordinate and scarcely gentlemanly, Mr. Grinder complained. The young tutor, who had been an Eton boy himself not so very long before, had inadvertently spoken of poor Dick as a "Brocas cad." Now I am not sufficiently instructed to know what special ignominy, if any, is conveyed by this designation; but Val flamed up as he did on rare occasions, his fury and indignation being all the greater that he usually managed to restrain himself. He spoke to Mr. Grinder as a pupil ought not to have done. He informed him that if he knew Dick he never would speak of him in such terms; and if he did not know him, he had no right to speak at all, not being in the least aware of the injustice he was doing. There was a pretty business altogether between the high-spirited impetuous boy and the young man who had been too lately a boy himself to have much patience with the other. Mr. Grinder all but "complained of" Val—an awful proceeding, terminating in the block, and sudden execution in ordinary cases—a small matter enough with most boys, but sufficiently appalling to those who had attained such a position as Val's, high up in school; and intolerable to his impetuous temperament. This terrible step was averted by the interposition of mediators, by the soft words of old Mrs. Grinder, who was Val's "dame," and other friends. But Mr. Grinder wrote a letter to Rossraig on the subject, which gave Lady Eskside more distress and trouble than anything which had happened to her for a long time. If she had got her will, her husband would have gone up instantly to inquire into the matter, and it is possible that the identity of Dick and his mother might have been discovered at once, and some future complications spared. The old lady wrung her hands and wept salt tears over the idea that "his mother's blood" was asserting itself thus, and that her son Richard's story might be about to be repeated again, but with worse and deeper shades of misery. Lord Eskside, however, who had been so much disturbed by dangers which affected her very lightly, was not at all moved by this. He demurred completely to the idea of going to Eton, but agreed that Val himself should be written to, and explanations asked. Val wrote a very magnificent letter in reply, as fine a production as ever sixteen (but he was seventeen by this time) put forth. He related with dignity how he had encountered a friendly

boy on the river's side who helped him when his boat swamped—how he had discovered that he was an admirable fellow, supporting his old mother, and in want of work—how he had exerted himself to procure work for this deserving stranger, and how he had gone to his house two or three times to see how he was getting on. "I have been lending him books," wrote Val, "and doing what I could to help him to get on. His master, who took him on my recommendation, and Lichen's (you know Lichen? the captain of the boats) says he never had such a good man in his place: and I have thought it was my duty to help him on. If you and grandmamma think I ought not to do so," Valentine concluded majestically, "I confess I shall be very sorry; for Brown is one of the best fellows that was ever born." Lady Eskside wept when she read this letter—tears of joy, and pride, and happy remorse at having thought badly of her boy. She wrote him such a letter as moved even Val's boyish insensibility, with a ten-pound note in it, with which she intrusted him to buy something for his *protégé*. "It is like your sweet nature to try to help him," she said; "and oh, Val, my darling, I am so ashamed of myself for having a momentary fear!" Mr. Grinder had a somewhat cold response from Lord Eskside, but not so trenchant as my lady would have wished it. "We are very much obliged to you for your care," said the old lord; "but I think Valentine has given such good reasons for his conduct that we must not be hard upon him. Of course nothing of this sort should be allowed to go too far." Thus Val was victorious; but I am glad to have to tell of him that as soon as he was sure of this, he went off directly and begged Mr. Grinder's pardon. "I had no right, sir, to speak to you so," said the boy. They were better friends ever after, I believe; and for a long time Lady Eskside was not troubled with any terrors about Val's "mother's blood!"

All this time Dick "got on" so, that it became a wonder to see him. He had finished Val's carving long ago, and presented it to his gracious patron, declining with many blushes the "five bob" which he had been promised. Before he was eighteen he had grown, in virtue of his absolute trustworthiness, to be the first and most important ministrant at the "rafts." Everbody knew him, everybody liked him. So far as young squires and lordlings constitute that desirable

thing, Dick lived in the very best society ; his manners ought to have been good, for they were moulded on the manners of our flower of English youth. I am not very sure myself that he owed so much to this (for Eton boys, so far as I have seen, have a quite extraordinary resemblance to other boys) as to his naturally sweet and genial temper, his honest and generous humbleness and unselfishness. Dick Brown was the very last person Dick thought of, whatever he might happen to be doing — and this is the rarest of all qualities in youth. Then he was so happy in having his way, and “a house,” and in overcoming his mother’s fancy for constant movement, that his work was delightful to him. It was hard work, and entailed a very long strain of his powers — too long, perhaps, for a growing boy — but yet it was pleasant, and united a kind of busy play with continuous exertion. All summer long he was on the river-side, the busiest of lads or men, in noiseless boating-shoes, and with a dress which continually improved till Dick became the nattiest as well as the handiest of his kind. He had a horror of everything that was ugly and dirty : when the others lounged about in their hour’s rest, while their young clients were at school, Dick would be hot about something ; — painting and rubbing the old boats, scraping the oars, bringing cleanliness, and order, and that bold kind of decoration which belongs to boat-building, to the resuscitation of old gigs and “tubs” which had seemed good for nothing. He would even look after the flowers in the little strip of garden, and sow the seeds, and trim the border, while he waited, if there happened to be no old boats to cobble. He was happy when the sun shone upon nothing but orderliness and (as he felt it) beauty. In his own rooms this quality of mind was still more apparent. I have said that he and his mother lived with Spartan simplicity. This enabled him to do a great deal more with his wages than his more luxurious companions. First, comforts, and then superfluities — elegances, if we may use the word — began to flow into the room. The elegances, perhaps, were not very elegant at first, but his taste improved at the most rapid rate. When he had nothing better to do, he would go and take counsel with Fullady the wood-carver, and get lessons from him, helping now and then at a piece of work, to the astonishment of his master. In the evening he carved small pieces of furniture, with

which he decorated his dwelling. In winter he was initiated into the mysteries of boat-building, and worked at this trade with absolute devotion and real enjoyment. In short, Dick’s opinion was that nobody so happy as himself had ever lived — his work was as good as play, and better, he said ; and he was paid for doing what it gave him the greatest pleasure to do — a perennial joke with the gentle fellow. In all this prosperity Dick never forgot his first patron. When Val rowed, Dick ran by the bank shouting till he was hoarse. When Val was preferred to be one of the sublime Eight, who are as gods among men, he went almost out of his wits with pride and joy. “*We’ll* win now, sure enough, at Henley !” he said to his mother, with unconscious appropriation of the possessive pronoun. But when Dick heard of the squabble between Val and his tutor, his good sense showed at once. He took his young patron a step aside, taking off his hat with almost an exaggeration of respect — “Don’t come to our house again, sir,” he said ; “the gentleman is in the right. You are very kind to be so free with me, to talk and make me almost a friend ; but it wouldn’t do if every Eton gentleman were to make friends with the fellows on the water-side — the gentleman is in the right.”

“My people don’t think so, Brown,” cried Val ; “look here, what has been sent me to get you something,” and he showed his ten-pound note.

Dick’s eyes flashed with eager pleasure, not for the money, though even that was no small matter. “I don’t understand,” he added, after a moment, shaking his head. “I don’t think they’d like it either, if they knew. You must have been giving too good an account, sir, of mother and me.”

Val only laughed, and crushed the crisp bank-note into the pocket of his trousers. “I mean to spend it for you on Monday, when I am going to town on leave,” he said. He was going to see Miss Percival, his grandmother’s friend. And, in fact, he did buy Dick a number of things, which seemed to his youthful fancy appropriate in the circumstances. He bought him some books, a few of those standard works which Val knew ought to be in everybody’s library, though he did not much trouble them himself ; and a capital box of tools, and drawing materials, for Dick had displayed some faculty that way. Both the boys were as happy as possible — the one in bestowing, the

other in receiving, this gift. Lady Esk-side's present gave them both the deepest pleasure, though she was so far from knowing who was the recipient of her bounty. "Brown," said Val, solemnly, after they had enjoyed the delight of going over every separate article, and examining and admiring it — "Brown, you mind what I am going to say. You must rise in the world; you have made a great deal of progress already, and you must make still more. Heaps of fellows not half so good as you have got to be rich, and raised themselves by their exertions. You must improve your mind; and you must take the good of every advantage that offers, and rise in the world."

"I'll try, sir," said Dick, with the cheeriest laugh. He was ready to have promised to scale the skies, if Val had recommended it. He arranged his books carefully in a little bookcase he had made, which was far handsomer than the old one which had received the yellow volumes — overflowings of Val's puerile library. I am not sure that Macaulay and Gibbon instructed him much more than the "Headless Horseman" had done. His was not a mind which was much affected by literature; he cared more for doing than for reading, and liked his box of tools better than his library. Musing over his work, he revolved many things in his head, and got to have very just views about many matters in which his education had been a blank; but he did not get his ideas out of books. That was not a method congenial to him, though he would have acknowledged with respect that it was most probably the right way. But anyhow, Val had done his duty by his *protégé*. He had put into his hands the means of rising in the world, and he had suggested this ambition. Whatever might happen hereafter, he had done his best.

And Dick's mother continued contented also, which was a perpetual wonder to him. She weathered through the winter, though Dick often watched her narrowly, fearing a return to her old vagrant way. When Val's boat disappeared from the river with all the others, she was indeed restless for a little while; but it was, as it happened, just about that time when Val took to visiting the little corner house, and these visits kept her in a visionary absorption, always afraid, yet always glad, when he came. In spring she was again somewhat alarming to her son, moving so restlessly in the small space they had, and looking out so wistfully from the window, that he trembled to

hear some suggestion of fresh wandering. All that she asked, however, was, When did the boats go up for the first time? a question which Dick answered promptly.

"On the 1st of March, mother. I wish it was come," cried Dick, with animation.

"And so do I," she said, with musing eyes fixed on the river; then alarmed, perhaps, lest he should question her, she added hastily, "It is cheery to see the boats."

"So it is," said Dick, "especially for you, mother, who go out so seldom. You should take a walk along the banks; it's cheerful always. I don't think you half know how pretty it is."

She shook her head. "I am not one for walks," she said, with a half smile — "not for pleasure, Dick. Since I've given up our long tramps, I don't feel to care for moving. I'm getting old, I think."

"Old!" said Dick, cheerily; "it will be time enough to think of that in twenty years."

"Twenty years is a terrible long time," she said, with a little shiver; "I hope I'll be dead and gone long before that."

"I wish you wouldn't speak so, mother."

"Ah, but it's true. My life ain't much good to any one," she said. "I am not let to live in my own way, and I can't live in any other. If God would take me, it would be for the best. Then I might have another chance."

"Mother, you break my heart," cried Dick, with a face full of anxiety, throwing away his tools, and coming up to her. "Do you mean that it is I that won't let you live your own way?"

"I don't blame nobody but myself — no; you've been a good boy — a very good boy — to me," she cried; "better, a long way, than I've been to you."

"Mother," said the lad, laying his hand on her shoulder, his face flushing with emotion, "if it's hard upon you like this — if you want to start off again —"

"No, I don't, I don't," she said with suppressed passion; then falling back into her old dreamy tone — "So the boats go up on the 1st of March? and that's Monday. To see 'em makes the river cheery. I'm a little down with the winter and all; but as soon as I see 'em, I'll be all right."

"Please God, mother," said pious Dick, going back to his carving. He was satisfied, but yet he was startled. For, after all, why should she care so much about the boats?

This 1st of March inaugurated Val's last summer on the river — at least, on

this part of the river, for he had still Oxford and its triumphs in prospect. That "summer half" was his last in Eton, and naturally he made the most of it. Val had, as people say, "done very well" at school. He was not a brilliant success, but still he had done very well, and his name in the school list gave his grandparents great pleasure. Lord Eskside kept a copy of that little *brochure* on his library table, and would finger it half consciously many a time when some county magnate was interviewing the old lord. Val's name appeared in it like this: * Ross, (5) 7. Now this was not anything like the stars and ribbons of the name next above his, which was B * Robinson (19) a; for I do not mean to pretend that he was very studious, or had much chance of being in the Select for the Newcastle Scholarship (indeed he missed this distinction, though he went in for it gallantly, without being, however, much disappointed by his failure). To be sure, I have it all my own way in recording what Val did at Eton, since nobody is likely nowadays, without hard labour in the way of looking up old lists, to be in a position to contradict me. But he had the privilege of writing his letters upon paper bearing the mystic monogram of Pop.—*i.e.*, he was a member of *Eton Society*, which was a sure test of his popularity; and he was privileged in consequence to walk about with a cane, and to take part in debates on very abstruse subjects (I am not quite sure which privilege is thought the most important), and received full recognition as "a swell,"—a title which, I am happy to say, bears no vulgar interpretation at Eton, as meaning either rank or riches. And he was a very sublime sight to see on the 4th of June, the great Eton holiday, both in the morning, when he appeared in school in court dress—breeches and black silk stockings—and delivered one of those "Speeches" with which Eton upon that day delights such members of the fashionable world as can spare a summer morning out of the important business of the season; and in the evening, when he turned out in still more gorgeous array, stroke of the best boat on the river, and a greater personage than it is easy for a grown-up and sober-minded imagination to conceive.

It happened that this particular year Mr. Pringle was in London upon some business or other, and had brought his daughter Violet with him to see the world. Vi was seventeen, and being an only daughter, and the chief delight of her parents' hearts, and pride of her brothers',

big and little, was already "out," though many people shook their heads at Mrs. Pringle's precipitancy in producing her daughter. Violet's hair was somewhat darker now that it was turned up, but showed the pale golden hue of her childhood still in the locks which, when the wind blew upon her, would shake themselves out in little rings over her ears and round her pretty forehead. Her eyes were as dark and liquid as they had been when she was a child, with a wistful look in them, which was somewhat surprising, considering how entirely happy a life she had led from her earliest breath, surrounded with special love and fondness; but so it was, account for it who will. Those eyes that shone out of her happy youthful face were surely conscious of some trouble, which, as it did not exist in the present, must be to come, and which, with every pretty look, she besought and entreated you to ward off from her, to help her through. But a happy little maiden was Vi, looking through those pretty eyes, surprised and sweet, at London—tripping everywhere by her proud father's side, with her hand on his arm, looking at the fine pictures, looking at the fine people and the fine horses in the Park, and going over the sights as innocent country people do when such a happy chance as a child to take about happens to them. Some one suggested to Mr. Pringle the fact of the Eton celebration during this pleasant course of dissipation, and Vi's eyes lighted up with a sweet glow of pleasure beyond words when it was finally decided that they were to go. They went to "Speeches" in the morning—that august ceremonial—and heard Val speak, and a great many more. Violet confined her interest to the modern languages which she understood; but Mr. Pringle felt it incumbent upon him to look amused at the jokes in Greek, which, I fear, the poor gentleman in reality knew little more about than Vi did. But the crowning glory of the morning was that Val in his "speaking clothes" (and very speaking, very telling articles they were, in Violet's eyes at least) walked with them, bareheaded, with the sun shining on his dark curls, the same bold brown boy who had carried off the little girl from the Hewan six years before, though by this time much more obsequious to Vi. He showed himself most willing and ready all day to be the cicerone of "his cousins;" and when in the evening, Violet, holding fast by her father's arm, her heart beating high with pleasures past and pleasures

to come, walked down to the rafts in company with Val in the aquatic splendours of his boating costume — straw hat wreathed with flowers, blue jacket and white trousers — the girl would have been very much unlike other girls if she had not been dazzled by this versatile hero, grand in academic magnificence in the morning, and resplendent now in the uniform of the river. "I am so sorry I can't take you out myself," said Val, "for of course I must go with my boat; but I have a man here, the best of fellows, who will row you up to Surly. Here, Brown," he cried, "get out the nicest gig you have, and come yourself — there's a good fellow. I want my cousins to see everything. Oh, I'll speak to Harry, and make it all right. I want you and nobody else," he added, looking with friendly eyes at his *protégé*. I don't think Mr. Pringle heard this address, but looking round suddenly, he saw a young man standing by Valentine whose appearance made his heart jump. "Good God!" he cried instinctively, staring at him. Dick had grown and developed in these years. He had lost altogether the slouch of the tramp, and was, if not so handsome as Val, trim and well-made, with a chest expanded by constant exercise, and his head erect with the constant habit of attention. He was dressed in one of Val's own coats, and no longer looked like a lad on the rafts. For those who did not look closely, he might have been taken for one of Val's school-fellows, so entirely had he fallen into the ways and manners of "the gentlemen." He was as fair as Val was dark, about the same height, and though not like Val, was so like another face which Mr. Pringle knew, that his heart made a jump into his mouth with wonder and terror. Perhaps he might not have remarked this likeness but for the strange association of the two lads, standing side by side as they were, and evidently on the most friendly terms. "Who is that?" cried Mr. Pringle, staring with wide-open eyes.

"It is the best fellow in the world," cried Val, laughing, as Dick sprang aside to arrange the cushions in a boat which lay alongside the raft. "He'll take you up to Surly faster than any one else on the river."

"But, Valentine — it is very kind of him," said Vi, hesitating — "but you did not introduce him to us —"

"Oh, he's not a gentleman," said Val, lightly; "that is to say," he added, seeing Dick within reach, with a hasty blush,

"he's as good in himself as any one I know; but he aint one of the fellows, Vi; he works at the rafts — his name is Brown. Now, do you think you can steer? You used to, on the water at home."

"Oh yes," said Violet, with modest confidence. Val stood and looked after them as the boat glided away up the crowded river; then he stalked along through the admiring crowd, feeling as a man may be permitted to feel who holds the foremost rank on a day of *fête* and universal enjoyment.

To him each lady's look was lent,
On him each courtier's eye was bent.

To be sure there were a great many others almost as exalted as Val; and only the initiated knew that he rowed in the Eight, and was captain of the Victory, — the best boat on the river. He stalked along to his boat, over the delicious turf of the Brocas, in the afternoon sunshine, threading his way through throngs of ladies in pretty dresses, and hundreds of white-waistcoated Etonians. How proud the small boys who knew him were, after receiving a nod from the demigod as he passed, to discourse loudly to gracious mother or eager sister, Val's style and title! "That's Ross at my dame's — he's in the Eight — he won the school sculling last summer half; and we think we'll get the House Fours, now he's captain. He's an awfully jolly fellow when you know him," crowed the small boys, feeling themselves exalted in the grandeur of this acquaintance; and the pretty sisters looked after Val, a certain awe mingling with their admiration; while Philistines and strangers, unaccompanied by even a small boy, felt nobodies, as became them. Then came the start up the river. Never was a prettier sight than this ceremonial. The river all golden with afternoon glory; the great trees on the Brocas expanding their huge boughs in the soft air, against the sky; the banks all lined with animated, bright-coloured clouds; the stream alive with attendant boats; and the great noble pile of the castle looking down serene from its height upon the children and subjects at its royal feet, making merry under its great and calm protection. It is George III.'s birthday — poor, obstinate, kindly old soul! — and this is how a lingering fragrance of kindness grows into a sort of fame. They say he was paternally fond and proud of the boys, who thus yearly, without knowing it, celebrate him still.

Dick took his boat with Val's cousins

in it up the river, and waited there among the willows, opposite the beautiful elms of the Brocas, till the "Boats" went past in gay procession. He pointed out Val's boat and Val's person to Violet with a pleasure as great as her own. "It is the best boat on the river, and he is one of the best oars," cried Dick, his honest fair face glowing with pleasure. "We all think his house must win the House Fours—they didn't last year, for Mr. Lichen was still here, and he's heavier than Mr. Ross; but Grinder's will have it this time." Dick's face so brightened with generous delight, and acquired an expression so individual and characteristic, that Mr. Pringle began to breathe freely, and to say to himself that fancy had led him astray.

"Do you belong to this place?" he asked, when they started again to follow the boats up the river in the midst of a gay flotilla, looking Dick very steadily, almost severely, in the face.

"Not by birth, sir," said Dick. "Indeed, I don't belong anywhere; but I'm settled here, I hope, for good."

"But you don't mean to say you are a boatman?" said Mr. Pringle; "you don't look like it. It must be a very precarious life."

"I am head man at the rafts," said Dick—"thanks to Mr. Ross, who got me taken on when I was a lad"—(he was eighteen then, but maturity comes early among the poor), "and we're boat-builders to our trade. You should see some of the boats we turn out, sir, if you care for such things."

"But I suppose, my man, you have had a better education than is usual?" said Mr. Pringle, looking so gravely at him that Dick thought he must disapprove of such vanities. "You don't speak in the least like the other lads about here."

"I suppose it's being so much with the gentlemen," said Dick, with a smile. "I am no better than the other lads. Mr. Ross has given me books—and things."

"Mr. Ross must have been very kind to you," said Mr. Pringle, with vague suspicions which he could not define—"he must have known you before?"

"Hasn't he just been kind to me!" said Dick, a flush coming to his fair face; "an angel couldn't have been kinder! No, I never saw him till two years ago; but lucky for me, he took a fancy to me—and I, if I may make so bold as to say so, to him."

"Mr. Brown," said Violet, looking at

him with a kind of heavenly dew in her dark eyes—for to call such effusion of happiness tears would be a word out of place—"I am afraid, if we are going through the lock, I shall not be able to steer."

This was not the least what she wanted to say. What she wanted to say was, I can see you are a dear, dear, good fellow, and I love you for being so fond of Val; and how Dick should have attained to a glimmering of understanding, and known that this was what she meant, I cannot tell—but he did. Such things happen now and then even in this stupid everyday world.

"Never mind, miss," he said cheerfully, looking back at her with his sunshiny blue eyes, "I can manage. Hold your strings fast, that you may not lose them: the steerage is never much use in a lock; and if you're nervous, there's the Sergeant, who is a great friend of Mr. Ross's, will pull us through."

The lock was swarming with boats, and Violet, not to say her father, who was not quite sure about this mode of progression, looked up with hope and admiration at the erect figure of the Sergeant, brave and fine in his waterman's dress with his silver buttons, and medals of a fiercer service adorning his blue coat. The Sergeant had shed his blood for his country before he came to superintend the swimming of the favoured ones on the Thames. His exploits in the water and those of his pupils are lost to the general public, from the unfortunate fact that English prejudice objects to trammel the limbs of its *natateurs* by any garments. But literature lifts its head in unsuspected places, and the gentle reader will be pleased to learn that the Sergeant's Book on Swimming will soon make the name, which I decline to deliver to premature applauses, known over all the world. He looked to Violet, who was somewhat frightened by the crowds of boats, like an archangel in silver buttons, as he caught the boat with his long pole, and guided them safely through.

I cannot, however, describe in detail all the pretty particulars of the scene, which excited and delighted Violet more than words can tell. Her father was infinitely less interested than usual in her pleasures, having something else in his mind, which he kept turning over and over in his busy brain, while he led her round the supper-table of the boys at Surly, or held her fast during the fireworks at the end of the evening. Was

this the other? If it was the other, what motive could the Eskside people have to hide him, to keep him in an inferior station? Did Val know? and if Val knew, how could he be so rash as to present to his natural adversary a boy who had in every feature Dick Ross's face? Mr. Pringle was bewildered with these thoughts. Now and then, when Dick's face brightened into expressiveness, he said to himself that it was all nonsense, that he was crazy on this point, and that any fair lad who appeared by Val's side would immediately look like Richard in his prejudiced eyes. Altogether he was more uncomfortable than I can describe, and heartily glad when the show was over. He took Val by the arm when he came to say good-bye to them, and drew him aside for a moment.

"Does your grandfather know of your intimacy with this lad?" he asked, with the morose tone which his voice naturally took when he was excited.

"Yes, of course they do," said Val, indignant. "I never hid anything from them — why should I?"

"Who is he, then? I think I have a right to know," said Mr. Pringle.

"A right to know! I don't understand you," said Val, beginning to feel the fiery blood tingling in his veins; but he thought of Vi, and restrained himself.

"He is Brown," he said, with a laugh; "that's all I know about him. You're welcome to know as much as I do; though as for right, I can't tell who has the right. You can ask the men at the rafts, who have just the same means of information as I."

While this conversation was going on, Violet had spoken softly to Dick, "Mr. Brown," she said, being naturally respectful of all strangers, "I am so glad of what you told us about Mr. Ross."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Dick; "you could not be more glad to hear than I am to tell. I should like to let every one know that though he's only a boy, he's been the making of me."

"But — I beg your pardon — are you older than a boy?" said Vi.

Dick laughed. "When you have to work for your living, you're a man before you know," he said, with a certain oracular wisdom that sank deeply into Vi's mind. But the next moment her father called her somewhat sharply, and she awoke with a sigh to the consciousness that this wonderful day was over, and that she must go away.

From The Contemporary Review.
PETRARCH.

It has happened more than once in the history of literature that a nation joins together as of almost equal eminence two writers, who, to outside critics, are not merely unequal in power, but occupy distinct grades in the hierarchy of letters. It is thus that an Englishman speaks of Shakespeare and Milton, a German of Goethe and Schiller, an Italian of Dante and Petrarch. And in each case the national instinct is in one point of view right. To a German Shakespeare and Milton are two poets, the one the greatest the world has seen, the other not merely inferior, but occupying an altogether lower rank. To an Englishman Shakespeare is indeed his representative poet, the highest extreme of the national genius, but he cannot judge Milton only as a poet. In an age of degradation and dishonour, when abroad England had sunk to be a vassal of France and at home to be the slave of a profligate Court, when it seemed that

All had turned degenerate, all depraved;
Justice and temperance, truth and faith forgot;
One man except, the only son of light
In a dark age, against example good,
Against allurements, custom, and a world
Offended;

Milton, in poverty, old age, and blindness, remained faithful to the great principles for which he had laboured and suffered; and, because his writings are instinct with his own noble spirit, his own unswerving devotion to liberty and truth, we refuse to judge him merely by the rules of criticism, and place him side by side with the highest name in our literature. In the same way Schiller, true poet as he is, falls far short of the marvellous flexibility and universality which make Goethe's genius stand alone. But, to a German, Schiller is more than a poet. When the national unity was broken up into fragments and the national life had almost died out; when life itself seemed mean and petty, with no high aim to ennoble it; when even Goethe stooped to fawn upon the blood-stained usurper at Erfurt; the nation's deepest need was a stirring appeal to their higher selves, and this they found in Schiller: through all his writings rings the perpetual refrain, not less audible because it is not on the surface, "Be true," "Be noble," and so the Germans regard him with a feeling that a foreigner can hardly enter into, and speak of Goethe and Schiller as

the highest of the great names in the splendid muster-roll of their literature.

It is thus that an Italian links together the names of Dante and Petrarch. To those who know Petrarch only by his sonnets, this may seem a strange assertion. Indeed Petrarch's is a strange fate; one of the few writers who can be said to have a European reputation, his fame rests not on his real titles to honour, but on poems which except among his countrymen are but seldom read; and the popular conception of him remains as an effeminate sonneteer who passed all his life stringing together far-fetched conceits for a cold and disdainful mistress. How far this conception is from the true Petrarch, the high-souled patriot, the devoted apostle and martyr of literature, it is one of the objects of this paper to show.

Towards the end of the 13th century the long-standing quarrel of Guelphs and Ghibellines had become complicated in Florence by a family feud imported from Pistoia. The opposing factions into which the city became divided were known by the names of the Neri and Bianchi, the former as a rule espousing the Guelph side, and the latter inclined towards the Ghibelline. It was while this quarrel was at its height that Boniface VIII. despatched Charles of Valois, brother of Philip IV., to settle the disturbed state of Florence. Unarmed, save with the lance of the Archtraitor, his thrust rent open the breast of Florence.

*Senza arme n' esce, e solo con la lancia
Con la qual giostrò Guida; e quella ponta
Sì che a Fiorenza fa scoppiar la pancia.*

Purg. xx. 73.

Sentence of exile was passed against nearly the whole of the Bianca party, including among other well-known names Dante and a certain notary, by name Petracco, the father of the poet. The exiles took up their station at Arezzo, and joining the Ghibellines in the year 1304 attempted to re-enter Florence by force. The enterprise, which promised at first to be successful, miscarried; and it was on the night of the 19th—20th July, 1304, while his father was flying hurriedly along the road to Arezzo, that the young Petrarch first saw the light. The boy was called Francesco; and in after days Francesco di Petracco, Francis the son of Petracco, became altered into Francesco Petrarca, the name by which he was always known. The first seven years of his life were passed at Incisa, 14 miles from Florence, on a small property be-

longing to his father. His mother had obtained permission to reside there, and Petracco himself might have obtained a remission of his exile on condition of doing public penance in the Church of San Giovanni. But like Dante he scorned a favour coupled with such conditions; like Dante he too looked forward to the regeneration of Italy by the noblest of the Emperors, Henry of Luxembourg, and when these hopes were cut short by the Emperor's sudden death, after lingering some time at Pisa, he snapped the ties which bound him to an ungrateful country, and, with his wife and family, in the year 1313, settled at Avignon, where Clement V. had just established the Papal Court. In the crowd of strangers which filled the city to overflowing, Petracco could find no room for his wife and children, and they were sent to lodge at Carpentras, the capital of the old county Venaissin. Long afterwards Petrarch speaks of the happiness of that time, its liberty and quiet repose, — strange feeling for a boy of eleven or twelve. It was here he attended the school of an old Italian, Conventuale, and received his first lessons in grammar, rhetoric, and logic. Already the winning charm of his character was making itself felt, and his old master declared that he never had a pupil whom he loved more. In 1319 his father, anxious that he should follow the study of law, and, above all, canon law, then the surest road to advancement, sent him to Montpellier, where he remained four years, and from thence to Bologna, the most renowned school of law in Europe. Here he passed three years, but his heart was already vowed to literature, and those seven years spent in irksome half-hearted study, Petrarch looked back upon in after days as wasted. Not, as he says in his Letter to Posterity, that he did not reverence the authority of law, or that he found law an unpleasant study, bound up as it was with Roman antiquity; but the chicanery of its practical working deterred him. This remark gives an interesting insight into Petrarch's character, the affection which would bind him to a distasteful career rather than disappoint a father's wishes, the unintentional disclosure that when life was just opening before him the grandeur of the past had laid a spell on his imagination, and made him turn in disgust from the disenchanting present. His favourite Latin authors whom he studied in secret, were one day discovered by his angry father and committed to the flames, and only rescued

half burned when he saw the boy's despairing grief. It was at Bologna that Petrarch formed a friendship with Cino da Pistoia, professor of law, the gentle minstrel of Selvaggia, whose name his young pupil was destined to eclipse. In 1326 Petrarch's father died, and he at once returned to Avignon to begin life with his young brother Gherado. The dishonesty of their guardians had left them almost entirely without means, and forced both of them to become ecclesiastics; a profession which in those days was often treated as giving licence for a wilder career of vice. The state of the Papal Court was at that time too foul for description. Making all allowances for Petrarch's patriotic indignation at the transfer of the Pontifical throne from its rightful seat to a foreign land, his account of the unbridled wickedness of the Court in his letters, and especially the *Epistolæ sine Titulo* reveals an unsurpassed depth of corruption; in his 14th, 15th, and 16th Sonnets, Part IV., in burning words, worthy of Dante, he calls down fire from heaven upon "that nest of treachery where is hatched all the evil that spreads over the world, the slave of wine and gluttony, with Beelzebub in her midst, the false and guilty Babylon where good dies and evil is born and nourished,—a hell upon earth."

Fiamma dal ciel su le tue trecce piova
Malvagia, —
Nido di tradimenti in cui si cova
Quanto mal per lo mondo oggi si spande;
Di vin serva, di letti et di vivande,
In cui lussuria fa l'ultima prova.
. . . e Beelzebub in mezzo.

Sonnet xiv.

. . . Babilonia falsa et ria,
Ove 'l ben more et 'l mal si nutre e cria:
Di vivi inferno.

Part iv., Sonnet xvi.

In the flush of youth, of slender and graceful person, with features which though not handsome possessed a singular charm, with a poet's imagination just beginning to stir in him, Petrarch at first flung himself into all the pleasure of that fashionable and frivolous world. At Bologna he had formed a friendship with the young Giacomo Colonna, son of the famous Stefano Colonna who had followed the Papal Court to Avignon; and to the friend of a Colonna no door would be closed. Petrarch in after years when his brother had become a monk, recalls to him (*Fam. x. 3*) the memory of those days; their anxious care that their linen should

be of the most spotless white, the constant dressing and undressing, the fear lest even a gentle breeze should disarrange their ringlets, the anxiety to avoid splashes from passing vehicles, the torture that Petrarch suffered from fashionable boots, the agonies they endured beneath the tongs of the hairdresser. Pure and noble as Petrarch's nature was, it could not be expected that he should pass through such an atmosphere unstained. He became the father of a son and daughter by a lady of Avignon.

How far Petrarch might have fallen, it is impossible to say; but he was rescued by the passion which has immortalized his name. On the 6th April, 1327, he saw, in the Church of the Nuns of St. Clare, Laura, the wife of Hugh de Sade, then in the fresh bloom of youth and beauty; a day equally memorable with that on which Dante met Beatrice walking between two ladies, when he first received her modest salutation. (*Vita Nuova*, sec. 3.) That day made Petrarch a poet. The relationship between Petrarch and Laura, throws much light on the manners and modes of thought of that age. That a young man should fall in love at first sight with a lady is scarcely remarkable, but that the most prominent man of his time, courted by the greatest, should for twenty-one years nourish a pure and sincere passion for a married woman, even when her beauty faded and she became the mother of numerous children, (she left nine surviving her,) that he should admit the whole world to witness the inmost workings of his passion,—this seems so strange to modern feelings that some critics have even denied Laura's existence, and classed her with the numerous *Celias* and *Delias* to whom so many poets have sung feigned homage. That this view receives some countenance from some of the sonnets addressed to Laura can hardly be denied. The eternal puns on Laura and *Laurus* (the laurel), and *l'aura*, the breeze, are almost enough to disenchant the firmest believer in the reality of Petrarch's passion. To give one or two instances out of very many. In Sonnet XXI. in "*Vita di M. L.*" the poet prays Apollo (the sun) if he still retains his love for Daphne (the laurel) to defend her sacred leaves from frost and storm, so that they may both see their lady, (*i.e.*, the laurel representing both Daphne and Laura,) with her own arms forming a shade for herself. So in Sonnet XXXVIII., he says the gentle tree which he has loved so long, nour-

ished his genius under her shade while her fair boughs did not disclaim him, but now that from sweet she has become pitiless wood (*Fece di dolce sè spietato legno*) how shall she be punished for letting the poet's verses encourage other lovers? Let no poet gather her, or Jove guard her from lightning, and let the sun in his anger wither her green leaves! That any man, mediæval or otherwise, could write thus under the influence of strong feeling is no doubt impossible, and if Petrarch had never written in a higher strain, his name would scarcely now hold a prominent position.

To form, however, at all a fair estimate of the *Canzoniere*, we must try to throw ourselves into the feelings of the age. The old modes of thought and feeling had passed away, and a new world was springing young and vigorous from its grave. A new passion had been born — Love. Assuredly before this, husbands had loved their wives, witness only the parting scene of Hector and Andromache; and lovers had sung enough, and more than enough, of the pangs of love. But the feeling was a much less complex one than the new passion. It was scarcely more than overmastering physical emotion. There was no mystic awe, no self-abasement, no idealizing power in the old passion. Many influences contributed to the change. Christianity had altered the world's ideal, had raised into pre-eminence many of the gentler, more feminine virtues, humility, unselfishness, purity. The theological controversies of centuries had seemed to remove Christ from the warm life of humanity into the awful distance of the Godhead. In his place, the highest ideal of humanity was found in the Virgin Mother. Mingling with this profound change in men's whole view of life and character, and reacted upon by it, was the old Gothic reverence for women. Thus love became a kind of religion, it called out man's noblest impulses, by bidding him protect the weak, and yet he was to worship the weak as higher and better than himself. Thus the Crusader's motto was, "*Dieu et ma Dame*" — worship of God and worship of his lady, as God's living representative, the earthly embodiment of purity and goodness. Warmer hues, caught perhaps from the more voluptuous Arabic imagination, prevented this emotion from becoming too spiritualized and ethereal for ordinary humanity.

This new passion found utterance in a new literature. As ever, new feelings

clothed themselves in a new form, and rhyme instead of quantity was the note of the new poetry. How widely it was cultivated all know; monarchs and nobles became minstrels of love, and no knight could aspire to perfection if he were not vowed to the worship of a lady. The centre of this movement was Provence, and for a century and a half the "*Gai Saber*" flourished till the Provençal literature was crushed by the fierce Albigensian persecutions.

Brought up at Avignon, where the old poetic traditions still lingered, Petrarch became the admirer and pupil of the Provençal poets, of Arnaud Daniel, "great Master of Love," of the two Pierres, "on whom the grasp of love so easily closed," of "the less famous Arnaud de Marveil," of Raimbaud, the lover of Beatrix of Montferrat, of Rudel, "who plied oar and sail to meet his death" in the arms of the Countess of Tripoli. ("*Trion. d'Am.*" Cap. IV.) Partly owing to the higher culture of the age, and partly to the advantage of language, the Italian singers have eclipsed their masters, and to modern readers, Petrarch has taken the place of the representative poet of love. His Italian poems on this subject consist of 207 sonnets and 17 odes or canzoni on the life of his Lady Laura, and 90 sonnets and 8 canzoni on her death, with a few short poems in a slightly different shape, sestina, madrigals, and ballate. Perhaps there are few modern readers of the *Canzoniere* who do not soon find themselves yawning; one is inclined to feel that if two-thirds of the poems had perished they would gain greatly in force. Except within somewhat narrow limits, there is but little variety. We gather no distinct image of what Laura was, except that she was virtuous, beautiful, and cold. The greater number of the sonnets are occupied with descriptions of Petrarch's own emotions; there is none of the interaction of thought and emotion, none of the subtle influence of one character upon another, which constitute the interest of a modern tale of love. The *Canzoniere* is not the varied harmony of two instruments uttering the same music, with blended cadences melting into each other, it is the simpler, more monotonous "melody of the small lute" which "gave ease to Petrarch's wound." Assuredly, therefore, a modern reader, who comes to the *Canzoniere* expecting what it has not to give, will be disappointed. The truth is, our conception of love is different: to us, it

is the union of two hearts and minds in affectionate sympathy; to the best minds of that age, it was devotion to a higher being; their love seems to us to lack variety and interest, ours would have seemed to them to lack reverence.

Consequently, the poets of that time sung less of their mistress than of their worship of her, of their lord Love, and his mastery over all their thoughts and emotions. So real was this mastery that Love took shape and form under their exalted feelings. Pierre Vidal met him, a young Cavalier fair as the day, with sweet gentle eyes, fresh and smiling mouth, lithe and graceful in shape, his robe inwrought with flowers, his palfrey white as the snow. To Dante too he appeared, now as a Lord of terrible aspect, shrouded in cloud the colour of fire, now as a pilgrim lightly clad in vile raiment. (V. N. ss. 3 and 9.) The most perfect representation of this passion sublimated to the highest point is preserved for us in the *Vita Nuova*. Many circumstances contributed to this result. Dante had seen Beatrice in early boyhood, for years he had worshipped her, and then she was removed by an early death—there was, therefore, no hard contact with reality to check his imagination, and, as her figure receded into the background of years, his fancy idealized her more and more, till all taint of earth seemed to have passed from her, and she was to him

una cosa venuta

Di Cielo in terra a miracol mostrare;

so clothed and crowned with humility that many when she had passed said, "This is not a woman, rather one of the fairest of heaven's angels." (V. N., sec. 26. A.)

The history of Petrarch's love was different. He was destitute of Dante's imagination, and Laura had not been taken early from him. For twenty-one years he had watched her passing from girlhood into ripe age, amid the cares of married life and many children, and that under a Southern sun, where female beauty is always short-lived. Under these circumstances it would have been little less than a miracle if Petrarch had reached the "fine air, the pure severity of perfect light," of the *Vita Nuova*. It is this which causes an essential element of prose in the *Canzoniere*. His love was neither a genuine human passion nor a genuine worship. Laura's severe virtue forbade the first, and it was only by in-

tervals he rose to the second. Perforce, therefore, he fell back on the faculty which is fatal to all true poetry, ingenuity. Gifted with an almost fatal facility of language, he could clothe the most commonplace thoughts in words always ingenious, and often beautiful, and he has his reward—while the *Vita Nuova* has an audience fit and few, the admirers of the *Canzoniere* in the poet's own country are legion; for one who can rise to the exquisite purity and freshness of the *Vita Nuova*, there are hundreds attracted by Petrarch's more earthly lyrics, "dedicated to sentiment, not devoid of languor and not without a touch of sin."*

That at first Petrarch's was a simple human passion may be gathered from several passages in the *Canzoniere*, if it were not proved by his express avowal in many of his writings.

Looking back on it in later years he deploras the wasted days and nights spent in dallying with the fierce desire that burnt his heart.

Padre del ciel, dopo i perduti giorni,
Dopo le notti vaneggiando spese
Con quel fero desio ch' al cor s' accese
Mirando gli atti per mio mal sì adorni:
Piacciati omai col tuo lume ch' io torni
Ad altra Vita ed a piu belle imprese.

Sonnet xl.

The same feeling shows itself in the 44th Sonnet, where he recalls the icy chill which shot through his heart as a voice seemed to call him to higher things than an earthly love. So also in the 69th; again in the 86th Sonnet on the death of Laura he tells us that it was her sweet sternness, her soft repulses, that checked his fierce desires; her gentle speech in which shone forth the highest modesty and courtesy, that rooted out all base thoughts from his heart and saved him in spite of himself. It was this that drove him to leave Avignon again and again, and seek forgetfulness in travel; it was this that made him love the wild solitudes of Vaucluse, the Vallis Clausa, shut in by grey red-veined walls of rock, the sky line broken into the fantastic semblance of Gothic towers and battlements, while from a cave in the precipice which bounded the valley sprang the limpid stream of the Sorgue. Attended here by a peasant and his wife, whose sunburnt face it was a penance to look upon (Fam. xiii. 8), Petrarch manfully

* Introduction to Study of Dante. J. Symonds, p. 270. A book to which I must here express my grateful obligations.

strove to forget his passion in solitude and work; and yet, unable to cut himself loose from Provençal traditions and the feelings of his age, looking upon love now as the source of all that was highest and best in him, and now as of the earth earthy, he let his fancy play round a passion which he tried to persuade himself he was anxious altogether to forget.

Earthly passion, refined and pure it is true, is the guiding thought of a Sonnet like the 61st, where he dwells upon Laura's golden hair floating in the breeze, the lovely light of her eyes, her sweet look of pity; of the 146th Sonnet where he tells the strange emotions the sight of her eyes and hair produced in his heart, and of a hundred others like these. Perhaps the most favourable specimens of Petrarch's powers in this way are the 6th, 7th, and 8th Canzoni, known as the Three Sisters. Of these the two first are in every way superior, and reach a higher strain than is usual with his lyre. Love has been purged of earthly stain and rises at intervals to a worship; almost in the words of Dante * he speaks of love as separating him from all low thoughts, (*parte d'ogni pensier vile*), of the sweet light of Laura's eyes which shows him the way to heaven: it is the sight of them which leads him to live nobly and guides him to a glorious end.

Gentil mia Donna, i' veggio
Nel mover de' vostri occhi un dolce lume
Che mi mostra la via ch' al Ciel conduce:
Quest è la vista ch' a ben fare m' induce,
E che mi scorge al glorioso fine;
Questa sola dal vulgo m' allontana.

It is the hope of rendering himself worthy of Laura's love that makes him strive to be

Al ben veloce, e al contrario tasdo,
Dispregiator di quanto 'l mondo brama.

At other times the two feelings lie side by side in strange juxtaposition. The archetype of her beauty is in Heaven, whoever has not seen her eyes searches in vain for divine beauty, her heart is the home of all the virtues, and yet with a kind of wistful pang the poet half wishes that the chief virtue had been absent, —

Quand' un cor tante in se virtuti accolse?
Benchè la somma è di mia morte rea.

Sonnet cviii.

though in his better moments he feels that he is longing for two incompatible things:

* Compare Vita Nuova, 13.

Irae lo intendimento da tutte le vili cose.

Ch' ogni altra sua voglia
Era a me morte ed a lei fama rea.
“Hymn to Virgin.”

More commonly, however, his sonnets are exquisitely polished verses on some simple incident connected with Laura. Now it is an excuse that he has so long delayed to visit her (Sonnet 25); now his finding her glove, which, however, he has to restore (Sonnets 147, 148, 149). Now her paleness at his departure (Sonnet 84), or a kinder reception than usual (Sonnet 200), or more often a description of his own feelings — how he became mute and timid in her presence (Sonnets 32, 33, and 34), or how he tries in vain to flee from love (Canz. 10).

It is easy to understand how, with only incidents so slight to build upon, imagination gave place to ingenuity, and the poet strove to make his verses interesting by far-fetched conceits or extravagant hyperboles. Unfortunately it is only too easy to supply examples: when the tree which Phœbus loves (the laurel, *i.e.*, Laura) is removed from its place, Vulcan toils over his work, sharpening the bolts of Jove, who thunders, or snows, or rains, regardless of Cæsar as of Janus (*i.e.*, of the month of July called after Julius Cæsar as of January), and the sun stands far off when he sees his loved one (Daphne, *i.e.* the Laurel, *i.e.* Laura) gone, and so on (Sonnet 26).

The 27th and 28th Sonnets harp on exactly the same idea, that while Laura is present the sky is bright, when she is absent it is dark and cloudy. When Laura salutes him the sun hides his head in jealousy (Sonnet 79); when the sun rises the stars disappear; when Laura rises the sun disappears (Sonnet 164). In another place (Sonnet 4) he does not shrink from comparing Laura's birth at a small village with that of our Saviour at Bethlehem.

Conceits which have scarcely the merit of ingenuity are equally numerous. Two sonnets, the 30th and 31st, are devoted to reproaches of her looking-glass, for she is so occupied in gazing on her own beauty that she wastes no looks on her admirers. In Sonnet 24 he complains that no obstacle in the world, river or lake, wall or hill, is so grievous to him as the veil which hides Laura's eyes, or the hand which guards them from his gaze. Beside these his constant assertions that death only can relieve his misery, *e.g.*, Sonnets 17 and 23, though there is a thoroughly unreal ring about them, seem sober expressions of feeling. But there

is even a lower depth in the eternal puns on the laurel. No unkindness can remove Laura from his heart where love engrafts many branches from the laurel, though that gentle plant is scarce fitted for so barren a soil.

Uscir già mai
Del petto, ove dal primo lauro innesta
Amor più rami.
Chè gentil pianta in arido terreno
Par che si disconvenga.

Sonnet xli.

On the left bank of the Tyrrhene Sea he suddenly espies a laurel, and the sight recalling Laura's tresses so dazed his mind that he fell into a stream: but he would be glad, he says, that his eyes and feet should thus exchange (*i.e.*, being wet) if only a more courteous April would dry the former.

Piacemi almen d' aver cangiato stile
Dagli occhi a' piè; se del lor esser molli
Gli altri asciugasse un più cortese aprile.

Sonnet xliii.

An otherwise graceful sonnet (the 77th) is spoiled by a wretched pun on Laura and l' aura the breeze. He is expressing true feelings of pleasure at the sight of his loved Valley of Vacluse; the fire of love is again kindled in his heart, when coming to the realm of love he sees the place —

Onde nacque Laura (l' aura) dolce e pura
Ch' acqueta l' aere e mette i tuoni in bando.

Of course a literal translation can do no justice to the grace of language which constitutes the real charm of all Petrarch's poems; but making every allowance for this, the sonnets above referred to can never be ranked higher than trinkets — they are not solid gold.

We have seen that an unrequited passion lasting over so many years can scarcely be poetical unless it be idealized, and idealization of an object brought into contact with everyday life is scarcely possible. Absence is necessary to give imagination scope. Thus some of the best of Petrarch's sonnets were written when he was far away from Laura. Another circumstance contributed to this. Petrarch was almost modern in his love of nature. This feeling shows itself in his account of the Ascent of Mount Ventorix (Fam. iv. 1), with its view of the Rhone Valley down to the sea, the snow-clad line of the Alps in the background, and beyond, seen only with the eye of imagination, the poet's loved Italy. It is this love of nature which has inspired the

sweetest poems in the Canzoniere. The thought of Laura seems to blend in a rich mellow glow, with his keen sense of the beauty of nature. Such is the graceful picture of his Lady contained in the 11th Canzone. In memory he recalls her fair form seated by a stream rich and clear and sweet; she leans against a gentle bough, and from the happy branches descends a rain of flowers over her breast as she sits lowly in her glory; the flowers falling now on the hem of her robe, now on her fair tresses, which looked like burnished gold and pearls; the blossoms resting now on the earth, now on the streamlet, while others as they float in the air seem to say: Here is the realm of Love.

Da bei rami scendea
(Dolce nella memoria)
Una pioggia di flor sovra 'l suo grembo;
Ed ella si sedea
Umile in tanta gloria,
Coverta già del amoroso nembo.
Qual fior cadea sul lembo,
Qual su le trecce bionde,
Ch' oro forbito e perle
Eran quel dì a vederle;
Qual sì posava in terra, qual su l' onde;
Qual con un Vago errore
Girando, pareva dir: qui regna Amore.

In others, such as the 12th and 13th Canzoni, a softer strain breathes. All sights and sounds of Nature remind him of his absent Lady — the snow on the mountains beneath the glint of the Sun, reminds him of her beauty; the meteors gleaming in the clear midnight sky after rain, as they flame amid the dew and frost, recall her beauteous eyes, and white and red roses in a golden vase, picked by some maiden hand, her flushing cheeks and auburn tresses. Or, again (Canzone 13), he wanders over trackless mountains, in shady valleys, or by lonely streams seeking rest, but at every step rises a new thought of Laura. The breeze rustling in the leaves, the warbling of the birds, the tinkling of the rivulet amid the green herbage in the lonely Ardennes cause him to sing of his Lady (Sonnet 124). The very spirit of solitude seems to breathe in the 22d Sonnet, as he tells us how he wanders alone and in thought, attended only by his lord, Love. To all others the sweet evening hour brings rest; the wearied pilgrim hastens to forget toil in short repose; the labourer gathers his tools and hies home with his comrades to the simple evening meal; the shepherd drives homeward his flock; the sailor in some sheltered nook stretches his limbs

on the hard deck ; the oxen quit the yoke ; all nature has a respite from toil ; he only cannot escape the pangs of love (Canzone 4).

It is a confirmation of this view that when the last long absence of death had come, when no hard reality could jar against the softening, idealizing power of memory, Petrarch's verses gain in sincerity and power. Somewhat of earth may have mingled with his love through life, but in the solemn presence of death it rises purified and ennobled. Unreal compliments and tawdry conceits seem profane to a real grief : and if the sonnets on the death of Laura lose in brilliancy of fancy, they gain far more than they lose in simplicity and truth. He recalls her smile, her mirth, her modest bearing, and courteous speech, her words, which, if heard, would have made a sordid soul gentle : —

Il pensar e' l tacer, il riso e' l gioco,
L' abito onesto e' l ragionar cortese,
Le parole che 'ntese
Avrian fatto gentil d' alma villana ;
L' angelica sembianzi simile e piana.
Part ii. Canz. 2.

Again, he seems to hear her in the plaintive cry of the birds, or the summer breeze rustling sweetly on the leaves (Part II., Sonnet 11). His loved Vaucluse is the same, but all the brightness has fled from his own life (Part II., Sonnet 33). Spring returns, with its joyous sights and sounds, but all is to him desolate and wild (Part II., Sonnet 42). Now and again he sees her purified and radiant image in heaven (Part II., Sonnets 34, 61). . . . The Hymn to the Virgin forms a fitting and noble close to the Canzoniere. The vain stir and tumult of passion has passed ; he looks back on his days, flown more swiftly than an arrow, spent in misery and sin : death fills the horizon of the future, and he calls on the Maiden Mother for mercy and guidance. Perhaps no other hymn in the world expresses with equal beauty a devotion made up of so many complex feelings — devotion to her, who is now the Queen of heaven, once a mortal woman, with all a woman's weakness and loveliness, a woman's compassion for human frailty and suffering. It is worthy to stand beside the prayer of St. Bernard to the Virgin, with which opens the closing scene of the Paradiso.

We have dwelt so long on the work by which Petrarch is best known to posterity, that but scant space is left to consider the real character of the man. Coming,

as he did, to Avignon at the age of 22, poor and friendless, nothing is more striking than the singular charm which seemed to win the friendship of all those with whom he was brought into contact. "Many great personages began to show themselves desirous of my friendship," he says with simplicity in his Letter to Posterity ; "if I reflect on it at the moment, I confess I understand not why." From the first, the great family of the Colonnas were his devoted friends. This winning personal charm remained with him through life. In those young days of reviving literature a poet was looked upon as almost sacred, and Petrarch's name as a poet began to be noised abroad through the Peninsula. In 1340 the laurel crown of poetry was offered to him both by the University of Paris and the Senate of Rome. After some hesitation between the great University, then in the zenith of its fame, and the Eternal City, great only in her past, Petrarch yielded to the spell of the *Romani nominis umbra*, and received the noblest prize ever bestowed on a human being, a Crown of Victory in the warfare of intellect against ignorance : but a crown which he sadly confesses brought him no knowledge, but only gloomy envy.

During the remainder of his life Petrarch occupied an almost unique position. He was revered as an intellectual monarch. Pilgrimages were made to Vaucluse to visit him, — as he passed through the streets of Milan all heads were uncovered ; contending armies vied with each other in marks of respect. The greatest families in Italy eagerly courted him, and held his sojourn as the highest honour he could pay them. Robert King of Naples was anxious to crown him with the garland of Poetry at Naples, the Correggi at Parma, the Carrara family of Padua, the Visconti of Milan used all efforts to retain him at their Courts. The haughty aristocracy of Venice assigned him a place on the right hand of the Doge. Two Kings of France and four Popes sought to attach him to themselves. With her own hand, an Empress, the wife of Charles IV., wrote to inform him of the birth of a daughter ; and Charles IV. on several occasions offered him a home in Germany. But through all this Petrarch was faithful to the two guiding impulses of his life, love of his country and love of literature. I have called them two impulses, and yet in truth they were mingled so together as to be only one. His love of Italy was that

of an ideal, not the Italy of his own day, torn by party faction and foul with intestine hatred and bloodshed, but the Italy of the past, the mistress of the world, the parent of literature, and law, and Art. In Dante's continual biting invectives against Florence we can trace a love which injury has turned to gall; but when his fellow-citizens offered to Petrarch a chair in the New University of Florence, at the same time restoring to him his confiscated patrimony, he coldly refused the offer. Like Dante, he saw that the only hope of Italy was in union, and one of his noblest odes, the Marseillaise of Italy, as it has been called, was addressed to the nobles, calling upon them to lay aside intestine quarrels in the presence of the foreigner. "My Italy, tho' words be vain for the deadly wounds which I see in such fearful number on thy fair body, let my sighs be such as the Tiber and the Arno hope for." Why has nature reared up the barrier of the Alps against the German fury, if their blind passion strikes leprosy even to a sound body? The degradation of foreign oppression is more terrible, in that it is inflicted by that lawless people whom Marius struck down, so that the river ran red with their blood.

Italia mia, benche 'l parlar sia indarno
A le piaghe mortali
Che nel bel corpo tuo si spesse veggio,
Piacemi almen ch' e' miei sospiri sien quali
Spera 'l Tevere e l' Arno
E 'l Po dove doglioso e grave or seggio.

Ben provvide Natura al nostro stato
Quando de l' Alpi schermo
Pose fra noi e la tedesca rabbia:
Ma 'l desir cieco e' ncontra 'l suo ben fermo
S' è poi tanto ingegnato,
Ch' al corpo sano à procurato scabbia.

Ed è questo del seme,
Per più dolor, del popol senza legge,
Al qual, come si legge,
Mario aperse sì 'l fianco
Che memoria de l' opra anco non langue,
Quando assetato e stanco,
Non più bevve del fiume acqua che sangue.
Part iv. Canz. 4.

That the Italy of the past was the object of his love is strikingly shown in the enthusiasm with which he supported the wild dream of Rienzi. To him the Roman people had an indefeasible right to rule the world, and, blinded by the shadow of a name, the motley multitude gathered from all the quarters of heaven, from which sprang the population of Mediæval Rome, were for him the descendants of

the old Roman stock that ruled the world. In the well-known words of Madame de Stael, "He mistook memories for hopes." To the Colonnas he was bound by every tie of gratitude and friendship, but the only hope for the democracy at Rome was to crush the nobles, and the Colonnas must be sacrificed. He loved them, but he loved the State more, Rome more, Italy more —

Carior res publica, carior Roma, carior Italia —

Ad Fam. xi. 16.

To Rienzi he addressed the celebrated canzone beginning "Spirto gentil." The change of manner from his poems to Laura is very striking. To quote the vigorous language of Macaulay, "The effeminate lisp of the sonneteer is exchanged for a cry wild and solemn and piercing as that which cried 'sleep no more' to the bloody house of Cawdor." "Italy seems not to feel her sufferings, decrepit, sluggish, and languid, will she sleep forever, will there be no one to wake her? O that I had my hands twisted in her hair!"

Italia, che suoi guai non par che senta
Vecchia, oziosa et lenta
Domirà sempre, e non fia che la svegli?
Le man l' avess' io avvolte entro capegli!

"The old walls which the world still fears and loves, the stones which cover the limbs of men whose fame will live till the universe is dissolved, the ruined relics of Roman greatness hope only in Rienzi. The shades of the mighty dead, the Scipios, Brutus, Fabricius, would joy if the tidings could reach them. A more glorious career is open to Rienzi than the world has ever seen, to reinstate the noblest monarchy on earth. Others have helped Rome when she was young and vigorous — Rienzi, in her decrepitude, has saved her from death." An equal glow of patriotism burns in the ode addressed to Giacomo Colonna — "O aspettata in ciel;" and equally does he turn for examples to the great days of old. The whole world is flocking to the crusade, all that dwell between the Garonne and the Alps, Aragon and Spain, England and the isles of the Northern Ocean. Even Germany amid her ice and snow is girding on the sword, and shall not Italy be roused to grasp the lance for Christ? From the rule of the son of Mars to the great Augustus, Rome has poured out her blood to avenge others' wrongs, and shall she not avenge the Son of Mary?

He bids them remember the exploits of the Greeks, the reckless daring of Xerxes, the Persian women mourning for their lords, the Sea of Salamis red with blood; Marathon and "the deadly pass where the Lion of Lacedæmon turned to bay."

Pon mente al temerario ardir di Serse,
Che fece, per calcar i nostri liti,
Di novi ponti oltraggio a la marina :
E vedrai ne la morte de' mariti
Tutte vestite a bruni le donne Perse,
E tinto in rosso il mar di Sakamina.
E non pur questa misera ruina
Del popol infelice d'oriente
Vittoria ten promette,
Ma Maratona, e le mortali strette
Che difese il Leon con poca gente.

Like Dante, Petrarch's hopes for Italy rested on the Emperor. To the wisest and best men of that age the Roman Empire was not a dead idea, it was a living reality. There was one Pope and one Emperor, the one the successor of St. Peter, the other of the Cæsars, each holding his power of God; the one ruler in things temporal, the other in things spiritual, the natural seat of each being Rome, the Eternal City. Thus Dante's invitation to the Emperors to descend into Italy was not invoking a foreign Master, it was a passionate appeal by a deserted people to their rightful lord —

Vieni a veder la tua Roma che piagne,
Vedova, sola, e di' e notte chiama
Cesare mio, perchè non mi accompagni ?
Purg. vi. 112.

and as Dante had centred his hopes on the noblest of the Emperors, Henry of Luxembourg, so Petrarch burst into transports of joy at hearing that Charles IV., unfortunately one of the most worthless, had crossed the Alps. Hence came his bitter invectives against the Popes of Avignon: they had deserted their lawful wife and left her to wander in unknown valleys, while her place was usurped by a foul courtesan.

Uxor iampridem ignotis in vallibus errat ;
Et patrium limen thalamumque egressa pudicum
Illa sequetur ovans meretrix famosa.

Ecl. vi.

His letter to Urban V., urging him to return to Rome, is instinct with manly eloquence: "When we shall stand at the judgment seat of Christ, where thou wilt no longer be lord and we servants, but where there will be one lord and we all fellow-servants, what wilt thou say? I raised thee from beggary and humility

and set thee not only with princes but above them. I entrusted to thee my Church, where hast thou left her? I have given thee pre-eminent gifts, what pre-eminent return has thou made to me, except that thou sittest on the rock of Avignon, and hast forgotten the Tarpeian rock?"

Petrarch occupied the same independent position towards all his great friends. When Charles IV. asked a place in his work on illustrious men, he answered, "I promise it if you have merit, and I life." He refused the invitation of Philip of Valois to visit his Court, because he cared not for letters. How unique this position was is proved by the number of important missions which he was selected to fulfil. He was chosen by the Roman people as one of their eighteen deputies who went to Avignon to implore the newly elected Pope, Clement VI., to restore the seat of the Papacy to Rome. He was chosen by Clement VI., to represent the Papal rights at Naples after the death of Robert. A letter of his to the Magistracy at Florence led to the putting down the brigands who infested the Apennines. He was the chief of the Embassy sent by the Visconti to Venice, in the vain endeavour to bring about a peace between Venice and Genoa. He was Ambassador to the Emperor at Bale, when the storm of war seemed hanging over Italy; to King John of France after his return from captivity in England. All these embassies were to attain no personal object, to curry favour with no powerful friend; they were one and all undertaken in the service of Italy.

Of his services to the cause of letters it is difficult to speak too highly. It was patriotism taking another shape, devotion to the Great Past, which was to him as real as the present. His utmost influence was used to recover MSS. and memorials of antiquity. He was the first to make a collection of medals and coins with a view to elucidate history. He never travelled without visiting convents and religious houses to search for MSS.; he entreated all the learned strangers whom he met at Avignon, to make similar searches in France, Spain, England, Germany, and even the East. At Liège, where he could scarcely find ink, he lighted upon two of Cicero's Speeches — up to that time unknown — and copied one with his own hand, entreating a friend to copy the other. His copy of Cicero's Letters, *ad familiares*, in his own handwriting still exists in the Biblioteca Laurenziana at

Florence. In those days it was difficult to find copyists learned enough to read and understand Latin, and Petrarch was often obliged to be his own copyist. One collection of Cicero's Speeches took him four years to copy. He planned a History of Rome from Romulus to Titus. When near the age of sixty he undertook the study of Greek, then an unknown tongue in Italy, the only teachers he could obtain being natives of Calabria, where a debased dialect of the old tongue still lingered, and in his zeal for learning, endured the filthy habits and national contempt for everything Latin of Leontius Pilatus. A new spirit was breathed into the past; the great writers of antiquity were to Petrarch not storehouses of dead matter, useful only for the barren discussions of the Schools, they were a living School of Art; he had caught something of their harmony, their perfect beauty of form, and, in the light of this new revelation, dared fiercely to assail the superstitions of alchemy, of medicine—as medicine was practised then—and the scarcely less superstitious worship of the syllogism. As his end drew near, his love of study seemed to increase; he used to devote sixteen hours out of the twenty-four to work. "Reading and writing," he said, "are a light toil, rather a sweet rest, which makes me forget heavier toils." To his loved friend Boccaccio he wrote, a few days before his death, "Just as there is no pleasure more honourable than letters, so there is none more durable, more sweet or faithful; a companion ready to be at your side in all the mischances of life, and a companion of which you never weary." Shortly afterwards his servants found him in his library, his head bent over a book: he had breathed his last.

As we look back over his pure and noble life, we can forgive the enthusiasm which would place him by the side of Dante. It was his devotion to letters which prepared the ground for the Renaissance of the next century; it was his patriotism that helped to keep alive through centuries of division and oppression the idea of Italian Unity. And if this unity has come at last in a somewhat different form and way from that which Dante and he expected, none the less may the Italians look upon them as two of the authors of their national life; two of those who have caught most clearly the music of a great purpose and a noble ideal, never to be perfectly realized in

facts, but in harmony with which the great of all ages have worked.

For an ye heard a music, like enow
They are building still, seeing the City is built
To music, therefore never built at all,
And therefore built forever.

A. H. SIMPSON.

From Chambers' Journal.
THE MANOR-HOUSE AT MILFORD.

CHAPTER I.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager,
Of great revenue, and she hath no child.

"HERE'S Milford at last!" cries a young man, seating himself, panting, on the top rail of a low stile that crossed the pathway leading from out a dark fir plantation, along the side of a commanding slope.

It is the afternoon of a bright winter's day; the sun has only just disappeared in a veil of cloud and orange-bordered mist. The hills around are looming indistinctly through a soft haze; down in the valley, wreaths of light vapour are rising from the winding course of the stream. It is a wooded, fertile vale, inclosed by low, warm-looking hills, of a soft rounded form, cultivated to the very tops, and of a light arable soil, now being turned rapidly over by the plough. Here and there, along the bases of the hills, are hop-gardens, recognizable by their stacks of poles in rounded conical piles, resembling in form the regulation bell-tents of the army. Rising gently from the further margin of the river is a low gravelly slope, on which lies a snug comfortable village, of dark stone houses, intermingled with others of red brick, mellowed by age, some with roofs of red tile, others of shining blue slate. The grey tower of the church, from a corner of which rises a single pinnacle, shews over a tangled network of leafless trees. Apart from the village stands a solitary house, with farm-buildings at the side, which even at this distance wears a severe and melancholy aspect.

There have been heavy rains of late, and the river has overflowed its banks, and lies in pools here and there wide of its bed. The white mill and the miller's ivy-covered house are fairly surrounded with water, whilst the big wheel has come to a stand-still, from pure plethora of motive-power. The water has covered the

road, too, in a hollow close by the bridge, and has formed a shallow lake, in which trees and hedges stand mournfully out, washed by the ripples, that course among them with strange unaccustomed splashings.

Our pedestrian quickly descends the path, and gains the highway, but is soon brought to a stand by this impromptu lake, and halts at its margin, gazing doubtfully before him. The water looks chilly and forbidding. He must wade up to his knees to get through it, and the prospect of soaked garments and boots churning with water, is not inviting, this winter's day. His irresolution is of good service, to him, for behind him sounds the rattle of wheels, and presently a light butcher's cart and smart bay horse appear, driven by a man in a blue frock.

"Will you give me a lift over?" cries the young man.

The butcher pulls up without a word, nods his head, and takes up his passenger. Then he drives cautiously through the flood, the horse pawing the water nervously. When he reaches firm ground on the slope of the bridge, he whips up his horse, who dashes off at a brisk trot.

"Whereabouts?" cries the laconic butcher, lifting up his thumb interrogatively.

"*Royal Oak*," answers the rescued pedestrian.

The *Royal Oak* was the inn that stood by the side of the highway, where the village lane joins it. Butcher pulls up with a jerk opposite the inn, and his passenger jumps out.

"Will you have a glass of ale, butcher?" he cries.

The laconic man in blue nods his head, and they enter the inn together.

It is a raw, unfinished-looking house: in the entrance lobby is a plain deal counter forming a bar, behind which are a few shelves containing bottles, a beer-engine with two handles, some pewter measures, and a number of white earthen-ware mugs. A slate hangs to a nail from one of the shelves, and pinned against the wall is a coloured print of a dog lying dead under a beer-barrel, with the inscription: "Dog trust is dead; bad pay killed him." To the left is the inn parlour, a room with sanded floor, furnished with a couple of long deal tables, and a number of Windsor chairs with wooden seats. A cheerful fire is at one end of the room, on the hob of which is sinmering a big saucepan. Widow Booth, the hostess of the inn, is sitting warming herself by the fire. A

good-looking girl, with soft, creamy complexion, and sensible resolute face, is on the bench behind Mrs. Booth, busily tatting away at some well-fingered edging. This is Lizzie Booth, orphan niece of the landlady. The silent butcher joins a little knot of men who are standing at the bar drinking; but the pedestrian passes forward into the parlour, and looks around him.

Besides Widow Booth and her niece, there is a third person in the parlour—a red-faced, red-nosed man, dressed in corduroy trousers and a white slop, a yellow silk handkerchief round his bull-neck, a clumsy cap of rabbit-skins on his head. Between his knees is a large basket of pedlery, chiefly in the crockery-line. He is tempting Widow Booth with a mustard-pot, a bright thing in crinkly ware, with a spoon of the same. "Supposing, ma'am," he is saying, "that you should happen to have a bit of cold meat for dinner, how much nicer your mustard tastes in a elegant pot like this, as'd save its cost in a month, ma'am."

"I don't want it, thank you," said Widow Booth resolutely. She turned a cold shoulder to the mustard-pot, and devoted herself to the contemplation of the pot that was simmering on the fire.

The pedler divined that her answer was a final one, and turned to the possible customer now entering. "Wouldn't you buy a nice pair of vauses, to take home to your good lady, sir?" he cried, producing a pair of highly gilt and coloured jars.

The new-comer shook his head. "She ain't come home herself yet, Mr. Pedler."—Then he cried to Mrs. Booth, who still kept her eyes fixed upon the hob: "Don't you recollect me, Mrs. Booth? Don't you recollect Tom Rapley? *You* haven't forgot me, anyhow, Lizzie," he went on, holding out his hand to that young lady, who gave a little scream of astonishment, and turned a pretty mother-of-pearl pink all over her face. The old lady was a little hard of hearing at times, but Lizzie shook her and shouted into her ear. The widow nodded graciously at Tom, and examined him with critical eye.

Tom has been shaking hands for a long time with Lizzie, and now he sits down on the bench beside her.

"Have you been pretty well since I left, Lizzie?"

"Pretty middling," replied Lizzie with a soft sigh, which Tom fondly interpreted to mean, "Pining a little for you." She looked at him softly, with a kind of

dreamy admiration in her eyes. And, indeed, he is a good-looking fellow, with a nice florid complexion, luxuriant whiskers, a mouth that is good-natured, if a little undecided in expression, and a fine long aquiline nose.

"Did I hear say as Master Tom Rapley had come home?" asked one of the group at the bar, putting his head into the parlour—an elderly man, with scanty grizzled locks, a clear-cut healthy face, and bright intelligent eyes.

"Is that you, Sailor?" cried Tom. "Why, you look younger than ever. Come in."

Sailor now introduced the whole of his person into the parlour. He was dressed in a pea-jacket, over a blue worsted jersey, which had a small openwork square in the breast of it. His red comforter shewed just above his jersey; his nether garments were of ordinary corduroy, tied below the knees with string. He was a cheery, hale old fellow, a good worker, and handy odd man, equally fond of a social glass and improving conversation.

"Bless you, I don't worrit myself, I don't," he replies, in a high cheerful voice; "so I ain't no call to get old. Well, you have grown a good-looking young chap, Master Tom! I suppose you don't recollect about the hunt we had that time you and young Dick Durden would have it you viewed the hare 'cross the six-acre fild, as turned out to be old Sally Baker's cat—ha, ha!"

The pedler, seeing no further chance of doing any business, drank his mug of ale, and swung his basket on his shoulders. "You won't let me leave the mustard-pot then, ma'am?" Mrs. Booth shook her head. "Well, have you ne'er a rabbit-skin or two to sell, ma'am?"

"Lizzie!" cried Mrs. Booth; but Lizzie was deeply engaged in talk with Tom, and the widow rose herself, and went out, bringing back with her three or four skins, which she sold to the pedler. "Here, Liz," she cried to her niece, putting three-halfpence into her hand—"here's your parquisite."

"My! aunt," cried Lizzie, rousing herself, "you've never sold all those skins for that? Why, one of them's worth the money."

Tom looked at her admiringly. Lizzie was evidently sharp at a bargain, and a faculty of that sort is worth as much as a small fortune to a girl, he thought.

"Well, but, miss," remonstrated the pedlar, "what's them others good for? Shrivelly bits of things, that ain't no ac-

count. They ain't a bit of use to me, without it's to mend my old cap."

"Well, a bargain's a bargain," cried Lizzie; "only, it's well you hadn't me to deal with."

"You wouldn't have done no better, miss."

Lizzie tossed her head, and walked away to the window, and began to look out, in an abstracted kind of way. Tom followed her, and took up his place beside her.

"Lizzie!" he said in an undertone.

"Well, Tom?"

"Ain't you got anything warmer to say to me than that?"

"It was about as warm as what you said to me."

"Ain't you pleased to see me back again, Lizzie?"

"My! won't your aunt Betsy be proud of you!" said Lizzie, casting over him a glance that might be appreciative, or might be sarcastic.

"But, are *you* proud of me, Lizzie! Don't you think I'm improved?"

"Well, you're changed," replied Lizzie evasively. "Your whiskers are grown a good bit," she went on, after a moment's reflection, holding her hands out before her face, as if trying to gauge their length.

"There's one thing I'm not changed in, Lizzie."

"What's that?"

"You know, Lizzie, don't you?"

"Your nose, perhaps; it isn't any longer, I think, Tom."

Tom was rather vexed at this: his nose, though a handsome one, hypercritical persons might object to, as over-long for strict proportion. He turned away from the window, with heightened colour. Meanwhile, Sailor settled himself for a yarn about his adventures at sea. Skim leant forward, eagerly intent on putting in his word whenever he could; his experience had been limited, but he made the most of it.

"I remember when we was roun'ing Cape Horn, and the waves running mountainous high——"

"I've seen 'em worse than that," cried Skim eagerly. "Me and another chap was sawing down Upchurch way, and the waves ran right into the pit—drowned us out, they did."

"Ah! that was the *tide*," said Sailor contemptuously. "You never saw such a sea as when we was roun'ing Cape Horn."

"Tell you the waves was right roun' me," cried Skim. "I says to my mate:

Met, says I, I'll have a wash ; and I goes down to the water, as I thought ; but lor, it was nothing but lather."

"Ah!" said the mistress, with remiscences of Margate in her mind, "don't they waves foment!"

"Umph!" snorted Sailor; "you ain't none of you had no experience of the sea. If you'd a roun'ed Cape Horn, and seen the waves! There was a storm that blowed that violent as you have no idea of. It was all hands to shorten sail, and me and Jack Waters ——"

"That was Jack's widow as died a year ago last spring," cried Skim, almost in a shout, so eager was he to plunge into the stream of talk. "Tell you I carried her things about time her sale was."

Skim's harsh voice drowned the lighter tones of Sailor, who cut off his yarn in despair, and listened, in a resigned disappointed way, to Skim's description of Widow Waters's sale.

Lizzie had gone back to her station by the window, and Tom, drawn by a sort of irresistible attraction, had followed her.

"Then you are glad I'm come back?" he began weakly.

Lizzie nodded. Time was short, after all, and it was not well to be too coy.

"You ought to know what there is about me that isn't changed—it's my heart, Lizzie."

She sighed softly, but made no reply.

"Do you remember," cried Tom, "the last time we met, over at the stile by the fir plantation, on the field-path to Biscoham?"

Tom's pretence of looking out of the window was a very shallow one. He had turned away from the prospect outside, and was ardently gazing into Lizzie's face. She was looking downwards, curiously regarding the hem of her apron. Sailor, Skim, and the mistress were sitting with their backs to the window, absorbed in their discussion; whilst stolid Butcher, who had uttered not a word, but who had absorbed more than his fair share of the ale, had fallen asleep with his head on the table, forgetful of horse and cart, and was sleeping stertorously. Nobody thought of Tom and Lizzie. It was just the same as being alone. Tom's face gradually approached Lizzie's pink cheek, which didn't seem repelled from the contact—she thus expressing what a woman's coyness inclines to decline uttering in words.

Just at that moment, a black heavy object seemed to intrude itself between them, and something rapped fiercely at

the window-pane. It was the butt-end of a driving-whip; and Tom saw, in dismay, that a carriage had stopped opposite the window, and that a lady, who sat in the driver's seat, was prodding vigorously at the window with her whip-handle.

"O my!" cried Tom, with a shudder of dismay, "here's Aunt Betsy!"

Aunt Betsy was in a four-wheeled chaise, with a male companion. It was a very old chaise, with a leathern hood over the front seat, and a little perch behind, that seemed cut off altogether from human sympathy, very brown and rusty, its iron frame protruding at all the folds of the leather-work. The horse in the shafts was a young one, with long shaggy coat, and fetlocks fringed with coarse hair.

Lizzie and Tom were a long way apart by this time, both looking very red and flurried; but Lizzie followed Tom with a reproachful glance as she saw him vanish without making his adieux, and run out to greet his aunt.

"Well, aunt, how do you do?" said Tom hurriedly. "I got Butcher to give me a lift over the flood, and so I went in here to treat him to some ale, and I staid a few minutes, and—Hollo, it's Mr. Collop. How do you do, sir?"

Tom came to a full stop; his aunt regarded him with a cold stony stare, that seemed to freeze up his powers of speech; her companion, a tall, thin, elderly man, with thin pursed-up lips, hollow eyes, and prominent spade-shaped nose, threw up the whites of his eyes, and shook his head solemnly.

Aunt Betsy was a stern, rigid-looking woman, dressed in a black silk poke bonnet, a brown stuff dress, with little hard black buttons sprinkled over it. She had a thick faded Paisley shawl closely folded round her neck, and wore black kid gloves, the knuckles and finger-joints of which were stretched and swollen. She had the face of a hawk, a fierce hooked nose, and prominent cheek-bones, which shewed through the yellow parchment skin that was drawn tightly over them. Her cold gray eyes looked out from a network of minute wrinkles, and she had a way of staring steadfastly at people, as if they were almost invisible with the naked eye, and could only be recognized by a fixed attentive stare.

"Thomas," she said, after a pause, "have you come to see me, or have you come to see the *Royal Oak*? You can make your choice, you know."

"O aunt, I only just ——"

"Hundreds of young men have gone to destruction through only justing, Thomas. Jump up behind, and come home with me."

Thomas crawled into the small perch behind, and settled himself—his knees almost up to his chin, his nose flattened against the leathern hood—conscious that the whole company he had just left were gazing out of the window at him—Sailor, Skim, the butcher's red face, Widow Booth with her gray locks, and last of all Lizzie, contemptuously smiling. Yes, he owned himself a craven, to desert her so readily at Aunt Betsy's nod!

Aunt Betsy's chaise passed through the village of Milford, and presently took to a narrow sandy lane, and by-and-by drew up before an ancient stone house, once the manor-house of the village, but now known simply as Milford's. The house fronted the lane with a solemn-looking gable of curved outline, built of the hard gray stone of the neighbourhood, pierced with mullioned windows; over the windows, projecting dripstones, in shape like the top of a capital T. A wing projected at right angles from the south end of the gabled part, and in the corner, now in deep shadow, was the hall-door. Above this angle, rose a massive chimney-stack, adorned with handsome brick mouldings, that gave an air of dignity to the house. Behind this recessed wing was a projecting outbuilding, containing a back-kitchen, wash-house, and scullery, with a bedchamber above, a modern addition to the house; and beyond this was the garden, with numerous gooseberry-bushes, and raspberry vines, and a few rows of desolate-looking winter cabbages. From the gable-side of the house, a low wall was continued flush with the lane which formed one side of the straw-yard; behind which were stables and cowsheds, now little used, and falling out of repair. Above these peered the ancient roof of the hop-kiln, with a white cowl at the top, with a long vane standing out of it, that veered to and fro with the wind, creaking mournfully. A handsome clump of trees shewed in the background a soft and delicate screen of twig and branch.

"Jump down, and hold the horse, Thomas," cried Aunt Betsy.

In the meantime, who is Aunt Betsy, and who is Tom Rapley?

Aunt Betsy was the elder of two sisters—daughters of a small smock-frock farmer—who had married, the one a shopkeeper, the other a farmer and malt-

ster. The tradesman's wife gave birth to Tom Rapley. Aunt Betsy's union with Rennel, the sporting farmer and gay maltster, proved unfruitful. Mrs. Rapley's marriage turned out badly; her husband drank away his character and capital, and ended his days as shopman to an old apprentice, one Collop, who employed him more out of charity, as it seemed, than that the broken-down man was of any use. He survived his wife, however, who died in the middle of their troubles. Tom, the son, had served his time with Collop, and in due course, went to a big draper's shop in London, and became the smart shopman we have just seen.

Aunt Betsy's fate was more propitious: her husband, indeed, was as little of an exemplary character as her sister's, but he had quite another sort of person to deal with; a vigorous, capable woman, fully alive to her own interests, and with a firm hand to maintain them. The reins that fell from her husband's trembling fingers, she seized and retained. Thanks to her, her husband died in the odour of outward respectability, and left his stock plenishing and household goods intact to her careful disposal. Under her management, the business thrived and increased, till Aunt Betsy became the richest farmer and largest capitalist in all the county. Not that she made her money out of the Manor Farm; clever as Mrs. Rennel was, she was not clever enough to make much money out of farming; but from her hops, which she had planted and grown successfully for many years; from her malt-houses, which she had established all over the county; and also out of Collop's shop in the High Street of Bisco-pham, for which she had originally found the capital. With her, money had bred money.

Collop the shopkeeper was a widower, and had made many ineffectual attempts to induce Aunt Betsy to marry him. He had an only daughter, a clever and virtuous, but extremely ugly girl. Mrs. Rennel was not to be won. She had a great respect for Collop, and employed him constantly in her affairs, but she wasn't going to set him or any other man in authority over her.

One consideration, however, greatly troubled Aunt Betsy. There must come a time when she would be obliged to renounce the care and arrangement of all her affairs; she couldn't expect to live forever. Aunt Betsy had been fighting so long for her own hand, that she had not the slightest wish to benefit any one

else by her acquisitions. She loved her own possessions, the comfortable house, the good farm that she had bought and paid for with her own money. She loved her chests of linen; her wardrobes, filled with good clothes; her well-polished furniture, and fat feather-beds, but it was with a jealous exacting love, to which it was a cruel pang to realize that these objects of her affection must eventually be enjoyed by some one else. Aunt Betsy had not been a religious woman during her prosperous career; but of late years she had been much taken with the tenets of a sect, popularly known as the "To-morrowmorningites," the leading tenet of which was, that the world was to be destroyed and renovated at a very early date, perhaps to-morrow morning. A small remnant of people — those who accepted the belief of the Morningites — were to be saved from destruction, and to become the heirs-general of humanity.

This foolish faith was in itself so pleasing to Aunt Betsy, that she accepted it with an alacrity that was a wonderful contrast to her caution in other matters. When she saw the young, the happy, and the sociable, and contrasted the bright warm lives of some people with her own sordid contracted existence, it was perhaps a solace to her to believe that this would hereafter be redressed, and that all these thoughtless happy people were destined to be cut off and destroyed, whilst she should be snatched like a brand from the burning. No awkward wrench in her life: no parting with pleasant possessions, and going out into the cold gloom of death: everything was to go on prosperously with her as of old.

Not that she was always steadfast to this fond belief. There were times when the realities of life obtruded themselves, ghastly witnesses, and would not be denied. Then she saw herself unlovely and unloved, sinking to an unregretted grave, no human soul caring one way or the other, except for that which she might leave behind. Then, with a pang, she thought of how others would live easy, comfortable lives on that which had cost her a life of pain and toil to acquire, and yet how to arrange matters so that her death should not benefit a single human creature, it was hard to contrive. Not that facilities were wanting: every morsel of this accumulated wealth of hers was at her disposal; lawyers were waiting to do her behests in life, judges and solemn courts held themselves in readiness to see that every jot of her bidding should be done

after her death. And yet she found it difficult to determine what these behests should be.

At these times of gloom and doubt, another sort of fear possessed her. She had a great dread and terror at the thought of being buried alive. Her memory was well stored with incidents of this ghastly nature. She realized vividly and with exaggerated accessories, the horror of such a death, and yet she confided her fears to no one, and she was doubtful as to whether any directions she might leave would be faithfully carried out. Who would care when once she was gone?

She was a wary old dame, too, this Aunt Betsy, and was fully alive to the danger latent in any extraordinary testamentary dispositions that might give rise to suspicions of the testator's sanity. The world, she knew, would scoff incredulously both at her beliefs and fears, would call her a mad old woman for her pains; and that was an all-sufficient reason why she should keep everything to herself.

All this time we have left Tom Rapley standing by the head of his aunt's horse, an animal who was far from shewing any disposition to run away. Despite his grandeur of appearance, and the good opinion Tom had of himself, he couldn't keep up his dignity before his aunt and Collop. To them he was still the mere boy, the disobedient, troublesome orphan, the refractory, unprofitable apprentice.

"What have you done with your luggage, Thomas?" cried Aunt Betsy. "Carrier going to bring it — he'll charge you sixpence for it. Why couldn't you bring it yourself? Always high and mighty, Thomas, and nothing to keep it up with. You'll never have a penny from me, Thomas. Ridiculous ape you've made of yourself. — Look at him, Collop."

Collop looked at Tom with sour abstracted gaze.

"What's your turnover a week?" he said at last.

"At our establishment? Oh, about a thousand!" cried Tom grandly.

"Ah, a very good business that! And what does your master think about you?"

"Oh, I don't know; he's going to give me a rise this Christmas."

"And how long holiday has he given you?"

"Oh, a week," said Tom.

"If I were you," said Collop, "I should go back a few days before the time, and tell your master you were too zealous for his interests to stop away longer."

"That would be ridiculous," said Tom.

"Tom, you're a fool!" said his aunt. "Take the pony round to the stables, and tie him up; and, Tom, you'd better cut some chaff for him; I don't think there's any done—and then, come in to tea. We've got a visitor"—here Aunt Betsy tried to assume a knowing kind of smile—"somebody you used to be very fond of before you left."

Tom couldn't think who that could be. He hadn't been fond of anybody, lately, except Lizzie Booth, and it wasn't likely that his aunt had invited her to tea. But he took the pony up the lane to the stables, and being a youth very fond of animals, he spent half an hour pleasantly in attending to the pony.

Collop and Aunt Betsy had entered the house, and were talking earnestly together. Collop had cautiously handed to Mrs. Rennel a bag containing specie, at the same time earnestly warning her against keeping the same in the house. No one slept at the manor but Aunt Betsy; the female servant she kept going back at night to her own house in the village.

"Do be advised by me," said Collop, "and let the money remain in the bank in my name."

"Well, there's no danger as long as Tom is here," said Aunt Betsy.

"But when Tom goes? Do be persuaded, Mrs. Rennel, now, pray."

"I can't abide people sleeping in the house."

"Then why don't you get some labouring man and his wife to sleep in the outbuilding? There's a door between the upper room and your kitchen chamber, but that might be easily fastened up. The man would look after your garden and pony in his leisure time, and you'd let him have the place rent-free for his pains, and then he'd be at hand; if you wanted any thing, you'd only have to knock for him."

Aunt Betsy rather liked this idea, and took Collop over the house to see how it could be arranged. As this old manor-house is the scene of the greater part of our story, it is well that you should thoroughly understand its plan and construction. The gabled wing was the oldest part of the house, and had evidently formed a portion of some much larger mansion. This contained on the ground floor Mrs. Rennel's parlour, a staircase to the upper rooms, a small lobby, and a large storeroom. These latter had once been the hall of the more ancient house, and shewed here and there traces of fine oaken panelling. Two large bedrooms

above still bore the names of the hall chamber and the parlour chamber. The other wing, built a century or so later, but still of a respectable antiquity, contained a fine roomy kitchen, with a noble hearth and chimney, now nearly all bricked up; a small mean modern grate, with an oven and boiler, occupying the place of a range where once huge spits had revolved and vast joints and fat capons had roasted simultaneously before a capacious sea-coal fire. In one corner was a door, that opened on a stone staircase, which led to the cellars under the ancient part of the house. At the foot of the stairs was a well, covered with a stone slab, a well reputed to be of fathomless depth—the water from which, bright, and cold, and sparkling, was drawn by a force-pump in the kitchen. Much of Aunt Betsy's celebrity for butter and cheese in former days had been due to the quality of the spring-water, and to the cool equable temperament of these cellars, which she had then used as a dairy. They were now almost empty. A few old frames of hopbins stood in one corner, and from the roof hung some dry geranium roots, that had long been stored there, and forgotten. A small jug of milk, and a few tea-cakes on a plate, were all the solid and liquid stores now visible.

There were two chambers above the kitchen, accessible by a back staircase, and then came the outbuilding, which will hereafter be more particularly described. There was nothing remarkable about the farm-buildings, except the barn, which was built in a very strong and massive way. Rumour said that this barn had once been the banqueting-hall of the former house, and certain carved oaken beams in the roofing seemed to countenance the idea that it had once been devoted to other uses. Rumour, too, spoke of subterranean passages from the old house to the barn, and also to the churchyard; and there was an unauthenticated story of a priest who was said to have been forgotten whilst hiding in one of these passages, and to have died a long lingering death of starvation. Such stories, however, gather about old houses as naturally as cobwebs and ivy, and none of the well-informed, respectable inhabitants of Milford put any faith in them.

When Collop and Aunt Betsy had examined the arrangement of the outbuilding and its communication with the kitchen chambers, they returned to the parlour, and continued their discussion.

"Yes, I think it would do very well,"

said Aunt Betsy; "I should feel more comfortable, I own. But there would be a difficulty in finding a man to suit me."

"I think I know of one," replied Collop. "A man who lives in the village—a rough fellow, but honest, I really believe."

"His name?" asked Aunt Betsy.

"The name he always goes by," said Collop, shifting his eyes uneasily, "is Skim."

Aunt Betsy knitted her brows, and threw a searching glance at Collop, who bore it with apparent unconcern.

"Yes," she said, "I have heard about him. Well, Collop, if I can oblige you, as well as benefit myself, I don't know why I should not. Here comes Emily, I see, and Susan with the tea-things. I shall send Emily to call Tom."

Tom came in presently, looking rather sulky. Emily had always been his particular aversion. It was a pity, for she was a very good girl; but she had weak eyes, a mottled, jaundiced complexion, was rather lame, and had no more figure than a hop-pocket. But Aunt Betsy was quite facetious about the two all tea-time, and rallied Tom about Emily, and Emily about Tom, till the pair could hardly look one another in the face. The idea of marrying Emily was a melancholy prospect for Tom; and yet, so strong-willed and determined was his aunt, that he feared she would eventually compel him to do it, if she had set her mind upon it.

It appeared that she had set her mind upon it, for, after Collop and his daughter had gone, Aunt Betsy thus addressed her nephew, as he was taking his candle to go to bed: "Collop and I have been talking things over, and we have come to this conclusion: you and Emily are to be married, and your father-in-law is going to take you into the business. So no more *Royal Oaks* and bar-maids! Do you hear?"

"You can't expect me to make up my mind all of a minute," said Tom, who really hadn't the courage to fly directly in his aunt's face.

"Pooh! You haven't got a mind, Thomas; you're a fool altogether, a vanity-stricken, empty-headed creature! Be guided by me, and you may live decently and respectably, with a quiet, affectionate wife, to keep you out of mischief. But go your *Royal Oak* ways, if you please, and steer for destitution; you'll have no help from me."

Tom was a good deal moved by his aunt's words: he couldn't help owning that there might be prophetic wisdom in

them. Perhaps, if Emily had not been so very ugly, Tom's fidelity to his Lizzie might have wavered.

But, as it was, Tom made up his mind to disregard his aunt's warnings. He had plans of his own. He had saved a little money, and a fellow-shopman of his, a speculative but not over well-principled young fellow, who possessed two hundred and fifty pounds, had proposed to him to put their capital together, and open a shop in Holborn. Tom had mapped it all out in imagination: he was to live over the shop, having first made Lizzie his wife. She was a good manager; and they were to keep house for the partner and the assistants. Tom had visions of himself as a prosperous trader, with a handsome, dashing wife at his side, driving out on jaunts into the country, or going to the play in the evenings. A prospect far superior this to the dull shop in the quiet town of Biscopham, living under the rule of his aunt and old Collop, and with Emmy tied to his side. Yes, he was determined to have his own way, but still the old woman's words stuck in his mind, and made him very uncomfortable.

Collop, who had driven over in a hired vehicle, on his way home called at a cottage in the village, and asked to see Skim. He was not at home; but Mrs. Skim went to look for him, and brought him home presently, a little the worse for liquor.

"I've got you a place, Skim," said Collop, with whom this man seemed to be familiar: "I've got you a place with Mrs. Rennel. House, rent-free; and nothing to do for it except to dig in the old lady's garden every now and then, and to see where she had a fancy for hiding her papers."

"And what shall we get for the job?" said Skim doubtfully.

"Well, you see," said Collop, "I allow you as much as I can afford, but —"

"What's five shillings a week to a gentleman like you!" cried Skim.

"But consider the house, rent-free."

"Ah! and break my back over the old lady's garden. No, no; I don't reckon that at anything. 'Taint worth talking about."

"You shall have a half-crown extra for a time." The pair had a good long talk together as to Skim's future proceedings, during which, Emily, who was sitting outside in the phaeton, got quite benumbed with cold.

Notwithstanding his perplexities, Tom enjoyed his holidays, and staid them out to the last. He dazzled his old friends at

Biscopham by his smart neck-ties and fashionable apparel. He talked grandly of the offers he had of going into business; and sat upon the counter at Collop's shop, and chatted with the shopman with all the air of a future master. But one or two surreptitious walks with Lizzie settled the matter with Tom. His aunt coming down to breakfast on the day he left for town, found a note from him, stating that he had thought the matter over, and respectfully declined her proposals for his welfare. He informed her, also, that he had been married that morning to Lizzie Booth, and hoped she would give them her blessing and good wishes.

Aunt Betsy took it very quietly, but she sent for a lawyer forthwith, and made her first will.

CHAPTER II.

Hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets;
For, by my word, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.

IN the four years that have elapsed since Tom Rapley's marriage, his fortunes have alternately waxed and waned, but the waxing has been temporary and precarious, whilst the waning process has gone on steadily and continuously. He went into business with his speculative friend, and for a time they prospered and made money. Tom was industrious, and not extravagant, and his wife turned out a perfect treasure; whilst the partner supplied dash and enterprise, and was fertile in resources for attracting and entrapping the public. But with some success came much undue inflation. The partner devoted himself to betting and losing persistently, and Tom's patient efforts were like dribbling water into a broken sieve. A crash, as might have been expected, came at last. The stock of Brown and Rapley was seized, the firm made bankrupt, and Tom found himself, with a wife and boy of three years old dependent on him, cast upon the world without a penny.

As a forlorn-hope, he tried his aunt. Would she lend him a couple of hundred pounds or so, he wrote, to start him again? His creditors had been satisfied with his conduct, and the wholesale houses would trust him afresh, if he could only get a start; he would pay ten per cent. interest, and he would be ever grateful; and so on. Aunt Betsy took no notice of his application. Trade was bad; he could get no situation as a shopman; and he found himself and his belongings practically acquainted with the

meaning of starvation. He fell ill, too, and became incapable of doing anything. He met with a kind friend, however, in a hospital doctor, who was struck with compassion for this little family group suffering silently and uncomplainingly. Tom must have nutritious diet, and native air, he said; and as Aunt Booth, at this juncture, came forward, and offered them a temporary home at the *Royal Oak*, they thankfully accepted her offer; and by the assistance of the benevolent doctor, who raised a few pounds for them among his friends, they were enabled to leave their miserable lodgings in London, and take refuge at Milford. It was a depressing, wretched affair, this coming back, beaten in the battle of life, and Tom thought with apprehension of his aunt's last warning words. Destitution had come indeed, for Aunt Booth was poor, and couldn't keep them long.

Tom humbled his pride sufficiently to go and call at Milford's; but his aunt wouldn't even open the door to him. He knocked and knocked; and he could see his aunt's nose appearing between the window-blind and the jamb, as she peered out upon him. But the door remained inexorably closed; and when he made his way round to the back, he was met by Skim — now, it seemed, his aunt's servant — who told him that it was no use coming there, as the old lady wouldn't set eyes on him. After that, he met her once driving in the chaise with Collop; but she turned her head away from him, and wouldn't acknowledge his greeting.

Sailor was still living at Milford, hale and hearty as ever. He was the one true friend they had in the village. He was as good as a nurse-maid, or rather a great deal better, for he took care of little Bertie, and kept him amused and employed; taught him how to tie knots and sail boats, to make pop-guns out of elder boughs, and whistles out of the shoots of willows, and trumpets out of the ketches that grew in the woods, and generally made the boy's life bright and pleasant to him. Bertie was almost as much at Sailor's cottage as at the *Royal Oak*, and that was a great relief to Lizzie, who did most of the household work for her aunt, as some sort of a recompense for their food and lodging, and had to nurse Tom as well, and keep up his spirits.

Sailor's cottage was in the lane between the village and Aunt Betsy's house — one of a row of small two-roomed cottages, built upon a strip of waste land, by the

speculative shopkeeper of the village, and inhabited by agricultural labourers. Sailor's cottage was the trimmest and neatest in the row. He had built a wooden porch, covered with lattice-work, over which he had trained a creeper, and there were two narrow seats inside, where you might smoke a pipe if so inclined. The room you first entered was paved with brick, and the walls neatly white-washed. There was a small mirror over the chimney-piece, and a bright blue glass rolling-pin with the figure of a ship upon it hanging beneath. On the wall opposite was a portrait of Lord Nelson, with a very blue coat and highly gilt buttons, and a tremendous cocked-hat. A capital water-colour drawing of the frigate *Thetis*, in full sail, drawn by one of her officers, occupied a place of honour over a stand by the wall, full of shells and curiosities. A round oaken table, scrubbed to a snowy whiteness, stood in the middle of the floor; and three or four rush-bottomed chairs, also marvellously clean, were ranged round the walls. The fireplace was fitted with a little range, oven, grate, and boiler, black-leaded till you could see your face in them. An eight-day clock in the corner, with gaily painted face, marked the flight of time with monotonous inward throbblings.

Sailor's cottage was a perfect fairyland to little Bertie. To turn over Sailor's treasures, to handle the bright cutlass that hung in one corner, to put his ear to the voluted shells, and listen to the soft cooing of the distant sea, or to make a boat of a rush-bottomed chair, and sail a fairy voyage across indefinite oceans—these things were a constant delight to him. His mother was never uneasy at his long absences. It was quite enough that he was with Sailor.

One day, however, Sailor had left Bertie at the cottage whilst he transacted some little business in the village, and, on his return, the boy was nowhere to be found. He had grown tired of being alone, Sailor thought, and had gone home. He went to the *Royal Oak* to see. But Bertie was not there. Without result, they searched the house and out-buildings: they were all blank and silent. Then the misgiving seized upon Sailor: had the boy gone down to the river to sail his boat, and fallen in! The thought occurred to Lizzie at the same moment. Tom ran down to the bank one way as fast as his weakness would permit, Sailor the other. But their search was in vain. The river was in flood from recent rains,

and flowing sullenly and rapidly onwards. If the lad's foot had slipped, his body might be miles away, floating among the drift and tangle of the swollen stream. Tom and Sailor looked despairingly at one another as they met, after their fruitless search.

"I daren't go back without him," cried Tom.

"Look here," cried Sailor; "he might have run up along the road towards the old lady's. You stop here, Master Tom; you ain't fit to run, and I'll start forwards."

Nobody had seen the boy in the village, and Sailor pushed on disconsolately past his own cottage, looking in with the forlorn-hope that the boy might have come back in his absence, past the vicarage, that stood back from the road, in the middle of a clump of trees, right away to Aunt Betsy's house. All the way, Sailor's observant eyes had noticed the fresh track of wheels, and now he saw that they had here come to a stand-still. Aunt Betsy had been out in her chaise, evidently. She was very careful of getting her feet wet, and always on damp days had a pair of pattens in her chaise. These had cut out round cakes of sand all up the path; but alongside there was another set of footprints, the tiny track of a child. Sailor walked up the path—it was no use knocking, he knew—and he peeped cautiously in at the parlour-window, and there he saw a most wonderful sight. At the table, with jam before him, and honey, a new loaf, a pot of fresh butter, a tin of biscuits, and a currant-cake, sat the young truant, and Aunt Betsy was standing behind his chair, waiting on him. Sailor ducked his head, and exploded in a fit of silent laughter; then he stole quietly out of Aunt Betsy's gate, and set off running as hard as he could towards the *Royal Oak*.

He saw Tom a long way off, coming to meet him, pale, and almost fainting. Sailor took off his hat, and waved it in the air, as a signal that all was right.

Some hours elapsed before the boy came home, in Aunt Betsy's chaise, driven by Skim. Bertie was full of his adventures—of the funny old woman who had taken him to the big house, of the sweets he had eaten, of the bright shilling she had given him.

Before the day was out, Sailor came from the village to report that Aunt Betsy had sent for her lawyer once more, and that Skim and his wife had been called in to witness her will.

Tom and his wife talked hopefully together that night. Surely Aunt Betsy was relenting, and would do something for them. If she took such a fancy to Bertie, she could hardly avoid helping his father and mother to bring him up.

As Sailor was sitting in his cottage that night busy over some repairs in his habiliments, he was surprised at hearing a knock at his door. Opening it, he beheld Aunt Betsy wrapped up in a thick cloak, over her head a huge hood, called a calash, something in size and appearance like the head of a landau. Sailor had once been on good terms with Aunt Betsy; he had married her old confidential servant Jane who had left him a widower many years ago; and Sailor had entertained expectations from the rich old woman, which events had not verified. A coolness had arisen between them, which had ended in total estrangement. Aunt Betsy was never known to overlook or forgive any offence against herself, and Sailor was a good deal surprised at her appearance. She seemed strangely subdued—almost frightened too. And when she entered the cottage, and sat down, she trembled violently. It was some time before she recovered herself sufficiently to speak, and then she began to ask questions about the boy Bertie, studiously avoiding all reference to his father and mother. Sailor spoke of the boy in glowing terms, and Aunt Betsy seemed pleased to hear him talk about the child. Presently, she rose to leave, but hesitated, as if having something on her mind. "Sailor," she said, "I want you to promise me something."

Sailor said he'd do what he could.

"Promise me, that if you hear that anything is the matter with me—that I am ill, or anything of the kind—you will take a horse, and ride over to Biscopham as hard as you can go, and bid Frewen, the lawyer, come to me at once; and if he isn't at home, you must go to Mr. Patch, his head-clerk. And Sailor, as you might have a sudden call, and no money for expenses, here is a sovereign for you to pay for the horse and gates. Only, you mustn't spend it, do you hear! You must bring it to me every Saturday night, to show me that you haven't spent it."

"Spend a sovereign as you'd given me, ma'am!" said Sailor; "it's much more likely I should send it to the British Museum."

"Well, enough of that, Sailor," said

Aunt Betsy with some dignity. "I can trust you to do what I ask, at all events."

"That you can, ma'am, faithful," cried Sailor. "Good-night, ma'am."

Early next morning, Aunt Betsy's pony-chaise dashed through the village, driven by Skim at full gallop, and took the road to Biscopham. Old Mrs. Rennel had been found dead in her bed, he cried to the villagers, as he passed through. Sailor was standing at his door at the time, and presently a horse was splashing through the ford, and galloping away by bridle-paths and cross lanes in the same direction to Biscopham also.

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HABIT IN PLANTS, AND POWER OF ACCLIMATIZATION.

BY H. EVERSHERD.

THERE are, as we all know, among human beings, certain individuals who are far more capable of adapting themselves to altered circumstances than others who, to outward seeming, are no whit better or stronger than themselves. The fact encounters us at every step in daily life. Of two young men who, with apparently equal chances of well doing, shall emigrate to a foreign country, one, and perhaps the more promising, shall turn into an idle loafer and die a drunkard, or shall take a fatal fever, or shall succumb to the new influences from weakness either of moral or of physical fibre; while the other shall plod on through every difficulty, make his fortune, and found a family in his new home.

With races this inherent difference is still more apparent. There is no obvious reason why a Frenchman should make a very bad colonist, and an Englishman or a German a good one; why a Jew should be able to make his way and his fortune through every impediment of climate, distance, and persecution; and why a North American Indian should die if he is taken away from his native wilds.

With quadrupeds and with birds there is the same fact to be noticed, differences between individuals, and still greater differences between species. It has been forced upon our notice very recently that the climate of the West African Coast is as fatal to most domestic animals as it is to the white man. To the dog, the horse, and the ox, its evil influences are fatal; but the rat thrives, and indeed seems equally

at home and happy in a fever-stricken mangrove swamp of the tropics as amid the ice and snow of Melville Island.

The pheasant and guinea-fowl, whose native country is dry and hot, pass to and thrive in those that are wet and cold.

Cocks and hens, whose progenitors inhabited the depths of Indian jungles, do well in almost every corner of the habitable globe, hot or cold, wet or dry.

These facts, and many similar ones, are familiar enough to most of us ; but the no less latent power of resistance to new influences which is found strong in certain families of the vegetable kingdom, and weak in others, is less often remarked upon ; likewise their faculty, developed by untoward circumstances, of meeting novel difficulties by novel resources. These peculiarities in plants are singularly interesting, and their bearing upon human economy makes them especially worthy of study.

It is, as a rule, impossible to say wherein resides this hidden power in the vegetable world, but we can take note of the cases where it exists ; and records of these instances are of an importance which it is difficult to exaggerate.

In this matter there is no concluding from analogy, no general law, or rather, no perceptible general law. The knowledge that we must acquire is as full of exceptions as of rules. It is as puzzling, and seemingly as contradictory, as any mere human system—as much so, almost, as that monument of imbecility and prejudice, the Common Law of England.

Instances of these inexplicable differences are numerous enough. The wheat and the maize-plant—natives one of the north and the other of the south ; one of the eastern, the other of the western hemisphere—have migrated into each other's latitude, and grow side by side in the old and in the new world. The date-palm of Africa, on the other hand, is as non-migratory as a French peasant, and fails to thrive or fails to fruit, if taken far away from the hot, dry air of the sandy deserts. No hardier plant seems to exist than the aloe, which grows from a single leaf thrust into almost any kind of soil in sub-tropical countries, and makes strong hedges that no ill-usage will hurt. It is the blackthorn of Southern Europe ; but let it be moved the few degrees that separate it from the north of this continent, and it becomes a delicate greenhouse plant, which is killed by the two or three degrees of frost that geraniums, brought from hotter parts of Africa, will stand un-

harmed. On the other hand, let the heat of the greenhouse be raised to hothouse temperature, and the aloe dies ; yet the very same heat only serving to force to its full luxuriance the maidenhair fern taken from its native habitat in a Devonshire dell.

There are other plants, less known, but even more remarkable for elasticity than the maidenhair fern ; the *Zephyranthes candida*, for instance, is at home on the warm banks of the Plata, sows itself in the hot, dry country near Lima, and in Yorkshire resists the severest frosts. A hardly less striking instance of adaptability is the common Jerusalem artichoke ; brought from the equatorial regions of Brazil, it ripens its tubers perfectly in Scotland and in part of Northern Russia.

The adaptability of plants is of course due to more than a simple non-susceptibility to the alterations of heat and cold, or hardiness. There is also involved a power of meeting new difficulties by the development of new resources, and we need not remind the reader of the reliance placed on this faculty by the originators of the doctrine of evolution. There is the pitcher-plant of Borneo, which has modified its petiole, or leaf footstalk, into the pitcher, large enough, in some species, to hold more than a quart of water. Whatever may be the precise use of this curious vegetable water-pot, we may at least be quite sure that it is a development without which the existence of the plant would cease.

Then again, there must exist that without which the mere latent hardiness and latent adaptability would go for little, there must needs be, to make these things of real importance, the inherent power of transmitting to descendants newly-acquired developments ; and in this respect also, there are variations and degrees. Winter wheat sown in the south of Europe in spring, would probably never ripen ; and we have seen a field of Italian wheat blooming very disastrously several weeks too soon in this climate ; and probably it would not have consoled the farmer to know that by persevering a year or two, his foreign seed wheat would probably acquire an English habit. Archbishop Whately grafted an early thorn on a late one, and *vice versâ*, and the result was that the grafts came into leaf in future with their parents, so that there is something more than vigour inherent in the graft.

Some singular examples of modification of form have been observed in seaweed,

grown in the Lake of Stennes, in the Orkneys, where the algæ, growing at the end of the lake into which the sea flows, present the usual appearance, but further in they gradually became stunted and narrow in form, losing their air bladders and assuming a very novel aspect, till at the fresh-water end of the lake, they disappear entirely. Here it is evident that the requirements of the weed as a sea plant are different to what they are in fresh water, and that the plant has become modified accordingly.

It is in the tropical world that plants must call out their inherent resources, or perish, and it is there that the most singular examples of what the innate formative force can do, in the way of modifying the size or shape of organs, when it is exerted in cases of necessity, may be seen.

The forests of tropical lands are so tall that an arrow from a strong man's bow falls short of the tree summits, and so dark in their shadowy recesses, that a recent writer has compared the canopy formed by the palms and other broad-leaved trees, to the roof of a Gothic cathedral. Near the ground, and in the dark, vault-like lower air, the full growth of plants is impossible; if they could not rear their flowers to the light of the sun, they would pine and perish in the darkness.

The plants which compose the undergrowth have done this. They are all climbers, and there is every reason to believe that they have been driven to climb by the force of circumstances. The creepers are not of any particular family or genus. Plants of numerous orders have learnt to climb. Among the climbers are plants in which this habit is unusual. There are Bignonias, Leguminosæ, Guttifera, and there is even a climbing palm (*Desmoncus*) with slender stem of immense length, and an occasional tuft of leaves provided with hooks at their tips to hold on by. The long stems of these weaker plants twine in every form round the trees; sometimes they are twisted like cables, or tied in gigantic loops and coils hanging at all heights from the ground, and sometimes they pass upwards by taking the form of a staircase, or by swaying to and fro in a zigzag shape. Our cuckoo-pint (*Arum maculatum*), an earth-loving plant, often sitting on the sides of wet ditches, has a near relation in the great valley of the Amazon, which is often seen perched on the branch of a tree, and sending out an air-root, or liana, which hangs down

straight as a plumb-line, and sometimes reaches to and roots in the ground. Here then, is an example of a parasitical or epiphytical plant, which is not entirely confirmed in its habits as a parasite. Others have entirely lost the power of rooting in earth, and others are like the *Rhododendron Dalhousie* of Sikkim, which sits up among the branches when obliged to do so, and is epiphytical only as it were on compulsion, but if it can find a suitable site, it grows much more readily in the ground.

A spirit of restless selfishness pervades the vegetable kingdom in the hot and reeking forests of Brazil. There is not sufficient air, light, or earth, for all the plants that come into being in those prolific scenes of life, and the consequence is, that crowd, and crush, and struggle for simple existence which travellers have compared to the cruel selfishness which might prevail in similar conditions of life among human beings. The rule of life is, each for itself, and not "live and let live." A parasite will take a neighbour tree in its gripe and use it simply and entirely as a means for its own advancement. One of this class, a kind of fig, is known as the murderer, or murdering liana. Mr. Bates describes it as follows in his "Naturalist on the River Amazon:"—"It springs up close to the tree on which it intends to fix itself, and the wood of its stem grows by spreading itself like a plastic mould over one side of the stem of its supporter. It then puts forth from each side an arm-like branch which grows rapidly, and looks as though a stream of sap were flowing and hardening as it went. This adheres closely to the trunk of its victim, and the two arms meet on the opposite side, and blend together. These arms are put forth at somewhat regular intervals in mounting upwards, and the victim, when its strangler is full grown, becomes tightly clasped by a number of inflexible rings. These rings gradually grow larger as the murderer flourishes, rearing its crown of foliage to the sky, mingled with that of its neighbour, and in course of time they kill it by stopping the flow of its sap. The strange spectacle then remains of the selfish parasite clasping in its arms the lifeless and decaying body of its victim, which had been the help of its own growth. Its ends have been served, and it has flowered and fruited, reproduced and disseminated its kind."

The figs, generally, are great climbers, and they have justly been called the

Thugs of the vegetable world, on account of their destructive tendencies. Their character agrees with their relationship to that bad family—the stinging-nettles. There are numerous examples nearer home of what may be done by vegetables in an emergency. We have seen a young elm save its life by a curious, but not uncommon, modification of form. It grew at the edge of a slope of about three feet in depth, and as its root-hold was threatened by the gradual wearing away of the bank, the tap root of the tree became exposed, and had, at length, to support its entire weight. The tap root of a tree is a weak organ, quite unable to bear its weight; but in the case in question, the exposure of the root had the effect of converting it into a true stem, with bark and leaf-buds, which was enlarged by an annual layer of wood beneath the bark till it became strong enough to support the trunk. A tree, which is so placed that its supports in one direction are gradually weakened, immediately begins to secure itself by strengthening its other ties or props. Cultivated plants are the most accommodating and the most willing, as a rule, to vary their forms and character to suit the convenience of their cultivators. A *sport*, or variation from an established species, often preserves its difference through a line of descendants. The Emperor of China, according to the native chroniclers, availed himself of this principle when he selected, with his own imperial hand, a particular plant of rice which he had observed, and which thus became the originator, or propagator, of the only kind which ripens north of the great wall.

In the modification of the forms of plants, two principles are at work, one of which has been expressed by Goethe in these words: “In order to spend on one side, nature is forced to economize on the other.” Every part of a plant being only a modification of the leaf, any cause which affects the flow of sap may influence the formation of particular organs, as in the case of the single wild rose, with numerous stamens and pistils, which are converted into petals by cultivation in rich soil, so that the single flower of the wild rose becomes the many-petaled blossom of the queen of flowers. The observation of such phenomena, led to the discovery of that fundamental truth in vegetable physiology which had dawned on the minds both of Linnæus and of Goethe, that a cell is the unit, whose multiplication forms the plant, and that when the active

forces are busy with one part, the structure of other parts must await their turn, and perhaps lose it altogether, in the case of plants whose career is short. If wheat, for instance, is sown in very rich soil, it grows, as every farmer knows, too vigorously to yield seed. “There exists a natural antagonism,” says Darwin, “between the two forms of reproduction, namely, by seed and by buds, when either is carried to an extreme degree;” accordingly, potatoes that are great croppers, yield very little seed in general. Plants have sometimes been flogged into fertility, and Professor Lecoq cleverly compelled a sterile *Mirabilis* to yield seed by beating it with a stick, and reducing the number of its branches. Topping a pear-tree, or checking the greed of the roots by pruning them frequently, has a similar effect. The sugar-cane grows too vigorously to yield seed in the West Indies, Cochin China, and the Malay archipelago; and the sweet potato (*Batatas*) does not yield seed in southern China. The wheat-plant runs to waste in the tropics. Breeders, both of plants and animals, are well aware of the law of “compensation,” or “balancement of growth,” which is simply this—that if nourishment flows to one part, or organ, in excess, it rarely flows, at least in excess, to another part; thus, says Mr. Darwin, “it is difficult to get a cow to give much milk and to fatten readily.” The cabbage with a big heart is not good for seed; and in fact the best fruits of their kind—oranges, pears, figs, bananas, apples, grapes, pine-apples, etc.—produce the least seed; and as the seeds become atrophied by long-continued cultivation, the fruits gain in size and quality. In our poultry, a large tuft of feathers on the head is, generally, accompanied by a diminished comb; and a large beard, by diminished wattles. Gardeners knowingly stimulate particular organs in the production of those beautiful monstrosities, whose seeds are few and far between, and are so very charily disposed of. Flower-gardens blossom all over with beautiful illustrations of the manifold effects and surprising modifications produced by culture; and the cabbage-tribe, found alike in gardens and fields, on the sands of the shore, and on the edges of the cliff, is another example of the production of varied forms from one original type by developing peculiarities and fixing them by selection. The Scotch kail is one of the least modified varieties of the cabbage, and if its seedlings were neglected for a few generations, something

very like the wild cabbage that grows on our seashore would be reached. Even the queen of flowers seems to regret the loss of her simplicity and single corolla, and instead of unfolding a multitude of petals in the act of inflorescence, humble green leaves sometimes appear in their place. When this happens, our flower queen is in fact abdicating and reverting to her original and more humble condition.

There is a second principle which aids the plant improver, and is continually active in producing changes in the forms of plants growing in the field of nature. It is the inherent disposition to sterility in plants that are exposed to changed conditions of life. Not only are many tropical species infertile in our hot-houses, but the Alpine plants seldom produce any seed in gardens, and the Persian and Chinese lilacs (*Syringa Persica* and *S. Chinensis*), though hardy here, are sterile, like the common lilac (*S. Vulgaris*) in Germany. Absolute sterility cannot, of course, become hereditary. Plants remain productive without seed, when there are tubers, buds, slips, suckers, grafts, etc., to fall back upon; complete infertility would, indeed, be the bane of horticulture, which knows how to profit by incipient sterility, and can generally find a seed or two, even in a double balsam.

Two principles of plant life act and react in nature, within limits which the well-being of the plant, or the object of the cultivator may determine; but to a great extent the habit of plants is an inherent quality, and individual plants exhibit dispositions that differ like those of animals. There are innumerable instances of a sort of fickleness in the behaviour of plants. We are unable to assign the cause why the little moon-wort fern of the Surrey Downs should sicken and die in sheltered spots below the hill, or why some varieties of pelargoniums are sterile and others fertile, under similar conditions, or why, in other cases, slight changes in position should make all the difference, so that a plant may yield seed at the top of a bank and refuse to do so at its base. The various cereals are rigid in reference to their several seed-producing habits, and cultivators cannot force any of them to exceed their inherent powers in this respect. Wheat will yield from forty to sixty bushels on an acre of good land, and it runs to stem and becomes diseased if forced beyond its bent. A typical climate for wheat is that of the Castiles, but that of our south-eastern counties is not bad for it, or wheat would

not have been the bread corn of King Alfred's subjects, and of the humblest of Chaucer's pilgrims. It likes to advance slowly, by gradations of heat, through a long spring, and dislikes a sudden jump from a winter mean of 32° Fahr. to a summer heat of 73° as at Cincinnati. The stems dwindle when drawn up too rapidly, and the coronal roots which are put forth here in April, become abortive, pointing to the ground like a necklace of green thorns surrounding the crown of the plant, but failing to reach it or to perform their function of absorbing nourishment. Wheat, therefore, can only be grown profitably, on a comparatively small area in North America, and on gravel and sands and second-rate soils of hard texture, which counteract the effect of climate. Maize is the bread-corn of North America, yielding, as a maximum, twenty quarters (a hundred and sixty bushels) per acre on soft, rich soils, which cannot be relied on for twenty bushels of wheat. But maize, too, has its habit. It yields magnificent crops on the plains of the Scioto and Miami, feeders of the Ohio, remaining in the ground only three or four months, instead of the nine or ten months during which wheat occupies the land between its autumn sowing and late summer ripening; but in Alabama the giant grain of the New World finds that undue measure of heat and moisture which induces abnormal growth. It is drawn up to a height of sixteen or eighteen feet, and yields only half the crops that are reaped in Ohio, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Illinois.

Passing a step further south for other examples of habit, we find that rice replaces maize and wheat in the tropics, and possesses an inherent elasticity and power of ranging which enables it to climb from the plains of Bengal up the lower slopes of the Himalayas, while another variety has produced seeds on the banks of the Thames, and another flourishes in the watered flats of Carolina. Another kind, called clammy rice, submits either to wet or dry lands, while the common rice of Asia, Africa, and America is a marsh plant, and must be sown and brought to maturity in a puddle, with the aid of a natural or artificial irrigation. The early kinds ripen in four months, and the later in six months after sowing, the slightest frost kills the common kinds, while the mountain rice of Nepaul is sown in autumn, and the young blades are nursed through the winter under a coat of snow.

Sugar also affords its lessons on habit. In Cuba—an adopted home which suits it well—the cane lasts twenty-five years, and sometimes forty years, without being renewed; but in the delta of the Mississippi and in Louisiana it must be renewed every two years; and in a colder climate in Alabama it loses the status of a perennial, and becomes an uncertain annual, by a rapid transition like that which affects the annuals of temperate regions, when they pass, by themselves or their nearest relative, into the form of perennials in warm climates, as in the case of the castor-oil plant and the mallows.

Larger crops of vegetables can be raised when they are grown for their tubers, roots, or stems, than when they are grown for their seed, because the natural habit of seed-bearing plants is a bar to increased production. The grain-consumers of temperate climates live, therefore, at a dearer rate than the people who feed on bananas, potatoes, or starch-yielding plants, like the manihot, which yields tapioca and the cassava bread of Brazil.

It is a serious drawback to the profits of sewage cultivation that only certain plants are disposed to consume so much liquid as is offered to them under that system of management. Cereals are not drinkers to any large extent, and will not suddenly change their habit. They have enough to do to swallow the ordinary amount of wet which prevails in our climate, being naturally partial to rather drier countries, like South Russia, Poland, and Spain. Italian rye-grass is a drinker, having learned the habit, perhaps, in the irrigated plains of Lombardy; and it is not expected to produce seed, but only a bulky growth of forage. It has done its best to please the sewage farmers in the matter of drink, but on another point it offers a curious example of the force of habit. By the use of an enormous amount of liquid it was expected to yield unheard-of crops; and accordingly it did yield 100 tons per acre in one season, but it made the effort at the cost of its life, dying during the winter instead of yielding another crop next year. The same result has followed whenever the powers of this great water-drinker were taxed by stimulating it to over-production. It invariably made the effort demanded of it, and it invariably broke down in the attempt, and died afterwards from sheer exhaustion, like a worn-out cab-horse.

Rest is the remedy for over-work in plants as well as horses. Linnæus, losing his own rest, was the first to observe that the plants in his garden slept every night, inaudibly, but manifestly, each species having its blossoms and leaves arranged in characteristic attitudes. The bird's-foot trefoil, for instance, folds up its leaves at night, and the chickweed closes them; the vetch, sweet pea, and broad bean rest them one against the other. The composite leaves appear to be the most sleepy of any. The hours of sleeping are a matter of habit, and may be disturbed artificially, just as a cock may be woke up and made to crow at untimely hours by the light of a lantern. De Candolle subjected a sensitive plant to an exceedingly trying course of discipline, by completely changing its hours; exposing it to a bright light all night, so as to prevent sleep, and putting it in a dark room during the day. The plant appeared to be much puzzled and disturbed at first; it opened and closed its leaves irregularly, sometimes nodding in spite of the artificial sun that shed its beams at midnight, and sometimes waking up, from the force of habit, to find the chamber dark in spite of the time of day. Such are the trammels of use and wont! But after an obvious struggle the plant submitted to the change, and turned day into night without any apparent ill effects.

Besides their daily rest, plants require periodic seasons of repose. They sleep when the temperature falls below a certain point, as the bear and the dormouse enter upon their winter's sleep at the approach of cold weather; and like the fishes of some tropical countries, whose waking functions are arrested by the heat, which dries up the ponds they live in, so, too, in the burning deserts of Africa, bulbs and other plants lie dormant through the season when the functions of vegetable life would be impossible, and burst again into leaf and flower with the return of the rain and the coolness.

It puzzles plants, or at least subjects them to trials, to move them out of their latitudes, and sometimes the effects are very curious. The peach has been brought from the gardens of Kurdistan to those of the Mediterranean, of Europe generally, and of the far West, and, curiously enough, it still persists, like its congeners the apricot and almond, in putting forth blossoms dangerously early in the spring, though it cannot do so with impunity, except under artificial

covering of glass, or at least of fir boughs, and other gardener's devices. The period of flowering, like that of sleeping, becomes habitual, and sometimes exceedingly persistent; and of course the flowering and coming into leaf of a plant are merely the visible signs that the torpor of the colder months has passed, and that their vital functions have recommenced. Our white clover, like the peach, retains its habits through life, and when settled as an emigrant among the plants of sub-tropical Alabama, it is observed to awaken in spring, after a brief winter rest, much earlier than the more drowsy native clovers. But the Bermuda grass, transported to Alabama from beneath the blazing sun of the plains of the Ganges, is particularly late in rising. The early habits of the Alpine plants are admirable, as in the case of the saxifrages, and others of the same habit. Plants are accommodating on the whole, but they may all be said to rest, according to their special habit, at certain temperatures, and they vegetate sluggishly at certain higher temperatures. Natives of cool climates, on the other hand, may be killed in a hot country by excessive heat, or they may be only checked, or thrown into leafy growth, if they are perennials, or changed into winter growers if they are annuals. Flax is a summer crop in Russia and a winter crop in Egypt, being brought to maturity by a certain amount of heat which it obtains there in the winter. The vine is rather particular, and is killed by cold in North-eastern Europe, and, like wheat, and other plants of temperate or warm-temperate zones, it runs to waste, and bears no fruit in the hotter zones. The two plants are not altogether barred from the tropics, but their habit of growth is deranged, and they become leafy, fruitless, and seedless. Both wheat and the grape-vine—the one a cosmopolitan grass, the other a trailer, which has twined round the world—can bear great heat, provided it is alternated with cold; but having become habituated to the winter rest of their native climes and countries, the perpetual motion of their sap exhausts them in the end, though at first it throws them into leafy and abnormal growth.

Alternation is the law of plant life in temperate regions. The torpor of the colder months is necessary to the activity of the growing period. There is no reason in nature why it should be so, and in fact, the evergreens of the tropics, being accustomed to a more equal distribution

of solar heat, do not need the alternation. The rule of life with plants, is the habit they acquire under the circumstances that surround them. This is practically recognized when chestnuts, ripened in our southern counties, are preferred by planters of the chestnut underwoods in Kent, to foreign seed, which would produce plants of more tender habit. The seeds of the Scotch fir, ripened in the Highlands, would be preferred for their hardihood, to those, ripened in warmer districts; and in endeavoring to extend the northern range of a plant, as in the case of a forage plant (the *Holcus saccharatus*) in this country, it was considered a great point to get it to ripen a few seeds which might be expected to produce an acclimatized variety.

The bread grains have a certain habit as to the amount of heat they require to ripen them. Maize and rice have both been ripened on the banks of the Thames, but they are out of their latitude, as wine is, and as perhaps the sugar beet is, in this country. Wheat gets rapidly out of bounds in crossing the border counties, beyond which the oats are the bread corn of the people. But while a certain equable temperature may not stimulate the plant beyond the point at which it produces leaves and barren flowers, and while the sum of heat received, in a northern latitude, in six or seven months, may fail to ripen a particular grain, the same total amount of heat received in a shorter time, in a southern latitude, may cause maturation. This is exceedingly inconvenient in some countries, where the ordinary crop is produced in summer, while the winter's sun is utilized for some quick, imported crop, as in the case of flax in Egypt. A very short interval between spring and summer ripens the hardier cereals, such as barley and bere, at their polar limits, because the summer sun has great power while it lasts.

There is a curious passage in Lord Bacon's writings where he discourses upon the juices of plants and the theory of heat and dryness, and accounts for the earlier or later flowering of different species by the greater or less degree of moisture in them. Fanciful as this language and antiquated as this theory may seem, the great philosopher whose speculations preceded the investigations into the laws of physiology and morphology which have since been aided by the microscope, rightly surmised, quite in accordance with the later developments of science, that the relative activity of the organs, at

different temperatures, was dependent on the qualities of the juices contained in the vessels ; which qualities are imparted by the character of the climate. The unit of life is an atom, and on the atoms are written, so to speak, the various laws which give diverse characters and qualities to plants. Climate settles a great many other matters besides the hours of work and rest.

"From the extremes of climate," says Buffon, "we draw our drugs, perfumes, and poisons, and all the plants whose properties are in excess. Temperate climates, on the contrary, only produce temperate things ; the mildest of herbs, the most wholesome of vegetables, the most refreshing of fruits, the quietest of animals, the most polished of men, are the heritage of the mildest climates."

Mexico is typical of orchids, says the translator of Figuier's "Vegetable Kingdom ;" but he ought rather to have reversed the saying, since it is the plants which are the types of the country, representing its climate and characteristics, and stamping upon them the "aspects of nature," so far as vegetation is concerned. Consequently, there are plants for all kinds of sites, saxifrages for the declivities of Chimborazo, and palms, bamboos, and arborescent grasses for the plains of the Orinocos. Or if we take geographical space and travel from the equator towards the poles, we shall pass from the coconut and plantain groves of the tropics to the spongy masses of sphagna, or bog-mosses, which cover whole countries in the northern regions of snow and ice. The intermediate space is too wide for us to attempt to map it out with a description of the great nations of vegetables, within whose boundaries are subordinate tribes and races, more various and more distinct than the great races of mankind that people the kingdoms and principalities of the earth. The broad distinctions between the great families of plants, are as easy to trace as the difference of colour in a negro and a white man ; but there are shades of difference in the habit of plants which are inherent and obscure in their origin, like the shades of character in men. It is easy to say that equatorial vegetation is evergreen, and that the leaves are shed occasionally instead of periodically, because there is no cessation of growth, and because vegetation is not arrested by cold ; but who can account for the anomalies of Australian foliage, the pale green hues of the trees, and their vertical leaves that cast no shadow on

the ground, and let the grass grow green and rank in the depths of the forest ?

Who can trace all the causes that underlie what is called habit in those plants which clothe the great central belt of the earth with perpetual green ? The ever open page of nature satisfies the spirit of inquiry within certain limits, and if we have seemed of late years to come near to an interpretation of some of the general laws under which the forms of life around us have changed with our surrounding circumstances, let us be careful not to over-value our achievements. The ultimate cause of the formative forces of nature, and the mystery of that original impress which was stamped on the units, or atoms of life, by the Former of the Universe, we cannot comprehend.

From The Academy.

THE BRUNSWICK ONYX VASE.

DR. FIEDLER, of Wesel, recently addressed a letter to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in which he gives an interesting account of the Brunswick onyx vase, whose numerous hair-breadth escapes from capture and destruction might supply materials capable of adaptation for many a thrilling tale of startling vicissitudes, adventurous wanderings, and critical turns of fate. What had been the destiny of this nonpareil before the seventeenth century, where it saw the light, and who fashioned it in all its incomparable beauty, are questions which have hitherto baffled enquiry. All we know is that when, in the year 1630, the city of Mantua was captured, after many months' siege, by the imperialists, Duke Francis Albert of Saxe-Lauenburg, who commanded an Austrian contingent, noticed this now far-famed vase in the hands of one of his soldiers, and purchased it for 100 ducats from the man, who valued it only for the gold of which its foot and handle were formed. The soldier, when questioned about it, related that during the three days' plunder to which the city had been subjected, he and a companion had made a raid on some of the apartments of the royal palace, and observing the gold on the vase, he had snatched it up, and carried it away as part of his share of the booty. This palace had been the favourite residence of Vincenzo II., Duke of Mantua, and head of the great art-loving family of the Gonzagas, whose death without direct heirs in 1627 had drawn upon the unhappy Mantuans the war

which laid waste their fair city, and which originated in the claims advanced by the Emperor Ferdinand II. on the duchy, in right of his empress the sister of Vincenzo. From the possession of Francis Albert of Saxe-Lauenburg, who was a connoisseur in art, and recognized in his newly-acquired treasure a genuine antique, it passed to his widow, who left it by will to her sister, the Princess Sophia Elizabeth, wife of August, reigning Duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg.

By this lady it was bequeathed as an inalienable heirloom to her son, Duke Ferdinand Albert, the Marvellous, whose zeal in collecting rare and costly works of art made him a fitting recipient for such a trust. By his directions a green satin case, bound with silver cord, was made for the vase, which was further secured from risk of injury by being enclosed in a padlocked and strongly-made wooden case, covered with silk and gold and silver lace. What is of more interest to us, he also caused the learned secretary, Eggeling of Bremen, to write an explanatory treatise in Latin on the goblet, and its mode of decoration. From this composition, entitled *Mysteria Cereris et Bacchi in vasculo ex uno onyche, &c.* (Bremæ, 1682, quarto), we learn that the vase is fashioned out of a genuine and precious gem, known as onyx, or sardonyx, and provided with a pure and massive wrought gold cover, spout, handle, and foot. Independently of these metallic additions, the vase measures about 5 3/4 inches in length, and about three inches in breadth. The ingenious workman who prepared the gem for its present adaptation has secured strength and cohesion for the entire mass by passing two hoops of gold around it in connection with the handle and spout, and has thus divided the surface into three compartments, in the central one of which the artist has drawn twelve figures, which are cut into the stone in bas relief, and represent a sacrificial or other ceremonial connected with some religious mysteries. The upper division is decorated with appropriate emblems of fruit, leaves, heads of bulls, &c., while the lowermost compartment exhibits goblets, fruit-baskets, torches, serpents, and two human heads.

Eggeling's learned treatise was met by a counterblast of rhetoric from Dr. Feller, Professor of Poetry at Leipzig, and librarian to the University, who declared that the figures referred to the Eleusinian mysteries, and were not Bacchanalian in character, as the secretary had asserted.

Soon a paper war disturbed the atmosphere of German academic literature, which reached its height in an angry retort by Eggeling, entitled *Abstersio Fellerianarum Calumniarum atque acerbissimarum Injuriarum* (Bremæ, 1689); but which left the question of the real significance of the bas-reliefs undecided.

The monetary value of the treasure seemed to have been nearly as difficult of determination as the subject of its decorations, and in the inventories of the ducal *pretiosa* it fluctuated between 60,000 and 160,000 Reichs-thaler. In the beginning of the eighteenth century an attempt was made by the then possessors (the widow of Duke Ferdinand Albert and her sons) to find a purchaser for the vase, in order to give the Princess Sophia Eleonora of Brunswick the sixth part of the purchase-money in part payment of her dowry, in accordance with her father's intentions; but no one presented himself as a competitor for the prize, and the onyx cup, after a prolonged public but carefully guarded exhibition, was restored to its own iron chest, which was only to be unlocked in the presence of a high Court official.

In 1766, after having been the joint property of the Brunswick and Bevern branches of the family, it became the sole possession of the reigning ducal line, and thenceforth it followed the chequered fortunes of those princes. After the battle of Jena, in 1806, in which Duke Charles William of Brunswick was mortally wounded, the onyx vase passed with the fugitive family from Lübeck to Sweden, next from Als to Slesvig, and was at length deposited at Glücksburg, whence, however, from fear of Danish interference and in imminent peril of being seized by the French, it was conveyed to England by Colonel Von Nordenfels, whose perils by sea from privateers, and dangers by land from hostile armies, would fill a volume. Napoleon was at that very time turning a longing eye on the Mantuan onyx, and in return for its possession he is said to have offered to remit half a million francs of the war indemnity in which poor Brunswick was mulcted, but in vain; the family clung with hereditary tenacity to their precious treasure, and refused to listen to the tempter. On December 23d, 1810, Colonel Nordenfels, attended by a faithful servant, left Glücksburg, and after passing through Prussia and Sweden to disarm suspicion, assuming disguises of every kind, and having to endure detention, delays, and interrogations

at every turn, he reached London on April 15th, 1811, and had the satisfaction, on the same day, of consigning his precious charge to the hands of the widowed Duchess Augusta of Brunswick.

Like many other fugitives of note, the Mantuan onyx remained in London till 1814, when it returned to Brunswick with the long exiled princes of the duchy. For a time it seemed as if nothing more could now threaten the peaceful rest of the wanderer; but in 1830, when the reigning Duke Charles heard his people clamouring for his downfall, and saw his palace in flames, he bethought him of his Mantuan treasure before he sought safety in flight, and having sent a confidential friend to remove it from the ducal museum, he carried it away with him. Thenceforth nothing was known of it. No one ever saw it during the lifetime of the eccentric Diamond Duke; and when the city of Geneva, in conformity with his testamentary wishes, claimed as his universal residuary legatee all his works of art, a fruitless search was made for the long vanished onyx vase. At length, after oft-repeated examination of the ducal treasures, it was noticed that a shred of flannel protruded from the base of a metallic vase which appeared to be of very little value. On a closer inspection this vase was found to be split lengthways, and to be excessively heavy when compared with another vase of identical form and external appearance with which it seemed to form a pair. On separating the split surfaces the onyx came to view perfectly intact and uninjured, and thus the mystery of its supposed disappearance was at once explained. Genevan art-lovers were overjoyed at the discovery, but their hopes of calling the peerless beauty their own were shattered by the claim set up by the reigning Duke of Brunswick for the Mantuan onyx as an inalienable heirloom of his family; and now, after a second separation of thirty-four years, the gem is restored to the ducal museum of Brunswick. Since its unexpected resuscitation, various drawings and photographs have appeared of it in Germany, and among these the best is a water-colour sketch by Professor A. Gnauth, which gives a very correct representation of the figures with which it is decorated.

From *The Athenæum*.

THE PETRARCHIAN COMMEMORATION.

Avignon, July 21.

I OUGHT to date this letter, perhaps, from Vacluse, because it was there that the picture was most effectively, if not most fervidly, coloured, and that the story of the poet's life and passion told itself most eloquently. The only obstacle to a really poetical sympathy with the occasion was the inordinate crush of visitors from every district of the South, all pretending to an interest in Petrarch's reputation, yet generally absorbed in picnicking beneath the shadow of those trees which they affect to fancy hallowed. Ten thousand was the least estimate formed of the number of persons who arrived by the trains on Monday alone. But, before noticing the special Vaclusian celebration, I may as well remark, in brief, upon the commemoration at Avignon itself. This must have been programmed — if such an Americanism be permissible — by some persons who scarcely knew whether the lover of Laura was an aéronaut, a gladiator, a soldier, or an actor; for nothing could be more incongruous than the arrangements, including, as they did, a bull-fight, a boat-race, an illumination, and a military procession by torchlight. Nevertheless, both Avignon and Vacluse put on an appearance for the ceremony such as, I imagine, they never put on before — brilliant with colour by day, ablaze with Chinese lanterns by night; and, at both seasons, resonant with martial music. It is a grand city this, of mingled sacerdotal and knightly architecture: its old walls still frowning; its round towers still stately; its gates looking as if no enemy could expect to pass unless after an armed defiance from the turrets; half-decayed palaces; churches in which the tombs and tablets bear indecipherable inscriptions; and streets of a most mediæval appearance. In one respect, however, a majority of the pilgrims were disappointed. Tradition had taught them to believe that the tomb of Laura, identified in 1533, when Francis the First visited Avignon, and became poetical upon the subject, remained, an extant relic of the Petrarchian period, a centre of interest in the church of St. Clare. No such thing. Both the church and the grave have vanished. Therefore, a doubt arises why the fifth centenary of Petrarch's death should have been commemorated here. He was not born here, but in Arezzo, in Tuscany; he did not die

here, but at Arqua, among the Enganean hills; nor did he generally live here. Nevertheless, Avignon claims him as its own while conceding to Vaucluse a large proportion of the honour. It is at Vaucluse that the column in honour of his memory was erected just seventy-four years ago, on the anniversary of his birth. This monument is precisely equal in height to the famous cascade, — situated where the most tender of the sonnets are believed to have been composed; confronted by a prodigious rock, round, polished, and white; and around it cluster the true memories of Petrarch. But Avignon will not have it so, and insisted upon a magnificent ceremony in its own name. So distinguished a celebration has certainly not been held within the present, and probably not during the past, century. Peculiarly foreign in its features, it nevertheless possessed a character and an interest essentially its own. The gathering of the Provençal minstrels, to meet the French and Italian poets at the railway station on Saturday evening, was, for example, a unique spectacle; while the wonderful apparition of mounted heralds all over the town, looking as though they had just started from out the pages of Froissart, confused your ideas of time. Then came the Roman effect of the poet's bust, laurelled and borne on high, and saluted by indescribable — possibly, inexplicable — acclamations; and such a march took place as must have warmed, unless, indeed, it embittered, the heart of living literature. Around this marble head, and around the statue of Crillon at the same time, burst forth a variegated radiance exceedingly beautiful, amid the thousand reflections of which arose a loud song in the poet's honour written in Provençal. The pupils of the Avignonese Conservatoire sang it remarkably well, and merited the applause they obtained. Then torches flamed, and everybody was escorted home, with impartial respect, in their lurid light. Sunday opened with an open-air mass in the square over which the antique palace of the Popes still casts its irregular shadow, partly as a monastery, partly as a barrack; and at this ceremony it appeared as if everything and everybody, including the prizes won and the heretics present, were ostentatiously blessed, besides being overpowered by military music. Next came the grand event of the celebration — the “Grande Cavalcade de Charité,” in two pageants. It was really worth this thousand miles' journey to witness; for

it was so historically mediæval, so perfectly studied, so true to truth, if I may thus express myself. The trumpeters, the archers, the heralds, might have been approved by Sir Walter Scott himself. The chariots, of course, were fanciful, as were the effigies of Don Quixote and his Squire; but the reproduction, from authorities, of the pomp that accompanied the crowning of Petrarch at Rome was a wonderful reflection from descriptions five centuries old. This, of course, was the most fascinating of the demonstrations, although a little *bizarre* to modern eyes. First rode the halberdiers, in threatening panoply; then succeeded “the chariot of war,” resplendent in blood-colour and gold; after this, in a strange contrast, the innocent fishermen, net-makers, gondoliers, and harvest-men, with whom were goldsmiths, tailors, merchants, painters, and money-changers. Industry and Commerce succeeded, in a sort of golden state, but they attracted comparatively little attention, for the ancient genius of France was coming into sight, white-plumed and steel-helmeted, mounted trumpeters, mounted musketeers again, mounted lansquenets, mounted Knights of Malta, and challengers of all descriptions. In the next place, a train of ghosts, in their manner as they lived, superbly horsed and mounted — Azzo da Correggio, Lord of Parma; Malavacina, Lord of Messina; the Counts Annibaldi, Savelli, Montenera, and Cafarelli, whose figures are so familiar in Italian history; the Colonna, the Carrara, and Jourdain des Ursins, as the French programme calls him, the terrible Governor of Rome. They made up a cavalcade of unrivalled picturesqueness, at the very strangeness and even grotesqueness of which nobody seemed inclined to so much as smile. It was all in honour of Petrarch, and Petrarch here is the presiding spirit of the day. Nothing could be more evident than when his particular chariot, on gilded wheels, and drawn by eight milk-white palfreys, came along, himself enthroned, and around him standing Boccaccio, Pietro Alighieri, Jacopo Dandolo, Ugolino da Rosci, Cancellieri, and the painter Memmi. The Southern enthusiasm at this moment took fire, and every one went into ecstasies, as though Francesco Petrarca, dead precisely five hundred years ago, had been his intimate personal friend. No doubt a great deal of excitement was due to the effectiveness of the pageant itself. Every detail, it was obvious, had been carefully and

even learnedly studied ; down to the colour, cut, variety of armour and arms worn ; so that we had, so far as was possible, a faithful reproduction of a scene in Petrarch's time. It mattered little that, at Vacluse, instead of being wholly sentimental, we lunched with the learned societies beneath the shade of trees declared to have been consecrated by the poet ; that we marched, on our return, along the newly-named Petrarch Street, to the sound of various melodies ; or that we afterwards supped, without stint or melancholy, at the Hôtel de Ville, with cordial speeches from the Mayor, and M. Mezieres, of the French Academy ; or that we witnessed with pleasure the bright red and golden illumination which made the half-dilapidated Papal palatial ruins vivid in the evening. The spirit of Petrarch self-evolved or communicated, was, notwithstanding, for a few hours, at any rate, supreme, and gave dignity and a poetry to the city of Avignon, which none present could fail to appreciate. My next will be an exclusively Vaclusian letter.

H. J.

From The Athenæum.

THE HEARNE LETTERS.*

THE letters contained in this volume (printed uniformly with the small quartos of the Camden Series) come from the Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian Library. There are fifty-five of them, and, speaking generally, they are of little interest. Nevertheless, he who reads them honestly through, will find here and there curious illustrations of life and manners, which will repay perusal. The dates extend from 1705 to 1730. At the earlier date Hearne was twenty-seven years of age. He went to Oxford in 1696, after, it is said, having been in some sort a pupil of pious Henry Dodwell. He began by collecting Biblical MSS. for Mill and Grabe, and, having taken his degree of M. A., he was successively assistant and second librarian in the Bodleian ; and, in 1715, architypographer and esquire bedel of the civil law. He gave up all, sturdy as he was, rather than take the oaths of allegiance to George the First ; but he continued to work as a scholar in the University, where he died in 1735.

It is curious that there are no letters in

this volume of the year in which Hearne proved his Jacobitism and his distaste for Hanover and the Whigs. His Jacobitism was of a rough and often vulgar sort ; but he seems to have corresponded with men who were adversaries, at least in politics. Their letters, too often prosy, contain, as we have said, traits of life and manners worth noting. In 1706, Elias Smith writes to him, — “Tom Tuddal, Organist of S. John's, talking in company abt ye Burgess of Hartford presenting his adress & being refus'd by ye Q., ‘Ay,’ sd he, ‘if Dr. Burgess had presented ye Q. would have receivd it.’ Ye Chancellor D. Somers set heard of it, & has wrott a pressing letter to have him expell'd. This you may tell abt to bid them have a care of punning in Oxford.” A letter from John Hudson leads us to folk-lore. He writes from Theddlethorpe, and, alluding to the Drumming Well, says, “I was told by my obliging Landlord, who was ye best & most knowing man in ye town, yt he heard it beat on ye very day we had ye great overthrow in Spain.” All the town said the same, and Hudson had no doubt on the matter. Hudson's letters are by far the raciest in this collection. He rides to York, like Turpin, but not at such a brisk rate, and his notes by the way are amusing. At Peterborough, he says, “As I went into the Ch. just as ye Evening Prayers wr ended, I mett ye Bishop, & beg'd his blessing ; I told him yt I was a Traveller yt came from Oxon, & yt my name was —. He reply'd a very good name, & so went his way.” Subsequently, the prelate encountering Hudson in the Cathedral, showed him over it. “He then,” says Hudson, “invited me to drink a glass of wine or ale wth him in his House. . . . Wn I went in he offerr'd me my choice of Wine or Ale ; I told him wch his Lordship pleas'd ; & then there came a tankard of excellt drink such as Hed-dington cannot afford.” Hudson, however, was disgusted that the Bishop did not invite him (a stranger) to dinner. “I fancy,” he maliciously adds, “ye reason was, yt all his daughters wr dispos'd of.” John Hudson loved good liquor. Bound for Cambridge, the heat caused him to put up “in ye edge of yt County,” where, he says, “I mett wth such incomparable liquor, as would have stop't you from reaching the University that night.” When he arrived there at last, Dr. Bentley received him “wth a sort of haughty civility, such as it seems is natural to him.” After which, Hudson rode northward, but did not reach Lynn as early as

* *Letters Addressed to Thomas Hearne, M.A., of Edmund Hall.* Edited by Frederick Ouvry. (Privately printed.)

he expected, "ye Norfolcians giveing a larger measure to yr miles yn to yr cloth." But Hudson entered York at last, and "Florence," he says, "is ye liquor we remember or friends in ; & good Port wine & water passes for or small beer." Hudson lived cheaply enough during his ride. He notices having got at Cambridge "excellt wine at 20^d. a bottle." Those good old times !

The most important letter in the series is one from Dr. Evans, in which there is an account of Sacheverell and his famous sermon, preached at St. Paul's. Hearne would have differed from the writer, but he must have been amused by this description of the preacher : —

Last Saturday being ye vth of Novemb D : Sacheverell your mighty Boanerges thundered most furiously at Paul's against ye phanaticks for condemning ye King of high treason against his supream subjects, as he express'd it. He spoke very freely of ye toleration Act, & charged ye Mayors and Magistrates with want of zeal for ye Church, & play'd particularly & expressly upon ye B. of Sarum ; whom he hoped was no great friend to popery he said, but by his exposition on the Articles on wd think he was halfe channelled over. We were about 30 Clergymen in ye Quire, & among ye rest ye minister of Battersea who is lately come over to our Church, Sacheverell having heard of his Conversion, levelled his arguments and anathemas most virulently against him, and ye whole tribe of 'em : in so much yt all ye Congregation were shaken agen at the terrors of his inveterate expressions. The whigs says he are Conformists in faction halfe Conformists in practise, & non Conformists in Judgment, formerly they labour'd to bring ye Church into ye Conventicle, but now they bring ye Conventicle into ye Church, which will prove its Inevitable ruine. His text was this word : In perils among false brethren, & his sermon upon 't was so violent that I think my Ld Mayor & Court of Aldermen will hardly desire him to print it : but if it be printed, I 'le endeavr to get it you, provided I happen to be then in town.

The sermon, which, denouncing insurrections against the sovereign, condemned the revolution which placed William and Mary on the throne, and consequently insinuated that Anne had no right to occupy it, was printed. Bennett thus speaks of the manner and the man : —

I don't question but that you have seen Dr. Sacheverell's bold discourse at St. Paul's on ye 5th November. I had the Curiosity to hear it, & so can assure you 'tis verbatim as 'twas preach't. It lasted a full hour & a half, & was deliverd with all the Assurance & Confidence that violent Preacher is so remarkal le for. I

could not have imagined if I had not actually heard it my self, that so much Heat, Passion, Violence, & scurrilous Language, to say no worse of it, could have come from a Protestant Pulpit, much less from one that pretends to be a member of the Church of England. If I had heard it in a Popish Chappel, or a Conventicle, I should not have wonder'd : but in a Cathedral, it greatly surprized me. I'm sure such Discourses will never convert any one, but I'm afray'd will rather give the Enemies of our Church great advantage over her ; since the best that her true sons can say of it, is that the man is mad : and indeed most People here think him so.

In June, 1711, Hilckiah Bedford sends Hearne an account of the illness and burial of Bishop Ken, at Longleat. The account of the burial is new : " Bp. Ken was bury'd before 6 in ye morning by his own apptmt, for ye more privacy : attended to the grave only by my Ld W[eymouth]'s Steward (I think) & 12 poore men yt carried him by turns, & had 5s. a piece for it ; ye coffin cover'd wth a few yards of black cloth, instead of a Pall, & yt given to ye minister of ye Parish for a gown."

Mary Barnes, writing of the death of her husband, the Greek scholar, affords an example of how words change in signification in course of time. Hearne had been kind to Joshua Barnes, and the widow tells him, "I shall hereafter endeavour to shew how much I resent good Mr. Hearne's continued civilities." Good Mr. Hearne had to be more than civil in various quarters, and particularly to his father and his household. The old parish clerk and schoolmaster must have been deep in the vale of years in 1716. He was proud of his son as the editor of *Livy* and other books, at which he was "ravisht with joy," and only wished he had more Latin to understand them. Thus writes the father in 1716 : —

The weather proving so bad I know not whether I may se your face againe, for I expect to be laid quite up this winter if I live so long for the pain will kill me if I can goe about, good son if you have any spare cast Linnen as shirts bands or handkerchiefs or a pair of old stockings which will go into a small bundle send it by the carrier as soon as you can. I shall be very thankfull and accept them be they ne're so mean for at present 'tis hard with me being to pay my Rent that I cannot buy any thing of apparel & I cannot work. Ned is Gardener at Coll. Sawyers William & he gives their loves to you & Wm thanks you for sending him the Guinea to help his charge he has only his cloths which were but mean neither for all his charge he was not married but was sure to one som time and she married

another which was the cause of his being unsettled in minde ever since.

Again, in 1717, George Hearne sends up a cry to Oxford: "If you have any old worsted stockings of a sad collour put up a paire and remember to lend me some diverting book . . . some diverting History which shall certainly be returned with hearty thanks." Old George endured life painfully. Dr. Morris, of Wells, was determined to go out of it tunefully. This physician ordered in his will, says John Tottenham, "yt three Sonatas should be play'd over his Corps just before it was carry'd from ye House to ye church. And ye Ceremony was yesterday perform'd." What a subject for a picture! There was a serious gratefulness in the playing of those sonatas; and indeed the times were serious. In other words, there was not that general indifference in religious matters as some persons have stated. Cuthbert Constable, a Roman Catholic, writes to Hearne in 1730 as follows (the "worthy person" alluded to was Dr. Howarden, but he went by the name of Harrison, being a Catholic, but also "a potent enemy to the bad Doctrine of the Jesuits"):—

I think it will not be amiss to acquaint you with some of the good qualities of that worthy person who had a publick dispute with Dr. Clark at his own house where there were more Ladys of Quality than Scholars which was the greater pitty; however the Gentleman I speak of was generally thought to have had much the better in the dispute and Dr. Clark was so fair an enemy as to acknowledge and confess his great learning and abilities and one of the greatest persons of quality amongst the Ladies and who was so great an admirer of Dr. Clark that she ust commonly for her tost to chouse Dr. Clark Mistress which she was accustomed to say was truth so blinded she was by this smouth Dr. This Lady I say as great an admirer as she was of Clark yet sent the next day after the dispute to his adversary and made him very handsome compliments.

The above are fresh sketches of a by-gone period, and they are as pleasant to read as to think over. The collection contains no other examples of the life of the eighteenth century of special interest; but there are many references to books which will attract the lovers of such references. The volume would have been much improved by explanatory notes, and also by such an Index as generally accompanies the volumes issued by the Camden Society.

MR. LOISEAU of Philadelphia has invented a machine which, with the help of two men, will produce one hundred and fifty tons of artificial fuel in a day. The materials are ninety-five per cent. of coal-dust with five per cent. of clay, sprinkled during the mixing with milk of lime. The pasty mass is then moulded into egg-shaped lumps; these are dried on belts of wire-gauze, are dipped into a solution of resin and benzine, to render them damp-proof, and are ready for the market. In this way, it is hoped a means of utilizing the prodigious heaps of coal-dust at the Pennsylvania mines has been discovered.

ON the 15th May was sold, in Paris, by auction, the first part of the curious library of

the late M. Lucien de Rosney, father of the eminent Japanese scholar. It was rich in fine and, above all, eccentric bindings, such as in skins of cat, garnet coloured and buff, crocodile, mole, seal, fur of the Canadian black wolf, royal tiger, otter, white bear, sole, and rattle-snake. The legendary human skin binding is alone wanting in the list. The latter reminds the writer of a visit he paid some thirty years ago to the Imperial library of the Hradschin in Prag, when he was shown an excessively rare MS., written on a small sheet of parchment by the celebrated John Zizka. A commercial traveller, who was present, remembering that the great Hussite leader desired that after his death his skin should be used for a drum, to frighten the enemies of his cause, asked if Zizka really wrote on his own skin.

Athenæum.

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JULY DAWNING.

WE left the city, street and square,
 With lamplights glimmering through and
 through,
 And turned us toward the suburb, where —
 Full from the east — the fresh wind blew.

One cloud stood overhead the sun —
 A glorious trail of dome and spire —
 The last star flickered, and was gone ;
 The first lark led the matin choir.

Wet was the grass beneath our tread,
 Thick-dewed the bramble by the way ;
 The lichen had a lovelier red,
 The elder-flower a fairer gray.

And there was silence on the land,
 Save when, from out the city's fold,
 Stricken by Time's remorseless wand,
 A bell across the morning tolled.

The beeches sighed through all their boughs ;
 The gusty pennons of the pine
 Swayed in a melancholy drowse,
 But with a motion sternly fine.

One gable, full against the sun,
 Flooded the garden-space beneath
 With spices, sweet as cinnamon,
 From all its honeysuckled breath.

Then crew the cocks from echoing farms,
 The chimney-tops were plumed with smoke,
 The windmill shook its slanted arms,
 The sun was up, the country woke !

And voices sounded 'mid the trees
 Of orchards red with burning leaves,
 By thick hives, sentinelled by bees —
 From fields which promised tented sheaves ;

Till the day waxed into excess,
 And on the misty, rounding gray —
 One vast, fantastic wilderness,
 The glowing roofs of London lay.

Chambers' Journal.

IN THE SPRING.

It is spring, laughs the blue hepatica, as it
 gems the garden bed ;
 It is spring, breathes the modest primrose, as
 it rears its virgin head ;
 It is spring, says the pure anemone, amid the
 vivid grass,
 That waves beneath the merry winds, and
 glitters as we pass.

The wild birds hail the spring-time, as they
 mate, and sing, and build,
 The whole great sweep of earth and sky, with
 spring's gay smile is thrilled.
 Young lambs in sunlit pastures, young chick-
 ens in the croft,
 Renew the lovely miracle that Nature sees so
 oft.

And something in my heart revives, that silent,
 sad, and strong,
 Fades all the early blooms for me, and jars the
 thrushes' song.
 The life that throbs in April's heart wakes
 every mortal thing,
 And grief, with birds, and buds, and flowers,
 stirs freshly in the spring.

All The Year Round.

ON READING DORA WORDSWORTH'S RECOLLECTIONS OF A JOURNEY IN SCOTLAND IN 1803, WITH HER BROTHER AND COLERIDGE.

I CLOSE the book, I shut my eyes,
 I see the three before me rise, —
 Loving sister, famous brother,
 Each one mirrored in the other.
 Brooding William, artless Dora,
 Who was to her very core a
 Lover of dear Nature's face,
 In its perfect loveliness, —
 Lover of her glens and flowers,
 Of her sunlit clouds and showers,
 Of her hills and of her streams,
 Of her moonlight — when she dreams ;
 Of her tears and of her smiles,
 Of her quaint delicious wiles ;
 Telling what best pleasures lie
 In the loving, unspoiled eye,
 In the reverential heart,
 That in great Nature sees God's art.

And him — the man "of large discourse,"
 Of pregnant thought, of critic force,
 That gray-eyed sage, who was not wise
 In wisdom that in doing lies,
 But who had "thoughts that wander through
 Eternity" — the old and new.
 Who, when he rises on our sight,
 Spite of his failings, shines all bright,
 With something of an angel light.

We close the book with thankful heart,
 Father of Lights, to Thee, who art
 Of every good and perfect gift
 The giver, — unto thee we lift
 Our souls in prayer, that all may see
 Thy hand, thy heart, in all they see.

"Arran," in London Spectator.

From The Quarterly Review.

THE COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE.*

COLLECTIONS of family papers have of late years much increased in both size and numbers. Even where no one of the name has risen to historical importance there are chests full of documents and letters that are lavishly poured forth. At present it not unfrequently happens that the records of a single not always very eminent house take up as many printed pages as would have been deemed sufficient thirty years ago to instruct a young student in the whole history of England or almost of Europe.

We are far, however, from complaining of this abundance. Even when a man was not himself distinguished, he may have had companionship or common action with those who were. By such means a thousand little traits of character may come unexpectedly to light. Still oftener there may, nay, there must, be reference to the domestic economies, the modes of living and the manners and customs of past times. Thus, when family papers are selected with care and edited with judgment—as was eminently the case, for example, with the “Caldwell Collection,” comprised in three quarto volumes, and printed for the Maitland Club in 1854—they scarcely ever fail to yield fruit of price to the historian.

In the collection now before us are contained the records of the Maxwell family, belonging to Lord Herries, the present head of that ancient house, and confided by him to Mr. William Fraser for arrangement and annotation. The result has been a truly splendid work. These are two quarto volumes of the largest size, almost, indeed, rising to the dignity—as they certainly exceed the usual weight—of folios. The one volume is of 604 pages, the other of 590:—
Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent,
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.

No expense, we may add, has been spared in the beautiful types, in the facsimiles of ancient autographs, and the engravings of family portraits or family

seats. The book is not for sale; and the impression, we observe, has been limited to 150 copies, so that we should consider it beyond our sphere, and printed only for private circulation, had not Lord Herries made it *publici juris* by presenting a copy in July last year to the Library of the British Museum.

Mr. Fraser, as editor of this collection, seems to us to have done his part with—we may say at least—perspicuity and candour. We have only to complain that, in the first half, at all events, of the eighteenth century, to which in these volumes our attention has been exclusively directed, he has made himself but very slightly acquainted with the other writers of the time. From this cause, as we conceive, he has left in obscurity some points which a wider reading would have enabled him to clear. To give only one instance—for we should take no pleasure in any long list of minute omissions—Mr. Fraser, in Lady Traquair’s letter of January 1724, has failed to see, or certainly, at least, has failed to explain, that the “Sir John” therein mentioned was one of the cant names for the Chevalier de St. George, or the Pretender, as we used to call him. Nor has he observed that the document there discussed is a letter of that Prince, dated August 20, 1723, and printed by Mr. Fraser in one of his preceding pages.

Of the many personages who in these volumes are presented to us, there is only one that we shall here produce. We desire to give our readers some account of that lady who saved her husband’s life from the extremest peril, by the rare combination of high courage and inventive skill, a determined constancy of purpose, and a prompt versatility of means.

Lady Winifred Herbert was the fifth and youngest daughter of the Marquis of Powis; himself descended from the second son of the first Herbert Earl of Pembroke. The exact year of her birth is nowhere to be found recorded. The Marquis, her father, was a zealous Roman Catholic, and, as may be supposed, a warm adherent of James the Second. He followed that Prince in his exile, held the post of Lord Chamberlain in his melan-

* *The Book of Carlaveroch*. 2 vols., large quarto. Edinburgh, 1873 (not published).

choly Court, and received from him further the patent of Duke, which was never acknowledged in England. He died in 1697, but his wife and daughter continued to reside at St. Germain's under the protection of the Queen, Mary of Modena.

William fifth Earl of Nithsdale had been left a minor by his father's untimely death, but was brought up by his surviving parent in the same principles of devoted attachment to the house of Stuart and to the Church of Rome. On attaining his majority he repaired to St. Germain's, and did homage to the Prince, whom he continued to regard as his rightful King. A more tender motive arose to detain him. He fell in love with Lady Winifred Herbert, who proved no inexorable beauty. They were married in the spring of 1699, and he bore away his bride to his house and fair gardens of Terregles. Since her noble exploit in the Tower these gardens have been examined with interest for any trace of the departed heroine. But, as Mr. Fraser informs us, they have been greatly changed since her time. Only "some old beech hedges and a broad green terrace still remain much the same as then."

We may take occasion to observe of the new-married pair that there was some diversity in the spelling of their name. English writers have most commonly inserted an *z*, and made it Nithisdale; but the Earl and Countess themselves signed Nithsdail.

The Countess bore her lord five children, three of whom, however, died in early childhood. At the insurrection of 1715 they had but two surviving, — a son, William Lord Maxwell, and an infant daughter, Lady Anne. And here in ordinary course might close the record of her life, but for the shining events of 1715, which called forth her energies both to act and to endure.

It need scarcely be related even to the least literary of our readers how, in 1715, the standard of the Chevalier — "James the Third," as his adherents called him — was raised, by Lord Mar in the Highlands and by Mr. Forster and Lord Derwentwater in Northumberland. Lord Kenmure gave the like example to the

Scottish Peers of the southern counties, setting out to join Forster with a small band of retainers. Considering the principles of Lord Nithsdale in Church and State, his course could not be doubtful. He, too, at the head of a few horsemen, appeared in Forster's camp, and shared the subsequent fortunes of that little army. To Lord Kenmure, who was a Protestant, was assigned the chief command of the Scottish levies. But, as Mr. Fraser tells us, "the Earl of Nithsdale, from his position, and from the devotion of his family to the House of Stuart, would have been placed at the head of the insurrection in the north of Scotland had he not been a Roman Catholic." But though Mr. Fraser has printed "north," he, beyond all doubt, means "south." There was never any question as to either Kenmure's or Nithsdale's command beyond the Forth.

We need not relate in any detail the well-known fate of these hasty levies. They found themselves encompassed at Preston by a regular force under General Wills, and were compelled to surrender without obtaining any better terms than the promise to await the orders of the Government and protect them from any immediate slaughter by the soldiery. It was only a short respite that most of the chiefs then obtained. They were at once sent off as prisoners to London. The painful circumstances of their entry are described as follows in the journal of Lady Cowper, the wife of the Lord Chancellor: —

December 5, 1715. — This week the prisoners were brought to town from Preston. They came in with their arms tied, and their horses, whose bridles were taken off, led each by a soldier. The mob insulted them terribly, carrying a warming-pan before them, and saying a thousand barbarous things, which some of the prisoners returned with spirit. The chief of my father's family was amongst them. He is above seventy years old. A desperate fortune had drove him from home, in hopes to have repaired it. I did not see them come into town, nor let any of my children do so. I thought it would be an insulting of the relatives I had here, though almost everybody went to see them.

The captive Peers being thus brought to London were sent for safe custody to the Tower, while preparations for their trial by the House of Lords were making in Westminster Hall. Here again we may borrow from Lady Cowper's journal:—

February 9, 1716.—The day of the trials. My Lord was named High Steward by the King, to his vexation and mine; but it could not be helped, and so we must submit, though we both heartily wished it had been Lord Nottingham. . . . I was told it was customary to make fine liveries upon this occasion, but I had them all plain. I think it very wrong to make a parade upon so dismal an occasion as that of putting to death one's fellow-creatures, nor could I go to the trial to see them receive their sentences, having a relation among them—Lord Widdrington. The Prince was there, and came home much touched with compassion. What a pity it is that such cruelties should be necessary!

But were they necessary? Certainly not, according to the temper of present times; while in 1716, on the contrary, far from exceeding, they seem rather to have fallen short of the popular expectation and demands.

The trials were quickly despatched. None of the prisoners could deny that they had risen in arms against the King. It only remained for them to plead "Guilty," and throw themselves on the Royal mercy. They were condemned to death as traitors; and the execution of Lord Nithsdale, with that of others, was appointed to take place upon Tower Hill on Wednesday the 24th of the month.

While Forster's insurrection lasted Lady Nithsdale remained with her children at Terregles. But on learning her Lord's surrender and his imprisonment in London, she resolved at once to join him. Leaving her infant daughter in the charge of her sister-in-law, the Countess of Traquair, and burying the family papers in a nook of the gardens, she set out, attended only by her faithful maid, who had been with her ever since her marriage, a Welshwoman, Cecilia Evans by name. A journey from Scotland in mid-winter was then no such easy task. She made her way on horseback across the Border, and then from Newcastle to

York. There she found a place in the coach for herself alone and was forced to hire a horse for Evans. Nor did her troubles end there, as she writes from Stamford, on Christmas Day, to Lady Traquair,—

The ill-weather, ways, and other accidents, has made the coach not get further than Grentum (Grantham); and the snow is so deep it is impossible it should stir without some change of weather; upon which I have again hired horses, and shall go the rest of the journey on horseback to London, though the snow is so deep that our horses yesterday were in several places almost buried in it. . . . To-morrow I shall set forward again. I must confess such a journey, I believe, was scarce ever made, considering the weather, by a woman. But an earnest desire compasses a great deal with God's help. If I meet my dear Lord well, and am so happy as to be able to serve him, I shall think all my trouble well repaid.

The writer adds: "I think myself most fortunate in having complied with your kind desire of leaving my little girl with you. Had I her with me, she would have been in her grave by this time, with the excessive cold." It was indeed a season of most unusual rigour. The Thames was fast bound in ice, and many wayfarers throughout England were, it is said, found frozen to death.

The Countess reached London in safety, but, on her arrival, was thrown by the hardships of the journey into "a violent sickness," which confined her for some days to her bed. All this time she was anxiously pleading for admittance to her Lord in the Tower, which at last, though with some difficulty and under some restrictions, she obtained. As she writes: "Now and then by favour I get a sight of him." There are some hurried notes from her at this period to Lady Traquair. But her proceedings are far more fully to be traced in a letter which some years afterwards she addressed to her sister, Lady Lucy Herbert, the Abbess of an English Convent at Bruges. It thus commences: "Dear sister, my Lord's escape is such an old story now, that I have almost forgot it; but since you desire the account, to whom I have too many obligations to refuse it, I will

endeavour to call it to mind, and be as exact in the relation as I can possible." And so the narrative proceeds.

This most interesting letter had remained unknown for many years. It was not till 1792 that it was published by the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, in the first volume of their "Transactions." But it came from a faulty, or, rather we may call it, a *touched-up* copy, putting "the King," for example, where Lady Nithsdale had written "the Elector," and often interspersing the phrase "His Majesty," which she would never have applied to George the First. In the same spirit a few trifling inaccuracies of grammar and language are corrected.

Sometimes, also, it might be desired to soften some roughness of tone. Thus, for example, the published letter makes the Countess say, in reference to the joint petition which it was intended to lay before the House of Lords, "We were, however, disappointed, for the Duke of St. Albans, who had promised my Lady Derwentwater to present it, failed in his word." But what Lady Nithsdale really wrote was this: "Being disappointed because the Duke of —, I forget which of the bastard Dukes."

In all these cases the motive of the finishing touches seems perfectly clear. But there are some other changes that really seem made only for the love of change. Is the phrase, as Lady Nithsdale wrote, "I took the resolution to endeavour his escape," improved by making it, "I formed the resolution to attempt his escape"? Or, again, when the Countess describes how, when at St. James's Palace, she presented the separate petition to George the First, he turned from her while she clung to the skirts of his coat, and in that manner was dragged along the passage on her knees until she fell back fainting, and the petition dropped to the ground in the "struggle" — Lady Nithsdale calls it — then why alter it to "scuffle"?

The original, meanwhile, in Lady Nithsdale's own handwriting, was still preserved at Bruges. It was brought from thence so recently as 1828, as a present from the English nuns, and is now among Lord Herries's papers. As Mr. Fraser informs us, it consists of eleven closely-written pages of paper quarto size. At the foot of the last leaf a small piece has been cut out, which is thought to have contained the signature of the writer, and to have been abstracted by some one of the autograph-collectors

— an evil-minded race, alas! to whom, in many cases, the eighth commandment appears to be quite unknown.

This letter is not dated. The omission might seem to be sufficiently supplied by a copy in the library at Terregles, which, as Mr. Fraser assures us, is "finely bound in morocco," and which bears the date "Royal Palais de Rome, April 16, 1718." This date is accordingly accepted by Mr. Fraser. We must confess, however, that we see very strong objections to it, which, though derived from Mr. Fraser's volumes, have not, it appears, occurred to Mr. Fraser himself.

In the first place, although Lord Nithsdale was at Rome in April 1718, Lady Nithsdale certainly was not. This may be shown beyond dispute from the correspondence now before us. In 1717 Lady Nithsdale had gone to a place she calls "Flesh," that is, La Flèche, in Anjou. There she received a visit from her nephew, Lord Linton, eldest son of the Earl of Traquair. We find her writing to her sister-in-law on the 1st of September, 1717, "I hope you have heard something from my nephew L., who came to take his leave of me on Friday last, to begin his journey into Italie, and was to leave Angiers yesterday in order to it." On the 1st of January, 1718, we find her writing again: "My husband was very well the last letter I had from him. . . . I hope very soon to hear of your son's being happily arrived at his journey's end." And on the 1st of May following: "In one of the 10th of March from my husband, he expected his nephew the next day." On the 22nd of June Lord Linton writes himself from Rome as follows: "I am glad to hear that the good lady I saw at La Flèche is well, though I have not as yet received any letter from her; yet I did not fail to deliver the commission she gave me for her husband." It is quite clear from these extracts that Lady Nithsdale was not in the Eternal City during any part of the period mentioned; and that the date of "Rome, April 16, 1718," assigned to her letter is entirely erroneous.

There is another circumstance which leads us to think that the real date was several years later. Lady Nithsdale mentions in this letter — as we shall presently see — a servant of the name of Mitchell, who followed Lord Nithsdale abroad, and who, she adds, "is now very well placed with our young Master." The allusion is, of course, to the exiled Royal Family. But "the Chevalier de St. George," or,

as we used to call him, the "Old Pretender," was in 1718 about thirty years of age. He had no especial claim to this distinguishing epithet as "our young Master;" and is constantly mentioned in this correspondence as "our Master," without any epithet at all. It is probable, therefore, that the allusion is rather to his son Charles Edward, who was born in December 1720, and who from his early boyhood appears, according to the custom of princes, to have had a small household assigned him. It may also perhaps be thought that a longer interval would better accord with that failure of recollection on some points, which in her opening sentence Lady Nithsdale mentions.

Passing from this point in chronology, in which we cannot help thinking that the editor might have shown a little more critical care, we have further to complain of a slight injustice that he does to, we admit, not a very great historian. In one of his notes to the first volume, he remarks: "It is certainly necessary here to notice that Smollett was so ignorant of this fact, that, in his 'History of England,' he says that the Earl of Nithsdale made his escape in woman's apparel, furnished or conveyed to him by his own mother." No doubt that Smollett did commit the error here described. But if Mr. Fraser had been more widely conversant with the other writers of that or the next ensuing period he would have known that such was then the common impression or belief. As the agent in Lord Nithsdale's escape, his wife is not mentioned, but his mother instead, by Boyer, John Wesley, and, above all, Tindal in his valuable "History of England." So far as we can see, it was not till the publication of Lady Nithsdale's own narrative that the true facts of the transaction were established. It seems a little hard, therefore, to single out Smollett for especial blame, when he did no more than repeat the current and accepted story of his time.

Full of interest as is Lady Nithsdale's letter, we do not propose to give any further extracts from it in this place, since it has several times already, though with verbal variations, appeared in print. It may be found, for instance, in the Appendix to the second volume of Lord Mahon's "History of England." Moreover, it is a little confused in its arrangement. Thus the delivery of her petition to the King, which should stand first of the events in order of time, stands by retrospect the last in her relation. But

we will endeavour, with Mr. Fraser's aid, to deduce from it a narrative of her Lord's escape which shall be more concise and equally clear.

Lord Nithsdale was confined in the house of Colonel D'Oyly, Lieutenant Deputy of the Tower, in a small room which looked out on Water Lane, the ramparts, and the wharf, and was 60 feet from the ground. The way from the room was through the Council Chamber and the passage and stairs of Colonel D'Oyly's house. The door of his room was guarded by one sentinel, that floor by two, the passages and stairs by several, and the outer gate by two. Escape under such circumstances seemed to be impossible, and, as Lady Nithsdale notes, it was one of her main difficulties, when the moment came, to persuade her Lord to acquiesce in an attempt which, as he believed, would end in nothing but ignominious failure.

The Countess still placed some reliance on the proceedings that impended in the House of Lords. There on the 22nd of February, only two days before that fixed for the execution, a petition was presented, praying the House to intercede with the King in favour of the Peers under sentence of death. Lady Nithsdale herself stood in the lobby, with many other ladies of rank, imploring the compassion of each Peer as he passed. A motion to the same effect as the petition was made in the House, and, notwithstanding the resistance of the Government, it was carried through the unexpected aid of Lord Nottingham and by a majority of five. But there was added to it a proviso limiting the intercession with the King to such of the condemned Lords as should deserve his mercy. The meaning was that those only should be recommended for pardon who would give information against others who had engaged, although less openly, in the same unprosperous cause. This extinguished all Lady Nithsdale's hopes. She well knew, as she says, that her Lord would never purchase life on such terms. "Nor," adds the high-minded woman, "would I have desired it."

The axe, as we have seen, was appointed to do its bloody work on the next day but one, and there was no time to lose if Lady Nithsdale sought to carry out the project she had secretly formed of effecting her Lord's escape in woman's clothes. No sooner was the debate concluded than she hastened from the House of Peers to the Tower, where, putting on

a face of joy, she went up to the guards at each station and told them that she brought good news. "No more fear for the prisoners," she cried, "since now their petition has passed." Nor, in saying this, was she without an object. She rightly judged that the soldiers believing that the prisoners were on the point of being pardoned would become, of course, less vigilant. Moreover, at each station she drew some money from her pocket, and gave it to the guards, bidding them drink "the King's health and the Peers'." But she was careful, as she says, to be sparing in what she gave; enough to put the guards in good humour, and not enough to raise their suspicions as though their connivance was desired.

All this time she had never acquainted the Earl with her design. This plainly appears from a letter which Lord Herries has published, dated on this very day, the 22nd. It is addressed by Lord Nithsdale to his brother-in-law, the Earl of Traquair, and bids an affectionate farewell to him and to his sister, speaking of himself as fully expecting and calmly resigned to death.

The next morning, the last before the intended execution, was spent by Lady Nithsdale in the needful preparations, and, above all, in securing the assistance of one Mrs. Morgan, a friend of her faithful Evans. When she was ready to go, she sent for Mrs. Mills, at whose house she was lodging, and said: "Finding now there is no further room for hope of my Lord's pardon, nor longer time than this night, I am resolved to endeavour his escape. I have provided all that is requisite for it; and I hope you will not refuse to come along with me to the end that he may pass for you. Nay, more, I must beg you will come immediately, because we are full late." Lady Nithsdale had, with excellent judgment, delayed this appeal to the last possible moment; so that her landlady might be put to an immediate decision on the spur of pity, and have no leisure to think of the danger she was herself incurring by any share in the escape of a man convicted of treason. Mrs. Mills having in this surprise assented, Lady Nithsdale bade Mrs. Morgan, who was tall and slender — her height not unlike Lord Nithsdale's — to put under her own riding-hood another which Lady Nithsdale had provided, and after this all three stepped into the coach, which was ready at the door. As they drove to the Tower Lady Nithsdale has noted that she never ceased to talk

with her two companions, so as to leave them no time to reflect.

On arriving at their destination the Countess found that, as usual, she was allowed to take in but one person at a time. She first took Mrs. Morgan, and while they went up stairs spoke, so as to be overheard, of the necessity that, besides the Lords' vote, she should present a separate petition of her own. Within the prisoner's chamber she bade Mrs. Morgan take out and leave the riding-hood that she had brought beneath her clothes, and then conducted her out again, saying as she went, "Pray do me the kindness to send my maid to me that I may be dressed, else I shall be too late with my petition."

Having thus dismissed Mrs. Morgan, the Countess next brought in Mrs. Mills. As they passed she bade Mrs. Mills hold her handkerchief to her face, as though in tears, designing that the Earl should go forth in the same manner, and thus conceal, in part at least, his face from the guards. When alone with him in his chamber, they proceeded as they best could to disguise him. He had a long beard, which there was not time to shave, but the Countess daubed it over with some white paint that she had provided. In like manner she put some red paint on his cheeks and some yellow on his eyebrows, which were black and thick, while Mrs. Mills's were *blonde* and slight; and she had also ready some ringlets of the same coloured hair. Next she made Mrs. Mills take off the riding-hood in which she came and put on instead that which Mrs. Morgan had brought. Finally they proceeded to equip Lord Nithsdale in female attire by the aid of the riding-hood which the guards had just before seen on Mrs. Mills — by the aid also of all Lady Nithsdale's petticoats but one.

Matters being so far matured, Lady Nithsdale opened the door and led out the real Mrs. Mills, saying aloud, in a tone of great concern, "Dear Mrs. Catherine, I must beg you to go in all haste and look for my woman, for she certainly does not know what o'clock it is, and has forgot the petition I am to give, which should I miss is irreparable, having but this one night; let her make all the haste she can possible, for I shall be upon thorns till she comes." In the ante-room there were then eight or nine persons, the wives and daughters of the guards; they all seemed to feel for the Countess, and quickly made way for her companion. The sentry at the outer

door in like manner opened it with alacrity, and thus Mrs. Mills went out. Lady Nithsdale then returning to her Lord, put a finishing touch to his disguise, and waited patiently until it was nearly dark, and she was afraid that candles would be brought. This she determined was the best time to go; so she led forth by the hand the pretended Mrs. Mills, who, as though weeping, held up a handkerchief to her eyes, while Lady Nithsdale, with every expression of grief, loudly lamented herself that her maid Evans had been so neglectful, and had ruined her by her long delay. "So, dear Mrs. Betty," she added, "run and bring her with you, for God's sake; you know my lodgings, and if ever you made haste in your life, do it now, for I am almost distracted with this disappointment." The guards, not a little mollified by Lady Nithsdale's gifts the day before, and fully persuaded that a reprieve was at hand, had not taken much heed of the ladies whom they saw pass to and fro, nor exactly reckoned their number. They opened the door, without the least suspicion, to Lady Nithsdale and the false Mrs. Mills, and both accordingly went out. But no sooner past the door than Lady Nithsdale slipped behind her Lord on the way down stairs, and made him precede her, lest the guards, on looking back, should observe his gait, as far different from a lady's. All the time that they walked down she continued to call to him aloud in a tone of great distress, entreating him to make all possible haste, for the sake of her petition; and at the foot of the last stairs she found, as agreed, her trusty Evans, into whose hands she put him.

It had further been settled by Lady Nithsdale that Mr. Mills should wait for them in the open space before the Tower. Mr. Mills had come accordingly, but was so thoroughly convinced of the hopeless nature of the enterprise, that, on seeing Mrs. Evans and the false Mrs. Mills approach him, he grew quite dazed, and, in his confusion, instead of helping them, ran home. Evans, however, retained her presence of mind. She took her precious charge, in the first place, to some friends on whom she could rely, and thence proceeding alone to Mr. Mills's house, learnt from him which was the hiding-place he had provided. To this they now conducted the Earl. It was a house just before the Court of Guards, and belonged to a poor woman who had but one tiny room, up a small pair of stairs, and containing one poor little bed.

Meanwhile Lady Nithsdale, after seeing her husband pass the gates in his disguise, had returned to the chamber, lately his, upstairs. There, so as to be heard outside, she affected to speak to him and to answer as if he had spoken to her, imitating his voice as nearly as she could, and walking up and down, as though they had walked and talked together. This she continued to do until she thought he had time to get out of his enemies' reach. "I then began to think," she adds, "it was fit for me to get out of it also." Then opening the door to depart, she went half out, and holding it in her hand so that those without might hear, she took what seemed to be a solemn leave of her Lord for that night, complaining again of Evans's delay, and saying there was no remedy but to go herself in search of her. She promised that if the Tower were still open after she had done, she would see him again that night; but that otherwise, as soon as ever it was opened in the morning, she would certainly be with him, and hoped to bring him good news. Before shutting the door she drew to the inside a little string that lifted up a wooden latch, so that it could only be opened by those within, and she then shut the door with a flap, so that it might be securely closed. This being done, she took her departure. As she passed by she told the Earl's *valet de chambre*, who knew nothing of the plan of escape, that my Lord would not have candles till he called for them, for that he would finish some prayers first.

On leaving the Tower Lady Nithsdale observed several hackney-coaches waiting in the open space, and taking one, she drove first to her own lodgings. There she dismissed the coach for fear of being traced, and went on in a sedan-chair to the house of Anne Duchess of Buccleuch, widow of the ill-fated Monmouth. The Duchess had promised to be ready to go with her to present, even almost at the last moment, her single petition; and Lady Nithsdale now left a message at her door, with her "most humble service," to say that her Grace need not give herself any further trouble, it being now thought fit to give a general petition in the name of all.

From the Duchess of Buccleuch's Lady Nithsdale, again changing her conveyance, and calling a second sedan-chair, went on to the Duchess of Montrose's. The Duke was on the Government side, but the Duchess was her personal friend. Lady Nithsdale, being shown into a room

upstairs, the Duchess hastened to join her. Then, as Lady Nithsdale writes, "as my heart was very light, I smiled when she came into the chamber and ran to her in great joy. She really started when she saw me, and since owned that she thought my head was turned with trouble, till I told her my good fortune."

The Duchess, on hearing what had passed, cordially took part in the joy of her friend, and declared that she would go at once to Court and see how the news of the escape was received. She went accordingly, and next time she saw Lady Nithsdale told her that "the Elector" — for so she termed him — had, in her own phrase, "stormed terribly," and said he was betrayed, for he was sure it could not have been done without connivance; and he sent immediately two of his suite to the Tower to see that the other prisoners were well guarded. On the opposite side it was related that his Majesty — perhaps at a later and calmer moment — made a far more good-natured remark. He is rumoured to have said on Lord Nithsdale's escape, "It was the best thing that a man in his situation could do." Indeed, according to one account, Lord Nithsdale's name was included in a list to be sent out that very evening of the Peers to be reprieved. In fact, only two — Lords Derwentwater and Kenmure — were executed the next day.

Lady Nithsdale paid no more visits that evening. From the Duchess's house she went straight to her husband's hiding-place. There in that single narrow room upstairs they remained closely shut up, making as little stir as possible, and relying for their sustenance on some bread and wine which Mrs. Mills brought them in her pocket. Thus they continued for some days, until there arose a favorable opportunity for Lord Nithsdale to leave the kingdom. A servant of the Venetian Ambassador, Mitchell by name, was ordered to go down to Dover in his Excellency's coach-and-six, and bring back his Excellency's brother. By the contrivance of Mitchell, and without the Ambassador's knowledge, the Earl slipped on a livery coat and travelled as one in the Ambassador's train to Dover, where, hiring a small vessel, he crossed without suspicion, and, taking Mitchell with him, landed safe at Calais. Lady Nithsdale, for whom no search was made, remained for the time in London.

In concluding the narrative of this remarkable escape, we think that even the most cursory reader cannot fail to notice

its close resemblance to that other escape of Count Lavalette from the *Conciergerie* prison at Paris on the evening of the 20th December, 1815. The Countess having changed dresses with her husband in his prison chamber, he passed out in woman's attire, leaning on his daughter's arm and holding a handkerchief to his face, as though in an agony of tears. Yet, great as is the likeness between the two cases, it arose from coincidence, and not at all from imitation. The detailed account of the whole affair, as given by Count Lavalette in the second volume of his "Mémoires," clearly shows that they had never heard of Lady Nithsdale, and knew nothing of any similar attempt in England.

The heroine of this later deliverance was a niece of the Empress Josephine; her maiden name Emilie de Beauharnais. Her letters since her marriage, several of which we have seen, are signed Beauharnais-Lavalette. She had been in childbirth only a few weeks before the 20th of December, her nerves were still unstrung and her strength was not yet restored. There was also a great difficulty in the way of the disguise which she had planned; she was tall and slender in person, while Count Lavalette was short and stout. But muffled up as he was, the difference failed to be perceived by the officers on duty, and his escape from the prison was successfully accomplished.

It is well known, and we need not repeat, how the generous spirit of Sir Robert Wilson, with two others of our countrymen, effected a few days afterwards his further escape from France to Belgium. The husband was safe, but hard — hard indeed — was the fate of the wife. She had to remain behind in the prison chamber, there to sustain, on the discovery of the escape, the first fury of the exasperated jailers, all trembling for their places. During six weeks she was kept in close captivity, all access of friends or domestics, or even of her daughter, denied her. Weak in health as she had been from the first, it is no wonder that her mind would not bear the strain that was put upon it. Her reason became obscured, and soon after she was set free from prison she had to be removed to a *Maison de Santé*. When, after six years of exile, her husband obtained his pardon and was able to return to France, she did not know him again.

The mental malady of Madame Lavalette hung upon her for full twelve years. At the end of that time her reason was, partially at least, restored, and she could

go back to her husband's house. But she continued subject to a settled melancholy and could only lead a life of strict retirement. Her husband died in 1830, while she survived till June 1855.

Reverting to Lady Nithsdale, we may observe that while the publication of her narrative in 1792 made clear all the circumstances of her Lord's escape, nothing further was known of his or her further fortunes beyond the dates of their respective deaths in Italy. It is therefore with pleasure that, in the correspondence now before us, we find numerous letters from the Countess subsequent to the great act and exploit of her life on the 23rd of February, 1716. To these letters, as well as to some others by which they are illustrated, we shall now apply ourselves, hoping that our readers may feel some part at least of the interest that we do in the life of this high-minded lady.

Lord Nithsdale, on landing at Calais, had gone straight to Paris. There, in the course of the spring, he received a pressing invitation from the Prince, whom he constantly regarded as his rightful King. One phrase of that letter is cited by his nephew Lord Linton: "As long as I have a crust of bread in the world assure yourself you shall always have a share of it." The Earl accordingly set out for Italy, there to do homage, and remain for at least a few weeks' visit. The Countess, on her part, finding no pursuit made for her in London, ventured, a little later, to ride back to Scotland with her faithful Evans, desiring to arrange her family affairs. For several weeks she lived without molestation, and took a fond — it proved to be a final — farewell of her own Terregles. When again in London she was advised that she was in great risk of arrest, and would do wisely to leave England. Embarking accordingly, she landed on the coast of Flanders, where she was detained some time by a miscarriage and dangerous illness. Only half-recovered, she set out again to join, first her sister at Bruges, and next, in October, her husband at Lille. Alas! that reunion did not bring her all the happiness that she had fondly hoped. Her letter from Lille to Lady Traquair has not been preserved, but a later one from Paris gives a full account of her proceedings and plans: it is dated February 29, 1717.

I could not resolve to leave this place, dearest sister, without giving you an account of the situation of your brother's affairs and mine. I suppose you have received mine from

Lille, so you are acquainted with the reasons of our quitting that place, and consequently have only to tell you that I immediately went to my old mistress [Mary of Modena, Queen Dowager of England], who, though she received me very kindly, yet there was great complaints of poverty, and no likelihood of my getting into her service again. My first attempt was to endeavour to get a recommendation from her to her son to take my husband into his service; but all in vain, it being alleged that as matters now stand with him, he could not augment his family. . . . My next business was to see what I could get to live on, that we might take our resolutions where to go accordingly. But all that I could get was 100 livres a month to maintain me in everything — meat, drink, fire, candle, washing, clothes, lodging, servants' wages; in fine, all manner of necessaries. My husband has 200 livres a month, but considering his way of managing, it was impossible to live upon it. . . . For, let me do what I will, he cannot be brought to submit to live according to what he has; and when I endeavoured to persuade him to keep in compass, he attributed my advice to my grudging him everything, which stopped my mouth, since I am very sure that I would not [grudge] my heart's blood if it could do him any service. . . . It was neither in gaming, company, nor much drinking, that it was spent, but in having the nicest of meat and wine; and all the service I could do was to see he was not cheated in the buying it. I had a little, after our meeting at Lille, endeavoured to persuade him to go back to his Master, upon the notice he received that 50 livres a month was taken off of his pension; but that I did not dare persist in, for he seemed to imagine that I had a mind to be rid of him, which one would have thought could scarce come into his mind.

And now, he finding, what I had often warned him, that he could get no more, some of his friends has persuaded him to follow his Master, he having sent him notice where he was going, and that he might come after him if he pleased; and I, having no hopes of getting anything out of England, am forced to go to the place where my son is, to endeavour to live, the child and me, upon what I told you. All my satisfaction is, that at least my husband has twice as much to maintain himself and man as I have; so I hope when he sees there is no resource, as, indeed, now there is not, having sold all, even to the necessary little plate I took so much pains to bring over, he will live accordingly, which will be some comfort to me, though I have the mortification to be from him, which, after we met again, I hoped never to have separated; but God's will be done, and I submit to this cross, as well as many others I have had in the world, though I must confess living from a husband I love so well is a very great one. . . . He was to be at Lions last Tuesday, and I cannot hear from him till I am arrived at La Flesh, for I go from hence to-morrow

morning at seven o'clock. . . . Pray burn this as soon as you have read it, and keep the contents to yourself.

Lady Nithsdale, it will be noticed, speaks of having no hopes of anything from England. Her meaning here is best elucidated by the following passage from her long letter to Lady Lucy Herbert which refers to the scene at Court, when she was dragged along the passage by the skirts of George the First: —

My being so rudely treated had made a noise, and gave no good reputation to the Duke of Hanover; for several said, what had they brought themselves to? For the Kings of England was never used to refuse a petition from the poorest woman's hand; and to use a person of my quality in such a manner as he had done was a piece of unheard-of brutality. These talks made the Elector have a particular dislike to me, which he showed afterwards; for when all the ladies whose Lords had been concerned in this business put in claims for their jointures, mine was given in amongst the rest; but he said I was not, nor did deserve, the same privilege, so I was excepted, and he would never hear speak in my favour.

We give the passage as Lady Nithsdale wrote it, not desiring to emulate, even at a humble distance, the very great politeness of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries. But we may observe that these words of the Countess, like many others from her pen, are most strongly coloured by political resentment. Ungenerous as was, beyond all doubt, the exception made of Lady Nithsdale in the matter of the Peeresses' jointures, there is no ground to regard it otherwise than as a Ministerial measure — not a tittle of evidence to derive it personally from the King. We may add that, judging from the records of this reign, we do not believe that George the First, whatever may have been his other failings, was capable of the petty spite which is here imputed to him.

In her letter from Paris Lady Nithsdale mentions that she was going to La Flèche, on purpose to be with her son, who, we may conclude, was receiving his education at the great Jesuit College there established. From La Flèche she continued her correspondence with Lady Traquair; and, for fear of its being intercepted commonly signed herself "W. Joanes," or sometimes "W. Johnstone," while she addressed her sister Countess as "Mrs. Young."

Writing on the 10th of June, 1717, after reverting to the recovery from an illness

of her nephew Lord Linton, then in France, she gives the last news of her husband: —

Now that I have given you an account of what is nearest to you, I must let you know that your friend and mine is well, at least was so the last time I was so happy as to hear from him. He has had another great preservation, being six days in so great a danger at sea that all the seamen left off working, and left themselves to the mercy of the waves; and was at last cast into Antibes, from whence they coasted it to Lighorn. However, he is now safe with his Master, and both of them in good health. I hope these two narrow escapes in so short a time is not for nothing, and that God reserves him for some great good.

Lord Nithsdale, however, was not well pleased with Italy. He did not receive from the Chevalier the cordial welcome to which, with good reason, he deemed himself entitled; and was exposed to divers mortifications at that melancholy little Court, then established at Urbino. Nor was he at all edified by his nearer view of the Pope's government in ecclesiastical or in civil affairs. Here are his own words to Lady Nithsdale as she transcribes them: "Be assured there is nothing in this damnable country that can tend to the good either of one's soul or body."

We must say that we give Lord Herries great credit for his candour in allowing the passage to be printed without change or comment, since we dare say that no very zealous Roman Catholic could read it without something of an *Abi Satanas!* feeling.

Lady Nithsdale herself may have disliked still more what follows, as she reports it to Lady Traquair: —

The remainder of his letter did not much please me, it running all upon the inconveniences of living where he was, and a full and fixed resolution of leaving his Master. . . . However, as I sent him word, I hoped God Almighty reserved his reward for a better place, and that after the favour he had received in his two late preservations, he ought also to accept the trials from the same hand, with some other little motives for the doing it, whose reflections I hoped might render it more easy as well as meritorious. But he answered it in so great a banter upon my virtue and resignation, that I believe that it will be the last time that I shall venture to inspire him with any such thoughts, not doubting that he makes better use of them than I do. But it proceeded from my good will alone. However, in what regards his temporal good, I shall not be so far wanting in my duty as not

to tell him my thoughts, with a reference to his better judgment; after which I have performed my part, and shall submit, as I ever have done, to what he thinks fit.

Lady Nithsdale therefore, in her next ensuing letter, takes her stand on temporal grounds:—

You may be sure, my dear Lord, that having you with me, or near me, would be the greatest natural satisfaction I could have in this world; but I should be a very ill wife if, to procure it myself, I would let you run into those inconveniences you would do if you followed the method you propose of leaving your Master. . . . So, if you have any regard for your honour and family, leave off any such thoughts; for from that time your Master will have a pretence to do nothing for you, whereas if ever he comes to be in a condition [and with you near him] he cannot avoid it. . . . But what would go nearer my heart, if it were possible, chameleon-like, to live on air, is that it would ruin your reputation; and that all your enemies, or rather enviers, who think others' pretensions a diminution of theirs, might make it their business to say that it was not desire of serving your Master that made you do what you did, but because you could not live at home on what you had.

Writing from Scotland, Lady Traquair argued strongly in the same sense as Lady Nithsdale, and the Earl yielded in some degree to their joint representations. It induced him at least to pause and think again before the final step was taken. Besides, there was now a strong rumour of the Chevalier's intended marriage, which would afford an opening for good places in the new and larger household to be formed.

Meanwhile Lady Nithsdale was enduring some of the sharpest privations of poverty. But for a little timely aid from the kind-hearted Lady Traquair she would have wanted all through the winter both warmth and light. Thus she writes in reply:—

May God Almighty reward you in this and the next world for your goodness to us and ours! . . . My nephew paid me the sum you ordered, and never thing came more providentially, for I had tugged on in summer with much ado; but did not know in the world what to do for the addition of wood and candle, which it will enable me to get. But I fear I must soon think of repaying it again, since I took it up from a gentleman, who took my bill for it on the goldsmith you bid me take it from. . . . Had I not had so pressing a need of it, I would not have taken it, your son having lent your brother 200 livres.

Another calamity was now close impending on this ill-fated lady. On the

7th of May, 1718, died at St. Germain's her former mistress and her constant friend, the Queen Dowager of England. It was a grievous blow to the whole melancholy train of exiles. Father James Carnegy, a Roman Catholic priest, writes thus from Paris:—

The desolation amongst the followers of her son, her servants, and other poor dependants, amongst whom she used to divide all her pension, is inexpressible. It is said the Regent will assist the most indigent of them; but nothing is yet certain. It is feared whatever he do to others, he dare not help the King's followers.

Lady Nithsdale herself writes as follows from Paris on the 28th of June, and still to Lady Traquair:—

My husband is now fully resolved not to leave his Master; for when he went to take his leave of him, his Master was pleased to tell him that he had so few about him, that he would not part with him; that he should probably be married before winter, and then he desired to have me in his family, and so desired him to leave off the thoughts of a journey for two or three months, which you may be sure he agreed to.

Full of these hopes, Lord Nithsdale desired that the Countess should join him in Italy as soon as possible, since as he observes in these matters it is "first come, first served." He could send her no funds for the journey, but bade her apply to Lord and Lady Traquair, which Lady Nithsdale, mindful of their many obligations, was most unwilling to do. However, in the same letter of the 28th of June, she proceeds to say:—

Though he bid me lose no time in writing to you about borrowing money, I would not do it, because, though he did not know it, my dear Mistress, who was, underhand, the occasion of furthering my promotion, and who, though it must never be known, was resolved I should be about her daughter-in-law, had promised me to give me notice when it was fit for me to go, and would have given me what was requisite to carry me; and writ to me four days before her illness what she would have me write to her son in order to it, which I did the first post, and sent it enclosed in a letter to her. But, alas! it arrived the day she died, some hours after her death. Imagine, you, whether her loss is not a great one to me. I may truly say I have lost a kind mother, for she was truly that to me whilst I had her. I would not write to you, being sensible that you have already done a great deal; so that nothing but unavoidable necessity could make me mention any such thing. But, alas! I am so far from being able to comply with my husband's desire now, that I know

not how scarce to keep myself from starving, with the small credit I have here, being reduced to the greatest of straits.

The kindness of Lord and Lady Traquair, as shown on many former occasions, was not denied her on this. A small sum in addition was paid her by order of the Chevalier. There was also as it chanced one of her sisters then at Paris — Lady Anne Herbert by birth, and married to Francis Smith, Lord Carrington — “a person,” writes Lady Nithsdale, “that one would have thought should have helped me in this juncture. But so far from it that I have not got a sixpence, but a promise to keep my little girl who stays with her. But I oblige myself to pay what masters she has, without which she would have lost all the learning I have done my endeavours to give her, notwithstanding all my strait.”

By the aid of the Traquair subsidy and that from her so-called Royal “Master,” Lady Nithsdale was enabled to join her husband at Urbino, and, after a brief interval, proceed with him in the Chevalier’s train to Rome. From Rome there soon went forth another melancholy letter to Lady Traquair: —

January 3, 1719. — Dearest sister, I have still deferred writing to you since I came to this place, hoping to have some agreeable news to make a letter welcome that had so far to go; but we still are in the same situation, and live upon hopes; and, indeed, without hope, hearts would break; but I can say no more. . . . I found him [my Lord] still the same man as to spending, not being able to conform himself to what he has, which really troubles me. And to the end that he might not make me the pretence, which he ever did, I do not touch a penny of what he has, but leave it to him to maintain him and his man, which is all he has, and live upon what is allowed me. . . . Now as to other things: the great expectations I had some reason to have conceived from my husband’s letters when he sent for me hither, are far from answered. I am kept at as great a distance from my Master as can well be, and as much industry used to let me have none of his ear as they can; and though he is going to a house that his family can scarce fill, I could not obtain to be admitted under his roof. But that and many other things must be looked over; at least we shall have bread by being near him, and I have the happiness once again to be with my dear husband that I love above my life.

The real fact as explaining the cold reception of Lord and Lady Nithsdale appears to be that the Chevalier was at this time greatly under the dominion of two unworthy favourites, — Colonel the Hon.

John Hay, a son of Lord Kinnoul, and his wife Marjory, a daughter of Lord Stormont. Some years later James named John Hay his Secretary of State, with high rank in his titular peerage as Earl of Inverness. Both the wife and husband are described as follows in Lockhart of Carnwath’s “Memoirs:” “The lady was a mere coquette, tolerably handsome, but withal prodigiously vain and arrogant. Her lord was a cunning, false, avaricious creature of very ordinary parts, cultivated by no sort of literature, and altogether void of experience in business.” It was now the object of this well-matched pair to confirm and maintain their influence by keeping away as much as possible all persons who would not declare themselves their followers and their dependants.

Within a few weeks, however, of Lord and Lady Nithsdale’s arrival at Rome, James himself was suddenly called away from it. He was summoned to Spain, there to sanction and direct the expedition against Great Britain, which the Prime Minister Cardinal Alberoni had been preparing. It is well known how soon and how signally that project was baffled by the winds and tempests; and with how much of disappointment the Chevalier had to return to Italy.

In this journey to Spain James appears to have been attended by Lord Nithsdale, while the Countess remained at Rome. There she witnessed the arrival of James’s bride, the Princess Clementina Sobieski, whom she describes (May 17, 1719) as follows: —

This, dearest sister, is barely to acquaint you that yesternight arrived here our young Mistress. I and my companion went out a post to meet her, and, indeed, she is one of the charmingest, obliging, and well-bred young ladies that ever was seen. Our Master cannot but be extremely happy in her, and all those who have the good fortune to have any dependence on her. To add to it, she is very pretty; has good eyes, a fine skin, well shaped for her height; but is not tall, but may be so as yet, for she is but seventeen, and looks even younger. She has chosen a retired place in the town in our Master’s absence.

It had been hoped by Lord and Lady Nithsdale that on the return of James to Italy there would be expressed to them some disapproval of the mortifications to which they had almost daily been exposed. But it did not prove so. Lady Nithsdale writes, October 10, 1719: —

The first of August our young Mistress went

to meet her husband, who could not come hither by reason of the great heats, in which time it is thought dangerous to come into this town; so she went to a small place six or seven posts from hence, a very good air, but so small a place that she took but one person with her, which was Mrs. Hay. The straitness of the place was the reason given for my companion's and my stay behind; but there is some reason to believe that our Master did not care for to have more about him than what he has there. He has not permitted anybody to go to him but those he sends for, which has been but few persons, and such only as those who addressed themselves to Mrs. Hay's brother or husband. . . . As before mentioned, our Master and Mistress comes hither, and are, probably speaking, to stay this winter, though the master of this town [the Pope] does not much approve of it. Where we shall go after God knows. His company he used to have about him is much diminished; many are gone, and more is a-going daily. My companion is a-going to her husband, and I fear neither he nor she intend to return; so that I am the only one now left of my station, and shall in all appearance be yet more trampled on than were both in our Master's absence. At his return we hoped for some redress, but now we have reason to believe we are to expect none, for everything is approved that was done in his absence, which has made many one withdraw; and I wish that may be the greatest ill that follows from the retirement of some. My husband would fain have been of the number, and have had me, but I told him my pleasure did not draw me hither, nor the slights and troubles I daily meet should make me go, but be overlooked by me for the same end that brought me, which was the good of my children and family; so I intend to act as if I saw nothing but what pleased me, and expect God Almighty's time for an alteration.

In this same letter Lady Nithsdale laments to her sister-in-law her husband's want of forethought and consideration in borrowing, or, as she calls it, "taking up" money where he finds it practicable, and, above all, in drawing bills on Lord or Lady Traquair without their consent and approval first obtained. She grieves at this money being

all taken up and spent already, which [she adds], is but too true; so that if his Master does not pay it, as I very much fear he will not, his reputation is quite lost. . . . All my comfort is that I have no share in this misfortune, for he has never been the man that has offered me one farthing of all the money he has taken up, and as yet all is spent, but how, is a riddle to me, for what he spends at home is but 30 pence a day in his eating. He has had but one suit of clothes since, and now he must have one for winter. For my part I continue in mourning as yet for want of wherewithal to

buy clothes, and I brought my mourning with me that has served ever since I came, and was neither with my Master's or husband's money bought. But now I have nobody to address myself to but my Master for wherewithal to buy any. I know, between you and I, but that I need not tell my Master, that he [my Lord] blames me and his daughter for what he is obliged to take up; whereas I have not had one single penny, and as for our daughter, whose masters I must pay, or she forget all the little I have been at the expense of before, and have done it hitherto, I have neither paid out of his nor my own pension, which is too small to do it, but that I had 30 pistoles from the Pope for her, which has done it. But now they are at an end, and I know not what to do. For as to my sister I suppose she will not see her starve or go naked, but for more I cannot rely on.

Thus wearily and heavily the months dragged along at Rome. In March 1720, however, there came a gleam of joy when Lady Nithsdale found herself able to announce that the Princess gave hopes of an heir. Even this brief gleam was clouded over by signal mortifications. James would allow at this juncture no intimate access of any lady to his consort, except only Mrs. Hay,—

who is one as you know [Lady Nithsdale writes], that has never had any children; . . . and though I have had occasion to be better versed in these things, having been so long married and had so many children, yet they prefer one who has had no experience of that kind, and my Mistress has not so much as ever let me know how she was in any kind. And when she was indisposed, which she has been frequently since her being with child was spoke of, and that I was there constantly three times a day to see how she did, I never was thought fit to be admitted into the secret, but it was told me by herself and others that it was nothing but a cold, though I knew in what condition she was.

In spite of these unpromising signs, Lady Nithsdale ventured at this juncture, "humbly begging," to know whether she "might have any hopes of having care of the young Lord or Lady when it pleased God to send it." She was not precisely refused—that is, there was no other person preferred. But the Chevalier answered that, "having taken a resolution to take no servants while I am abroad, I will make neither governess nor under-governess. My wife has but little to do, and will look to it herself."

Great was the delight of the whole mournful company of exiles when, on the last day of the year, the Princess gave birth to a son, Charles Edward, the hero

of "The Forty-five." Henceforth the letters of Lady Nithsdale teem with accounts of his teething and weaning, and other incidents of childhood. Scarcely less were they rejoiced when, four years afterwards, there came a second son, Henry, afterwards Cardinal York.

But during this time the circumstances of the Nithsdales by no means improved. They were constantly reduced to dismal straits. Thus, on the occasion of Prince Charles's birth, when some gala dresses were required, Lady Nithsdale writes :—

I have had the happiness to have one handsome suit procured me by the means of a Cardinal, who got it from the Pope, but that is between you and I, for I was forbid to let it be known. I have bought two others, the one as good as that, the other more for bad weather, being obliged to walk on foot to my Master's several times in the day, so that I am much out of pocket, but shall in time get free, I hope, without taking a farthing from my husband for it. The reason why I thought myself obliged to provide myself so well, was that my Master might not think that because I was disappointed of what I had some reason to expect I did not care how I went ; and also that if I had not he might have taken the pretence that he was ashamed I should be seen with his wife because I had not decent clothes.

Still more grievous was it, for Lady Nithsdale at least, when dire necessity compelled them to draw bills on Lord Traquair, and trust to his generosity for their acceptance. In 1722 there went out a bill of a larger amount than usual, namely 150*l.*, and for this Lord Nithsdale desired that his sister should sell a little household furniture which his wife had left in her care, and apply the proceeds in its discharge.

But [as Lady Nithsdale writes], it will not answer our end if the money be not paid twenty days after the receipt of the bill ; so I beg you by all that is dear to you to have compassion of us ; for if this fails, if we were a-starving nobody would let us have a sixpence. We have pawned all our credit to hinder our being molested till this can be answered and have had no small difficulty in getting it done, and are quite out of the power of doing it longer.

Lord Nithsdale, on his part, adds, in another letter, " This, if not answered, will infallibly ruin me."

Neither in this instance, nor in any other, so far as we are made aware of it, did Lord Traquair fail in the expected aid. But it must be owned that Lord Nithsdale made him a strange return. This was in 1723. Either to enhance his own import-

ance, or for some other object, he intimated to the Chevalier that some property, belonging of right to himself, was unfairly detained by his brother-in-law. Hereupon James, desiring to do an act of justice at the same time with an act of kindness, wrote as follows to one of his agents in Scotland :—

The Earl of Nidsdale tells me he has private means of his own in the Earl of Traquair's hands, from whom he has never yet got any account of them ; and as you know the just regard I have, particularly for the first, I would have you get Mr. Carnegie to take a proper method of letting Traquair know that I should take it kindly if he would settle these affairs with his kinsman here to his satisfaction, which I am persuaded he will do when he knows it will be agreeable to me.

Even the most placable of men must here have been roused to resentment. Here, in complete reversal of the real facts, was Lord Traquair, a steady adherent of the exiled Prince, held up to that Prince, whose good opinion he was of course anxious to secure, as the spoiler of that kinsman whom he had so constantly befriended. No wonder if we find Lady Traquair writing to her brother as follows (January 1724) :—

It is but within these few days that my husband was in a condition that he could know the contents of your letter, or what Sir John [the King] writ of your affairs. I do not pretend to write to you what his sentiments were upon knowing this most unexpected and unaccountable piece of news. He was not a little grieved that matters had been so misrepresented as if he had effects of yours in his hands, and were so unjust to so near a relation as not to transmit your own to you, though you be straitened and suffer in such a cause. This is indeed, dear brother, a very strange office from you to my husband, after so many services done by him to you and your family. I must say it is very unkind and a sad return for all the favours my husband has done you before and since you went last abroad ; for he having no effects of yours save a little household furniture of no use to us and what I could not get disposed of, has honoured your bills, supplied your wants without scrape of pen from you ; besides the considerable sum you owed him formerly, he even under God has preserved your family which without his money credit, and his son's assiduous attendance and application, must, humanly speaking, have sunk. He might reasonably have expected other returns from you than complaints to one we value so infinitely as we do Sir John, as if my husband had wronged you and detained your own when your sufferings justly call for the greatest consideration.

This affair, however little to the credit of Lord Nithsdale, produced no breach between the sisters: "I having been always kept ignorant of his affairs," writes Lady Nithsdale, in a previous letter (March 22, 1723). And subsequently (March 7, 1725), adverting to this very incident, she says to Lady Traquair:—

As to what you imagined to be the reason of my not writing you wronged me very much in the matter, for what happens between your brother and you yourselves are best able to judge. I am only sorry that he should do anything that gives you reason to take ill, and if it lay in my power I am sure he would not. As for my part I am so sensible of all your kindnesses and favours to my son and family that I never think I can sufficiently acknowledge them, or return you my grateful thanks.

But although there might be no absolute breach of friendship, there was certainly a decline of correspondence. From this period the letters, as we find them, of Lady Nithsdale to her sister-in-law are few and far between. The latest of all, after six years' interval, bears date January 29, 1739, and in this she excuses herself that "my great troubles, and illnesses occasioned by them, has hindered me from writing hitherto."

In this period of years, however, there had been several events to cheer her. Lord Maxwell, her sole surviving son, after much litigation in the Court of Session and the House of Lords, was admitted by the latter tribunal to the benefit of an early entail which Lord Nithsdale had made, so that at his father's death he would, notwithstanding his father's forfeiture, succeed to Terregles and the family estates. Practically he succeeded to them—in part, at least—even sooner, since the life-interest of his father was purchased from the Government in his behalf.

Pass we to the daughter, Lady Anne, who had come to join her parents in Italy. There she chanced to meet Lord Bellew, an Irish nobleman upon his travels. He conceived for her a strong attachment, apparently on but slight acquaintance. As he writes himself to Lord Nithsdale (April 27, 1731):—

I propose to be entirely happy in the possession of the lady, who has so fine a character with all those that know her. But it is not only hearsay on which I ground my happiness, having had the honour and pleasure to see Lady Anne, though, perchance, not the good fortune to be remembered by her.

The offer of his hand, which this letter

conveyed, was by the young lady accepted, and the marriage took place at Lucca in the course of the same year.

Another marriage, at nearly the same period, must have been still more interesting to Lord and Lady Nithsdale. Lord Maxwell, now a resident in Scotland, had become attached to his cousin Lady Catherine Stuart, daughter of Lord and Lady Traquair. Considering the old connection, and the constant friendship between the two families, and their agreement both in religion and in politics, to say nothing of the benefits conferred by the one Earl upon the other, it might have been supposed that the prospect of this alliance would have given Lord Nithsdale especial pleasure. But such was by no means the case. We may perceive the contrary from the following sentence of Lady Nithsdale, writing to Lady Traquair (October 2, 1731): "Dear sister, I have this considerable while been expecting every post the good news of the conclusion of my son's happy marriage with Lady Catherine; a happiness he has long coveted, and I as long been endeavouring to procure him his father's consent to." The marriage, however, did take place in the course of the same year. It appears to have been a happy one, as Lady Nithsdale, by anticipation, called it. No sons were born from it, and only one daughter, through whom the line of Maxwell was continued.

Lord Nithsdale did not live to witness the last enterprise on behalf of the exiled Stuarts. He died at Rome in March 1744. After his decease his widow was induced, though not without difficulty, to accept an annuity of 200*l.* a year from her son, who then came into full possession of the family estates. Of this annuity she resolved to apply one-half to the discharge of her husband's debts, which would in that manner be paid off at the end of three years.

Lady Nithsdale herself survived till the spring of 1749. Nothing further is known of her declining years. We conjecture, however, that she had grown very infirm, since her signature, of which some specimens are given at this period, is tremulous and indistinct to a most uncommon degree.

Both Lord and Lady Nithsdale died at Rome, and, in all probability, were buried there. When the late Mr. Marmaduke Maxwell, of Terregles, came to that city in the year 1870—so the editor of these volumes informs us—he made inquiries for any monument or grave of these two

ancestors ; but, after much research, was unable to find the least trace of any such.

Here then ends our narrative of the life of Winifred Herbert, as she was by birth, the worthy descendant of that first Earl of Pembroke of the last creation, the chief of the English forces at the battle of St. Quentin and the Lord President of Wales. In her was nobly sustained the spirit of that ancient race. Nor in our own century has that spirit declined. When we look to what they have done, or may probably yet do, in the present age — to the past of Sidney Herbert — to the future of Lord Carnarvon — to the future also perhaps of that son of Sidney Herbert, who, young as he is, has already wielded his pen with considerable power, though not always quite discreetly, and who has been so recently named Under-Secretary of State in that very War Department where his father gained and deserved such high distinction — we cannot but feel how much of sap and growth is left in the ancestral stem, and how aptly it might take for its motto *REVIRESCIT*.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER.

CHAPTER XX.

THIS was Val's last summer at Eton ; he went away with deep regret, as all well-conditioned boys do, and was petted and made much of at home in the interval between his school and his university life. Lady Eskside, who had once carried little Val with her, with care so anxious, was proud and happy beyond description now when Val accompanied her anywhere with that air of *savoir faire* and intimate knowledge of the world which distinguishes his kind. He had already a circle much enlarged from hers, and knew people whom even the Dowager Duchess, who was more in the world than Lady Eskside, could not pretend to know. He was a head taller than good-natured Lord Hightowers, and a thousand times handsomer and better bred. "But not the least like his father," said her Grace, with pointed particularity. "Not so like as he was," said Lady Eskside, not unprepared for this attack ; "but I can still see the resemblance — though the difference of complexion is bewildering to those who don't know both faces as well as I do," she added, with a smile. To be sure, no one else could know the two faces as well

as she did. Val was extremely well received in the county, and considered, young as he was, an acquisition to general society ; and was asked far and wide to garden-parties, which were beginning to come into fashion, and to the few dances which occurred now and then. He had to go, too, to various entertainments given by the new people in Lord Eskside's feus. During Val's boyhood, the feus which the old lord and his factor laid out so carefully had been built upon, to the advantage of the shopkeepers in Lasswade for one thing ; and a row of, on the whole, rather handsome houses, in solid white stone, somewhat urban in architecture for the locality, and built to resist wind and storm for centuries, rose on the crown of the green bank which overlooked the road, and were to be seen from the terrace at Rossraig. There were two ladies in them who gave parties, — one the wife of a retired physician, the other a well-connected widow. Val had to dance at both houses, for the very good reason that the widow was well connected, which made it impossible to refuse her, while the other house had a vote, more important still. "It is your business to make yourself agreeable to everybody, Val," said Lord Eskside, feeling as he looked at the boy's long limbs and broad shoulders, that the time was approaching in which his ambition should at last be gratified, and a Ross be elected for the county, notwithstanding all obstacles. Within the next four or five years a general election was inevitable ; and it was one of the old lord's private prayers that it might not come until Val was eligible. He did all he could to communicate to him that interest in politics which every young man of good family, according to Lord Eskside, should be reared in. Val had been rather inattentive on this point : he held, in an orthodox manner, those conventional and not very intelligent Tory principles which belong to Eton ; but he had not thought much about the subject if truth must be told, and was rather amused than impressed by Lord Eskside's eloquence. "All right, grandpapa," would say, with that warm general assurance of youth which is so trying to the experienced instructor. He was quite ready to accept both position and opinions, but he did not care enough about them to take the trouble of forming any decision for himself.

But he went to Mrs. Rintoul's party and made himself very agreeable ; not only the retired doctor himself,

what was perhaps more important, his daughters — from Miss Rintoul of five-and-thirty to the little one of sixteen — were ready as one woman to adopt his cause, and wear his colours when the time came. "What does it matter between them, papa?" said Miss Rintoul, who was very strong-minded. "Tory or Radical; what does it matter? They are all conservative in office, and destructive out of it. If I had a vote — and at my age it's a disgrace to England that I haven't — I should stand by friends and neighbours. That's a better rule than your old fashioned Tory and Whig. A good man is the one thing needful; over whom, if necessary, one can exert intelligent influence," said this amiable woman. I do not think her papa, who was better aware how very impossible it is to influence any human creature, was entirely of her opinion; but he informed Willie Maitland that probably on the whole, if no candidate exactly of his own way of thinking appeared in the field, he would not hesitate to support Mr. Ross, if he carried out, as there was every reason to expect, the promise of his youth. Thus Val, in gay unconsciousness, was made to begin his canvassing before he was nineteen, and while still the episode of the university lay between him and public life. Lord Eskside invited a large party for the 1st of September, and the house continued full up to the time of Val's departure for Oxford; and besides this party of guests at home, there was such a succession of entertainments given at Rossraig as had not been known before for many years, — not since Val's father was on his promotion, like Val. Mary Percival was one of the party during this time, aiding Lady Eskside to receive her guests and do the honours of her house. She came when it was definitely ascertained that Richard was not coming, as his parents wished. He wrote that he was deeply occupied, and that in the present state of Italian politics it was impossible that he could leave his post — a letter over which Lady Eskside sighed; but as Mary came to make up the deficiency, there was something gained to atone for this loss.

Mary, however, never would commit herself to that enthusiasm for Val which his grandmother felt was her boy's due. She liked him very well, she said — oh, very well: he was a nice boy; she was very glad he had done so well at school, and she hoped he would take a good place at Oxford; but I leave the reader to judge whether this mild approbation was likely

to satisfy the old people, who by this time — husband as well as wife — were, as the servants said, altogether "wrapt up" in Val. Mary offended her friend still more by the perverse interest she took in the Pringle family, and her many visits to the Hewan, where Val was delighted to accompany her as often as she chose to go. Violet was "in residence," as he said, at the cottage, living a somewhat lonely life there, though the others of the family came and went, spending a day or a night as they could manage it. I do not know if any thought of "falling in love" had ever come into Valentine's boyish head; but there was a delicate link of affection and interest between Violet and himse^l which affected him he could not quite tell how. As for poor little Vi, I fear her young imagination had gone further than Valentine's. It was not love in her case, perhaps, any more than in his; but it was fancy, which at seventeen is almost as strong. I think this was the primary reason of Mary's frequent visits to the Hewan. She saw what was going on in the girl's young head and heart; and with that intense recollection of the circumstances which decided her own fate which such gentlewomen, thrown out of the common path of life, often have, she had conceived an almost exaggerated anxiety for the fate of Vi, which seemed to be shaping itself after the model of her own.

"I wish my dear old lady would not spoil that boy so," she said one September morning, when she had walked alone through the woods to the Hewan. Her pretty *particular* grey gown (for Mary was not without something of that precise order which it is usual to call old-maidishness, about her dress) was marked here and there with a little spot from the damp ferns and grass, which she rubbed with her handkerchief as she spoke, and which suddenly brought back to Violet's memory that one day of "playing truant" which had been about the sweetest of her life. Mary had perceived that Violet gave a quick look for the other figure which generally followed, and that there was a droop of disappointment about her, when she perceived that her visitor was alone. "I wish she would not spoil that boy so. He is not a bad boy —"

"Is it possible you can mean Val?" said Violet, with dignity, erecting her small head.

"Yes, indeed, my dear, it is quite possible; I do mean Val. He is a good boy enough, if you would not all spoil him with adulation — as if he were something quite

extraordinary, and no one had ever seen his like before."

"You do not like Val, Miss Percival — you never did; but he likes you, and always walks with you when you will let him."

"Ah, that is when I am coming here," said Mary, with a momentary compunction. Then perceiving a pleased glow diffuse itself over Vi's face, she added, quickly, "I mean, he likes to go with me when it pleases himself; but if I were to ask any little sacrifice of his will from him, you would see how he would look. He is one of the most self-willed boys I know."

Violet did not make any answer. She patted her foot upon the carpet, and the corners of her little mouth were drawn down. She would have frowned had she known how; as it was, she averted her face in wrath and dismay.

"Violet, my dear, I take a great interest in you," said Mary. "When I look at you, I sometimes think I see myself at your age. I don't like to think that you may grow up to make a demigod of Val — or indeed of any other."

"Miss Percival! — I! Oh, how dare you! — how can you say so!" cried Violet, springing to her feet, her face crimson, her eyes shining. "I! make a — anything of Val! Oh, how can you be so unkind, you grown-up people! Must a girl never speak to a boy unless he is her brother? And Val has been just like my brother. I think of him — as I think of Sandy."

"Oh, you little story-teller!" cried Mary, laughing in spite of herself, as Violet's indignant voice faltered into uncertainty; "but, Vi, I am not going to scold — don't be afraid. I am going to tell you for your good what happened to me. I don't like doing it," she said, with a blush that almost neutralized the difference of age between herself and the girl who listened to her; "but I think it may be for your good, dear. Violet, when I was your age there was some one — whom I was constantly in the habit of seeing, as you might be of seeing Val. There was never any — flirtation or nonsense between us. How shall I say it, Violet? — for I don't care to speak of such things any more than you would. I liked him, as I thought, as you do, like a brother; and he was always kept before me — never any one but Richard. After a while he went out into the world, and there did — something which separated us forever! oh, not anything wrong, Vi — not a crime, or

even vice — but something that showed me that I, and all I was, such as I was, was nothing in the world to him — that nothing was of value to him but his own caprice. I never got over it, Violet. You see me now growing old, unmarried; and of course I never shall marry now nor have young ones round me like you mother —"

"Oh dear, Miss Percival," cried Violet, with tears in her eyes, "who cares for being married? What has that to do with it? Is it not far finer, far grander, to live like you, forever constant to your first love? Is not that the best of all?" cried the little enthusiast, flushing with visionary passion. Mary caught her by her pretty shoulders, shook her and kissed her, and laughed, and let one or two tears drop, a tribute, half to her own, half to the child's excitement.

"You little goose!" she cried. "Vi, I saw him after, years after — such a man to waste one's life for! — a poor petty *dilettante*, more fond of a bit of china than of child or wife, or love or honour. Ah, Vi, you don't understand me! but to think I might have been the mother of a child like you, but for that poor creature of a man!"

"Oh, don't, don't!" cried Vi, putting her hands to her ears; "I will not listen to you, now. If you loved him," said the girl, hesitating and blushing at the word, "you never, never could speak of him like that."

"I never — never could have been deceived in him, — is that what you mean? Vi, I hope you will never follow my example."

"Hollo!" cried another voice of some one coming in at the door, which stood open all day long, as cottage doors do — "is there any one in — is Mary here. Are you in, Vi?" and Val's head, glowing with a run up the brae, bright with life and mirth, and something which looked very much like boyish innocence and pleasure, looked in suddenly at the parlour door. Val was struck by consternation when he saw the agitated looks which both endeavoured to hide. "What's the row?" he asked, coming in with his hat in his hand. "You look as if you had been crying. What have you been doing, Mary, to Vi?"

"Scolding her," said Miss Percival, laughing. "I hope you have no objection, Val."

"But I have great objections; nobody shall bother Violet and make her cry, if I can help it. She never did anything

her life to deserve scolding. Vi," cried Val, turning to her suddenly, "do you remember the day we played truant? If Mary hadn't been here, I meant to carry you off again into the woods."

Violet looked up first at him and then at Mary: the first glance was full of delight and tender gratitude, the other was indignant and defiant. "Is this the boy you have been slandering?" Vi's eyes said, as plain as eyes could speak, to her elder friend. Miss Percival rose and made the gentleman a curtsy.

"If Mary is much in your way, she will go; but as Vi is a young lady now, perhaps Mary's presence would be rather an advantage than otherwise. I put myself at your orders, young people, for the woods, or wherever you like."

"Well," said Val, with the composure of his age, "perhaps it might be as well if you would come too. Run to the larder, Violet, and look if there's a pie. I'll go and coax Jean for the old basket—the very old basket that we had on that wonderful day. Quick! and your cloak, Vi." He rushed away from them like a whirlwind; and soon after, while the two ladies were still looking at each other in doubt whether he should be humoured or not, Jean's voice was heard approaching round the corner from her nest.

"Pie! Set you up with dainty dishes! Na, Mr. Valentine, you'll get nae pie from me, though you have the grace to come and ask for it this time; but I'll make you some sandwiches, if ye like, for you've a tongue like the very deil himself. Oh ay—go away with your phrases. If you were wanting onything you would take little heed o' your good Jean, your old friend."

"Listen," said Mary to Vi.

"No that ye're an ill laddie, when a's said. You're not one of the mim-mouthed ones, like your father before you; but I wouldna say but you were more to be lippened to, with all your noise and your nonsense. There, go away with you. I'll do the best I can, and you'll take care of missie. Here's your basket till ye, ye wild lad."

Vi had grasped Mary's arm in return when old Jean continued; but being pitiful, the girl in her happiness would not say anything to increase what she felt must be the pain of the woman by her side. Vi had divined easily enough that it was Valentine's father of whom Mary spoke; and the child pitied the woman, who was old enough to be her mother.

Ah, had it but been Valentine! He never would disappoint any one—never turn into a *dilettante*, loving china better than child or wife. She kissed Mary in a little outburst of pity—pity so angelic that Violet almost longed to change places with her, that she might see and prove for herself how different Valentine was. As for Mary, she made herself responsible for this mad expedition with a great confusion and mingling of feelings. She went, she said to herself, to prevent harm; but some strange mixture of a visionary maternity, and of a fellow-feeling quite incompatible with her mature age, was in her mind at the same time. She said to herself, with a sigh, as she went down the slope, that she might have been the boy's mother, and let her heart soften to him, as she had never done before; though I think this same thought it was which had made her feel a little instinctive enmity to him, because he was not her son but another woman's. How lightly the boy and girl tripped along over the woodland paths, waiting for her at every corner, chattering their happy nonsense, filling the sweet, mellow, waving woods with their laughter! They pushed down to the river, though the walk was somewhat longer than Mary cared for, and brought her to the glade in which the two runaways had eaten their dinner, and where Vi had been found asleep on Val's shoulder. "It looks exactly as it did then, but how different we are!" cried Violet, on the warm, green bank, where her shoes and stockings had been put to dry. Mary sat down on the sunny grass and watched them as they poked into all the corners they remembered and called to them with maternal tremblings, when the boy once more led the girl across the stepping-stones to the great boulder, by the side of which Esk foamed and flashed. She asked herself, was it possible that this bold brown boy would ever turn to be like his father? and tried to recollect whether Richard had ever been so kind, so considerate of any one's comfort, as Val was of Vi's. Was it perhaps possible that, instead of her own failure, this romance, so prettily begun, might come to such a climax of happiness as romances all feign to end in? Mary, I fear, though she was so sensible, became slightly foolish as she sat under the big bank, and looked at the two in the middle of the stream together, Esk roaring by over his rocks, and making the words with which she called them back, quite inaudible. How handsome

Val looked, and how pretty and poetic his little companion ! The bank of wood opposite was all tinted with autumn colour, rich and warm. It was a picture which any painter would have loved, and it went to Mary's heart.

"But you are too big, Val, to play at the Babes in the Wood nowadays," said old Lady Eskside, with a little wrinkle in her brow, when she heard of the freak ; "and I wonder the Pringles leave that poor little thing by herself at the Hewan, sometimes for days together. They say it's for her health ; but I think it would be much better for her health if she were under her mother's eye."

"But you must remember that I was with them," said Mary, "representing her mother, or a middle-aged supervision at least."

"My dear," said Lady Eskside, half angry, half smiling, as she shook her finger at her favourite, "I have my doubts that you are just a romantic gowk ; though you might know better."

"Yes, I might know better — if experience could teach," said Mary ; but experience so seldom teaches, notwithstanding all that is said to the contrary ! And Mary could not but reflect that Lady Eskside had not frowned, but smiled upon her own delusion. Perhaps in such cases parental frowns are safer than smiles.

CHAPTER XXI.

THERE was a great dinner at Rossraig before Val went to Oxford : as much fuss made about him, the neighbours began to say, as was made for his father who came home so seldom, and had distinguished himself in diplomacy, and turned out to be a man of whom the county could be proud ; whereas Val was but an untried boy going to college, of whom no one could as yet say how he would turn out. Mr. Pringle was invited to this great ceremonial, partly by way of defiance to show him how popular the heir was, and partly (for the two sentiments are not incapable of conjunction) out of kindness, as recognizing his relationship. He came, and he listened to the remarks, couched in mysterious terms, yet comprehensible enough, which were made as to Val's future connection with the county, in grim silence. After dinner, when the ladies had retired, and as the wine began to circulate, these allusions grew broader, and at length Mr. Pringle managed to make out very plainly that old Lord Eskside was already electioneering, though

his candidate was but eighteen, and for the moment there was very little chance of a new election. Val, careless of the effect he was intended to produce, and quite unconscious of his grandfather's motives, was letting loose freely his boyish opinions, all marked, as we have said, with the Eton mark, which may be described as Conservative in the gross with no very clear idea what the word means in detail, but a charming determination to stick to it, right or wrong. Lord Eskside smiled benignly upon these effusions, and so did most of his guests. "He has the root of the matter in him," said the old lord, addressing Sir John, who was as anxious as himself to have "a good man" elected for the county, but who had no son, grandson, or nephew of his own ; and Sir John nodded back in genial sympathy. Mr. Pringle, however, as was natural, being on the opposite side from the Rosses in everything, was also on the other side in politics, and maintained an eloquent silence during this part of the entertainment. He bided his time, and when there came a lull in the conversation (a thing that will happen occasionally), he made such an interpolation as showed that his silence arose from no want of inclination to speak.

"Your sentiments are most elevated, Valentine," he said, "but your practice is democratical to an extent I should scarcely have looked for from your father's son. I hope your friend the boatman at Eton is flourishing — the one you introduced to my daughter and me ?"

"A boatman at Eton," said the old lord, bending his brows, "introduced to Violet ? You are dreaming, Pringle. I hope Val knows better than that."

"Indeed I think it shows very fine feelings on Valentine's part — this was one of nature's noblemen, I gathered from what he said."

"Nature's fiddlestick !" exclaimed Lord Eskside, and the Tory gentlemen pricked up their ears. There was scarcely one of them who did not recollect, or find himself on the eve of recollecting, at that moment, that Val's mother was "no a lady," and that blood would out.

"I introduced him to you as a boatman, sir," said Val, "not as anything else ; though as for noblemen, Brown is worth twenty such as I have known with handles to their name. We get to estimate people by their real value at Eton, not by their accidental rank," said the youth splendidly, at which Mr. Pringle cried an ironical "Hear, hear !"

"Gently, gently, my young friend," said Sir John. "Rank is a great power in this world, and not to be lightly spoken of: it does not become you to talk lightly of it; and it does not agree with your fine Tory principles, of which I warmly approve."

"What have Tory principles to do with it?" said Val. "A fellow may be rowdy or a snob though he is a lord; and in that case at Eton, sir, whatever may happen at other places, we give him the cold shoulder. I don't mean to set up Eton for an example," said Val, gravely, at which there was a general roar.

"Bravo, bravo, my young Tory!" cried the Duke himself, no less a person, who on that night honoured Lord Eskside's table. "In that respect, if you are right, Eton is an example, let any one who pleases take the other side."

"If Wales had been at Eton, and had been wowdy, we'd have sent him to Coventry as soon as look at him," said Lord Hightowers, smoothing an infantile down on his upper lip.

"A very fine sentiment; but I don't know if the antagonistic principle would work," said Mr. Pringle. "I am a Liberal, as everybody knows; but I don't care about admitting boatmen to my intimacy, however much I may condemn an unworthy peer."

"Did Brown intrude upon you?" said Valentine, bewildered; "was he impudent? did he do anything he oughtn't to? Though I could almost as soon believe that I had behaved like a cad myself, if you say so I'll go down directly and kick the fellow." And poor Valentine, flushed and excited, half rose from his seat.

"Bwown!" said Lord Hightowers from the other side of the table. "Beg your pardon, but you're mistaken; you must be mistaken. Bwown! best fellow that ever lived. Awfully sorry he's not a gentleman; but for a cad — no, not a cad — a common sort of working fellow, he's the nicest fellow I ever saw. Couldn't have been impudent — not possible. It ain't in him, eh, Ross? or else I'd go and kick him too with pleasure," said the young aristocrat calmly.

Between the fire of these two pairs of young eyes, Mr. Pringle was somewhat taken aback.

"Oh, he was not impudent; on the contrary, a well-informed nice young fellow. My only wonder was, that young gentlemen of your anti-democratical principles should make a bosom friend of a man of the people — that's all. For my part,

I think it does you infinite credit," said Mr. Pringle, blandly. "I hope you have been having good sport at Castleton, Lord Hightowers. You ought to have come out to my little moor at Dalrulzian, Val. I don't know when the boys have had better bags."

And thus the conversation fell back into its ordinary channels; indeed it had done so before this moment, the battle about Brown having quickly failed to interest the other members of the party. Lord Eskside sat bending his brows and straining his mind to hear, but as he had the gracious converse of a Duke to attend to, he could not actually forsake that potentate to make out the chatter of the boys with his adversary. Thus Mr. Pringle fired his first successful shot at Val. The Tory gentlemen forgot the story, but they remembered to have heard something or other of a love of low company on the part of Valentine Ross, "which, considering that nobody ever knew who his mother was, was perhaps not to be wondered at," some of the good people said. When Lady Eskside heard of it, she was so much excited by the malice of the suggestion, and expressed her feelings so forcibly, that Val blazed up into one of his violent sudden passions, and was rushing out to show Mr. Pringle himself what was thought of his conduct, when his grandfather caught him and arrested him. "Do you want to make fools of us all with your intemperate conduct, sir," cried the old lord, fire flashing from under his heavy brows. "It is only a child that resents a slight like this — a man must put up with a great deal and make no sign. 'Let the galled jade wince; my withers are unwrung.' That is the sort of sentiment that becomes us." I don't know if this good advice would have mollified Val but for the sudden appearance just then at one of the windows which opened on the terrace, of Violet in her blue gown, whose innocent eyes turned to them with a look which seemed to say, "Don't, oh don't, for my sake!" Of course Violet knew nothing about it, and meant nothing by her looks. It was the expression habitual to her, that was all; but as the old man and the young, one hot with fury, the other calming down his rage, perceived the pretty figure outside, the old lord dropped, as if it burned him, his hold on Val's arm, and Val himself stopped short, and, so to speak, lowered his weapons. "Is my lady in, please?" said Violet through the glass — which was all she

had wanted to ask—with those sweet imploring looks. They opened the window for her eagerly, and she stepped in like something dropped out of the sky, in her blue gown, carrying her native colour with her. After this Val could not quite make out what it was that he had against Mr. Pringle, until Violet in her innocence brought the subject up.

"Mamma was scolding papa for something—something about Valentine," said Violet. "I did not hear what it was."

"Indeed your papa seems to have spoken in far from a nice spirit, my dear, though I don't like to say it to you," said Lady Eskside. "What was it about, Val? some boatman whom he called your bosom friend."

"Oh!" cried Violet, clasping her hands together, "it must have been that Mr. Brown. Papa used to talk of him for long and long after."

"And did *you* think, Violet," said the old lady, severely, "that my boy made him his bosom friend?"

"Oh, Lady Eskside! he was so nice and so grateful to Val. I took such a fancy to him," cried Vi, with a blush and a smile, "because he was so grateful. He said Mr. Ross had done everything for him. Bosom friend! He looked—I don't think I ever saw a man look so before. Women do sometimes," said Violet, with precocious comprehension, "as if he would have liked to be hurt or done some harm to for Val's sake."

"It is the boy I told you about, grandma," said Val—"the one that Grinder made himself disagreeable about; as if a fellow couldn't try to be of use to any other fellow without being had up. He rowed them up the river on the 4th of June. He ain't my bosom friend," he added, laughing; "but I'd rather have him to stand by me in a crowd than any one I know—so that Mr. Pringle was right."

"But he did not mean it so; it was ill-meant, it was ill-meant!" cried Lady Eskside. Violet looked at them both with entreating eyes.

"Papa may have said something wrong, but I am sure he did not mean it," said Vi, with the dew coming to her pretty eyes. Lady Eskside shook her head; but as for Val, his anger had stolen away out of his heart like the moisture on the grass when the sun comes out; but the sun at the moment had an azure radiance shining out of a blue gown.

Then Val went off to the University with a warm sense of his approaching

manhood, and a new independence of feeling. He went to Balliol naturally, as the college of his country, and there fell into the hands of Mr. Gerald Grinder, who had condescended to be his private tutor long ago, just before he attained to the glories of his fellowship. Boys were thus passed up along the line among the Grinder family, which had an excellent connection, and throve well. Val was not clever enough nor studious enough to furnish the ambitious heads of his college with a future first-class man; but as he had one great and well-established quality, they received him with more than ordinary satisfaction; for even at Balliol, has not the most sublime of colleges a certain respect for its place on the river? I have heard of such a thing as a Boating scholarship, the nominal examination for which is made very light indeed for famous oars; but anyhow, Val, though perhaps a very stiff matriculation paper might have floored him, got in upon comparatively easy terms. I will not say much about his successes, or even insist on the fact that Oxford was an easy winner on the river that triumphant day when Lichen rowed stroke and Val bow in the University boat, and all the small Etonians roared so under their big hats, that it was a mercy none of them exploded. Val did well, though not brilliantly, in his University career, as he had done at Eton. He had a little difficulty now and then with his hasty temper, but otherwise came to no harm; and thus, holding his own in intellectual matters, and doing more than hold his own in other points that rank quite as high in Oxford as in the rest of the academical world, made his way to his majority. I believe it crossed Lord Eskside's mind now and then to think that in Parliament it was very soon forgotten whether a man had been bow or even stroke of the 'Varsity boat; and that it could count for little in political life, and for less than nothing with the sober constituency of a Scotch county; but then, as all the youth of England, and all the instructors of that youth, set much store by the distinction, even the anxious parent (not to say grandfather) is mollified. "What good will all that nonsense do him?" the old lord would growl, curling his shaggy eyebrows, as he read in the papers, even the most intellectual, a discussion of Val's sinews and breadth of chest and "form" before the great race was rowed. "At least it cannot do him any harm," said my lady, always and instantly on the de-

fensive; "and I don't see why you should grudge our boy the honor that other folks' boys would give their heads for." "Other folks' boys may be foolish if they like—I am concerned only for my own," said Lord Eskside; "what does the county care for his bowing or his stroke-ing? it's a kind of honour that will stand little wear and tear, however much you may think of it, my lady." But to tell the truth, I don't think my lady in her soul did think very much of it, except in so far that it was her principle to stand up for most things that pleased Val.

In the meantime, however, the departure of Val from Eton had produced a much more striking effect upon some nameless persons than even on any of his other friends. Dick missed him with unfeigned and unconcealed regret. He insisted upon carrying his bag to the station for him, notwithstanding the cab which conveyed Val's other effects; and went home again in very depressed spirits after having bidden him good-bye. But Dick's depression was nothing to that with which his mother sat gazing blankly over the river, with that look in her eyes which had for some time departed from them—that air of looking for something which she could not find, which had made her face so remarkable. She had never quite lost it, it is true; but the hope which used to light up her eyes of seeing, however far off, that one boat which she never failed to recognize shooting up or down the stream, had softened her expression wonderfully, and brought her back, as it were, to the things surrounding her. Val, though she saw so little of him, was as an anchor of her heart to the boy's mother. In the consciousness that he was near, that she should hear his name, see the shadow of him flitting across the brightness of the river, or that even when he was absent, a few weeks would bring back those dim and forlorn delights to her, kept the wild heart satisfied. This strange visionary absorption in the boy she had given up did not lessen her attachment to the boy she retained—the good Dick, who had always been so good a son to her. She thought that she had totally given up Val; and certainly she never hoped, nor even desired, any more of him than she had from her window. Indeed, in her dim perpetual ponderings on this subject, the poor soul had come to feel that it could be no comfort, but much the reverse, to Val, to find out that she was his mother. Had any hope of the

possibility of revealing herself to him ever been in her mind, it would have disappeared after their first interview. After that she had always kept in the background on the occasions when he came to see Dick, and had received his "Good morning, Mrs. Brown," without anything but a curtsy—without objecting to the name, as she had done on their first meeting. No, alas! a gentleman like that, with all the consciousness about him of a position so different,—with that indescribable air of belonging to the highest class which the poor tramp-woman recognized at once, remembering her brief and strange contact with it in that episode of her existence which had been so incomprehensible at the time, but which had gradually unveiled and disentangled itself through hours and years of brooding thought; a gentleman like that to have a mother like herself revealed to him—a mother from the road, from the fairs and racecourses! She almost cried out with fright when she thought of the possibility, and made a vow to herself that never, never would she expose Valentine to this horror and shame. No! she had made her bed, and she must lie upon it.

But when he went away, the visionary support which had sustained her visionary nature—the something out of herself which had kept her wild heart satisfied—failed all at once. It was as if a blank had suddenly been spread before the eyes that were always looking for what they could find no more. She never spoke of it—never wept, nor made any demonstration of the change; but she flagged in her life and her spirit all at once. Her work, which she had got through with an order and swiftness strangely at variance with all the habits which her outdoor life might have been supposed to form, began to drag, and be a weariness to her. She had no longer the inducement to get it over, to be free for the enjoyment of her window. Sometimes she would sit drearily down in the midst of it, with her face turned to the stream by a forlorn habit, and thus Dick would find her sometimes when he came in to dinner. "You are not well, mother," the lad said, anxiously.

"Oh yes, quite well—the likes of me is never ill—till we die," she would say, with a dreamy smile. "You have too much work, mother," said Dick; "I can't have you working so hard—have a girl to help you; we've got enough money to afford it, now I'm head man." "Do you think I've gone useless, then?" she would ask, with some indignation, rous-

ing herself; and thus these little controversies always terminated. Dick watched her, with a wonder growing in his mind. She was very restless during the autumn, but when the dark days of winter came, relapsed into a half-stupefied quiet. Even when Val was at Eton, he had of course been invisible on the river during the winter. "The spring will be the pull," Dick said to himself, wondering, with an anguish which it would be difficult to describe, whether it was his duty to pull up the stakes of this homely habitation, which he had fixed as he thought so securely for himself, and to abandon his work and his living, and the esteem of his neighbours, to resume for her sake the wanderings which he loathed; could it be his duty? A poor lad, reared at the cost of visible privations by a very poor mother, has a better idea of the effort and of the sacrifice made for him than a young man of a higher class for whom even more bitter struggles may have been. Dick knew what it must have cost the poor tramp-woman to bring him up as she had done, securing him bread always, keeping him from evil communications, even having him taught a little in his childhood. For a tramp to have her child taught to read and write involves as much as Eton and Oxford would to another; and Dick was as much above the level of his old companions in education as a university prizeman is above the common mass; and he knew what it must have cost her, therein having an advantage over many boys, who never realize what they have cost their parents till these parents are beyond all reach of gratitude. Was it, then, his duty to give up everything — his own life — and open the doors of her prison-house to this woman to whom he owed his life? Such questions come before many of us in this world, and have to be solved one way or other. Our own life, independence, and use; or the happiness of those who have guarded and reared us, though without giving up their all to us, as we are called upon to do for them. Perhaps it is a question which women have to decide upon more often than men. Dick thrust it away from him as long as he could, trying not to think of it, and watching his mother with an anxiety beyond words, as the days lengthened, and the spring freshness came back, and the Brocas elms got their first wash of green. Sometimes he saw her give an unconscious gasp as if for breath, as though the confined air of the room stifled her. Sometimes he found her half bent

out of the open window, with her rapt eyes gazing, not at the river, but away over the distant fields. She got paler and thinner every day before his eyes; and he owed everything (he thought) to her, and what was he to do?

What the sacrifice would have been to Dick, I dare not calculate. In these three years he had become known to everybody about, and was universally liked and trusted. He was his master's right-hand man. He had begun to know what comfort was, what it was to have a little money, (delightful sensation!) what it was to get on in the world. The tramp-boys about the roads, and the new lads who were taken on at the rafts, attracted his sympathy, but it was the sympathy of a person on a totally different level — who had indeed been as they were, but who had long gone over their heads, and was of a class and of habits totally different. Had Lord Hightowers been called upon to divest himself of his title, and become simple John Seton in an engineer's shop, the humiliation would not have been comparable to that which Dick would have endured had he been compelled to degrade himself into a vagrant, a frequenter of fairs and races. Indeed I think Lord Hightowers would rather have liked the change, having a mechanical turn,— while to Dick the thought was death. It made him sick and faint to think of the possibility. But, on the other hand, was he to let his mother pine and die like a caged eagle? or let her go away from him, to bear all the inevitable privations alone?

One day the subject was finally forced upon his consideration in such a way that he could not disregard it. When he went home to his early dinner, she was gone. Everything was arranged for him with more care than usual, his meal left by the fire, his table laid, and the landlady informed him that his mother had left word she would not be back till night. Dick did not run wildly off in search of her, as some people would have done. He had to look after his work, whatever happened. He swallowed his dinner hastily, a prey to miserable thoughts. It had come then at last, this misfortune which he had so long foreseen! Could he let her wander off alone to die of cold and weariness behind some hedge? After the three years' repose, her change of habits, and the declining strength which he could not deceive himself about, how could she bear those privations alone? No, it was impossible. Dick reviewed the whole situation bitterly enough, poor fellow.

He knew what everybody would say : how it was the vagrant blood breaking out in him again ; how it was, once a tramp always a tramp ; how it was a pity, but well, on the whole, that he had done nothing wild and lawless before he left. And some would regret him, Dick thought, brushing his hand across his eyes — “ the gentlemen ” generally, among whom he had many fast friends. Dick decided that he would do nothing rash. He would not give up his situation, and give notice of leaving to the landlady, till he had first had a talk with his mother ; but he “ tidied ” the room after his solitary dinner with a forlorn sense of the general breaking up of all his comforts — and went to his afternoon’s work with a heavy heart.

It was quite late when she came home. He could hear by her steps upon the stair that she was almost too tired to drag one foot after another, as he ran to open the door for her. Poor soul ! she came in carrying a basket of primroses, which she held out to him with a pathetic smile. “ Take them, Dick ; I’ve been far to get ’em, and you used to be fond of them when you were little,” she said, dropping wearily into the nearest seat. She was pale, and had been crying, he could see ; and her abstract eyes looked at him humbly, beseechingly, like the eyes of a dumb creature, which can express a vague anguish but cannot explain.

“ Was it for *them* you went, mother ? ” cried Dick, with momentary relief : but this was turned into deeper distress when she shook her head, and burst out into a low moaning and crying that was pitiful to hear.

“ No,” she said, — “ no, no, it wasn’t for them ; it was to try my strength ; and I can’t do it, Dick — I can’t do it, no more, never no more. The strength has gone out of me. I’m dying for free air and the road — but I can’t do it, no more, no more ! ”

Poor Dick went and knelt down by her side, and took her hand into his. He was glad, and conscience-stricken, and full of pity for her, and understanding of her trouble. “ Hush, mother ! hush ! ” he said ; “ don’t cry. You’re weakly after the long winter, as I’ve seen you before — ”

“ No, lad, no,” she cried, rocking herself in her chair ; “ no, I’ll never be able for it again — no more, no more ! ”

Dick never said a word of the tumult in his own mind : he tried to comfort her, prophesying — though heaven knows

how much against his own interests ! — that she would soon feel stronger, and coaxed her to eat and drink, and at length prevailed upon her to go to bed. Now that they had become comparatively rich, she had the little room behind which had once been Dick’s, and he was promoted to a larger chamber up-stairs. He sat up there, poor fellow, as long as he could keep awake, wondering what he must do. Could it be that he was glad that his mother was less strong ? or was it his duty to lose no time further, but to take her away by easy stages to the open air that was necessary for her, and the fields that she loved ? Dick’s heart contracted, and bitter tears welled up into his eyes. But he felt that he must think of himself no longer, only of her. That was the one thing self-evident, which required no reasoning to make clear.

The next day a letter came from Valentine Ross, the first sign of his existence all this time, which changed entirely the current of affairs.

From Blackwood’s Magazine.

FAMILY JEWELS.

WHAT lover of poetry, whose studies have made him familiar with the singers of the elder day, can fail to find interest in tracing scenes, characters, and similes which have now become the common property of poets, to their often dim and distant origin ? The course of such an explorer is at times like his who seeks in a mountainous district for the well-spring of a river. It is an easy task to follow its upward course to where the broad stream issues from some fair, large lake ; but whence did that lake itself derive its waters ? They flow into it down many a mountain vale ; and the largest brooks are themselves the outlets of smaller lakes which lie far up on the bosom of the surrounding hills. In like manner, we may trace with little trouble the tale of some wronged and deserted Mariana of modern times to its true origin in the story of the hapless Queen of Carthage ; but when we come to inquire whence Virgil himself derived the notion of his Dido’s fortunes, the answer is more complex. We are commonly referred to the Odyssey, where, in truth, we find Calypso detaining Ulysses, and watering her island-rocks with angry tears at his departure. But the power and the passion, the anguish and the suicide, of which Homer sang not,

whence came they to the Mantuan bard? We find hints of them in the epic, and still more in the dramatic, *Medea*; we catch glimpses of them in the "*Deianeira*" of Sophocles; could the lost treasures of the tragedy of "*Hellas*" be recovered to us, farther sources yet might be unveiled. So far, however, we can track with some success the bright waters of the lower lake to those higher homes where they mirror mountain-ash and rock in their deep, still bosoms. But the climber who rests awhile by the lonely tarn knows that its waters, too, have a higher fount, and that, if he can scale the overhanging crags, he shall find it somewhere bubbling up among the ferns and heather far above him. Even so, the heroines of the Greek plays were not the dramatists' own invention; they themselves received from tradition the story which they shaped so grandly; and in the wanderings of Ulysses, as told by the minstrels who preceded Homer, there was probably a place for the bright-haired Calypso in her cedar-scented cavern. Yet could we summon those early bards before us, and listen to their artless strain, should we think less of Homer than we do now? In like manner, is Virgil other than a great poet because he owes debts, even in one of the two finest books of the *Æneid*, to his gifted predecessors? Is he not rather (following the analogy which guided our choice of our title) to be commended, like one who, having inherited from different lines of ancestry several precious stones (they, too, the gift of nature to their first possessors, not the work of man), should set them in one rich necklace, and enhance their value many times by engraving each with a clear-cut and nobly-shaped intaglio? It is otherwise, of course, where the poet adds nothing of his own but the setting. No one would give the praise of invention to Dryden for his "*Palamon and Arcite*" (a version of the "*Knight's Tale*" into modern English), or to Tennyson for his "*Elaine*" and "*Passing of Arthur*" (translations from the prose of the "*Morte d'Arthur*" into verse), or deny their inferiority on the score of inventive genius * to Chaucer;

and to that nameless poet who is known to us by the prose of "*Sir Thomas Malory*." But the gems, new-set by Dryden and by Tennyson, have delighted hundreds who would never have searched for them in their first receptacles. A beautiful style, a musical verse, have charms for all lovers of poetry; and, where the higher gifts of the creative imagination are wanting, cannot be employed better than in adorning what it has produced of old. Not such, however, are the relations between Virgil and Homer. Even where the former copies the latter most closely in details, he yet transfuses into them a new spirit from the sense which pervades his great poem of the vast coming fortunes of Rome. Thus, the main idea of his sixth book is unquestionably borrowed from Homer. The journey of *Æneas* among the dead seems at first sight a mere reproduction of the same awful visit of Ulysses. Were it no more than this, its exquisite verse, its marvellous matchings of sound with sense, would suffice to establish its writer's position as one of the greatest poets of the second order. But, on a closer inspection, two points of difference emerge. Virgil's descent into Hades is dignified by a far stronger ethic feeling than Homer's, awing the listener's mind by its representation of the essential and everlasting distinction between right and wrong, between good and evil. And again, its supernatural horrors are justified, as Homer's could not be, by the purpose for which they are exhibited. Ulysses only seeks to learn his own fortunes from the soothsayer *Teiresias*; the prophesy of Anchises to *Æneas* is big with the future fates of Rome. There, too, we find (no doubt a dangerous example to succeeding poets) the most beautiful of references in an epic to contemporary events. Of all the wreaths which have been twined for an untimely bier, where is there one which equals this introduction of the early-lost *Marcellus* beside his renowned ancestor at the end of the grand procession of Roman worthies? —

Here spake *Æneas*, — for he saw there walked
By him a youth of beauty rare, in arms
Bright flashing, yet sad-browed, with down-
cast eyes, —

"Who, father, thus attends that hero's steps?
Son, or late offspring of his mighty line?
What hum of courtiers round! how like in
look!

watch his castle fired by his own disobedient troops,
and then quietly ride home again!

* How entirely Tennyson (with all his other poetic gifts) is wanting in this great endowment, is conclusively proved by his "*Last Tournament*." The colour of his picture, with its brown autumnal hues, is admirable; but what a composition as regards the central figure! Many a previous idyl has told of Arthur's greatness; now at last we are promised a sight of it. In all the pomp of war the king rides forth with his attendant chivalry; and this is all that the poet can devise for him by way of exploit, — to look on while his drunken adversary falls off his horse by accident, to

Yet round his head black Night floats with
sad shade."

With rising tears began Anchises then :

"Son, search not the great mourning of thy
race ;

Him shall the fates but show to earth, not
suffer

To stay there. Ye had thought the Roman
line

Too mighty, gods ! this gift retained its own.
How loud those groans the Field to Mars'
great city

Shall send ! yea, Tiber, what funereal pomps
Shalt thou behold when by his new-raised
mound

Thou glidest ! Never boy of Ilian race
Shall lift a Latin grandsire's hopes as he :
Nor Romulus' earth so boast of other nurs-
ling.

Alas his piety ! alas his faith,
Fit for an elder time ! his hand in war
Unconquered ! for unscathed could none have
met

His sword, whether on foot he charged the
foe,

Or spurred his foaming courser's-flanks. Oh,
boy,

So to be wept ! if fate could be annulled
Thou too wert a Marcellus. From full hands
Pour forth your lilies : mine be darker flowers
To strew, heaping such gifts, (what else is
left ?)

The empty honours of my grandson's shade."

A gem indeed ! And yet, of all the
treasures in the muse's casket, the most
easily imitated in paste, the quickest set
in gaudy tinsel. Alas for the shameless
flatteries of worthless scions of the house
of Este by Ariosto and by Tasso which
bear a superficial resemblance to this
great passage ; and for numberless other
instances of a poet's readiness

To heap the shrine of luxury or pride,
With incense kindled from the muse's flame !

Let us turn to a far nobler result of the
sixth book of the *Æneid*, the very grand-
est ever produced by any poem, to
Dante's "Divine Comedy." The great
Italian, at whose mighty voice "dead
poesy rose" from her grave fairer and
more vigorous than before, sedulously
represents the first part of his magnifi-
cent work as the offshoot of the descent
of *Æneas* into Hades, while his references
to the *Æneid* are frequent in its two other
divisions. He has expressively marked
his obligations to Virgil, by representing
him as the guide whose steps he follows
to the nether glooms ; and there is scarce-
ly a striking description, or even line, in
Virgil's sixth book of which we do not
find the counterpart, or the expansion, in
the "Divine Comedy." But everything
there is new, stamped by the presence of

a greater genius, animated by a diviner
fire — a fire kindled from that altar in
the heavens from which the pagan poet
could light no torch ; the oldest materials
— the shapes of an outworn mythology —
are combined into new forms and en-
dowed with a new life ; so that Dante,
the frankest among poets in acknowledg-
ing his obligations to the past, stands
forth as the most original of writers : in
a word, by a miracle not to be paralleled
among the achievements of art, the pre-
cious antique gem bequeathed to modern
times by Homer and by Virgil, has re-
ceived from their great successor's hand
a new intaglio, which can be scanned and
admired without interfering with our de-
light in its earlier engraving — a mystic
and spiritual emblem which has brought
forth a latent brightness, never seen be-
fore, from the stone which, through it, is
now hallowed and honoured like that
which of old glittered in the centre of the
high priest's breastplate.

But not to dwell longer on this greatest
but best-known instance of a transmitted
poetic glory, let us survey for a moment
one of the results in English poetry of
the journey of Ulysses to the Cimmerian
regions. What fruit it has borne in Mil-
ton's pages we will leave our readers to
investigate for themselves ; but we shall
scarcely err in supposing that they are
not so familiar with its effect on Spenser.
The second book of "The Faery Queen"
derives its name from the virtue of Tem-
perance. Taking that quality in its lar-
gest sense, Spenser, in its seventh canto,
conducts his hero, Sir Guyon, into the
cave of Mammon, that he may have an
opportunity of showing himself temperate
as to the love of gold as well as the love
of pleasure, and of seeing through and
despising all the snares of covetousness.
The way into Mammon's secret treasure-
houses leads men (by a fine allegory)
close past the gates of hell. The com-
pany which surrounds those gates recalls
Virgil's —

Mala mentis

Gaudia ; mortiferumque adverso in limine
Bellum

Ferrique Eumenidum thalami, et Discordia
demens,

Vipereum crinem vittis innexa cruentis ;

for Spenser tells us that —

By that way's side there sat infernal Pain,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife,
The one in hand an iron whip did strain,
The other brandished a bloody knife,
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did
threaten life.

XXII.

On th' other side, in one consort there sate
 Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Despite,
 Disloyal Treason and heart-burning Hate:
 But gnawing Jealousy, out of their sight
 Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite;
 And trembling Fear still to and fro did fly,
 And found no place where safe he shroud
 him might;
 Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lie,
 And Shame his ugly face did hide from living
 eye.

XXIII.

And over them sad Horror, with grim hue,
 Did always soar, beating his iron wings;
 And after him owls and night-ravens flew,
 The hateful messengers of heavy things.

But Spenser has altered the position of the "ultrices Curæ" and "consanguineus Leti Sopor" of the elder poet to suit his own allegory, placing the former (embodied as one, not many) as the appropriate warder of the door of Plutus instead of Pluto. Mammon leads Guyon past the first dread shapes, and then —

At last him to a little door he brought,
 That to the Gate of Hell, which gapèd wide,
 Was next adjoining, ne them parted ought:
 Betwixt them both was but a little stride
 That did the House of Riches from Hell-
 Mouth divide.

xxv.

Before the door sat self-consuming Care;
 Day and night keeping wary watch and
 ward,
 For fear lest Force and Fraud should un-
 aware
 Break in and spoil the treasure there in
 guard.
 Ne would he suffer Sleep once thitherward
 Approach, albe his drowsy den were next;
 For next to Death is Sleep to be compared,
 Therefore his House is unto his annex:
 Here Sleep, there Riches, and Hell-Gate them
 both betwixt.

They enter and find themselves in vast caverns hewn out of gold, full of chests and coffers holding the wrought metal; which, further on in its earlier stage, busy fiends are preparing to add to the store by purifying from dross in large furnaces. But the golden floor is strewn with dead men's bones, the bright roof dimmed and overhung with spider's webs; a grisly fiend walks behind the knight, ready to seize him if he is tempted by any of Mammon's glittering baits; and amid those boundless stores of wealth all is darkness, uncertainty, and danger; for, as to Æneas and the Sibyl,

View of cheerful day

Did never in that house itself display;
 But a faint shadow of uncertain light,
 Such as a lamp whose life doth fade away,
 Or as the moon,* clothèd with cloudy night,
 Doth shew to him that walks in fear and sad
 affright.

Guyon resists the deadly attractions of the hoarded gold: he is likewise proof against the subtler charms of ambition, personified as

A woman gorgeous gay,
 And richly clad in robes of royalty;

of whom Spenser, with a yet more skilful use of alliteration says —

Her face right wondrous fair did seem to be,
 That her broad beauty's beam great brightness
 threw
 Thro' the dim shade, that all men might it see.

She is the daughter of Mammon, who offers her in marriage to Sir Guyon, and, on his refusal, alleging his "troth uplight" to "other lady," leads him to the "Garden of Proserpina," to tempt him with some of the golden apples which have wrought so much strife on earth. But the tree on which they grow stretches its branches far indeed, for they dip into the black river Cocytus; and the sight of souls tormented therein would have moved one even less prudent than Spenser's hero to reject them. The two selected out of many for detailed description, just before Guyon's victorious return to upper air, are Tantalus and Pontius Pilate. By the former of these Spenser binds his view of the infernal regions to Homer's, of whose only three criminals the Phrygian king occupies the central place, and whose description of the torments of Tantalus, cast by Mr. Worsley into two of his beautiful Spenserian stanzas, may throw light on the mind of the reader of Spenser's own four. But the image of the Roman governor is a grand and original conception, though possibly influenced by some of Dante's pictures of punishment, and must be received as a successful effort of Spenser's to supply an omission on the part of the great Italian at which men have often wondered, and which no man, so far as we know, has satisfactorily explained. These are Spenser's powerful stanzas: —

LXI.

He looked a little further, and espied
 Another wretch, whose carcase deep was
 drent

* "Quale per incertam lunam sub luce maligna
 Est iter in silvis, ubi cœlum condidit umbrâ
 Jupiter, et rebus nox abstulit atra colorem."

Within the river, which the same did hide ;
 But both his hands, most filthy feculent,
 Above the water were on high extent,
 And fained to wash themselves incessantly ;
 Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
 But rather fouler seemèd to the eye,
 So lost his labour vain and idle industry.

LXII.

The knight, him calling, askèd who he was,
 Who lifting up his head him answered thus,
 " I Pilate am, the falsest judge, alas !
 And most unjust, that by unrighteous
 And wicked doom to Jews dispiteous,
 Delivered up the Lord of Life to die,
 And did acquit a murderer felonous ;
 The whiles my hands I washed in purity,
 The whiles my soul was soiled with foul in-
 iquity."

Nor is Spenser indebted to Virgil only in the second division of his beautiful poem. Its third part (the Book of Chastity, owes much more to the Mantuan bard, since its most pleasing character, that of Britomart, is evidently derived from his Camilla. Of the great Italian copies of that enchanting model, by Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso, it is the first heroine of the two former, Bradamante, not their second, Marphisa (still less the Clorinda of the "Jerusalem Delivered"), whom Spenser's sweet British princess recalls to us. Her pure and feminine dignity, combined with her faithful devotion to the yet unseen Arthegal, lift the character of Britomart into a higher sphere of romance than that in which her Italian prototype abides ; but, like the haughty Amazons of the two "Orlandos," her career is too successful to evoke the pathetic interest aroused in the reader's mind by the death of the Volscian maid. Combined by Virgil, in all probability, from the old traditions of Italy, blended with traits from that death of Penthesilea of which a lost Cyclic poet sang, the Camilla strikes every reader as one of the most touching episodes of the *Æneid*. We afterwards see the jewel which there first flashed upon us sparkle under later poets' touch, with far different surroundings, amid the chivalry of "Charlemain and all his peerage," and that yet nobler knightly company concerning whom Sidney listened while Spenser sang. But it is in the hands of Tasso that the gem shines with its purest lustre, emitting an unearthly light on the pale white brow whereon the baptismal waters glisten, as Clorinda — her life-blood ebbing from the wound made by her hapless lover's unwitting hand — resigns her new-born soul to its Creator and Sanctifier, and, signing

Tancred's pardon, sinks into her death-sleep.* Here in one small instance the Christian faith has enabled Tasso, though of inferior genius, to outdo Vigil as decidedly as Dante has done, in part by the same means, on a far larger scale.

Our next example will illustrate literally the "Progress of Poesy" from Hellas to Italy and from Italy to England ; and, requiring for its clear setting forth the investigation of authors less widely read than Virgil is, may haply detain us somewhat longer than the foregoing. We would ask our readers to accompany us on a perilous voyage to the Hall of Circe and to the Gardens of Armida. May we go and return unscathed, protected by the appropriate talisman !

To begin then, as we ought, with the father of poetry, we find scattered up and down in the *Odyssey* most of the traits which Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser have afterwards combined into their pictures of a knight and his enchantress : the idea of a brave man detained from active service by one supernatural being, and liberated through the intervention of another, in Ulysses long kept hid by Calypso, and released by her at the command of Hermes ; again, the story of a powerful sorceress, whose spells turn men into beasts, frustrated by a mightier counter-charm, and constrained to restore her victims to their natural shapes, in the victory won by Ulysses over Circe through the heaven-sent herb Moly ; not to speak of the Sirens and of Scylla and of Charybdis blended by Spenser with the tale of Circe for the sake of the moral lesson. The things of which Homer gives only hints for his successors to amplify, are, as we might expect, the personal charms of his enchantresses and the loveliness of the garden-bowers in which they dwell. On them he is even less diffuse than in his brief description of the orchards of King Alcinous, which we quote from Worsley's charming translation, that our readers may mentally contrast it with the elaborate enumerations of later times : —

There in full prime the orchard trees grow tall,
 Sweet fig, pomegranate, apple fruited fair,
 Pear and the healthful olive. Each and all
 Both summer droughts and chills of winter spare ;
 All the year round they flourish. Some the air
 Of Zephyr warms to life, some doth mature.
 Apple grows old on apple, pear on pear,

* "Passa la bella donna e par che dorma."

Fig follows fig, vintage doth vintage lure ;
Thus the rich revolution doth for aye endure.

XVIII.

With well-sunned floor for drying, there is
seen

The vineyard. Here the grapes they cull,
there tread.

Here falls the blossom from the clusters
green,

There the first blushings by the sun are
shed.

Last, flowers forever fadeless — bed by bed ;
Two streams : one waters the whole garden
fair ;

One through the courtyard, near the house
is led ;

Whereto with pitchers all the folk repair.
All these the god-sent gifts to King Alcious were. Book vii.

Here the flowers only receive one line,
and in the two books which are our more
especial concern, they are only once men-
tioned. Homer tells us of Circe's gold
and silver plate, her purple and fine linen,
of her

Silver-studded chair,

Rich, dædal, covered with a crimson pall ;

but of her bower of bliss he says nothing.
Calypso's is a vine-clad cave, embosomed
in trees, which extorts the admiration of
even Hermes himself ; but it is despatched
by Homer in comparatively few words : —

There dwelt the fair-haired nymph, and her
he found

Within. Bright flames that on the hearth
did play,

Fragrance of burning cedar breathed around
And fume of incense wafted every way.

There her melodious voice the live-long day,
Timing the golden shuttle, rose and fell.

And round the cave a leafy wood there lay
Where green trees waved o'er many a shady
dell,

Alder and poplar black and cypress sweet of
smell.

X.

Thither the long-winged birds retired to
sleep,

Falcon and owl and sea-crow loud of tongue,
Who plies her business in the watery deep ;

And round the hollow cave her tendrils flung
A healthy vine, with purpling clusters hung ;

And fountains four, in even order set,
Near one another, from the stone out
sprung,

Streaming four ways their crystal-showery
jet

Through meads of parsley soft and breathing
violet. Book v.

Calypso's beauty is left to be conjectured
from the epithet in the first of these two
stanzas, and from the unwilling confession
of Ulysses ;

Well may Penelope in form and brow
And stature seem inferior far to thee,
For she is mortal and immortal thou ;

— while Circe stands at the "bright gates
of her mansion marble-walled," a "dread
goddess, gleaming-haired," to be painted
by each reader for himself, as to colour
and features. Far more distinct is Spen-
ser's portrait of Acrasia, the Circe of the
"Faery Queen ;" and yet she is a compar-
atively inconsiderable form in his long
gallery of beauties,—needed by him as
she is for one canto only. He depicts to
us her alabaster skin, and also most poet-
ically how —

Her fair eyes sweet smiling in delight,
Moistened their fiery beams, with which
she thrilled

Frail hearts, yet quenched not ; like starry
light,

Which sparkling on the silent waves does
seem more bright.*

Ariosto is much more minute still ; and
gives us a complete inventory of the
charms of his Alcina, which "surpassed
those of her ladies as does the sun the
stars." He begins with her graceful
form, her long fair hair "as gold resplen-
dent," and the roses and lilies of her
cheeks. Then we have her "glad fore-
head" of smooth ivory and the finely-
pencilled black eyebrows, beneath whose
arches two black eyes (or rather suns)
prove lurking-places whence Love, who
ever gambols round them, shoots at the
unwary. And then, with an attention as
to details seldom shown by more recent
poets, Ariosto points out to us the nose
in its due central position, so shaped that
even "envy could suggest no improve-
ment on it," before he goes on to the ver-
million lips that parted with such an en-
chanting smile, and to the double row of
choice pearls which they enclose. It is
mortifying, after we have wasted a good
deal of admiration on such a bewitching
person, to be assured (as we are before
the canto's close) that all this beauty was
only the work of enchantment ; and that
a strong counter-charm revealed Alcina
to its possessor as the oldest and ugliest
woman in the world : a shrivelled, wrin-
kled, diminutive, and disreputable fairy,
without a single tooth in her head.

Perhaps this disclosure (made in the in-
terests of truth) is as indiscreet on our part
as it is on Ariosto's. We should scarcely

* Tasso's —

"Qual raggio in onda, le scintilla un riso,
Negli umidi occhi tremulo e lascivo."

—from which Spenser copied this, is here far surpassed.

have risked it if we had not had the genuine and indisputable beauty of Tasso's Armida to fall back on. How well he paints her when she appears in Godfrey's camp as a distressed princess needing succour; but in truth devising how to draw away after her some of the bravest of the Crusaders and shut them up in her castle's dungeon, so as, if possible, to deprive the Cross of its champions in the hour of need!

Not Argos, nay, not Cyprus, could behold,
Or Delos, such a robe, such beauty rare!
Now through her white veil shine her locks
of gold,
Now flash uncovered making bright the air.
So, when the sky grows clear now shines
through fold
Of some white cloud the sun, anon more fair,
Forth issuing from that cloud he darts each
ray
Clearer around, and makes a double day.

XXX.

Her loosened hair the breeze has curled
again,
Which nature bade in curling waves to-flow.
Her eyes seem misers and each glance re-
strain
Lest men Love's treasure and their own
should know.
Tender-hued roses are 'mid ivories fain
In that fair face scattered and mixed to
blow:
But on those lips that Love's own breath
has parted,
Reddens the rose alone and single-hearted.
G. L., c. v.

Of the island-homes of these enchantresses, Ariosto's description is the least attractive. It comprises a golden wall, a bridge adorned with emeralds and sapphires, and a magnificent palace nevertheless; and the park-like ground on which Roger alights from the Hippogryph which bore him to its remote coast, is at least well furnished with game, which supplies him with one of his most innocent diversions during his sojourn there. When he first descends from his strange courser he beholds "delicious hills, clear water, and soft meads."

XVIII.

There groves delightful of sweet laurel
bowers,
Of palm-trees' and of pleasant myrtles' shade;
Cedars and orange-trees, whose fruits and
flowers—
Wreaths diverse-shaped, but each one lovely
made,
Gave shelter sure in summer's hottest hours
To pilgrim 'neath their thick-pleached branches
laid;

And 'mid those boughs, secure that none as-
sail
Her flight, moved, singing sweet, the night-
ingale.

XIX.

'Mid the red roses and the lilies white,
By mild airs ever with fresh life possessed,
The hares and conies sport which none af-
fright;
And stags erect their proud and antlered crest
Dreading no hunter's snares or murderous
might,
Then crop the grass and chew their cud at
rest:
There, too, swift roes and nimble wild-goats
bound,
Those many tenants of that sylvan ground.

XXI.

And near beside, where rose a fount to view,
The which to girdle palms and cedars stand,
His shield he laid down, from his forehead
drew
His helmet, and ungauntleted each hand:
Now to the mount, now to the sea's dark blue
He turned his face, by cool fresh breezes
fanned,
Which with glad murmurs the high summits
stir,
To trembling motion of the beech and fir.

Here, as on Calypso's island, the trees preponderate over the flowers, only they belong to a more southern clime, and are richer and gayer than hers. Directly after, the reminiscences of Homer change to Circe, and Roger receives a warning of Alcina's guile from a luckless knight, whom she (going a step beyond her prototype) has changed into a myrtle-tree.* Others of her victims bear the shapes of rocks and fountains, but most of strange and monstrous beasts. Roger, thus forewarned, prepares to ride past the wicked fairy's gates, and does valiant battle to the rabble rout of monsters which assail his course; but he is weak enough to yield to the entreaties of two fair damsels, who lead him through a gateway (of which the architrave, covered with the rarest gems of the East, rests on four large columns, each an entire diamond) to the presence of their mistress. The sight of those fictitious charms, which we chronicled before, at once subdues the knight's resolution. "In Alcina's every word, smile, song, or even step, there lurked a snare," says Ariosto; "no marvel that Roger was taken by them." So far from profiting was he by the myrtle's warnings, that he rather inclined to be-

* An idea derived through Dante from Virgil. — Inf. xiii.; Æ. lib. iii.

lieve the transformation a just punishment ; and as to possible risk to himself, he felt a strong conviction —

That never treason or injurious guile
Could live and plot along with such a smile.

His instant forgetfulness of Bradamante — “That beauteous woman whom he loved so well” — is ascribed by the poet to Alcina’s spells, which are not broken till the wronged lady sends to her recreant knight, by the hand of the good fairy Melissa, a ring, which has the happy power of dispersing all enchantments when once slipped on the finger. Luckily finding Roger alone, the worthy Melissa scolds him well, and then makes him put on the ring. At once the knight feels “too much ashamed to look any one in the face, and wishes himself many feet underground.” The sight of Alcina as she really is soon completes his cure, and he takes the first convenient opportunity of riding away from her court to that of her virtuous sister. Alcina pursues him with a fleet, to no purpose, and during her absence Melissa undoes her spells and restores her victims to their true forms.

It is thus that Ariosto, according to his manner, gives a semi-burlesque treatment to the legend told by Homer with such grave simplicity. His sorceress is viler than Circe ; and Roger, duped by her arts, and delivered from them, as it were, in his own despite, offers a contrast to the commanding position held all along by Ulysses, who compels the restitution to their pristine shape of his comrades, and from first to last makes his own terms with the enchantress.

Spenser, on the other hand, deals with the subject seriously throughout — neither with the Italian’s indifference to, nor the Greek’s childlike unconsciousness of, evil. He scorns to degrade a Red-Cross knight or a Sir Arthegal by making him fall into Acrasia’s snares : her victim is an unconsidered youth, and Sir Guyon treads the bower of bliss only to rescue him from the toils which surround him. Attended by a grave Palmer he sets sail for Acrasia’s island, steering a safe course betwixt Charybdis, the Gulf of Greediness or Avarice, and Scylla, the Rock of Vile Reproach, which awaits the Prodigal. Here we find ourselves at once on the old familiar track of the wise Ulysses, the order alone being changed in which the various objects are presented to us. But those well-known shapes have now another meaning : they have grown neb-

ulous, allegoric forms ; the perils which they set before us are temporal no more, but spiritual.

Shortly after, the Sirens’ song breaks on our ears, inviting to the sloth which kills all the divine in man. Those mermaids dwell, according to Spenser, in “a still and calmy bay,” between a hoary hill and a high-towered rock. Their melody is as sweet as it was when Ulysses signed to his seamen to stay their rowing at its bidding ; the words which accompany it as inconsiderable : —

XXXII.

So now to Guyon, as he passèd by,
Their pleasant tunes they sweetly thus applied—

“O thou fair son of gentle Faery,
That art in mighty arms most magnified
Above all knights that ever battle tried,
O turn thy rudder hitherward awhile !
Here may thy storm-beat vessel safely ride
This is the port of rest from troublous toil,
The world’s sweet inn from pain and weariness
some turmoil.”

XXXIII.

With that the rolling sea resounding soft,
In his big bass them fitly answered ;
And on the rock the waves breaking aloft,
A solemn mean unto them measured ;
The whiles sweet Zephyrus loud whistled
His treble, a strange kind of harmony
Which Guyon’s senses softly tickled,
That he the boatman bade row easily,
And let him hear some part of their rare melody.

The Palmer, however, promptly “dis counsels” from such vanity ; and the boat glides on, through fogs of Cimmerian gloom and flocks of “all the nation of unfortunate and fatal birds,” to the island-shore. Passing through the beasts which assail them on landing but crouch before the Palmer’s staff, they enter the “bower of bliss” by an ivory gate carved with Jason’s story.

L.

Thus being entered they behold around
A large and spacious plain on every side,
Strowed with pleasance, whose fair grass ground
Mantled with green and goodly beautified
With all the ornaments of Flora’s pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorn
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
Did deck her and too lavishly adorn,
When forth from virgin bower she comes
th’ early morn.

LI.

Thereto the heavens always jovial,
Looked on them lovely still in steadfast state,

Ne suffered storm nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate,
Nor scorching heat nor cold intemperate
T' afflict the creatures which therein did
dwell ;

But the mild air with season moderate,
Gentle attemperd and disposed so well,
That still it breathèd forth sweet spirit and
wholesome smell.

LII.

More sweet and wholesome than the pleas-
ant hill

Of Rhodope, on which the nymph that bore
A giant babe herself for grief did kill ;
Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore
Fair Daphne Phœbus' heart with love did
gore ;

Or Ida, where the gods loved to repair
Whenever they their heavenly bowers for-
lore ;

Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses fair,
Or Eden, if that ought with Eden mote com-
pare.

This last stanza is a good example of the way in which Spenser habitually uses classic and sacred illustrations mixed. But at this point the whole atmosphere of the poem is changing. Fast as in the middle of Goethe's *Helena*, we pass from the classic to the romantic, and breathe already in the fifty-first stanza the air of the gardens of Armida. We are brought back to the *Odyssey* at the close of the canto ; but till then — after a porch of Spenser's own invention, vine-trellised with grapes,

Some deep empurpled as the hyacinth,
Some as the ruby laughing sweetly red,
Some like fair emeraudes, not yet well ri-
penèd —

he contents himself with abridging, and sometimes actually translating, Tasso. The stanzas marked with asterisks are versions, and very beautiful and success-

ful versions, of one of the most difficult of poets to translate ; a difficulty owing to that love of antithesis and conceit which was Tasso's besetting sin.

LVIII.

There the most dainty paradise on ground
Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
And none does other's happiness envy ;

* The painted flowers, the trees upshooting
high,
The dales for shade, the hills for breathing
space,
The trembling groves, the crystal running
by ;
And that which all fair works doth most
aggrace,
The art which all that wrought, appeared in
no place.

LXX.

Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere ;
Right hard it was for wight which did it
hear

To read what manner music that mote be ;
For all that pleasing is to human ear
Was there consorted in one harmony,
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all
agree.

LXXI.

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful
shade,
Their notes unto the voice attemperd
sweet :

Th' angelical soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine response meet ;
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the bass murmur of the water's fall ;
The water's fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;
The gentle, warbling wind low answerèd to all.

LXXIV.

* The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely
lay : *

* These stanzas are sung by Tasso's marvellously sweet-voiced parrot. It is an ordinary commonplace of comment to ascribe their first origin to Catullus through Ariosto. But the *sentiment* of the celebrated Epithalamium is different, as will be seen by the annexed version of the lament (borrowed from it) of Sacripant over his faithless Angelica, like as are the forms of expression : —

42.

"La verginella è simile alla rosa,
Che 'n bel giardin su la nativa spina,
Mentre sola e sicura si riposa,
Nè gregge, nè pastor, se le avvicina ;
L'aura soave e l'alba rugiadosa
L'acqua, la terra al suo favor s' inchina :
Giovani vaghi e donne innamorate
Amano averne e seni e tempie ornate.

43.

"Ma non sì tosto dal materno stelo
Rimossa viene e dal suo ceppo verde
Che quanto avea dagli uomini e dal cielo,
Favor, grazia, e bellezza, tutto perde,
La Vergin che il candor di che più zelo
Che de' begli occhi e della vita aver-de',
Pregiar non mostra ; il pregio che avea innante
Perde nel core d'ogni saggio amante."

Orl. Fur., c. i.

42.

"The maiden pure is like unto that rose,
The which, while safe upon its native thorn
In some fair garden, it doth lone repose,
No flock has cropped, no shepherd's hand has torn ;
Her leaves soft airs and dewy dawns uncloze,
Rains and rich soil with vivid hues adorn :
Her loving youths and maids delight to set
Upon their breast, or twine for coronet.

43.

"But from her mother-stem so soon as rent,
She from her leafy bower is riven away ;
The favour, grace, and beauty, by consent
Of men and heaven hers, no longer stay.
The maid, who shows that pureness innocent
(Which should her fair eyes, yea her life outweigh),
She prizes not — the place she held before
In each wise lover's heart can hold no more."

"Ah ! see, whoso fair thing dost fain to see,
In springing flower the image of thy day :
Ah ! see the virgin rose how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems the less ye see her may ;
Lo ! see soon after, how made bold and free
Her barèd bosom she doth broad display ;
Lo ! see soon after, how she fades and falls
away.

LXXV.

* "So passeth in the passing of a day
Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flower,
Ne more doth flourish after first decay
That erst was sought to deck both bed and
bower
Of many a lady, many a paramour :
Gather therefore the rose whilst yet is prime,
For soon comes age that will her pride de-
flower ;
Gather the rose of love, whilst yet is time,
Whilst loving thou mayst lovèd be with equal
crime."*

With a sterner tread than that of
Ulysses, Guyon, under the Palmer's
guidance, hushes this alluring song, and
lays waste this perilous garden of delight.
Ere they depart with the captured en-
chantress, we read —

But all those pleasant bowers and palace
brave,
Guyon broke down with rigour pitiless ;

and the restoration of the transformed
beasts to human shapes is so told as to
bring out the moral lesson latent in Ho-
mer's myth, with an added touch of sar-
casm at the close, which has passed with
readers of the "Faery Queen" into a
proverb. Guyon has learned from the
Palmer that the brutes which beset his
exit, as they did his entrance, were once
men —

Now turnèd into figures hideous,
According to their minds, like monstrous.

Tasso's stanzas (sweeter, but far less wholesome in meaning) are as follows : —

XIV.

"Deh mira (egli cantò) spuntar la rosa
Dal verde suo modesta e verginella :
Che mezzo aperta ancora e mezzo ascosa
Quanto si mostra men, tanto è più bella :
Ecco poi nudo il sen, già baldanzosa,
Dispiega: ecco poi langue, e non par quella :
Quella non par, che desiata avanti
Fu da mille donzelle e mille amanti.

XV.

"Così trapassa al trapassar d'un giorno
Della vita mortal il fiore e 'l verde :
Nè, perchè faccia indietro April ritorno,
Si rinfiora ella mai, nè si rinverde.
Cogliam la rosa in sul mattino adorno
Di questo dì, che tosto il seren perde :
Cogliam di Amor la rosa: amiamo or quando
Esser si puote riamato amando."

Ger. Lib., c. xvi.

* The beginning of the next stanza is likewise modelled on Tasso's. We subjoin a version of the whole stanza : —

"Tacque; e concorde degli augelli il coro
Quasi approvando il canto indi ripiglia,
Raddoppiar le colombe i baci loro :
Ogni animal d'amar si riconsiglia ;
Par che la dura quercia e 'l casto alloro,
E tutta la frondosa ampia famiglia ;
Par che la terra e l'acqua e formi e spiri
Dolcissimi d' amor sensi e sospiri."

"He ceased ; and then the choir of birds approving
(So seemed it) tuned their notes into his strain.
The doves redoubled then their kisses loving ;
Each creature unto love returned again ;
The oak-tree hard, the laurel chaste seemed moving,
With all the leafy distant-spreading train ;
The very earth and water seemed to sigh,
As though their souls sweet thoughts of love came nigh."

† English readers who wish to see Ulysses and Circe masquerade in Spanish court dresses of the seventeenth century, should read Mr. MacCarthy's clever version of Calderon's "Love the greatest Enchantment." The translation, subjoined in the same volume, of "The Sorceries of Sin" (an Auto containing a spiritual application of the same legend) is a quaint instance of the way in which the Spanish dramatist improved an ancient story to edifying uses.

"Sad end," quoth he, "of life intemperate
And mournful meed of joys delicious :
But, Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
Let them returnèd be unto their former state.

LXXXVI.

Straightway he with his virtuous staff ther
struck,
And straight of beasts they comely men be
came ;
Yet being men they did unmanly look,
And stared ghastly, some for inward shame
And some for wrath to see their captiv
dame :
But one above the rest in special
That had an Hog been late (hight Gryll be
name)
Repinèd greatly, and did him miscall
That had from hoggish form him brought t
natural.

LXXXVII.

Said Guyon ; " See the mind of beastly man
That hath so soon forgot the excellence
Of his creation when he life began,
That now he chooseth with vile difference
To be a beast and lack intelligence."
To whom the Palmer thus : " The dungh
kind
Delights in filth and foul incontinence ;
Let Gryll be Gryll and have his hoggish
mind, —
But lét us hence depart whilst weather serve
and wind."†

Faery Queen, B. II. c. 12.

Tasso's treatment of the tale of Circe
and Ulysses is far more composite than
that of Ariosto or of Spenser. His R
naldo, lured by the spells of Armida for
time to forget his duty, does not sugge
to us the Odyssey, but is the Achilles of
his Iliad — the knight without whose aid
the magic forest and mightiest pagan de
fender of Jerusalem cannot be ove
thrown. He too is wroth with Agamer
non (Tasso's pious Godfrey), and qui

the crusading host ; incurring soon after the enmity of Armida by setting free the captive warriors whom her first deception bound. She lies in ambush for him, and falls into her own toils ; then carries him away with her to the fortunate islands where her love is for a season everything to him. When Godfrey is warned in a dream to recall Rinaldo to the fight, his messengers are directed where to go and how to proceed by a Christian magician, who gives them the plan of Armida's labyrinth, tells them how to rouse Rinaldo's dormant spirit, and provides a magic bark to take them swiftly to the island. Their course along the Mediterranean cannot possess the charm of the adventurous voyage of Ulysses. They but survey the relics of those long-past civilizations, at whose dawn Homer, in whose maturity Virgil, sang. It is as they pass the ruins of Dido's city that the poet exclaims at the thought of so many fallen grandeurs, " *El' uom d'esser mortal par che si sdegni.*" Still one fresh source of interest opens alongside of those backward glances, in the anticipation of the discovery of America by Columbus. But when, having safely passed the Pillars of Hercules, they land on Armida's chosen home —

*One of those isles of delight that rest
Far off in the breezeless main —*

Homer's Calypso and Circe are outdone by the wealth of descriptive riches lavishly poured forth by the poet. The two messengers climb the snow and ice by which the sorceress has striven to make the sides of the mountain into which the island rises inaccessible, and find a blooming paradise at the summit. Its guardian dragon and lion are put to flight by a golden wand intrusted to the knight by the benevolent magician ; so is the whole herd of savage beasts which they encounter ; and the stately palace of the enchantress discloses itself to them standing beyond the flowery solitude on the shore of a lake. The messengers pass the perilous fount whereof whoso drinks laughs till he dies of it, disregarding the song of the dangerous Naiads who disport themselves therein, and enter the enchanted garden ; which they find in its labyrinthine enclosure by the help of the clue which they received. They pass its gates richly sculptured with the triumphs of love — Hercules with Iole, Antony with Cleopatra ; and having threaded its mazes find themselves amid the fair land-

scape, the wealth of ever-blooming flowers and ever-ripening fruitage, the delicious concert of sweet sounds, which Spenser has, with some added touches, transferred to his own pages. But whereas the catastrophe of the English poet is borrowed from the eighth book of the *Odyssey*, Tasso has followed Statius, and depicted Rinaldo as recalled to his duty by a similar expedient to that by which Ulysses detected the youthful Achilles in his disguise among the maidens of *Deidameia*. Armida has left him for a while to busy herself among her magic spells, when the two armed knights quit their ambush and make Rinaldo, at the sight of their flashing steel, start like a war-horse at the sound of the trumpet. One of them holds before him his shield of polished metal, and in its bright mirror the young warrior beholds his own degradation, and blushes at his effeminate attire. A few well-chosen words complete his cure, and he at once prepares to rejoin the crusading host. Armida's suspicions are aroused : she flies at once to her mighty spells, but the mightier counter-charm at work defeats them all. Then she leaves her incantations and trusts to her suppliant beauty. It is here that the great difference between Tasso and his predecessors and follower is most apparent. Circe, Alcina, and Acrasia are mere sorceresses ; Armida is an enchantress whom genuine love has touched and made a woman. We are told expressly that till she met Rinaldo she had "turned and overturned Love's kingdom at her will, hating all lovers, loving herself alone ;" but that now, though scorned, and neglected, and abandoned, she needs must follow him who flies from her, "adorning with her tears that beauty which in itself he seemed to despise." Her last pleadings with Rinaldo possess some of the pathos, though they lack the dignity, of Dido's with Æneas, from which they are closely copied. But they do not lead up to any such tragedy as Dido's, only to the forsaken beauty's resolution to revenge herself at any price on the knight who has left her fainting on the sandy shore ; while a later book of the "*Jerusalem Delivered*" tells how, after the failure of her design of vengeance, Rinaldo comes to her in his hour of victory in time to avert her long-delayed suicide, and of their final reconciliation. But meantime Armida, destroying her magic palace by the same spells which created it, and departing to seek revenge in her magic chariot, like Medea

after completing hers, forms a striking picture : —

LXVIII.

Soon as she reached her halls, with summons
dread,
She called th' Infernal Gods unto her aid.
Then o'er the sky a pall of black clouds spread,
And straight the sun grew pale with ghastly
shade,
The wind's fierce blast shook every mountain's
head,
While Hell beneath a sullen roaring made ;
And through the palace wide nought met the
ear
Save noises, howlings, murmurs, shrieks of
fear.

LXIX.

Then darker shade than gloom of starless
night,
Egyptian-like wrapped the gay palace round,
Pierced here and there by lightning, gleaming
bright
One instant 'mid the murky mist profound.
Then cleared that shade at last, the sun to
sight
Broke pallid through the air, all sorrow
drowned :
But of the palace then was left no trace, —
No stone remained to mark its former place.

LXX.

E'en as the clouds build works that will not
last
To image some enormous pile in air,
Which winds soon scatter, which the sun melts
fast ;
As flies the dream that some sick couch might
scare :
So quickly out of sight those rich halls passed.
Leaving the mount to native wildness bare.
Then on her chariot rose Armida high
As was her wont, careering through the sky.*
G. L., c. xvi.

We have seen how many rich cabinets of far-famed gems Tasso has unlocked to deck this most elaborate of his numerous episodes with their spoils. The two great epics of Greece, Virgil and Statius, Ovid and Euripides, among the ancients — the *Orlandos* of Boiardo and of Ariosto, among the moderns — have all been laid under contribution to enrich it. But it would be unjust to Tasso not to point out (as we have done by anticipation) how many jewels of no inferior brilliancy he has added to those he found already prepared ; or to deny that that speedy transference of them by the great Elizabethan poet to his own treasure-house which we

* These versions from Tasso, like the preceding from Ariosto and from Virgil, appear for the first time. So does the subsequent extract from the *Ajax* of Sophocles.

have already indicated, is a testimonial to their high merit which it would be impossible to set aside. For, if it is true that

Nothing so soon the drooping spirit can raise,
As praises from the man whom all men
praise, —

how would it have rejoiced the shy and sensitive spirit of Tasso could he have known of such a compliment from one of the greatest of his contemporaries? It is a compliment which only a very great poet could safely pay ; and it is one that will be seldom paid to other than a great poet. Dryden has remarked that, when men steal from the ancients, they acquire the credit of erudition — when from the modern, the disgrace of plagiarism ; the truth being, that a debt to a well-known classic writer needs no acknowledgment, because it cannot be hidden — and that a skilful transfer of a noble thought from Greek or Latin to the living languages is felt to be a public benefit. Spenser, by placing three or four of Tasso's stanzas amidst the hundreds which testify to his own fertile invention and exuberant fancy, has honoured the great foreigner by treating him in his lifetime as a classic.

The same honour has been paid by the latest as well as by the earliest English poets to the loftiest hand which has sounded the lyre of Italy, to Dante. In Tennyson's "Palace of Art," these two lines —

Plato the wise and large-browed Verulam
The first of those who know,

give a plural translation of Dante's singular

Vidi 'l maestro di color che sanno.

Longfellow's touching words —

She is not dead, the child of our affection,
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
But Christ himself doth rule, —

vary only slightly from the Florentine's —

chiostro

Nel quale è Cristo abate del collegio.

Gray's —

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
is a variation, though no improvement, of Dante's most exquisite

squilla di lontano,

Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore ; *

* "Distant bell
That seems to mourn the dying of the day."
Dayman's Dante.

while Chaucer tells the sad tale of Count Ugolino here and there in Dante's own words; and has been so impressed by the beauty of St. Bernard's prayer to the Virgin in the closing canto of the "Divine

Comedy," that he has freely reproduced it in his own great poem. We extract it side by side with the most literal version known to us of its original:—

Thou maide and mother, daughter of thy son,
Thou well of mercy, sinful soules cure,
In whom that God of bountie chees to wonne;
Thou humble and high over every creature,
Thou nobledest so far forth our nature,
That no desdaine the maker had of kinde
His son in blood and flesh to clothe and winde.
Within the cloyster blissful of thy sidès
Toke mannès shape the eternal Love and Pees,
That of the trine compas Lord and Gide is,
Whom erthe, and see, and heaven out of reles
Ay herien; * and thou, vergine wemmeles †
Bare of thy body (and dweltest maiden pure)
The creatour of every creature.
Assembled is in thee magnificence
With mercy, goodnesse, and with swich pitee,
That thou, that art the sun of excellence,
Not only helpst them that praïen thee,
But oftentime of thy benignitie
Ful freely, or that men their help beseche,
Thou goest before, and art their livès leche.
Chaucer, "Second Nonnes Tale."

O virgin mother, daughter of thy son,
Humbler than creature and more elevate,
Determined end of counsel unbegun,
'Tis thou that hast ennobled man's estate
To such as He disdained not to assume,
Its own Creator and Himself create!
Then was the love rekindled in thy womb,
By whose prolific heat thus blossoming
Doth yonder flower * in peace eternal bloom.
For us thou art meridian lamp to bring
Warmth of pure love, and down where mortals
lie

Thou art of hope the vivifying spring,
Lady, thou art of rank and might so high,
Whoe'er needs grace, nor yet to thee repairs
Wills his desire without a wing to fly,
Thy bounty succours not alone for prayers
Of any asking, but times numberless,
Freely prevents them ere to ask be theirs.
With thee is mercy, thine is tenderness,
Thine is munificence, in thee arrayed
All goodness meets that creature can possess.

Par., c. xxxiii. (Dayman's Dante).

On Milton's obligations to Dante, as to Homer and to Virgil, it is needless to say anything here. Is his exquisite reference to Proserpine in his fourth book of the "Paradise Lost" to be reckoned in their number? Certainly, when he proclaims the superiority of Eden to

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath—

coming closer than the other two, by his dropped flowers, to the common original of all three poets, Ovid's description of the frightened girl (too young and simple to comprehend the gloomy honours that await her) looking back regretfully for her lost nosegay † from Pluto's chariot.

that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower by gloomy Dis
Was gathered, —

he reminds us strongly of Dante's address to Matilda, who, as she bends to pluck the flower, brings to his thoughts Proserpine, and the hour

When her the mother lost, and she the spring. ‡
But Shakespeare was no student of Dante; and yet his charming Perdita cries out, when she needs them for Florizel —

O Proserpina
For the flowers now that frightened thou lettest
fall
From Dis's wagon! daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets,
dim,

Our examples of gems transferred from one great epic narrative poem to another should not end without one single instance of the many jewels that the drama has derived from the elder Muse's store. One of the most touching scenes in Sophocles is his Ajax resolved on death, resisting his wife the captive Tecmessa's entreaties, and taking a last farewell of his infant son. Had Sophocles never read the Iliad, some such scene might yet have naturally suggested itself to his mind; but who can doubt that it has been greatly influenced, and moulded into the particular form which it has assumed, by the parting of Hector with Andromache? There the dreaded evil is still remote: here it is close at hand. The fond husband's foreboding of his widow's miseries after his own death in Homer are transferred by Sophocles, with some incongruity, to the mouth of Tecmessa, as she pleads

* The assembly of glorified saints seated in a rose-like circle.

† Met. book v.

* Praise ceaselessly.

† Spotless.

‡ "Tu mi fai rimembrar dove e qual' era
Proserpina nel tempo che perdette
La madre lei, ella primavera."

Dayman's Dante.

with her lord to avert such woes from herself. Hector prays for his infant son, that he may surpass his father's glory; Ajax for his, that he may be like himself in all things but in his misfortunes. The fear of the young Astyanax at his father's "brazen helm and horse-hair plume" has suggested by contrast the declaration of Ajax, that the boy, if indeed he be his own son, will not dread the sight of blood. Let our readers peruse the sixth book of the Iliad, either in Pope's far-famed version, or in the more accurate rendering of Lord Derby or of Mr. Worsley, and then say whence Sophocles derived these sorrowful words of the captive woman who, unlike Andromache, owed her earlier griefs to the same hand from which she now looks for their consolation.

I supplicate thee, by the household Zeus,
By thine own nuptial couch (by thee made mine),

Suffer me not to bear insulting speech
From foes of thine when made their wretched thrall.

For if thou dying leav'st me here forsaken,
Be sure that on that self-same day the Argives
Shall force thy child and me to be their slaves.
Then shall some tyrant cry with bitter speech,
Smiting me with his tongue, "Behold the wife
Of Ajax, greatest chief of all the host,
How servile now her lot after such bliss!"
So shall men speak: then mine the anguish keen,

But thine the shame, thine and thy kindred's too.

Likewise revere thy father's sad old age,
Forsake him not: revere the weight of years,
Thy mother's lot; who often prays the gods
For thy return to home alive and well.
But most of all, oh king, pity thy child,
Bereft of thy kind care, an orphan charge
To guardians left, not friends. How great a woe

Thy death, if die thou wilt, leaves him and me!
For I too know of no kind sheltering arm
Save thine; whose spear my country rent from me;

My mother likewise, but 'twas fate that sent
My sire to dwell where dwell the dead in Hades.

What country have I then save thee? what wealth?

But in the address to the unconscious child, Sophocles has put forth his own wonderfully pathetic powers. He makes Ajax say—

Bring him to me, bring him, for at the sight
Of this fresh blood he will not feel afraid,

If verily and in deed he is my son.

Child, be more fortunate than is thy sire,
Like him in all things else, so shall thy lot
Be happy. Yet for this I count thee blest
Even now that of these ills thou canst feel none:

For life is sweetest to the ignorant
Ere knowledge brings us joy but sorrow too.

We need not remind our readers of Gray's well-known comment on these two last lines. Who can look on a child's sweet open face without the pity they express rising in the heart, as we think of the awful pages in the book to be turned one day by those small fingers which now sport so carelessly with the title-page on which the rosy lips spell out—*Human Life*? Goethe's grand old German knight, Götz von Berlichingen, responds to a friend's congratulation at the sight of his little son, "Bright lights bring black shadows;" and when he is dying, to his wife's offer to send for the boy from his convent to receive his father's last blessing, the old man replies, with a humility and a faith unknown to the Hellenic heroes,—*"Leave him there; he needs not my blessing; he is holier than I."*

With this one instance out of many of the gems which the dramatic has borrowed from the epic Muse, we must bring our remarks to a close. We have directed our readers' attention throughout to no case of spurious imitation by baser hands of noble jewels, nor to instances where they have been meanly purloined; we have aimed at exhibiting their descent in the right line to one generation after another of the royal family of poets. To whose eyes the precious stone was first revealed, is, as we have shown, in many cases most uncertain; but the rightful heir is always he at whose approach, instead of growing dim, the gem emits a livelier sparkle, gives out a latent fire, and whose skilful hand is able to place it alongside of others equally fair in a diadem of exquisite beauty, or to engrave on it some form of perfect shape, or—best of all—to write on it some holy name like those which the beloved apostle saw sparkling on twelve jewels of splendour inexpressible in the foundation of that mystic city, the

Stadt Gottes deren diamantnen Ring
Kein Feind zu stürmen wagt.

From Chambers' Journal.
THE MANOR-HOUSE AT MILFORD.

CHAPTER III.

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!

RAP-A-TAP-TAP! Knocks sounded thick and fast against the outer door of Collop's shop in Biscopham High Street, waking the draper and his daughter out of their morning dreams. Emily peeped out from behind her blind, and seeing Mrs. Rennel's chaise standing below, went and called her father, who seemed strangely startled at the intelligence, and went down-stairs with a flannel dressing-gown wrapped round him, his face as white as a sheet, and his hands trembling.

"Missus is dead," cried Skim hoarsely, as soon as the door was open; "and I've come for you."

Collop dressed himself hurriedly, and took his seat in the chaise. "We must go to the doctor's first," said Collop.

"What do you want him prying about for?" cried Skim.

"It's necessary; she can't be buried without his certificate."

They stopped at Mr. Burgess the surgeon's, a large red house, curiously ornamented with brick mouldings. Having made the requisite intimation, the pair drove on, quickly through the town, furiously when they got out of it. With all their haste, when they reached the manor-house, they found somebody else's dog-cart standing at the gate. Sailor was at the horse's head, nodding knowingly to Skim.

"Who's here?" cried Collop. "If it's Tom Rapley, I'd have him know ——"

But a very different person stood in the doorway of the house — Mr. Frewen, the lawyer, a tall, large-boned man, with stooping shoulders, a heavy face, prominent teeth, a glittering smile, and with rough fringes of hair hanging in a tangled way about his face.

"Hollo! Collop," he said, "you're in too much of a hurry! There's nothing like quickness in business, but you're a little bit too quick."

"Excuse me, sir," said Collop stiffly; "but my dear old friend wished me to take everything upon myself at her decease."

"Then your dear old friend had changed her mind, for I have her will in my possession, dated yesterday, appointing me executor and trustee. Can you shew any later instrument?"

Collop staggered, and caught hold of Skim by the arm.

"Good-day, Collop; I'm sorry I can't give you the funeral order, but the old lady's instructions are precise," said Frewen, slamming the door in his face. Sailor watched the scene with a delighted grin.

Tom Rapley heard of his aunt's death at the same time that he was told that Frewen had arrived and taken possession of everything. The news excited him greatly. He told himself that he had no hope of any advantage by her death, but at the same time he did hope. At his wife's instigation, he went up to the manor-house, but found that Frewen had placed a woman from the village in charge of everything, with orders to admit no one except the doctor and the undertaker's man, who had been telegraphed for from London. Then, by Sailor's advice, and with him for a companion, he took the carrier's cart to Biscopham, and obtained an interview with Frewen. "Yes, there was a will, and he was executor; but it wasn't customary to reveal the contents of such documents till after the funeral. None of her relatives would be invited to take part in the funeral; indeed, Frewen didn't know that there were any relatives, except Tom; and the ceremony would be strictly private, and conducted by a firm from London."

"Won't there be bearers, sir?" inquired Sailor, who acted as *amicus curiæ* in this interview.

Frewen shook his head. "At the same time," he went on, "I shall go to the house on the day after the funeral, which is fixed for Tuesday week, and shall be prepared to read the will to all whom it may concern."

"A mean old creatur!" cried Sailor, when they were on the way home again. "Nobody had any satisfaction with her when she was alive, and she meant as nobody should have a day's pleasure over her after she was dead. I'll bet a penny she ain't left me a farden, and my wife own servant to her for ever so many years, and me leaving her a cucumber every Saturday while they lasted, for ever so long!"

Aunt Betsy's funeral arrangements caused great excitement in the village. Much indignation was felt at the slur cast upon the neighbourhood by the fact that the funeral preparations were intrusted to strangers, and by the secrecy in which everything was enwrapped. Several men came down, and stopped many days at

the old house. Lights were seen there late at night, and mysterious packages were brought to the house in a light spring-van. But where she was to be buried, nobody could find out. It was reported that Frewen himself didn't know, and that a sealed letter was in his possession, not to be opened till after the procession had started, that contained Aunt Betsy's wishes in regard to her burial. Speculation was rife as to the cause of the strange reticence; the explanation offered by Sailor was generally accepted as the most feasible.

"They say," quoth he, "that she swallowed a farden when she was a little gal, and as how she was afraid people would dig her up to get at it, if they knowed where she was laid."

A curious circumstance was that nobody saw the funeral cortège set out. There was a hearse in the village one night, and next day it was said that Aunt Betsy's body had been removed. The windows were opened and the house cleaned out, on the Tuesday afternoon, by workmen from Biscopham. There were two or three of them — an upholsterer's man and a couple of brick-layers — and they were to stay at Milford some days, but for what purpose, they didn't know. Mr. Frewen would be over next day, Wednesday, to give them their orders. Tom was dressed in his best suit on the eventful morning that was to witness the reading of the will.

Lawyer Frewen was waiting for them in Aunt Betsy's parlour. Everything was arranged just as Aunt Betsy had left it on the night of her death, except that there was a jug of cold water and a couple of tumblers on the table. Sailor peered about in hopes to discover some signs of other refreshment, but there was none. Collop was there, pale and nervous, seated in a high-backed chair. Aunt Betsy's arm-chair, with the cushion in it, was occupied by her big black cat, who assumed a cramped and disconsolate position, and watched the progress of events with dislike and alarm. Lawyer Frewen sat by the window — it was a warm sunny day, although mid-winter — reading letters and papers. Presently, he looked at his watch, rose, and came to the table, unlocked his bag, and brought out a white sealed packet. An irrepressible quiver of excitement went through the audience.

"Ahem! The will of our lamented friend is dated the very day before her death; it was made by my worthy friend, Mr. Spokes of Gomersham, and is in

every respect a carefully drawn and creditable instrument. I will proceed to read it to you;" and so he commenced:

"In the name of God, Amen. I, Elizabeth Rennel, of Milford, in the county of —, widow, being feeble in body, but of a perfect disposing mind and memory, do make, ordain, substitute and appoint this my last will and testament in writing, in manner and form following —"

"Suppose," said Mr. Collop, interposing, "that as time is valuable, and legal phraseology confusing, you will explain to us in plain language what the will effects."

"As you wish it, and it will save time, so be it," said the lawyer. "I may remind you once more, that the will wasn't drawn at my office; but I am bound to remark, that it is an extremely well executed instrument. Well, our lamented friend has, I regret to say, made a very singular disposition of her property; there are no legacies, except a conditional one to myself; and the whole of the realty and personalty is settled on trustees, myself and others —"

Collop and Tom drew eagerly forward.

"On trustees — in trust, to invest the rents and profits — subject to necessary outlay for repairs and expenses of management — which are to accumulate until Herbert, the son of Thomas Rapley and Eliza his wife, shall attain the age of twenty-one years, when the whole of the corpus of the estate and its accumulations devolve upon him."

Tom drew a long breath. Well, his boy, at all events, would be a rich man by-and-by, and surely there would be sufficient allowance made to his parents.

"In the event," the lawyer went on to say, "of the said Herbert Rapley dying before he attains his majority, the estate devolves upon the eldest son of Charles Frewen (myself), provided he lives to the age of twenty-one years (my boy is just the age of yours, I think, Rapley); failing him, to the first of my sons who shall come of age. Should these contingencies all fail, then to the heir-at-law of her late husband. The will expressly forbids an allowance being made for the education or maintenance of the child Herbert, or of any of the other contingent remainderers. Testatrix declaring that she has no desire to relieve the parents of children of the duties they have voluntarily undertaken, or to bring up other people's offspring at her expense. Her object appears to have been to keep her memor-

alive and the property intact for a certain time, and then to make one rich man. It's a disappointing will, there's no doubt."

"Pray, sir," said Collop severely, "will you inform me the amount and conditions of your legacy?"

"It's a legacy of a hundred a year, under a secret trust to perform certain duties."

"What duties?"

"I said a secret trust," said Frewen, with a bland smile, "and I can't reveal it, except at the bidding of the Court of Chancery."

"I don't think the will can stand," said Collop.

"Surely you have no interest in disputing it, especially as, by one of its clauses, you are to be allowed a whole year to repay the advances made to you by deceased. However, we will talk that over together by-and-by. There are lengthy provisions here for the care of the estate. The house is to be shut up for eighteen years."

"Shut up!" echoed the company.

"Yes; the windows and doors are to be bricked up from the outside, leaving the rooms, and the furniture, and so on, in the same condition as at the time of her death. The windows inside are to be covered with iron plates, over which are to be placed large boards, screwed down with long screws, and sealed with the seals of the trustees. A respectable married couple are to live in the outbuildings at the back, which they are to occupy rent free, with an allowance of ten shillings a week, and the use of the garden, on condition of their attending carefully to the preservation of the fabric of the house and its inviolability. The pony is to be shot, the cat to be drowned, the poultry to be wrung by the neck, and all to be buried in the straw-yard. It's an eccentric will, no doubt, but there is no reason to doubt its perfect validity. There is one peculiarity about it: testatrix has carefully enumerated all her property, and bequeathed it accordingly, but she has made no disposition of the residue."

"Then to whom does that go?" cried Tom eagerly.

"Well, there isn't any, as it happens; so there is no use in discussing the question," said Frewen, with lawyer-like reluctance to give an opinion for nothing.

Tom looked puzzled; he didn't quite understand what Frewen meant.

"Well, gentlemen," said Sailor, "I own I felt a little bit remorseful, when I found as there was no legacy for me, and my

wife been her faithful servant for ever so many years; but I ain't going to make no more complaint. But for our friend Tom here, who's a gentleman at heart, as everybody says, and ought to have the property — why, I proposes, as we're all friends together, as you may say, and nobody injured, only children as oughtn't to be set to rob their parents, let us stick this leathery old document into the fire, and let Tom Rapley come into it all."

The lawyer laughed, and shook his head, and presently departed, with a rather ceremonious good-bye.

"Well?" said Lizzie, coming to meet her husband as he wearily entered the house.

Tom sank into a chair, and covered his face with his hands.

"Nothing?" said Lizzie.

"Not a penny," said Tom. "Everything goes to that young brat, but locked up so that nobody can touch it for near eighteen years." Tom looked enviously at his boy, who was playing on the kitchen floor, happily indifferent to the destiny in store for him.

"There, don't take on about it, dears," said Sailor, who had followed Tom into the house. "Things sometimes turns out well in the end. Why, when we was pretty nigh shipwrecked, a roun'ing of Cape Horn, when the waves —"

"O Sailor, this is worse than shipwreck, this," cried Lizzie. — "But, Tom, tell me all about the will, and what it says. And so Bertie is to be a rich man. — O Bertie, why can't you give up some of it to your poor father!"

"Cheer up, cheer up, my lass!" cried Sailor. "Why, look here! what I've saved out of the fire, and lain as still, too, in my pocket as though she'd heard the will, and know'd I was her friend. Here's the cat, ma'am, the old lady's black cat, as the old fiend willed was to be drowned; and I collared her as we was coming away, and popped into my pocket. She'll bring you luck, ma'am. Skim says as his missus' soul is gone into that old cat; but then I don't believe him; pussy 'ud be twice as spiteful as what she is. And whisper, ma'am: thinks I, perhaps if I takes the creature, it'll break the will! Don't you see?"

Tom shook his head. "It's too well drawn for that, Sailor," he said.

Sailor went out, and left Tom and his wife to themselves. Presently he came in again with further news. "My goodness!" he said, "Skim is in a rare taking. It seems as he'd heard from Collop about

the man as was to live rent-free in the back part of the house, and have ten shillings a week ; and he goes to Charley Frewen, the lawyer, to ask if he might be the man ; and Frewen he says not by no means, for a man must be married and respectable ; and, says he, I knows you ain't the one or the other."

"You didn't tell me about that !" cried Lizzie. "A respectable married man and his wife to live rent-free, and have ten shillings a week ! O Tom, if we could only get it ! Has Mr. Frewen gone ? No ; his chaise is here still ; he is just starting. There he stands with the whip in his hand. O Tom, I will go and ask him."

Lizzie ran out into the front, where Frewen was standing beside his chaise, talking to his servant about the horse.—Would she like to live in the old place, with her husband, and get the ten shillings a week ? Well, there wouldn't be any difficulty about it, if they really wished it ; but wasn't Mr. Rapley going back to his business again ?

Lizzie here tearfully explained, that Tom wasn't likely ever to be strong enough to go back to his business, and that they were now a burden to their aunt, who was old and poor, and couldn't keep them much longer. Frewen wasn't inaccessible to the sentiment of pity, at the sight of a handsome woman in distress ; and he spoke very kindly to her, promised her that they should have the house and the ten shillings a week ; and that, moreover, if Tom wrote a decent hand, and would get into the cramped lawyer-like style, he would give him some copying to do at home, by which he might earn fifteen shillings, or even a pound a week, if he stuck to it.

Lizzie was full of joy and gratitude. Here was a home secure, however humble, and livelihood for them all, if a bare one.

Frewen drove off with quite a warm feeling in a corner of his heart ; but he hadn't gone many yards before he stopped suddenly, and put his head out of the chaise.

"Oh, I forgot to tell your husband one thing," he said ; "perhaps you'll tell him. When Mr. Rennel bought the property, the manor of Milford was thrown in ; now, the old lady didn't dispose of that in her will. I don't think that Spokes, who drew the will, knew that there was a manor. But there is one, and as Tom is the heir-at-law, he is now the lord of it. The common is all enclosed, and the copyholds

are all enfranchised, and there isn't a penny to come from it ; but still there it is ; you tell your husband."

As Frewen said, the manor wasn't worth a sixpence ; and the only good Tom got out of it was the nickname of "Lord Tom," which the villagers bestowed upon him, in sad mockery of his present condition.

CHAPTER IV.

Men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes.

BISCOPHAM town lies in an oval, flat-bottomed vale like a dish, or the bed of some dried-up lake, a warm red town, nestling along the trough of the valley, among hop-gardens innumerable. In winter-time, it seems as though some army had encamped among its streets and lanes, and encompassed it about. Hop-poles everywhere, in conical stacks like huts. What would be a back-yard anywhere else, is here a loamy hop-garden, with its wigwams of poles, and a little kiln hard by. But that the churchyard was inclosed, and occupied long before the hops were a staple in this little town, depend upon it, the good people of Biscopham would have grown hops there too, and buried their dead on the tops of the houses, like the Fire-worshippers, or in cellars or catacombs, as the ancient Egyptians did.

In autumn-time the very air is loaded with the grateful sleepy fragrance of the hop, and the less grateful fumes, the choky hiccoughy fumes, of sulphur, and all the square pyramidal kilns are vomiting forth vapours from their cowed summits. To the little wooden station on the outskirts of the town, all kinds of wheeled vehicles are struggling with their burdens, from the huge high-piled wagon of the leviathan grower, with its team of fat satin-coated horses, to the rickety spring-cart, and dilapidated pony of the small burgher, laden with his one or two precious ewe lambs—all of the same stuff—round yellow hop-pockets, huge vegetable sausages, uncomfortably tight and plethoric, in their canvas skins. There are special trains for hops, and the stout railway porters grow thinner the season be well over, in rolling and hauling these overgrown cylinders from wagon to truck, and from truck to wagon.

By Christmas-time, the excitement is pretty well over, and people know whether they have won or lost ; whether they can lay down that pipe of wine, or give that grand dinner-party ; whether they can

have a month in London or Paris, or give George another half-year's schooling, or pay those long-standing, worrying tradesmen's bills, or float at all, indeed, and keep the head above water; whether it shall be a time of joy and gratulation, or a sad penitential season, to be spent wrapped up in the sacking of unpaid-for hop-pockets, grovelling in ashes from the unprofitable kiln.

It is now getting on towards Christmas, and, judging from the outward aspect of matters, the hop-season would seem to have been a bad one. Anyhow, the street is very quiet and dull this winter's night. There is a drizzling rain falling, the lighted shop-windows hardly serve to shew the dripping footway, and the black night overhead hovers over the town like a huge bird with outstretched wings. The clock strikes eight, and there is a general rattle and clatter all along the line; the shop-boys are banging the shutters up; there are no lagging customers to delay the process. Soon only the glowing red light over the chemist's shop, and the drowsy street lamps mistily shining through the fog, remain to scare the black vulture from his prey. Stay; there is one shop yet open, although it contributes little to the store of light—a shop with a long low-browed window, and deeply recessed narrow doorway, a very cavern of a place, over which is written in faded letters, hardly discernible—"JAMES COLLOP, Draper, Clothier, Undertaker, and General Outfitter—Funerals neatly furnished." Entering the cave, you see a light burning here and there, and a subdued glow from an inner recess; from the roof hang stalactites in the shape of corduroy trousers, white slops, leather gaiters, hobnailed boots, waistcoats with gleaming buttons of glass; and as soon as the eye becomes accustomed to the gloom, you discern a counter on each side, piled high with smocks and frocks, jerseys and pantaloons, and fixtures behind crammed with other various articles of rural habiliments. The smell is powerful of corduroys, kerseys, and other highly scented fabrics everywhere.

Making your way towards the faint glow at the other end of the shop, you come to a little counting-house or office, divided from it by a partition half wood and half glass. Here sits Collop among his books and invoices, at a battered mahogany table, full of the accumulated debris of years of patient trading—a nervous, anxious man, with sunken hollow cheek, compressed lips, and deeply wrin-

kled brow. The gas is turned low, for he is not writing; he is only sitting there brooding, in hazy profitless thought. He has a paper in his hand, at which he occasionally glances. It seems to be a rough statement of affairs, and an unsatisfactory statement too, as he shrinks away from it, holds it at arm's-length, and yet is obliged to glance at it ever and again. There is a letter, too, on the table, which also seems to contain a long statement of account. It is written in a round lawyer's-hand, and is signed "Charles Frewen."

The year of grace has expired: a year since Mrs. Rennel's death; a short year it has seemed, for days fly fast that are days of grace. Now, what is Mr. Collop to do? He has no hope of paying Mrs. Rennel's executor. There is no way that he can see except the way of bankruptcy and utter ruin, and this he fights against to the very last. He, a bankrupt, who has been so severe upon all other people's defaults! he who has been such a shining light among the peculiar sect to which he belonged!

Somehow, under these circumstances, the leading tenets of his belief did not comfort him as they might have done. If there were really a chance of everything coming to an end before to-morrow morning—such being a prominent article of belief—he need not trouble himself about these matters. But brought face to face with ugly, importunate fact, this belief of Collop's paled and dissolved into a shadow. Inexorable to-morrow morning—to-morrow morning, with all its load of troubles and anxiety, would dawn upon him sure enough, unless, indeed, he took the matter into his own hands, and put an end, so far as he was concerned, to all to-morrows from henceforth.

As he sat thus musing, he heard a footstep in the outer shop. The shopman had gone home, the boy was away on an errand. Collop rose, and looked through the glass screen. A man in a battered wideawake and white slop was peering curiously about.

"What can I serve you with?" cried Collop, putting his head out of the door.

"With a good many things, Mr. Collop," the man replied; "if you don't mind trusting me till to-morrow morning; ha, ha!"

"Oh! it's you, Skim," said Collop, frowning. "Well, what do you want?"

"Some few words with you, master."

"Come in here, and be sharp, for I'm busy."

Skim entered the counting-house, looking about him cautiously, and sat down in an awkward, stiff-jointed way. He had not improved in outward appearance; his face was more blurred than ever, his eyes duller and less human, the occasional gleam of ferocity that lighted them up of a more sinister kind.

"You ain't too busy to see me, governor," he said with a certain significance. "Times are uncommon hard with me," he went on in a kind of suggestive way.

"So they are with me," replied Collop. "As I have told you before, Skim, I can do no more for you."

"But you see it all come upon me at once, losing my house and my garden, and the money as you paid me, and everything."

"You have only yourself to thank for it, Skim. I paid you for doing a certain thing—and you didn't do it."

"'Twasn't my fault; the old woman was so cunning. Didn't I risk everything for you, master? But come, sir," said Skim, drawing his hand across his lips, a strange light breaking over his face, "let by-gones be by-gones. I believe you and I can do a good stroke of business yet."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, suppose we hark back a little way, master, and go to the time when the old woman died—in a fit, as we'll say. My! weren't she terrified, when she turns round and sees me standing ahind of her!"

Collop shuddered, and turned pale. "Don't speak of that again. I think I see her now, looking in upon us there—there, Skim!" he cried, leaping hastily to his feet, and putting him between the window and himself. "Skim, she's there!"

"Bother the man, what a fool he makes of himself," cried Skim, whose nerves seemed imperturbable. "Tain't here she walks about, man, but where she's buried her gold."

"What do you know about her gold?" cried Collop.

"Why, I know all about it, master. Don't you think I was took in by you. You didn't go and pay me seven and sixpence a week just to find out where the old lady put away a few dirty old papers. It was gold we were after, you and I; only the old lass out-manceuvred us. But I've got a scent of it now, master."

"How, Skim! Are you sure? Skim, hush! Let me be sure everything is quiet. Here, Skim; come over here, and sit beside me here by the fire; you

must be cold." Collop gave the dying cinders a vigorous poke or two with the hook that did duty for a poker, finally extinguishing the fire, and sending a shower of white ash about the room.

"Ah! I thought I should fetch you there, master," cried Skim, laughing, and rubbing his hands. "Never mind the fire, master, only it's dry work talking. I daresay you've got a bottle in the cupboard yonder!"

Collop went out into the shop, and brought out a bottle of gin, that was kept in a cupboard there, for the entertainment of good country customers. Skim tossed off a glass of this with relish, and then began his tale.

"A year ago this Christmas, master, you'll remember old Mother Rennel was found dead in her bed—in a fit, as they said—including the doctor—so there could be no mistake about that. Well as soon as ever old Charley Frewen came down and took possession of everything, I got notice to quit, and he wanted me to clear off immediate. But I knew the law just as well as he did, and says I: No, not afore my notice runs out, and that's next Saturday week. Now, you remember my telling you how we broke open a door-way as the old woman had stopped up?"

"No; you didn't tell me; certainly not," said Collop; "you never told me at the time. I didn't sanction it."

"No; but you put it into my head. I should never have found out about the door that was blocked up between my part of the house and hers, if you hadn't told me. But anyhow, there it was, so as I could prowl about inside there whenever I liked. But, to tell you the truth, master, I was frightened to go in there after she died—there was such strange noises, and there was chaps up and down, night and day. It was't till the very day as my time was up, and Frewen came driving over, and says he: Now, man, why aren't you cleared out? and says I: Not to-night, master; for I knew he could do nothing, and I wanted to have a bit of fun with him. So says he: Very well, I'll have you out by a policeman, first thing on Monday morning. All right, says I. And then I see him drive off, as I thinks, home. Well, says I to myself, I'll have a look round for the last time, and see if everything looks decent and respectable; and up I goes into the bedroom, and opens my little door into the old house, and prowls along quietly. The chap as was looking after the things had gone

off to the *Royal Oak*. I'd watched him out; and I was strolling about with my hands in my pockets, as unconcerned as you please, when I come to the parlour-door, and lo and behold, there was a light there — shining underneath !”

“Yes; go on!” cried Collop, shivering all over.

“My heart turned round in my mouth; and almost afore I could jump behind the kitchen-door, the handle of the parlour lock was turned, and out walks Charley Frewen. It's lucky for him he didn't see me, else, perhaps, he'd a got a nip he'd not have liked; but he walks straight out at the front-door, and leaves it open, as if he'd gone out for a bit of fresh air, like. Thinks I, I'll know what you're after, and I pops into the sitting-room. Well, I didn't wonder as he wanted a mouthful of air, for the room was full of a nasty, sweet, sickly sort of a smell, notwithstanding as the window was wide open, and a fire burning too. There was a kettle on the fire, and thinks I, Charley's having his 'lowance, for there was a jug on the table full of hot water. But no; that wasn't his game at all. There was a letter lying there open, the wax just melted, and it was in the old woman's writing too; and there lay her gold seal, all ready to seal it up with again. And there were pen, ink, and paper, and a bit of Frewen's writing; and I look at one and another, and I see that what Frewen wrote was the same as what Mrs. Renel wrote —”

“A copy of her letter, in fact,” suggested Collop.

“That's it, master. Well, just then it happened, luckily for me, that a gust of wind come in through the window, and blows out the candles, and scatters the papers about the floor; but not the paper he wrote, which I holds in my hand, and so I runs off quick, and hides in the kitchen again; and I hears Frewen come in, and grope about for a light, and muttering and mumbling when he found all his papers blown about, and more still, when he couldn't find that letter he'd wrote. Well, after he'd looked high and low, he takes it into his head that it's blown out of the window, and he goes out there with a candle, and gropes about here and there, while I lay hidden, laughing at him. But I shouldn't have laughed so much, if I'd known what a dance I should have, all along of that letter. Here it is, sir.”

Collop took the paper, and read it care-

fully. “Well,” he said, “it confirms what I always knew.”

“But what do you make of it? Don't it say that that 'ere treasure lies under the bed of herbs? I read it so, certainly. I went to work, and dug and trenched all over the garden; for there was hardly an inch of it where there wasn't mint, or thyme, or some sort of a herb agrowin.”

“And you found nothing?”

“Nothing but a few oyster-shells and a rusty ha'penny. Such a beautiful lot of carrots too, as Tom Rapley got out of that garden, and all out of my digging, as you may say.”

“What brings you to me, then?”

“Why, you see, master, though I've had education enough to read and write, I ain't the knowledgeableness that you have. You're up to all sorts of games, and can turn things inside out. You'll know what is to be done. And now, master, I want a bit of money.”

There was a long dispute over this, but eventually Skim obtained a trifling advance, and departed, apparently well satisfied.

CHAPTER V.

But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

One would hardly have recognized Tom Rapley, the smart shopman, in the dejected-looking, somewhat slipshod man who occupied the back part of the old house at Milford. His thin whiskers had given place to a long thick beard, and his mouth was covered by a heavy moustache, that gave a somewhat melancholy and fierce expression to a face that had formerly been bland and good-tempered. He was pale, too, and his eyes were sunken and dim, as of one who had been living in the shade. In the shade, he had been living, both literally and metaphorically, ever since his aunt's death.

Milford Manor faced south-west, and the front parlour and the kitchen had been bright, pleasant rooms, getting plenty of sunshine and warmth; but the outbuilding in which Tom and his wife lived was, as you will remember, in the back part of the house, and had a north-easterly aspect; so that, except in early morning, they were in the shadow all day long, and the place felt cold and vault-like, whenever you entered it. Tom's premises consisted of the back-kitchen, a wash-house or scullery, and a bedroom above, which looked upon a narrow-

paved yard. At one end of this, was a wood-shed and coal-house; in the middle, a draw-well with windlass and bucket; the brick pathway that ran along the side of the house, debouched upon the yard at the other end. In front, a thick privet hedge reared itself, a great receptacle for slugs and snails, whose nightly wanderings were unmistakably traceable upon the brick pavement of the yard. At the other side of the private hedge was the garden; at this end, planted thick with raspberry and gooseberry bushes; the rest of it devoted to potatoes, cabbages, and onions, and such-like homely products. A narrow strip along the edges of the gravel-paths was ornamented with flowers—marigolds and peonies, straggling beds of white “pinks,” sweet-williams, and London-pride. There was an orchard beyond, but that was let to a fruiterer at Biscopham, and the gate rigorously secured.

Considering all things, Tom Rapley might think himself fortunate in securing such a haven from the storm in which he had barely escaped shipwreck. He had ten shillings a week for looking after the house, a residence rent-free, the produce of the garden; besides this, he earned ten, or sometimes fifteen shillings a week by copying for Mr. Frewen. His wife, too, added to their means by taking in sewing, earning a precarious shilling or two with much toil and painstaking.

Still it was a dull and leaden life. The shadow of the shut-up house seemed to darken their lives. Regrets and vain, unsatisfactory longings for a bright, more varied existence; a sense of injury and exclusion; so that the daily contemplation of unused, hoarded-up means, which might have been theirs to enjoy, ever renewed in their minds, tainted their lives, and blinded them to the advantages they possessed. Their boy, too, whose future prospects so glaringly contrasted with their present position, did not thrive kindly in the new home. He felt the want of sunshine and cheerfulness, and grew up rather pale and weedy. The village doctor had recommended sea-bathing for him in the summer, and Tom had asked Mr. Frewen if he would advance ten pounds to give the young heir a chance of gaining strength among the breezes and sunshine of the coast; but Frewen had refused. There were no funds available, he said; and in justice to his own family, he couldn't lend the money out of his own pocket. Frewen was not

a hard-hearted man, but he never lost sight of the paramount importance of his own interests; and he could not forget that Rapley's boy stood in the way of his own children. He would take no unfair advantage, but neither would he throw away any of the advantages he possessed. It was no business of his to look after the health of young Rapley; there was nothing of the sort enjoined upon him by the instrument under which he acted. That his own lad had a better chance of attaining to manhood, from the greater care and attention that his father's means insured him, was one of those favourable conditions that Providence had bestowed on the Frewens, of which he would be foolish to refuse to avail himself.

Thus, Christmas came round again, the first Christmas the Rapleys had spent at their new home—a soaking wet, clammy, uncomfortable season. Young Bertie, pale and thin, and with a hard shrill cough, had gone to spend a week with Aunt Booth. There was generally a good fire there, for the sake of the visitors, and there the boy would sit all day long with a picture-book on his lap, and note the changing faces about him, with shrewd precocious intelligence. It was anything but a merry Christmas for the Rapleys. An event had come upon them, not unexpectedly, indeed, but scarcely welcome—one of those events that are so often the subject of facetious raillery, but that are anything but comedy to the poor sufferer. However, there was one great comfort; it was over. Mrs. Rapley was getting on very nicely, and the baby, healthy and vociferous, was the pride and plague of poor Tom's existence. They had been very much cramped for room, of course, during these recent troubles. Tom had stretched some boards over the sink, to make a couch for himself, and Bertie had been put to bed on one of the kitchen shelves.

All this time, the roomy, comfortable house adjacent, with its once sunny chambers, and broad passages, was lying dark, silent, and useless, alongside them.

Tom Rapley sat by a small chilly fire in the kitchen, watching a saucepan of gruel, that was trying to warm itself into a simmer. He had just dined, on a small piece of boiled beef that was very hard and stringy, and a suet pudding, with plums in it few and far between. Every body was holiday-making now, Tom thought with a sigh, visiting relations and friends, drinking sherry wine and port, mixing punch, roasting chestnuts, and

generally going on gloriously. But Tom had not even a holiday; for a lot of manuscript lay on the little round table beside him, some copying that Frewen wanted done in a hurry, Christmas or no Christmas. It had become quite dark all of a sudden; a thick gloom was in the sky, betokening a heavy fall of something, rain or snow, and Tom could work no more without lighting a candle. He had half a mind to smoke a pipe, but hardly felt festive enough to manage it. Then he heard a rap, rapping on the ceiling above him, which meant that his wife was knocking on the floor, and wanted to see him. Tom waited to stir up the gruel, and see if it was ready for use; but another more impatient rap-a-tapping on the floor above informed him that Mrs. Rapley did not wish to attend his leisure.

"You'll spoil your eyes, Tom, if you go on working by this light," said Lizzie; "and then, what will become of us? You had much better go for a nice brisk walk. You may go as far as the *Royal Oak*, if you like, and see how Bertie is getting on."

Tom went out. The snow was falling quickly and silently, laying a thin silvery coating on everything. All the objects about loomed strangely in the snow-laden air: the old barn looked like a distant mountain; the hedge on the other side of the road, a gloomy, impenetrable wall. He turned up the collar of his coat, pulled his hat over his eyes, and started briskly away — not towards the *Royal Oak*, however; he had no money to spend there, and was too proud to be treated — but along the Biscopham road. His footsteps fell silently on the well-padded track. In the silence and stillness and enwrapping gloom, all things around seemed alike vague and unsubstantial — himself a shadow among shades.

Presently, he heard behind him a muffled sound, which he made out to be the beat of hoofs. A vehicle silently passed him, also ghost-like. It was the carrier's cart. Sheppard the carrier had been to dine with his daughter in the village, and was now going home in his own vehicle. He had picked up somebody on the road too, for a conversation was going on, that sounded with startling distinctness in the quiescent air.

"Old Patch, he be gone at last, then," said a mellow, leisurely, country voice out of the cart — the voice of Sheppard the carrier, no doubt.

"Ah, to be sure. Well, he didn't ought

to complain. I expect he died pretty well off."

"That he did, you may be sure. Why, as I tell you, he'd been the 'sistant overseer for thirty years, and he'd seventy pounds a year all that time.— How much does that come to, Sally?" cried the speaker, appealing to some one in the interior of the wagon.

"Two thousand one hundred pounds," said a treble voice, with a promptness that spoke well for the arithmetical training of the national school of the period.

"Think of that! Why, call it two thousand," said the speaker liberally. "There's a deal of money — and the interest on it too."

"Ah, yes," said the voice of Sheppard; "but there's a deal to be drawn back out of that. Tom had thirteen children, and he brought 'em all up and educated 'em respectable; then he bought the cottage as he lives in; and there was stationary, and pens, and ink to come out of it, as well as meat and drink. Oh, I expect he were comfortably off when he died, but nothing more."

The voices were lost in the mist; but all of a sudden the thought occurred to Tom: "Why, if old Patch be dead, shouldn't I have his place?" He had no hope of emulating the old man, and laying by a fortune out of his salary, but it would be a very comfortable subsistence for him. The idea put new life and vigour into him.

Now, Frewen was a great man in these matters; he was clerk to the guardians; he was all in all with the local vestries: if Tom could secure Frewen's interest, he would be safe. But there was no time to be lost, for there would be many candidates, and if Frewen promised himself to any one of them, Tom's chance would be gone. He would walk on to Biscopham at once, and ask Frewen for his support this very night. A little before, he had thought with something like a shudder of the risk of crossing Thornton Common, which was on the way to Biscopham, this snowy evening, but all fear of such a peril had now left him; he dwelt only on the danger of being too late for the appointment he had the chance of getting.

He pushed briskly on, singing to himself as he walked. For a mile or two, the way was through an enclosed country, with hedgerows on each side, and every now and then a cottage, farmstead, or the lodge of some mansion. Beyond that, the road led across the common: it was

a good track, with a deep ditch on each side, and under ordinary circumstances it would be impossible to lose one's self in crossing; but in a heavy snowstorm it is dangerous to travel by night along any road that is not inclosed by hedges or walls.

There was enough daylight, however, left in the sky to shew Tom his way across, and by-and-by he came among the hedges once more, and thought himself nearly at Biscopham. But it seemed a long time before the first gas-lamp shone nebulously in the gloom, and he felt the pavement of the outskirts of the town firm under his tread. The streets were quite deserted; but cheerful lights shining from windows, and the occasional rattle of a piano, or a gust of harmony from within, told that the worthy burgesses of the town were duly celebrating their Christmas revels.

Frewen lived in the centre of the town, in a handsome, warm-looking, red brick house. The windows were all alight, and the forecourt of the house shewed numerous tracks of wheels in the freshly fallen snow. Tom felt a little nervous now; Mr. Frewen had a dinner-party, no doubt, and might be angry at being disturbed. But he could not go back without seeing him, after coming all this distance.

A servant opened the door, in whom Tom was glad to recognize a Milford man. He could not disturb his master now, he said, for dinner was hardly over; but by-and-by, when the ladies had gone up to the drawing-room, he'd tell Mr. Frewen. In the meantime, Tom might sit down in the hall, if he'd shake the snow off before he came in. Tom sat down, with his back to the wall, on a wooden chair with an upright back; he was tired, and glad of the rest; and presently the door opposite him was thrown open, and, with a great burst of talk and laughter, a dozen or more gaily dressed ladies came clattering out into the hall, and up the broad staircase at the other end. What a different world it was, Tom thought, for the rich and the poor! Tom sitting there hungry, shabby, forlorn, gazing at that long well-furnished table, glittering with crystal, gay with flowers and fruits from the four quarters of the globe! What a contrast between that and the scantily furnished deal-table in the back-kitchen at Milford! And then Tom thought a little bitterly of how, if his aunt had taken him up as she might have done, he might have been sitting in a black coat and white neck-tie at that very table, with his carriage at hand

to whisk him home by-and-by. It would have seemed all right to him, in that case no doubt; he would not have troubled himself much about the inequalities of society then; but he did feel it very strongly at that moment. Ah! even if his aunt had left him that hundred pounds a year, which had seemed a flea-bite to Frewen, no doubt, what a difference it would have made to him!

"Master says you're to go into the housekeeper's room, and have something to eat and drink, and he'll see you by-and-by," whispered the servant; and presently Tom was sitting opposite a noble joint of cold beef, with some mince-pies and a slice of Christmas pudding in the background, and a tankard of strong ale beside his plate. It was very hospitable and kind of Mr. Frewen; but it was getting dreadfully late. What would poor Lizzie think, left all alone this night, and not knowing what had become of him! The matter was too important, however, for such considerations to weigh with him. If he carried home to his wife the assurance of his being in a fair way to earn a decent living, that would be ample compensation for any uneasiness he might have caused her.

It was just striking nine, when Frewen, on his way to the drawing-room, found himself at liberty to speak to Tom. Tom told him of the vacant appointment, and Frewen was very well disposed to help him to secure it. "It rests with the overseers and the vestry; and you must canvass your neighbours, and make all the friends you can in the village; but if no good word can serve you, you shall have it." Then Tom asked him if he'd write him a letter of recommendation. Frewen consented; and dashed off a letter, which he shewed to Tom, in which he spoke of him in very handsome terms.

Tom bounded off the hall-steps into the snow, with his letter buttoned up in his breast-pocket, so full of exultation as to feel quite young and strong again. No doubt Frewen had taken him up, there would be no doubt of his success. Frewen had the parish of Milford in his pocket, you might say. Tom felt quite sure of the post already. He would be home by midnight, with a joyous bundle of news for poor Lizzie. And thus, of happy thoughts, he disappeared in the great world of snow, outside the walled snug town.

When he reached Thornton Comm, he realized, for the first time in his life, what it was to be abroad in perfect da

ness, with a heavy snow falling. The thick, incessant flakes beating against his face, almost took away his breath; each step he made with difficulty—and he had miles and miles before him. He struggled on gamely for a while, but presently he was overcome with intolerable fatigue and drowsiness. Then he felt that he was treading in water, and came to a stand, finding himself up to the ankles in some pond. There was no pond near the road, Tom knew, and then came the bitter conviction that he had strayed from the road, and was lost on Thornton Common. He had lost all idea of direction; he was helpless, and utterly lost. He found his way to terra firma, and wandered blindly about, till he sank into a snow-drift, through which he hadn't the heart to drag himself. Terror and grief were all over now, a sleepy weakness had swallowed up all other sensations. With a feeling of thankfulness almost, and sleepy relief, he abandoned himself to a fatal torpor—to the sleep that knows no waking.

Tom hadn't been gone long, before Sailor looked in at Back Milford's, as somebody had named the Rapleys' mansion. Finding nobody at home down below, he thumped on the floor; and Mrs. Rapley called to him from her room, saying that Tom had gone as far as the *Royal Oak*. Sailor therefore went in that direction, not sorry of an excuse for having a chat with Mrs. Booth. But, of course, Tom wasn't there. Young Bertie was—sitting by the fire with his picture-book.

"There he is, bless him! the young prince, as 'll be the master of his thousands and thousands when he grows up. And what'll you give old Sailor when you come into your property, my fine young chap?"

"Sailor have a big ship, and Sailor be captain."

"We shall all be in our graves long before then," said Widow Booth in a tone that gave Sailor no encouragement to stay; and he went back to his cottage rather disconsolately. His hearth was cold this Christmas night, and he looked blankly around at the orderly, chilly room. He put his candle on the little round table, took out his pipe, and putting a pinch of tobacco on the top of the extinguished remnant in the bowl, lighted it, and began to puff vigorously away.

But he didn't feel at all easy and comfortable in his mind. Sailor was very fond of the Rapleys, especially of Mrs. Rapley and her son. He was never tired

of making things for Bertie; and the attachment between the boy and the sailor was warm and reciprocal. Bertie's pale face and wistful precocious expression had struck him with uneasiness and fear. He couldn't bear the thought that perhaps the boy wouldn't live long. After he had rested a while, he made up his mind to go once more to Back Milford's, and see if Tom had come home, and talk to him about the boy. He was always a little nervous at approaching Milford by night; there were such queer tales about the place, and Sailor himself had seen sights there which had not tended to reassure him. Consequently, when, on nearing the house, he saw a light flitting about the empty straw-yard, and then shining in the old deserted barn, he felt a strong thrill of superstitious terror. He was not, however, a timid man, and after mastering his first inclination to turn tail and hurry home as fast as possible, he made up his mind to investigate the cause of this remarkable light. Crossing the old straw-yard, he cautiously approached the barn, and feeling his way to the small side-door at the farther end, he peeped cautiously in, through a hole in the wood-work.

A lamp was burning dimly in one corner of the barn, and several figures—more than one, at all events—were flitting to and fro in its light. There was a subdued muffled sound, as of knocking or digging with a pickaxe. Presently, this ceased and the light disappeared. Sailor now came to the conclusion, that probably there were tramps encamped here for the night. Curiosity, however, overcame prudence, and opening the side-door of the barn, he crept quietly and cautiously to the farther end. He could see nothing, except that several of the boards of the floor had been removed, and there was a dark chasm in the floor of the barn several feet below him. As he watched, however, a light shone out again, and Sailor noticed that it proceeded from a subterranean archway that, only a few feet in height, had hitherto been concealed by the boarded floor. Then Sailor bethought him of the old stories of the secret passages leading away from Milford Manor, and of the priest who had been starved to death in one of them, whilst in hiding; and he felt terribly frightened for a moment, lest he should be on the point of beholding some dreadful apparition. Looking hurriedly about him for a place of concealment, he saw hanging up against the wall a bundle of

old sacking that had once done duty for the lining of hop-bins, and he concealed himself behind this. Soon he heard a scuffling, scrambling, kind of noise, as of people crawling on hands and knees ; then two men emerged through the low archway. No grisly phantoms these, but two men plainly enough to be seen in flesh and blood. One, he knew, was Skim ; and the other, he thought to be Collop, the shop-keeper of Biscopham.

Skim put down his lamp upon the floor whilst he proceeded carefully to replace the boards. "Now we shall work it, master, I think," he said, wiping his forehead with the palm of his hand.

"I don't know," said Collop, gloomily ; "it seems to me we are as far off as ever."

"Come, we know it must be there somewhere ; and we can get at the place whenever we like ; all thanks to me, finding out this here hole. To think of the old black cat shewing of it me ! She shan't shew it no other body, though ; just let me get hold of her, that's all. She shan't escape me next time, I'll bet a penny. Look at the nasty thing, how she scratched me. I'll break her back for her. I'll give her just such another nip as I give ——"

"Hush, hush !" cried Collop : "how do you know who may be listening to your wild talk !"

"If there was anybody here, I'd pretty soon settle him !" cried Skim.

After that, Sailor was glad to see them file off towards the door ; and when they had passed out, he followed at a respectful distance. It seemed that a dog-cart was waiting a little way up the lane, and the two men diverged to reach it. Sailor took advantage of this to regain the high-road. The snow was still falling fast, obliterating all existing tracks. Sailor thought for a moment : he was intensely curious, and anxious to assure himself that it really was Collop he had seen. If it were Collop, he would presently be driving home to Biscopham. Sailor made up his mind to follow that road for a little while, and wait till the dog-cart overtook him. Then he would stop it, and ask the supposed Collop to give him a lift to Biscopham. If the man refused, he would still have the opportunity of identifying him thoroughly. If he consented — well, it was pension-day to-morrow, and he knew an old comrade who kept a little tavern in the town, who would swing a hammock for him gladly. Sailor trudged away along the Biscopham road ; and presently, as he expected, he heard the

rattle of wheels behind him, and he shouted loudly to the advancing vehicle to stop.

"What's the matter ?" cried Collop — who was alone in the dog-cart — rein in suddenly, and peering over the splash-board into the dark snow-flecked night.

"Can you give a poor old sailor a lift to Biscopham, as is going there to dra his pension to-morrow ?"

Collop recognized the man as a respectable villager, and was not averse to company that dark snowy night.

"Yes, you can jump up," he said.

It was late at night, and Mrs. Rapley was lying awake, wondering what had become of Tom. When he went out for his walk, she had expected him back in an hour or so ; but as time went on, she became, first impatient, then uneasy, and after that, seriously alarmed. Up to midnight, there was a possibility that he might be staying at the *Royal Oak*. It was quite unlike Tom to stay out so late, but there was possibly some merry-making there, into which he had been drawn. But, when the solemn bell from the church-tower tolled out the hour of twelve and nobody came, Mrs. Rapley grew more and more terrified. She was all alone. The old woman who acted as nurse had gone home for the night, and there was nobody in the house but herself and her helpless, unconscious infant.

A single rushlight was burning in the room, throwing perplexing shadows on familiar things. There was an awful stillness and silence everywhere, only broken by the ticking of the clock down the stairs. Sometimes there would be a loud crack upon the stairs, as though a person were stealthily ascending them. Sometimes there would be a violent commotion in the next house, and flesh would creep for a moment, till she assured herself that it was only a rush of rats that had caused the disturbance.

After all, her fears were groundless. Tom was coming home ; she distinctly heard footsteps. She sat up, and listened greedily. Yes, surely he was coming ! But the footsteps died away. It was not Tom ; she would have heard stamping and scraping his feet at the door. This was some stealthy footfall, some truculent midnight prowler, perhaps, one of the hideous band of wandering ruffianhood, for whom the law provides a nightly shelter and repose where they may choose to roam. At any moment she might see some lowering

debased by crime and vice, staring in upon her, lying there helpless.

Then a new terror seized her, for she distinctly heard strange sounds in the old house—footsteps wandering here and there, and the noise of spade or pick. It must be Aunt Betsy, Lizzie said to herself, wandering about, looking for her money; Aunt Betsy, who had been so hard and cruel to them when alive.

Again the footsteps seem to be approaching; there was somebody in the very next room! Lizzie cried out in the extremity of her terror; perspiration stood in heavy beads upon her face. She tried to pray; she tried to think of some appropriate efficacious prayer, but she could only cry out in terror and agony: "Heaven, send home my Tom."

Then there came a tremendous crash. Something had burst through the partition into the room—some black object with fiery eyes: the candle was overthrown, and everything left in darkness. Lizzie gave a wild despairing cry, and sank back fainting on the bed.

When she came to herself, a dull morning glow was lighting up the window. Baby, deprived so long of her natural food, was screaming dreadfully. The black cat was lying on the bed, blinking angrily at the crying child. There was a great hole visible in the partition opposite, that shewed that her fears had not been groundless. Daylight was here, however, and all horrific forms had disappeared before its cheerful gleam. Morning was here, cold, chill morning; the snow piled high against the window, the glare of it shining on the ceiling—snow everywhere, in great white wreaths, and piled-up drifts. And Tom had been out in it all night! Would he ever more come home?

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE CONVENT OF SAN MARCO.

II. — THE FRATE.

"WHAT is the use of the cloister in the midst of society," says Padre Marchese (himself a Frate Predicatore of San Marco), "if it is not a focus and centre of morality and religion, diffusing and planting deeply in the hearts of the people ideas of honesty, justice, and virtue, in order to temper and hold in balance the brutal force of the passions, which threaten continually to absorb all the

thoughts and affections of men? In this brief description of the monastic life is summed up the life of Sant' Antonino and of his disciples. The saintly Costanzo da Fabriano, and Fathers Santi Schialtesi and Girolamo-Lapaccini, with a chosen band of students, went through the cities, towns, and villages of Tuscany, or wherever necessity called them, extinguishing party strife, instructing the people, and bringing back the lost into the path of virtue. Sant' Antonino used his ability and wonderful charity in encouraging the best studies, aiding in the reform of the clergy, and giving a helping-hand to all the charitable works which were rendered necessary by the distresses of those unhappy times. And since the people of Florence took great delight in the arts, and were in the habit of drawing comfort and pleasure from them, the blessed Giovanni Angelico undertook the noble office of making those very arts ministers of religious and moral perfection; educating a school of painters, pure, heavenly-minded, and toned to that high sublime, which raises man from the mud of this world and makes him in love with heaven." Such is the affectionate description given by a son of the convent of its first inhabitants. And his praise scarcely seems too liberal, either of the pure-minded and gentle painter, or of the loftier figure of the Archbishop, his friend and brother in the community, who was, as the story goes, preferred to his high office by Angelico's modest recommendation. Antonino was a man accustomed to influence and rule men, and his position was of much more note in the eyes of the world, no doubt, than that of the humble painter, or would have been so in any community less penetrated with the love of Art than Florence. We cannot pass over his name without notice, notwithstanding that a greater awaits us a few years further on in the history. The story of Antonino's life and works and miracles—those prodigies which procured him his canonization, as well as many fully authenticated acts of loving-kindness which might well entitle him to rank among those whom their fellow-men called Blessed—are painted under the arches of the cloister of San Marco, I do not say with supreme skill, or with any lingering grace of Angelico's art, but clear enough to give an additional reality to the history of the man. Among those frescoes, indeed, is one poor picture, which has a historical interest much above its value in point of art—a picture

in which the Archbishop is represented as entering (barefooted, as it is said he did, in humility and protest against the honour which he could not escape) in solemn procession at the great west door of the Cathedral for his consecration. The façade, now a mass of unsightly plaster, as it has been for generations, here appears to us decorated half-way up with the graceful canopy work of Giotto's design, showing at least the beginning which had been made in carrying out that original plan, and its artistic effect. This makes the picture interesting in point of art; but it has still another interest which probably will strike the spectator more than even this reminiscence of the destroyed façade, or the picture of good Sant' Antonino *affabé* with the gorgeous vestments appropriate to the occasion. In the foreground of the crowd which looks on at the procession, stands a tall figure in the Dominican habit, with the cowl as usual half covering his head, and his marked and powerful, but not handsome features standing out with all the reality of a portrait against the vague background. To be sure it is an anachronism to introduce Savonarola, for Archbishop Antonino was dead long years before his great successor came to Florence; but painters in those days were not limited by vulgar bonds of accuracy in point of date.

Antonino was not, so far as the evidence shows, a man of genius like his friend the painter, or like that later Prior of San Marco whose name is forever associated with the place. But he possessed that noble inspiration of charity which perhaps more than any other makes the name of a churchman dear to the race among which he lives. The sagacious, shrewd, and kindly face which looks at us, still, with an almost humorous observation, in the bust which remains in the convent, would scarcely perhaps suggest to the spectator the tender depths of loving-kindness which must have been in the man. In Florence, with its perpetual succession of governments, its continually varying ascendancy, now of one party, now of another, the community was exposed to still greater vicissitudes of fortune than are the inhabitants of our commercial towns, who have to bear all the caprices of trade. Those who one day had power and office and the ways of making wealth in their hands, were subject on the next to ruinous fines, imprisonments, exile, descent from the highest to the lowest grade. After Cosmo de'

Medici had returned from the banishment which his rivals had procured, he treated those rivals and their party in the ordinary way, degrading many of their adherents from their position as *grandi* or nobles, and spreading havoc among all the opposing faction who held by the Albizzi against the Medici. The result was, as may be easily supposed, a large amount of private misery proudly borne and carefully concealed, that poverty of the gentle and proud which is of all others the most terrible. I have said that probably Antonino was not a man of genius at all; but I revoke the words, for what but the essence of Christian genius, fine instinct, tender penetration, could have first thought of the necessity of ministering to *i poveri vergognosi*, the shamefaced poor? Florence had misery enough of all kinds within her mediæval bosom, but none more dismal than that which lurked unseen within some of those gaunt, great houses, where the gently born and delicately bred, starved, yet were ashamed to beg — each house bringing down with it in its fall, through all the various grades of rank which existed in the aristocratic republic, other households who could die but could not ask charity. The kind monk in his cell, separated from the world as we say, and having the misery of his fellow-creatures in no way forced upon his observation, divined this sacredest want that uttered no groan, and in his wise soul found out the means of aiding it. He sent for twelve of the best men of Florence, men of all classes — shoemakers among them, woolspinners, members of all the different crafts — and told them the subject of his thoughts. He described to them "to the life," as Padre Marchese tells us, the condition of the fallen families, the danger under which they lay of being turned to suicide or to wickedness by despair, and the necessity of bringing help to their hidden misery. The twelve, touched to the heart by this picture, offered themselves willingly as his assistants; and thus arose an institution which still exists and flourishes, a charitable society which has outlived many a benevolent scheme and given the first impulse to many more. Antonino called his charitable band *Provveditori dei poveri vergognosi*, but the people, always ready to perceive and appreciate a great work of charity conferred a popular title more honest and natural, and called those messengers of kindness the *Buonumini de San Martino* — the little homely church

St. Martin, the church in which Dante was married, and within sight of which he was born, being the headquarters of the new brotherhood. On the outside wall of this humble little place may still be seen the box for subscriptions, with its legend, which the Good Men of St. Martin put up at the beginning of their enterprise, a touching token of their long existence. The nearest parallel I know to this work is to be found in the plan which Dr. Chalmers so royally inaugurated in the great town of Glasgow, abolishing all legal relief in his parish, and providing for its wants entirely by voluntary neighbourly charity, and the work of Buonomini, like those of St. Martin — one of the most magnificent experiments made in modern times, but unfortunately, like a song or a poem, ending with the genius which inspired and produced it. It is curious to think that the Scotch minister of the nineteenth century was but repeating the idea of the Dominican monk in the fifteenth. We are in the habit of thinking a great deal of ourselves and our charities, and of ranking them much more highly than the works of other nations; but it is nevertheless a fact, that while Dr. Chalmers' splendid essay at Christian legislation died out in less than a generation and was totally dependent upon one man's influence, Prior Antonino's institution has survived the wear and tear of four hundred years.

There is another institution still in Florence to which Prior Antonino's initiation was of the greatest importance. Every visitor of Florence must have noticed the beautiful little building at the corner of the piazza which surrounds the Baptistery — which is called the Bigallo. This house had been the headquarters of an older society specially devoted to the care of orphan children and foundlings, which had been diverted — perverted — into an orthodox band of persecutors for the suppression of the heresy of the Paterini by another Dominican, St. Peter Martyr, a gory and terrible saint, whose bleeding head appears perpetually in the art records of the Order. Antonino was not of the persecuting kind, and perhaps the Paterini, poor souls, had been extirpated and got rid of. However that may be, the gentle Prior got the captains of the Bigallo also within the range of his tender inspiration. He sheathed their swords, and calmed down their zeal, and turned them back to their legitimate work; and within the charmed circle which holds the Baptistery, the Campa-

nile, and the Cathedral, standing where Dante must have seen it many a day from the stone bench whence he watched the Duomo, the Bigallo carries on its work of charity, bringing up orphans, and receiving destitute children. Under the lovely little loggia, than which there are few things more beautiful in all the beautiful city, it was the custom to put lost children whom the officers of the society had found about the streets to be recognized by their parents, a fact which suggests many a pretty and touching scene.

In the year 1446, the Prior of San Marco (specially by the recommendation, as has been already told, of the Angelical painter) was made Archbishop of Florence, an honour which he is said neither to have sought nor wished, but which filled the city with rejoicing. Of all the good things he did in this office we have not space enough to tell; but one or two special incidents must be recorded. A few years after his consecration, in the years 1448 and 1449, one of those great Plagues which terrified the mediæval mind, and of which we have so many terrible records, came upon Florence, and what Boccaccio recorded a century before became again visible in the stricken city. Almost all who could leave the town fled from it, and the miserable masses smitten by the pestilence died without hope and almost without help. But we need not add, that the Archbishop was not one of the deserters. He gathered round him some "young men of his institution," Padre Marchese tells us, and bravely set himself to the work of charity. He himself went about the miserable streets leading an ass, or mule, laden with everything that charity required — food and wine and medicine, and that sacramental symbol of God which was the best charity of all — *necessariis ad salutem animæ et corporis*, as an ancient writer testifies. At a later period, when Florence was afflicted with a plague of another kind, this noble old man came to its rescue in a way still more original and unlike his age. The people, ignorant and superstitious as they were, had been deeply terrified by some unusual convulsion of the elements, the appearance of a comet for one thing, which was followed by earthquakes, terrific storms, and many signs and wonders very alarming to the popular mind. Besides these natural terrors, they were excited by foolish addresses, prophecies of the approaching end of the world, and exhortations to fly and hide themselves among the caves and mountains, like the

lost in the Apocalypse. The Archbishop was not before his age in scientific knowledge; but he instantly published a little treatise, explaining as well as he could the nature of the commotions that frightened the ignorant, "according to the doctrine of Aristotle, and the blessed Albertus Magnus." It was poor science enough, the historian allows, but yet as good as could be had at the time; and the authority of the Archbishop calmed the minds of the people. The reader will find, if he wishes, in the legend of Sant' Antonino, and in the pictorial story of his life which may be seen in the lunettes of the cloister of San Marco, a great number of incidents purely miraculous; but Padre Marchese does not enter into these pious fancies. He finds enough to vindicate the saintship of his Archbishop in the honest and undeniable work for God and man which he did in his generation; and so indeed do I. There is but one incident in this noble and simple record in which the good Antonino was a little hard upon nature. The garden attached to the Archbishop's palace was a beautiful and dainty one, in which former prelates had taken great delight, refreshing their dignified leisure in its glades. But an Archbishop who takes his exercise in the streets, leading a panniered mule laden with charities, has less need, perhaps, of trim terraces on which to saunter. Archbishop Antonino had the flowers dug up, and planted roots and vegetables for his poor, in respect to whom he was fanatical. One grudges the innocent flowers; but the old man, I suppose, had a right to his whim like another, and bishops in that age were addicted sometimes to less virtuous fancies — ravaging the earth for spoil to enrich their families and to buy marbles for their tomb. It was better on the whole to ravage a garden, however beautiful, in order to feed the starving poor.

Antonino died in 1459, gliding peacefully out of the world "as morning whitened on the 2nd of May," when Girolamo Savonarola, coming into it, was just seven years old, a child in Ferrara. The good Archbishop ordered that all that was found in his palace when he died should be given to the poor. All that could be found was four ducats! so true had he been to his vows of poverty. And thus the greatest dignitary of San Marco passed away, followed out of the world by the tears and blessings of the poor, and the semi-adoration of all the city. It is not difficult to understand how the

perpetual appeals of the people who knew him so well and had occasion so good to trust in his kindness living, should have glided with natural ease and fervour into the *Ora pro nobis* of a popular litany, when the good Archbishop took his gentle way to heaven, leaving four ducats behind him, on that May morning. The world was a terribly unsatisfactory world in those days, as it is now; and full of evils more monstrous, more appalling, than are the sins of our softer generation; but at the same time, the gates of heaven were somehow nearer, and those rude eyes, bloodshot with wars and passion, could see the saints so unlike themselves going in by that dazzling way.

We must turn northward, however, to find the greatest monk of San Marco, the man who has writ himself large upon the convent, and even on the city, and who is one of the greatest of the many great figures that inhabit Florence. Savonarola was born in Ferrara in September, 1452, the grandson of an eminent physician at the court of the Duke, and intended by his parents to follow the same profession. He was one of a large family, not over rich, it would appear, and is said to have been the one in whom the hopes of his kindred were chiefly placed. He was a diligent student, "working day and night," as we are told by his earliest biographer Burlamacchi, his contemporary and disciple, whose simple and touching narrative has all the charm of nearness and personal affection — and attained great proficiency in "the liberal arts." He was learned in the learning of his day, and in that philosophy of the schools which held so high a place in the estimation of the world — studying Aristotle, and afterwards, with devotion, St. Thomas Aquinas. But the young man was not of those who take their leading solely from books, however great. He was deeply thoughtful, looking with eyes of profound and indignant observation upon all the ways of man, so vain and melancholy. They were, however, more than vain and melancholy in young Girolamo's day; the softer shades of modern evil were exaggerated in those times into such force of contrast as made the heart of the beholder burn within him. On one side, unbounded luxury, splendour and power; on the other, the deepest misery, helplessness, abandonment — the poor more poor, the rich more brutally indifferent of them than we can understand; and every familiar human crime with which we are acquainted in these latter days set out in rampant breadth of

colour and shameless openness. Italy was the prey of petty tyrants and wicked priests: Dukes and Popes vying with each other which could live most lewdly, most lavishly, most cruelly — their whole existence an *exploitation* of the helpless people they reigned over, or still more helpless "flock" of which these wolves, alas! had got the shepherding. And learning was nought, and philosophy vain, in those evil days. What were grammatical disquisitions, or the subtleties of mediæval logic to a young soul burning for virtue and truth, to a young heart wrung with ineffable pity for suffering and horror of wrong? So soon as Savonarola began to judge for himself, to feel the stirrings of manhood in his youth, this righteous sorrow took possession of the young man's mind. Some poems composed at this time show how deeply penetrated he was by indignation and disgust for all the evils he saw around him. "Seeing," he cries, "the world turned upside down:"

. . . in wild confusion tost,
The very depth and essence lost
Of all good ways and every virtue bright;
Nor shines one living light
Nor one who of his vices feels the shame.

Happy henceforth he who by rapine lives,
He who on blood of others swells and feeds,
Who widows robs, and from his children's
needs
Takes tribute, and the poor to ruin drives.

Those souls shall now be thought most rare
and good
Who most by fraud and force can gain,
Who heaven and Christ disdain,
Whose thoughts on other's harm forever
brood.

This profound appreciation of the evils round him made the young Girolamo a sad and silent youth. "He talked little and kept himself retired and solitary," says Burlamacchi. "He took pleasure," adds Padre Marchese, "in solitary places, in the open fields, or along the green banks of the Po, and there wandering, sometimes singing, sometimes weeping, gave utterance to the strong emotions which boiled in his breast." The city raged or revelled behind him, its streets running blood or running wine — what mattered? — according to the turn of fortune; the doctors babbling in their places, of far-fetched questions, of dead grammatical lore; and no man thinking of truth, of mercy, of judgment, with which the lad's bosom was swelling, or of the

need of them; but only how to get the most wealth, honour, pleasure, fine robes, and prancing horses, and beautiful things, and power. Outside the gates on the river side, the youth wandered solitary, tears in those great eyes, which were *resplendenti e di color celeste*, his rugged features moving, his strong heart beating with that high and noble indignation which was the only sign of life amid the national depravity. But in the midst of these deep musings there came a moment, the historians say, when the music and the freshness of existence came back to the boy's soul, and the gates of the earthly paradise opened to him, and all the evil world was veiled with fictitious glamour, by the light which shone out of the eyes of a young Florentine, the daughter of an exiled Strozzi. How long this dream lasted, no one knows; but one of his early biographers informs us that it ended with a scornful rejection of the young Savonarola, on the ground that his family was not sufficiently exalted to mate with that of Strozzi. Here is one of his verses written about the time, which will touch the reader's mind with sympathy for the full heart and forlorn confidence of the rejected lover. One hope still remains to him, he says,

I cannot let it leave me like the rest —
That in that other life, the best,
Well will be known which soul most highly
springs,
And which to noblest flight uplifts its wings.

Thus separated from the magic web of human happiness which might have blinded him temporarily, at least, to the evils around him, his darker musings came back with renewed power. He describes to his father in the touching letter which intimates his entrance into the cloister, the motives which moved him, "In order that you may take comfort from this explanation, and feel assured that I have not acted from a juvenile impulse, as some seem to think . . ." These were: "the great misery of the world, the iniquities of men, . . . so that things have come to such a pass that no one can be found acting righteously. Many times a day have I repeated with tears the verse,
Heu fuge crudeles terras, fuge littus avarum!

I could not endure the enormous wickedness of the blinded people of Italy; and the more so because I saw everywhere virtue despised and vice honoured. A greater sorrow I could not have in this world." Alone and solitary among peo-

ple who did; and who put up with, all these evils, with no one to sympathize with his feelings, perhaps even scoffed at for his exaggerated views, he endured as long as it was possible; while he was silent, his heart burned. Disgusted with the world, disappointed in his personal hopes, weary of the perpetual wrong which he could not remedy, he had decided to adopt the monastic life, for some time before his affectionate heart could resolve upon a separation from his family. "So great was my pain and misery," he says in the letter to his father already quoted, "that if I had laid open my breast to you, I verily believe that the very idea that I was going to leave you would have broken my heart." He relieved his burdened mind during this melancholy time by writing a little essay on "Disdain of the World," which he left behind with simple art, "behind the books that lie in the window-sill," to prove hereafter an explanation of his conduct. His mother, divining some resolution in him which he had not expressed, looked at him with such meaning and pitiful eyes, "as if she would penetrate his very heart," that the young man could not support her look. One April morning, as he sat by her playing a melancholy air upon his lute, she turned upon him suddenly and said, "My son, that is a sign we are soon to part." Giralomo durst not risk himself to look at her, but, with his head bent, kept fingering the strings with a faltering touch.

Next day was a great festa in Ferrara, the 24th of April, St. George's Day — one of the many holidays which stood instead of freedom and justice to conciliate the people. When all the family were gone out to those gay doings, which were brightened and made sweet by the glorious spring of Italy, the young man stole out unnoticed, and with a full heart left his father's house forever. This was in the year 1475, when he was twenty-three. He went away, lonely, across the sunny plain to Bologna, where he presented himself at once at the Convent of St. Dominic. At this melancholy moment of his life, the youth, his heart sick of all the learned vanity as well as the louder crime of the world, had no desire to be either priest or monk, having an almost hatred in his weary bosom of the vain studies in which he had already spent so much time. He asked only in his despair to be a lay brother, to ease his soul with simple work in the garden, or even, as Burlamacchi tells us, in making the rude robes

of the monks — rather than to go back all day long to "vain questions and doctrines of Aristotle," in which respect, he said, there was little difference between the frati and ordinary men. But presently his mind changed as the lassitude which succeeds an important step brought down his very soul into unquestioning obedience. It might indeed seem yet another commentary on the vanity of human wishes that the young monk, so tired of all mundane things, and sick at heart for truth and contact with nature, should have found himself thrown back again as soon as he had fairly taken refuge in his cloister, upon the old miserable round of philosophy, as lecturer of his convent. He obeyed readily, we are told, which good Burlamacchi takes as a sign of grace in him — but who can tell with what struggles of the reluctant heart and that deep disappointment which so often attends the completion of a long-maturing resolve? Soon after he wrote the letter to his father which I have quoted — a letter full of the tender sophistry which we find in so many letters of this time (and indeed of all times), in which the question of duty is begged with many a loving artifice, and heart-broken beseechings brought in instead. "Do you not think that it is a very high mark of favour to have a son a soldier in the army of Jesus Christ?" . . . "If you love me, seeing that I am composed of two parts, of soul and body, say which of them you love most, the body or the soul. . . . If, then, you love the soul most, why not look to the good of that soul?" These arguments have been repeated from the beginning of the world, I suppose, and will be to its end, whenever a good and loving child obeys a personal impulse which is contrary to filial duty, but not to filial tenderness. "Never since I was born did I suffer so great mental anguish as when I felt that I was about to leave my own flesh and blood and go among people who were strangers to me," adds the young man. But the sacrifice had then been accomplished, and for years thereafter the young Savonarola, now Fra Girolamo, had to content himself with "the Aristotle of the cloister instead of the Aristotle of the world," and to go on with those dry and useless studies, making what attempt he could to separate from them "all vain questions, and to bring them back as much as he could to Christian simplicity," while yet his heart burned within him,

and wickedness unwarned and wrong unredressed were rampant in the outside world.

Perhaps, indeed, the first effects of this desperate resolution of his, this plunge into the Church by way of escaping from the world, was to convince the young man of the corruption of the Church in a way more sharp and heart-felt than before. No doubt it directed him to look with eyes more critical and enlightened upon those ecclesiastical powers who were now the officers of his own army, and more distinctly within his range of vision; and with a Pope such as Sixtus IV., and many inferior prelates worthy of their head, it is not to be wondered at if the bitter wrath and sorrow of the young Reformer blazed higher and clearer still. As he had written in *De Ruina Mundi* (in the verses which we have already quoted), his horror of the sins of the world, so in *De Ruina Ecclesiæ*, which now followed, he laments the sins of the Church. He sees the true Church herself in a vision, and hears from her that her place has been invaded by a shameless creature,—*una fallace superba meretrice*. "With eyes that are never dry, with head bowed down, and sad soul," the "ancient mother" replies to him.

She took my hand, and thus with weeping, led
To her poor cave, and said —

"When into Rome I saw that proud one pass
Who 'mid soft flowers and grass
Securely moves, I shut me up, and here
Lead my sad life with many a tear."

The wondering spectator listens, and sees her bosom torn with a thousand wounds, and hears enough "to make stones weep" of the usurpation of the harlot. Then his whole soul breaks forth in a cry, "Oh God, lady! that I could break these great wings!" What utterance was ever more characteristic of the future purpose of a beginning life? Though the "*antica madre*" bids him rather be silent and weep, the thought of breaking those *grandi ali*, and striking a blow at the thousand corruptions which disgraced Christendom, never abandoned the thoughts of the young Dominican. He had to be silent perforce for years, and to teach the novices, and lecture upon philosophy, as if there was no greater evil in the world than a definite syllogism; but his heart burned all the more in his breast, and his time was to come.

Even, however, out of these undesired

studies, Savonarola's active intelligence — which seems to have been restored to the steadiness of common life, and to that necessity of making the best of a lot, now unalterable, which so often follows a decisive step — seems to have made something useful and honourable. He wrote a Compendium of Philosophy, "an epitome of all the writings, various as they are, of the Stagyrte," a work which, according to Padre Marchese, "might have acted as a stepping-stone to the *Novum Organum*." Another work of a similar character he had begun upon Plato, the study of whose works had been much promoted in Italy by the learned Greeks who were so highly thought of in many of its intellectual centres, but this Savonarola himself tells us he destroyed. "What good is there in so much wisdom, when now every old woman knows more?" he asks, with characteristic simplicity. Such were his occupations during the seven years which he passed in Bologna, a time of quiet, of rest in some respects from the chaos of youthful fancies, and of distasteful, but bravely surmounted work. His convent seems to have acted upon the sorrowful young dreamer as sharp contact with actual life so often acts upon visionary youth. It forced him to take up his burden and labour at common things in the long interval of waiting before the real mission of his life came to him. Monastic writers throw a certain ecclesiastical romanticism over this natural result, by distinguishing it as the fruit of monastic obedience, the new soul of the cloister; but the same thing appears in almost all noble and strong natures when life in its real aspect is accepted, not as a matter of fancy and choice, but of unalterable necessity and duty. There was no particular value in the logic which Fra Girolamo taught the young Dominicans; but there was efficacy inestimable in that sense of certainty and life established which led him to do the work which lay at his hand and accept it, though it was not that which pleased him best.

After some years of this obscure work he came to Florence, and now at last we find him in the scene to which his historical existence belongs. Professor Villari informs us, though without giving any authority, that the young monk came to his new home with hopeful and happy anticipations, pleased with the fair country, the purer language, the higher civilization of the people, and with the saintly associations which the blessed

Antonino had left so fresh and fragrant. It is easy indeed to believe that after toiling across the rugged Apennines, when the Dominican, still young and full of natural fervour, came suddenly out from among the folds of the hills upon that glorious landscape; when he saw the beautiful vision of Florence, seated in the rich garden of her valley, with flowers and olive-trees, and everything that is beautiful in nature, incircling that proud combination of everything that is noble in art; his heart must have risen at the sight, and some dilation of the soul, some sense of coming greatness have been permitted to him in face of the fate he was to accomplish there.

The state of Florence at this period was very remarkable. The most independent and tumultuous of towns was spell-bound under the sway of Lorenzo de Medici, the grandson of that Cosmo who built San Marco; and scarcely seemed even to recollect its freedom, so absorbed was it in the present advantages conferred by "a strong government," and solaced by shows, entertainments, festivals, pomp and display of all kinds. It was one of those moments of classic revival which have occurred more than once in the later history of the world, when the higher classes of society, having shaken themselves apart with graceful contempt from the lower, proceed to frame their lives according to a pagan model, leaving the other and much bigger half of the world to pursue *its* superstitions undisturbed. Florence was as near a pagan city as it was possible for its rulers to make it. Its intellectual existence was entirely given up to the past; its days were spent in that worship of antiquity which has no power of discrimination, and deifies not only the wisdom but the trivialities of its golden epoch. Lorenzo reigned in the midst of a lettered crowd of classic parasites and flatterers, writing poems which his courtiers found better than Alighieri's, and surrounding himself with those eloquent slaves who make a prince's name more famous than arms or victories, and who have still left a prejudice in the minds of all literature-loving people in favour of their patron. A man of superb health and physical power, who can give himself up to debauch all night without interfering with his power of working all day, and whose mind is so versatile that he can sack a town one morning and discourse upon the beauties of Plato the next and weave joyous ballads through both occupations — gives

his flatterers reason when they applaud him. The few righteous men in the city, the citizens who still thought of Florence above all, kept apart, overwhelmed by the tide which ran in favour of that leading citizen of Florence who had gained the control of the once high-spirited and freedom-loving people. Society had never been more dissolute, more selfish, or more utterly deprived of any higher aim. Barren scholarship, busy over grammatical questions, and elegant philosophy snipping and piecing its logical systems, formed the top dressing to that half brutal, half-superstitious ignorance which in such communities is the general portion of the poor. The *dilettante* world dreamed hazily of a restoration of the worship of the pagan gods; Cardinal Bembo bade his friend beware of reading Paul's epistles, lest their barbarous style should corrupt his taste; and even such a man as Pico della Mirandola declared the "Divina Commedia" to be inferior to the "Canti Carnascialeschi" of Lorenzo de Medici. This extraordinary failure of taste itself, in a period which stood upon its fine taste as one of its highest qualities, is curious, but far from being without parallel in the history of the civilized world. Not so very long ago, indeed, among ourselves, in another age of classic revival, sometimes called Augustan, Pope was supposed a much greater poet than Shakespeare, and much inferior names to that of Pope were ranked as equal with, or superior to, our prince of poets. The whole mental firmament must have contracted about the heads of a people among whom such verdicts are possible; but the opinion of such a time generally is that nothing has ever been so clever, so great, so elevated as itself. Thus limited intellectually, the age of Lorenzo was still more hopeless morally, full of debauchery, cruelty, and corruption, violating oaths, betraying trusts, believing in nothing but Greek manuscripts, coins, and statues, caring for nothing but pleasure. This was the world in which Savonarola found himself when, waking from his first pleasurable impressions, he looked forth from the narrow windows of San Marco, by the side of which Angelico's angel faces stood watching the thoughts that arose in his mind. Those thoughts were not of a mirthful kind. Fair Florence lying in bonds, or rather dancing in them, with smear of blood upon her garments and loathsome song upon her lips; and the Church, yet more fair, groaning under the domination

of one evil Pope, looking forward to a worse monster still, for the reign of the Borgias — culmination of all wickedness — was approaching ; — who can wonder if visions of gloom crossed the brain of the young lecturer in San Marco, howsoever he might try to stupefy and silence them by his daily work and the subtleties of Aristotle and Aquinas ? A sense of approaching judgment, terror, and punishment, the vengeance of God against a world full of iniquity, darkened the very air around him. He tried to restrain the prophetic vision, but could not. Whenever he was allowed to speak, in Brescia, in San Geminiano, the flood poured forth, and in spite of himself he thundered from the pulpit a thousand woes against the wicked with intense and alarming effect. But when he endeavoured to speak in lettered Florence itself, no one took any trouble to listen to the Lombard monk, whose accent was harsh, and his periods not daintily formed, and who went against all the unities, so to speak, as Shakespeare once, when England was in a similar state of refinement, was held to do. In San Lorenzo, when Savonarola first preached, there were not twenty-five people, all counted, to hear him ; but San Geminiano among the hills, when it heard that same voice amid the glooms of Lent, thought nothing of the Lombard accent, and trembled at the prophetic woe denounced against sin ; and in Brescia the hearers grew pale, and paler still years after, when the preacher's words seemed verified. Woe, woe, he preached in those Lent sermons ; woe — but also restoration and the blessing of God if men would turn from their sins. Between these utterances of his full heart and glowing soul, Fra Girolamo came back to teach his novices in the dead quiet of San Marco — not preacher enough to please the Florentines, who loved fine periods — and lectured in the cool of the cloister or in some quiet room, as if there had been nothing but syllogisms and the abstractions of metaphysics in the world.

The crisis in his life occurred when, probably on one of his preaching tours, he attended the Dominican chapter at Reggio, and was there seen and heard by a genial, gentle young courtier, Giovanni Pico della Mirandola, one of Lorenzo's most affectionate flatterers and friends. This court butterfly was the most learned creature that ever fluttered near a prince, full of amiable sentiments and tender-heartedness, and the kindly insight of an

unspoiled heart. He saw the Frate of San Marco among the other Dominicans, his remarkable face intent upon the deliberations of the Council ; and heard him speak with such power and force of utterance that the whole audience was moved. Probably something more than this, some personal contact, some kindly gleam from those resplendent blue eyes that shone from underneath Fra Girolamo's cavernous brow ; some touch of that "urbanità humile, ornato e grazioso" upon which Burlamacchi insists, went to the heart of the young Pico, himself a noble young gentleman amid all his frippery of courtier and virtuoso. He was so seized upon and captured by the personal attractions of Savonarola, that he gave Lorenzo no peace until he had caused him to be authoritatively recalled from his wanderings and brought back permanently to Florence. Young Pico felt that he could not live without the teacher whom he had thus suddenly discovered. Lorenzo thus at his friend's request ordered back into Florence the only man who dared stand face to face with himself and tell him he had done wrong. Savonarola came back perhaps not very willingly, and betook himself once more to his novices and his philosophy. But he had by this time learned to leaven his philosophy with lessons more important, and to bring in the teachings of a greater than Aristotle, taking the Bible which he loved, and which, it is said, he had learned by heart, more and more for his text-book ; and launching forth into a wider sea of remark and discussion as day followed day, and his mind expanded and his system grew.

We are not told whether Pico, when his beloved friar came back, made Fra Girolamo's teaching fashionable in Florence ; but no doubt he had his share in indicating to the curious the new genius which had risen up in their midst. And as the Frate lectured to the boy Dominicans, discoursing of everything in heaven and earth with full heart and inspired countenance, there grew gradually about him a larger audience, gathering behind the young heads of that handful of convent lads, an ever-widening circle of weightier listeners — men of Florence, one bringing another to hear a man who spoke with authority, and had, if not pretty periods to please their ears, something to tell them — greatest of all attractions to the ever-curious soul of man.

It was summer, and Fra Girolamo sat in the cloister, in the open square which

was the monks' garden, under a rose-tree. "Sotto un rosajo di rose damaschine" — a rose-tree of damask roses! Never was there a more touching, tender incongruity than that perfumed canopy of bloom over the dark head covered with its cowl. Beneath the blue sky that hung over Florence, within the white square of the cloister with all its arching pillars, with Angelico's Dominic close by kneeling at the cross-foot, and listening too, this crowd of Florentines gathered in the grassy inclosure incircling the scholars and their master. A painter could not desire a more striking scene. The roses waving softly in the summer air above, and the lads in their white convent gowns with earnest faces lifted to the speaker — what a tender central light do they give, soft heart of flowers and youth to the grave scene! For grave as life and death were the speaker and the men that stood around and pressed him on every side. Before long he had to consent, which he did with reluctance, to leave his quiet cloister and return to the pulpit where once his Lombard accent had brought him nothing but contempt and failure. Thus the first chapter of Fra Girolamo's history ends, under the damask rose-tree in the warm July weather, within those white cloisters of San Marco. In the full eye of day, in the pulpit and the public places of Florence, as prophet, spiritual ruler, apostle among men, was the next period of his life to be passed. Here his probation ends.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
FRITZ REUTER.

THE same telegram which brought us the news of Prince Bismarck's escape announced the death of him who has been called Germany's Dickens — Fritz Reuter. Fritz Reuter, who died last month at Eisenach, was an obscure teacher in a small town of Brandenburg only twelve years ago. He was one of those men of whom honest, well-established, and thriving citizens are apt to say that they have turned out badly, and of whom they have a certain right to say it. Born during the *Franzosentid* (the time of the French occupation), in a country town of the Duchy of Mecklenburg, he studied law at Rostock and Jena, where towards 1830 conspiracies in favour of German unity were rife among young men. What was the real aim of the juvenile patriots

of the *Burschenschaft* has never been clearly ascertained; and the members of that widely-spread association perhaps knew as little of it themselves as anybody else. The German governments honoured them and disgraced themselves by taking them *au sérieux*; and shortly after the French Revolution of July and the Frankfort attempt, organized a demagogue hunt on a large scale which will always leave a stain upon their reputation. It was natural enough for the smaller potentates, whose instinct of self-preservation taught them that nothing could be more dangerous to them than aspirations towards German unity; it was natural enough for Austria, who had a distinct presentiment that a restoration of the German Empire could never be made in behalf of the house of Hapsburg; but that Prussia, which already at this time was the secret hope of the young enthusiasts, and which was perfectly aware that the schoolboys' plans were national — that Prussia should have taken the lead of these odious and ridiculous persecutions is a fact more difficult to understand even than to excuse.

Fritz Reuter was one of the victims; and, after a year of "preventive" imprisonment, was condemned to death at the age of twenty-one. King Frederick William III., however, granted him a reprieve and commuted the capital punishment into thirty years' imprisonment in a fortress. After seven years Reuter was set at liberty upon the accession of Frederick William IV. (1840). He has himself told us in his very amusing book, "*Ut mine Festungstid*" (My Time at the Fortress), how he and his fellow sufferers spent their days in card-playing, cooking, lovemaking with the commander's and guardians' daughters, above all in practical joking. If patriotism and beer had prevented the student from employing his time profitably at the university, natural laziness and the prospect of a life likely to be lost in prison were not adapted to make a worker of our prisoner. When, at nearly thirty years of age, he came out of prison, he found himself without a career, without means, and with nothing acquired by which he could earn a livelihood. He repaired to his father's little property in Mecklenburg, but he was no more an agriculturist than a lawyer, in spite of his professional studies; accordingly he soon found himself in debt, and obliged to sell his small estate in order to satisfy his creditors. He then tried to freshen up his college studies,

and began to give lessons at Treptow at the rate of about 6d. a lesson. Of the sixpences thus earned he is said to have sacrificed the greater part on the altar of sociability, and he was well known in the Wirthshaus at Treptow as a most humorous story-teller.

He had as yet no idea of turning his extraordinary talent to account, and went over to New Brandenburg in order to obtain a better price for his lessons. Here the new friends to whom he read the poems and stories he had written in *Plattdeutsch* (North German dialect) for the amusement of his tavern and family audience urged him to have them printed. Reuter thought this sheer folly, still, as his friends offered to advance the necessary funds, he reluctantly consented. The success was immense. Allowance being made for the difference between a country like England and one without any centre like Germany, between a work written in a language known to everybody and one composed in a provincial dialect, Reuter's success may fairly be compared with that of the "Pickwick Papers." His fortune was made. He was immediately recognized as Germany's greatest humorist, and his books sold by thousands. It was then (1864) that he repaired to Eisenach, in Thuringia, where he built himself a small villa, and where he died a week ago, writing very little (and that little of a not very remarkable character), and still courting the consolatory bottle, for the enjoyment of which he did not even feel any longer the want of the company of delighted listeners.

Fritz Reuter is a true painter of country life in North Germany. His poems as well as his novels are all admirably humorous, and vividly describe the customs and prejudices, interests and ideas, of a village or a little town in Mecklenburg. The poet, not unlike some of those great Dutch artists whom all the world admires, contrived to depict within a little space the whole extent of human life, with its frailties, its errors and its passions, its sorrows and joys. Of his fourteen volumes, five only will outlive him; but these will last as long as the Low-German language is understood. These are the poems, "Läuschen" and "Hanne Nüte" (one volume), the novel* "Ut mine Stromtid" (three volumes), and the little tale "Ut the Franzosentid," which Mr. Charles Lewes has translated into Eng-

lish under the title "In the Year 13." Although written in Plattdeutsch, Reuter's tale loses less than one might imagine by translation; the Low-German language having a nearer relationship to English than to literary German, which is derived, as everybody knows, from High or South German. Of course the reader would draw more enjoyment from the original than from the English translation; but he would certainly prefer this to a High-German version. Nor is Low-German a very difficult language; almost all Germans, even Southerners, read Reuter in the dialect he wrote in, and it suffices to read ten or twenty pages carefully to be able to read the rest fluently. Reuter's works in High-German are of little value. There his humour becomes coarse, his sentimentality false, his pathos affected, or at least they appear so, as soon as he gives up his native tongue; while his *chef d'œuvre*, the novel "Ut mine Stromtid," ranks high in German — nay, in European literature at large — precisely on account of its admirably natural simplicity. In it satire always remains good-humoured, feeling never degenerates into sentimentality, the comic never becomes caricature, and the merest realism never lacks poetry.

A good deal of this merit must certainly be placed to the account of the language. Germany has a scientific and a political language; she has no social language, and in this respect bears greater resemblance to Italy than to England, France, or Spain. The consequences are a want of truth, an unbearable affectation, in nearly all German novels and comedies, as well as in German actors. They speak a conventional language, spoken nowhere except on the stage and in books, just as they describe a life which exists nowhere in Germany. The few painters of real life, who, like Jeremias Gotthelf ("Uhly der Knecht"), Gottfried Keller ("Romeo und Julia auf dem Dorfe"), Louise von François ("Die letzte Reckenburgerin"), and Fritz Reuter, having condescended to choose for their subjects what they had before their eyes, and to treat of it in the language they use every day, are by no means inferior to the best English and French novelists of the age. But there are exceedingly few of them; and the average literature of amusement in Germany remains tiresome, pretentious, and heavy beyond description, because the authors either look for their models out of Germany or imagine themselves able to take the high

* This novel was translated for, and published in, THE LIVING AGE, in 1871. — ED.

walk which Goethe alone has successfully trod. This is so true that even a vulgar Vorstadt-theatre in Berlin or Vienna, coarse and tasteless as are their products, is a relief after the comedies which the German public endures in its fashionable theatres. As for Reuter, he certainly was no longer himself when he undertook to speak the language of "good society ;"

the eternally fresh stream of humour, poetry, and life which flows in his admirable novel immediately begins to slacken when he dips his pen into literary ink. Fortunately he was rarely tempted to do so ; and he began his career as a writer too late, and finished it too early, to obliterate the vivid impression his master-work produced.

THE letters of Matthew Prior, which were included in our summary of the contents of the Macclesfield papers, now belonging to the British Museum (see ACADEMY for February 21, 1874), do not appear, upon examination, to possess much literary or biographical interest. They are chiefly short semi-official communications to the Under-Secretary of State, John Ellis, giving the chief items of continental news during Prior's mission to the Hague and Paris, a period ranging from July, 1695 to July, 1699. We give here the few passages which most attracted our attention.

Writing from the "Hague ye 26-16 July, '95," Prior concludes :—

I have printed in Dutch and French the bombarding St. Malo, and distributed it to all the Ministers and Politicians here, to the great discouragement of some of our Nouvellists, who give a certain French turn to our affairs when they relate them.

Another letter, dated June 5, 1796, has an allusion to one of his minor writings :—

I ought to be angry with you for drawing up a letter of immoderate praises in the name of Mr. Secretary, which I hope He only subscribed as the King does the circular letter, and for recapitulating the same Praises in your own of the next post the 19th, however my resentment at this time shall go no further then to tell you that I wish the poem but half so good in its kind as your Prose upon it, and that having written what you will see to Mr. Secretary I have no more to trouble you with then that I am &c.

"Mr. Secretary" we would fain believe to be Prior's friend and Patron, Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, though it was hardly his official designation at that time.

Our next selection exhibits the poet hard at work on the details of the Treaty of Ryswick, which was signed on September 11 following.

Hag: ye 23-13 Augt 1697.

Our own affair is (God be thanked) in agitation, and is doing as most things in this world with violence and hurry, you that have been in business in all its shapes know so well how it happens in these cases that you will easily excuse my not answering yours of the 3d sooner, and believe me that the 8 last days of my life have been not unlike every day of poor Car-

donnel's, that is, writing my self blind, and going to bed at 3 in the morning without having eaten my supper : if all this trade ends in a Peace I shall not regret my pains, our Ministers are every day at it, and I think it advances every way but towards Vienne, these people (like those in the Scripture) must be compelled to come in, and necessity which they say has no law must give us *Jus pacis*.

Cardonnel was the hard-working secretary of the Duke of Marlborough.

We have space but for one elegant extract from his correspondence after reaching Paris. This is dated Paris, Sept. 6, 1698, and runs thus :—

I have nothing worth troubling Mr. Secretary with, and am not in a very good stile at present, having been for these 3 days past with Custom house officers and Porters fighting and squabbling about *les petits droits et les aides d'entrée*, so that *Maltotier, chien and bougre* are the vilest words that have come out of my mouth. I have only time to alter the language one moment, whilst I tell you that I am most truly, &c.

A volume of miscellaneous correspondence in the same collection contains a few letters of Richard Steele to Ellis, chiefly remarkable from their having been written before he had abandoned the profession of arms for that of letters ; they are dated between March and July, 1704. It may be worth while to print one as a specimen :—

March 25, 1703-4,
Land-Guard-Fort.

Sr,

I was ordered hither on a sudden, or had waited on you to receive your commands, but indeed I do not trouble you only to make my apology for that, but also to desire your Friendship and interest to the Duke of Ormond in my behalfe : What I would pretend to is a Troop in a Regiment of Dragoons I understand he is going to raise to be commanded by His Grace himself : This request is the more reasonable for that it is no advancement of my post in the dignity, but the income of it only, since I am already a Captain. If I can be so fortunate as to have any encouragement from you in this matter, I'll hasten to town. In the mean time any commands from you will be receiv'd as a very great Honour to, Sr,

Yr most obedient Humble Servant,
RICHD. STEELE.

Endorsed "Capt. Steele."

Academy.

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{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXXII.

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THE SEA-FOG.

UPON the cliff's steep edge I stand ;
The moaning sea I hear ;
But gray mists hang o'er sea and land,
The mists that sailors fear.

The lichen'd rocks, the mosses red,
With silver drops are sown ;
Each crimson foxglove hangs its head
Amid the old gray stone.

The fearful rock within the bay,
Where gallant ships go down,
Shews but a faint white line of spray,
A glimmering mass of brown.

A broken boat, a spot of black,
Is tossed on sullen waves,
Their crests all dark with rifted wrack,
The spoil of ocean caves.

Now sails my love on sea to-day ;
Heaven shield his boat from harm !
Heaven keep him from the dangerous bay,
Till winds and waves be calm !

Oh, would he sat beside our stove,
Where mother turns her wheel ;
I know too soon, for you, my love,
What wives of sailors feel.

Oh, that within the wood-fire's glow,
He told us tales of yore,
Of perils over long ago,
And ventures come to shore.

His hand belike is on the helm ;
The fog has hid the foam ;
The surf that shall his boat o'erwhelm,
He thinks the beach at home.

He sees a lamp amid the dark,
He thinks our pane alight ;
And haply on some storm-bound bark,
He founders in the night.

Now God be with you ; He who gave
Our constant love and troth ;
Where'er your oar may dip the wave,
You bear the hearts of both.

Through storm and mist, God keep my love,
That I may hear once more
Your boat upon the shingled cove,
Your step upon the shore.

Chambers' Journal.

THE RUINED CHAPEL.

UNROOFED, below the mountain stands
The shrine within the pine-trees' shade ;
From memory, as from sight, the hands
Have passed its crumbling walls that made.

There rose the tower ; o'er hill and glen,
What time last rang its peal of bells,
If hushed for aye by wrath of men,
Or storm, or time, no record tells.

The priest is gone ; now Solitude
To lead the soul above is there ;
The murmur'ing Silence of the wood
Now seems to make responsive prayer.

The winds, pure acolytes unseen,
Swing to and fro the dark pine's head,
And from the mighty censer green
An incense aromatic shed.

And there, in man's forgetfulness,
For ruin's havoc to atone,
With eglantine and ivied tress,
Her graceful work has Nature strewn.

Deserted shrine ! how many a heart
Has been, as those in ages past,
Beloved, revered, that, as thou art,
From man's esteem and love is cast —

Yet still, as on thy form defaced
The verdure's cheering tints arise,
In each there blooms, though wrecked, de-
based,
Some growth of good for men to prize.

Chambers' Journal.

DORA WORDSWORTH.

ONLY a sister's part — yes, that was all,
And yet her life was bright and full and free.
She did not feel, "I give up all for him,"
She only knew, "'Tis mine his friend to be."

So what she saw and felt the poet sang, —
She did not seek the world should know her
share ;
Her one great hunger was for "William's"
fame,
To give his thoughts a voice her life-long
prayer.

And when with wife and child his days were
crowned,
She did not feel that she was left alone,
Glad in their joy, she shared their every care,
And only thought of baby as "our own."

His "dear, dear sister," that was all she ask'd
Her gentle ministry her only fame ;
But when we read his page with grateful
heart,
Between the lines we'll spell out Dora's name
Spectator. CECY.

From The Quarterly Review.

KING VICTOR AMADEUS OF SAVOY AND SARDINIA: THE VERDICT OF HISTORY REVERSED.*

THE domestic tragedies of royal and princely houses seem commonly endowed with an irresistible attraction for the historian. The summary execution of Don Carlos by paternal decree, the condemnation and punishment of Queen Caroline Matilda and her paramour, the last fatal meeting of the Princess Sophia Dorothea with the doomed Königsmark, the appalling catastrophe of the Kirk of Field, the "many a foul and midnight murder" traditionally associated with our own fortress-prison,—these have been one and all exhaustively discussed; and no false delicacy, no misapplied tenderness for the reputation of the living or the dead, has been permitted to suppress or mystify the motives or the facts. It is, therefore, the more remarkable that incidents of the strangest, most startling, and suspicious character should have taken place in one of the most ancient and illustrious of the sovereign houses of Europe, without provoking investigation or protest: that events like the abdication, imprisonment, and death of Victor Amadeus II., occurring within the short space of two years, (1730–1732), should have been tamely recorded almost as things of course, with haply a passing comment on the fickleness of fortune: that the statesman, warrior, and legislator who had baffled and humbled the Grand Monarque, won a kingdom, led armies to victory, framed codes and systems of finance that endure still,—who was the grandfather of one powerful monarch and the father-in-law of another,—that such a personage should be suddenly removed from the stage on which he had played so conspicuous a part, like a Sultan deposed by a Grand Vizier, or a *roi fainéant* set aside

by a mayor of the palace in the Middle Ages. But the interest and importance of the historical episode to which we invite attention, will best appear from a brief outline of his career.

Victor Amadeus, born May 1666, assumed the government of his hereditary duchy, reluctantly surrendered to him by the regent-mother, in September 1684. The position of his dominions on the French side of the Alps placed him entirely at the mercy of his powerful neighbour, and Louis le Grand treated him as a vassal not entitled to a will or even an opinion of his own. Sorely against the grain he obeyed a peremptory mandate to co-operate in the religious persecution which followed on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Putting himself at the head of an armed force, he made a clean sweep of all the Huguenots and Waldenses within his territory; but his lukewarmness in the cause was obvious, his secret communications with the Protestants got wind, and Louis took the decisive step of sending Marshal Catinat, at the head of a French army, to bring matters to a point. The proffered terms were nothing short of unconditional submission. The castle of Verrue and the citadel of Turin were to be delivered up, and the whole Savoyard army was to be merged in the French. Driven to extremities, the Duke at length resolved on a measure he had long meditated. He joined (June 1690) the famous League of Augsburg, thereby putting an end to the peaceful if humiliating relations which had bound Savoy to France for sixty years, and boldly challenging a prolonged contest, which, ominous and threatening at the commencement, left him the victorious monarch of an independent nation at the end.

The announcement of the breach with France, which he made in person to his assembled nobles and justified in a manifesto, was received with enthusiasm by his subjects of all classes; and with the aid of volunteers the principal towns were supplied with sufficient garrisons, and an army more numerous than that of Catinat was got together for the defence of the capital. But the allies on whom the

* *Memorie Aneddotiche sulla Corte di Sardegna del Conte di Blondel, Ministro di Francia a Torino sotto I Re Vittorio Amedeo II. e Carlo Emanuele III.* Edite da Vincenzo Promis. Torino: Stamperia Reale. 1873. (Anecdotal Memoirs on the Court of Sardinia. By the Count de Blondel, Minister of France at Turin under King Victor Amadeus II. and Charles Emmanuel III. Edited by Vincenzo Promis. Turin: Royal Printing Press.)

Duke mainly counted lost heart after the battle of Stafarda, and remained inactive whilst one after the other of his strong places was taken and his country overrun. The first campaign of 1690 was disastrous; and that of 1691 was rendered still more so by the explosion of a powder-magazine at Nice, which so weakened the defences that a capitulation became inevitable. This opened the mountain passages it commanded to the French, and after blowing up the fortifications of Aveillane, for which military reasons might have been alleged, Catinat wantonly set fire to the Duke's favourite Villa at Rivoli; who, watching from the heights of Turin the progress of the flames, exclaimed, "Ah, would to God that all my palaces were thus reduced to cinders, and that the enemy would spare the cabins of my peasantry!" Like Turenne in the Palatinate and (we regret to say) like Victor Amadeus when his turn came, Catinat burnt and destroyed whatever fell in his way; and on one occasion some peasants, flying before him, threw themselves at the feet of the Duke to implore his help. After emptying his purse amongst them with the warmest expressions of sympathy, he tore off the collar of the Order round his neck, broke it into pieces, and flung them the bits. Traits of this kind abound. His brilliant courage enhanced the popular fondness and admiration; and he was hardly guilty of exaggeration, when he told M. de Chamery, a secret French agent, who warned him in 1692 that, if the war went on much longer he would be entirely denuded of troops: "*Monsieur, je frapperai du pied le sol de mon pays, et il en sortira des soldats.*"

Although he was beaten again by Catinat at Marsaglia, and underwent a variety of reverses, he inspired so much respect in his opponents, that it was deemed of the highest importance to detach him from the League, and such tempting offers were made to him, that, in August 1696, he signed a separate treaty with France, stipulating that all the territory taken from him should be restored, that the Duke of Burgundy (grandson of Louis) should marry his eld-

est daughter, that his ambassadors should be received on the same footing as those of kings at Versailles, and that France and Savoy should join in compelling the recognition of Italian neutrality by Austria and Spain; in which case it was to be equally recognized by the French. As this grand object was eventually effected, his reputation and consideration on the south of the Alps were materially enhanced, although it was literally true (as stated by Voltaire) that he was generalissimo for the Emperor and generalissimo for Louis Quatorze within the month. His defection proved catching, and led to consequences which, without reference to the motives or precise quality of his acts, have been set down as redounding to his credit by his biographers. Each of the allies hastened to open a separate negotiation: all the principal belligerents were parties to the Treaty (or Treaties) of Ryswick in 1697; and after the Treaty of Carlowitz in January 1699, it was recorded as an extraordinary phenomenon for that age—it would be no less extraordinary in ours—that the whole of the civilized world was actually at peace for nearly two years.*

This halcyon period was abruptly terminated by the war of the Spanish Succession in 1701, and Italy again became the battle-field, in open defiance of the boasted recognition of neutrality. Victor Amadeus, with the Savoy contingent, formed part of the army (French and Spanish) which was defeated by the Imperialists at Chiari, where he had a horse killed under him whilst covering the retreat, and is allowed on all hands to have displayed the most chivalrous bravery and given signal proofs of his good faith. But this merely excited the jealousy of Villeroy, who had superseded Catinat and fought the battle contrary to the best military opinions, including the Duke's. "This Marshal," says Voltaire, "entered Italy to give orders to Marshal

* "Il fut glorieux pour un duc de Savoie d'être la cause première de cette pacification générale. Son cabinet acquit un très-grand crédit, et sa personne une très-haute considération." — *Mémoires Historiques sur la Maison Royale de Savoie*, &c. &c. Par M. Marquis Costa de Beauregard, Quartier-maître-général de l'Armée. Turin, 1816. Vol. iii. p. 55.

de Catinat and umbrage to the Duke of Savoy. He made no secret of his absolute conviction that a favourite of Louis XIV., at the head of a powerful army, was far above a prince: he called him nothing but *Monsieur de Savoie*; he treated him as a general in the pay of France, and not as a sovereign, master of the barriers that Nature has placed between France and Italy." The effects of French arrogance were aggravated by the absurdity of Spanish etiquette. In pursuance of the policy to which French statesmen of the old school are still firmly wedded, of having weak states on their frontier, Louis had made up his mind to prevent, at any price, the aggrandizement of Savoy; but as a cheap mode of conciliating the Duke at a critical moment, the young King of Spain had been married to his second daughter. Within a few months of this event, the father-in-law and son-in-law met, by appointment, a short way from Alexandria — Philip in a chariot or *calèche*, and Victor Amadeus on horseback. The obvious course was for Victor to dismount and take the vacant seat in the chariot; but here the Marquis de Lonville, the grand master of ceremonies, interposed, declaring that this seat was exclusively reserved for kings. He similarly decided that the Duke could not be allowed an arm-chair in the apartment of the King; and Victor, wounded to the quick, soon afterwards left Alexandria in a pet.

At the battle of Luzara, in the ensuing campaign, the conduct of the Piedmontese troops was highly commended by King Philip, who presented a gold-hilted sword and a Spanish horse to their commander, the Comte des Hayes; but the absence of the Duke from his usual post at their head was the subject of invidious comment, and it speedily became known that a German envoy had been in frequent communication with his ministers. Louis acted with characteristic haughtiness and promptitude. After sending orders for the disarmament of the Piedmontese troops and the seizure of the Duke's person, he wrote to him:

MONSIEUR, — Since religion, honour, and our own signature are of no account between

us, I send my cousin, the Duc de Vendôme, to explain my will to you. He will give you twenty-four hours to decide.

Victor Amadeus replied in the same number of lines:

SIRE, — Threats do not frighten me: I shall take the measures that may suit me best relative to the unworthy proceedings that have been adopted towards my troops. I have nothing further to explain, and I decline listening to any proposition whatever.

His people were as sensible of the slight put upon him as he could be. The gallant little nation seconded him with such spirit and goodwill, that in an incredibly short space of time he was in a condition to make the haughty despot feel the weight a Duke of Savoy could throw into either scale when European supremacy was wavering in the balance. The President Henault, writing from the French point of view, distinctly states that his defection was the principal cause of all the misfortunes of the war. The art of changing sides, the policy of tergiversation, was certainly carried to perfection by this Prince; but it is far from clear that on this particular occasion he stood in need of the rather compromising apology made for him by Voltaire: "If the Duke of Savoy was slow to consult the law of nature, or the law of nations, this is a question of morality, which has little to do with the conduct of sovereigns." The date of the Act of Confederation between him and the Emperor, January 5, 1703, proves that they had come to no definite arrangement for more than three months after the forcible disarmament of the Piedmontese troops by the French.

The ensuing campaigns of 1703, 1704, 1705, were an almost unbroken series of disasters for the Duke. There was a time when his situation closely resembled that of Frederick the Great in 1757; when Macaulay describes him as riding about with pills of corrosive sublimate in one pocket and a quire of bad verses in another: *i.e.*, with the exception of the verses, for Victor Amadeus was never guilty of rhyme. But he resembled Frederick in intrepidity, in constancy of

purpose, and in the capacity for bearing up against the strongest tide of bad fortune till it turned. In May 1705 he was fairly driven to bay in his capital, which was invested with an overwhelming force by the French. Its fall was confidently anticipated, and Louis gave out that he would be present in person to witness the crowning humiliation of the most hated and formidable although (in respect of dominion) most insignificant of his foes. The eyes of all Europe were fixed upon the siege as on a duel of life and death between two redoubtable combatants; for if the immediate issue looked less threatening for one, the result proved that it was equally a turning-point for both.* It commenced like an affair of honour in the days of chivalry. Before opening fire on the town, a French officer came with a flag of truce to offer passports for the Sardinian Princesses, if they wished to withdraw to a place of safety, and to request on the part of M. de la Feuillade, the French Commander-in-chief, that the Duke would be pleased to specify the locality he had selected for his own head-quarters, a special order having been given by the King that it should be spared. The Duke replied, that, till the siege was raised, his quarters would be everywhere where his presence might be useful, and that, as for passports, he most humbly thanked his Majesty for this most courteous proceeding, but as he remained master of one of the gates of the city, the Princesses could leave it whenever they thought fit.

The fortifications, including the outworks, covered too large an extent of ground to admit of complete investment, and hardly a day passed without a sally by the Duke at the head of a chosen body of infantry and dragoons, to cover convoys, or distract the attention and intercept the communications of the besiegers. Hoping to bring the war to a rapid conclusion by a *coup de main*, the French general suspended the operations of the siege to give chase, and on one occasion Victor was overtaken and surrounded by a superior force. The Prince Emmanuel de Soissons, his cousin, and the Count de Saint-Georges, the captain of his guards, were wounded at his side; and he himself was unhorsed and thrown down under the horses' feet. But he managed to extricate himself,

and re-entered Turin the same day on which M. de la Feuillade returned to his lines after a bootless pursuit of three weeks.

The enthusiasm of the inhabitants rose in proportion to the call made upon them. It extended to both sexes and all ages; and many a prototype for the Maid of Saragossa might have been found amongst the damsels of Turin. Women to the number of three hundred (writes an eye-witness) were seen carrying earth-bags on their shoulders for the repair of the breaches on the most exposed part of the defences, unmoved, or at least unappalled, by the sight of the bleeding bodies of their companions who were struck down; whilst children of tender years, employed in carrying messages or provisions under fire, met danger with a laugh. One act of heroism, inspired by this exalted spirit of loyalty and patriotism, has never been surpassed in any age, ancient or modern. Pietro Micca, a private of artillery, with another (name unknown), had charge of a mine under a gallery which led direct into the heart of the citadel. The enemy, by a night surprise, had reached the gallery door facing the counterscarp, and were thundering at it with their axes before the alarm was given. There was no time to lay a train, and Pietro, seizing his comrade by the arm, told him to get away as fast as he could; then, after the pause of a few seconds, he applied a match to the mine, which exploded, blowing himself with three companies of French grenadiers into the air.*

A general assault was repulsed with great slaughter; but provisions began to fail, and the issue of the siege was still doubtful, when Prince Eugene, at the head of the relieving army of Imperialists, forty thousand strong, arrived under the walls, and had an interview with the Duke, at which it was agreed to turn the lines of the besiegers and give battle. In the French council of war, a party headed by the Duke of Orleans was for anticipating this movement by an attack. "If the battle is gained," they urged, "the place will fall of itself. If the battle is lost, there will be no alternative but to draw off." Marsin, the military governor or dry-nurse of the Prince, overruled this opinion, and it was decided to await the enemy in the lines, which,

* "Turin rendu, dit un écrivain politique de nos jours, le Piémont est fini. Louis XIV. pour l'avoir manqué perdit avec lui l'Italie." — *Beauregard*, vol. iii. p. 405, note.

* "Storia del Regno di Vittorio Amedeo II., scritta da Domenico Carutti." Torino, 1856. P. 268. It is added, to enhance the self-sacrificing character of the act, that he was a husband and a father.

being fifteen miles in extent, necessarily abounded in weak points. The allied infantry broke through after being twice driven back in disorder: the Piedmontese cavalry following under the Duke put the French cavalry to flight; and the garrison opportunely sallying forth, turned the defeat into a rout. Never was victory more complete. That same evening the two Princes made their triumphant entry into Turin to the sound of bells ringing and cannon firing, and amid the acclamations of a people drunk with joy. The battle of Turin delivered Italy, as the battle of Blenheim had delivered Germany, from the French. The Duke, besides recovering all he had lost, was strong enough to carry the war into the enemy's country by invading Province and Dauphiné; but the reception he encountered was such as to elicit the remark that, easy as it might be to enter France, it was not so easy to get out of it.

His position at the conclusion of the war was such as must have exceeded his most sanguine expectations when he engaged in it. Under the treaties of Utrecht and Radstadt (1713-1714), besides a liberal increase of boundary for his Alpine provinces, he acquired Sicily with the title of King and a formal recognition of the right of succession to the Spanish throne after the Bourbons, as devised to him by the will of Charles II. of Spain. Sicily was wrested from him within four years, but by the treaty of London, 1718, he was indemnified by being made King of Sardinia, a title which his successors maintained without dispute till it was merged in the prouder title of King of Italy.

He was now at leisure to indulge his genius for administration, and he is allowed on all hands to have introduced the most beneficial reforms in every department of the State, civil and military. By dint of good management, he more than doubled his revenue without unduly reducing his establishments or oppressing his subjects. "Savoy and Piedmont in his time," states an unimpeachable authority, "presented the spectacle of a monarchy as well regulated as a republic could have been. They formed, so to speak, a State, *tiré au cordeau*. Everything was provided for: the great monarchies, to repair the effects of the indolence which their greatness entails on them, might learn useful lessons, applicable to each of their provin-

ces, in these."* It is further recorded to the honour of Victor Amadeus, and in evidence of his force of character, that he was the first Christian Prince who deprived the Jesuits of the control of his conscience and the guidance of public education in his States. His distrust of them (he told M. Blondel) arose from a death-bed communication made to him by his own confessor, a Jesuit: "Deeply sensible of your many favours, I can only show my gratitude by a final piece of advice, but of such importance that perhaps it may suffice to discharge my debt. *Never have a Jesuit for confessor*. Do not ask me the grounds of this advice. I should not be at liberty to tell them to you."

Economical reformers are rarely popular, and he had alienated the nobles by the resumption of grants and the sale of titles. But this sagacious and enlightened monarch was at the height of his influence and prosperity at home and abroad, when he suddenly announced an intention of abdicating in favour of his youngest and only surviving son. Ingenuity was taxed to account for this proceeding. One theory was that he had entered into contradictory engagements with the Imperialists and the French in contemplation of a threatened renewal of the war. Another, that being denied absolute so long as a marriage recently contracted with his mistress was kept secret, and fearing to declare it as a king, he reduced himself to the condition of a subject to comply with the joint requisition of the lady and the priests.† Neither of these solutions will hold water; and the probabilities are that, having recently suffered from domestic affliction and severe illness, he abdicated because he was oppressed by the cares and responsibilities and sick of the gilded trappings of a throne.

On the 3rd September, 1730, he caused to be convoked at the Château of Rivoli the knights of the Order of the Annunciação, the ministers, the presidents of the supreme courts, and all the grandees, without communicating the object of the meeting to any one, except the Prince of Piémont and the Marquis del Borgo. The assembly being formed, the King imposed silence, and the Marquis del Borgo

* Le Comte d'Argenson, "Intérêts de la France avec ses Voisins."

† Both these motives are suggested by Count Litta in his "Famiglie Celebri Italiane;" in which an entire volume is devoted to the House of Savoy.

read aloud the Act by which his Majesty renounced the throne and transferred the sovereign authority to Charles Emmanuel. This document was conceived in the same terms as the act of abdication of Charles V. It alleged the same motives — advancing age, illness, and the desire to place an interval between the anxieties of the throne and death. But the circumstances were as widely different as the results. Victor Amadeus acted from impulse: Charles V. from long self-examination and reflection. We learn from Sir William Stirling Maxwell that “although it is not possible to determine the precise time when the Emperor formed his celebrated resolution, it is certain that this resolution was formed many years before it was carried into effect. With his Empress Isabella, who died in 1538, he had agreed that as soon as State affairs and the ages of their children should permit, they were to retire for the remainder of their lives — he into a convent of friars, and she into a nunnery. In 1542 he confided his design to the Duke of Gandia; and in 1546 it had been whispered and was mentioned by Bernardo Navagiero, the sharp-eared envoy of Venice, in a report to the Doge.” The same well-informed writer almost contemptuously refutes the oft-repeated assertion that the Emperor’s life at Yuste was a long repentance for his resignation of power, and that Philip was constantly tormented in England and in Flanders by the fear that his father might one day return to the throne. The son, he maintains, seems to have been as free from jealousy as the father was free from repentance. “In truth, Philip’s filial affection and reverence shine like a grain of fine gold in the base metal of his character; his father was the one wise and strong man who crossed his path, whom he never suspected, undervalued, or used ill. But the repose of Charles cannot have been troubled with regrets for his resigned power, seeing that, in truth, he never resigned it at all, but wielded it at Yuste as firmly as he had wielded it at Augsburg or Toledo.” *

It is difficult to conceive a more marked contrast than was presented by the situation and position of the royal performers in what was meant to be the corresponding drama at Turin. The son had been brought up in slavish awe of the father, and the father till within a short

time of the resignation made no secret of the low estimate he had formed of the capacity of the son. As if distrustful of himself, the ex-king started for his chosen place of retreat, Chambéry, the day after the ceremony, at seven in the morning. In the farewell interview, Charles Emmanuel having reiterated the wish that the abdication should not be deemed absolute, received for answer: “My son, the supreme authority will not endure sharing. I might disapprove what you might do, and this would do harm. It is better not to think any more of it.” Yet he stipulated that a weekly bulletin or report should be sent to him of the progress and conduct of affairs, and the cessation of this report first provoked the language and demeanour which were construed into proofs of a conspiracy to resume possession of the throne by force.

A year and three weeks after the abdication (September 26, 1731) a council was held under the presidency of King Charles Emmanuel, which was attended by three of the great nobles, the generalissimo of the forces, and the Archbishop of Turin in addition to the ordinary members, and it was unanimously resolved, on the motion of the Marquis d’Ormea, the Prime Minister, that Victor Amadeus should be placed under arrest. The young King melted into tears, and was unable to sign the order without the aid of the Marquis, who guided his hand or (as others say) forced him to trace the letters of his name by the same rude means which Ruthven employed with Queen Mary at Lochleven. The order once obtained, D’Ormea lost not an hour in acting on it, and took in person the direction of the troops, by whom it was executed in the harshest, most humiliating, and most insulting manner. This illustrious Prince, then in his sixty-sixth year and suffering from a recent attack of apoplexy, was pulled out of bed in the dead of night, thrust half-dressed into a carriage, and hurried off to a place of confinement; where, exemplifying the familiar maxim touching the brief interval between the prisons and the graves of princes, he died on the 31st October, 1732.

The amount of sensation excited by these events, with the general manner of regarding them, may be collected from Voltaire:

Four sovereigns in this age renounced the crown: Christine, Casimir, Philip V., and Victor Amadeus. Philip V. only resumed the government against his will: Casimir never

* “The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth.” A valuable and interesting contribution to history, made eminently attractive by the style.

thought of it: Christine was tempted to it for some time through an affront she received at Rome; Amadeus alone *wished to reascend by force* the throne that his restlessness had induced him to abandon. The result of this attempt is well known. His son, Charles Emmanuel, would have acquired a glory above crowns, in remitting to his father what he held from him, if his father alone had demanded it, and if the conjuncture of the times had permitted it; but it was, it was said, an ambitious mistress who wished to reign, *and the whole Council was forced to prevent the fatal consequences, and to have him who had been their sovereign put under arrest.* He died in prison in 1732. It is utterly false that the Court of France meditated sending 20,000 men to defend the father against the son, as was stated in the memoirs of that time. Neither the abdication of this king, nor his attempt to resume the sceptre, nor his prison, nor his death, caused the slightest movement amongst the neighbouring nations.*

Muratori, after mentioning the fears entertained that King Victor would be guilty of some fresh extravagance, proceeds:

Thus the King, his son, saw exposed to injury and degradation not only his royal dignity, but his own honour and the good of the State; and, after vainly trying every expedient to calm the mind of his father, and bring him back to a more becoming tone of thought, called together the wisest of his councillors, civil and military, and, after laying before them the state of things, with a protest of his readiness to make any personal sacrifice consistent with his public duty, demanded their advice. Giving every consideration its weight, they were of one mind in believing that a remedial measure was necessary, and it was unanimously resolved that the person of Victor Amadeus should be secured. Accordingly, on the night of the 28th September, the castle of Moncalieri was surrounded by various bodies of troops, and Amadeus was suddenly required to enter a carriage prepared for him. He thought fit to yield, and he was conducted to the vast and delightful palace of Rivoli.†

All succeeding historians and biographers concur in assuming that the father did conspire to resume the throne by force; that the son was actuated by an imperious sense of duty to prevent a still greater scandal or a civil war, and that the Premier was amply justified in looking solely to the safety of his master, the welfare of the State, and the dignity of the Crown. The utmost the most recent and professedly best informed historian will admit is that the treatment of the

aged and invalid ex-sovereign was unnecessarily harsh.*

How the whole affair was treated by diplomatists may be learnt from the language of a Venetian ambassador at Turin, who reports in substance that, whatever may have been the reasons that induced King Charles to resort to such extreme measures, "the details of this tragical event are too voluminous to find place in a simple ambassadorial report, and the affair is so delicate that it is better to be silent about it altogether until it can be thoroughly discussed without restraint."† Silence, or rather a studied mysterious reticence, was accordingly observed on all sides to the complete falsification of history until the appearance in 1873 of the "*Memorie Aneddotiche*"‡ of the Comte de Blondel, who was French Minister at Turin during the whole of the transactions in dispute: knew everybody mixed up with them: was in constant communication with both kings, ex- and actual, before and after the abdication; supports his printed statements by documentary evidence, and maintains without equivocation or reserve that Victor Amadeus was the victim of a plot: that Charles Emmanuel was guilty of the most inexcusable weakness at the best, and that the sole apology that can be made for him is that he was the tool of an unscrupulous minister, who sought to remove a bar to his own grasping ambition or to consolidate his ill-gotten power.

The editor, librarian to the King of Italy, states that the manuscript copy from which he prints passed some years since from the library of Count Prospero Balbo to the royal library. The book is

* "*L'arresto di Vittorio Amedeo II. fu necessità di Stato: la sua detenzione, le molestie, le cautele, i modi furono opera iniqua.*" "*Storia del Regno di Vittorio Amedeo II. scritta da Domenico Carutti.*" Torino, 1856, p. 513. M. Carutti was during many years Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and must be supposed to have had free access to official documents; on which, however, as will presently appear, very little reliance is to be placed.

† "*Relazione di Marco Foscarini, Cavaliere e Procuratore Veneto, Ambasciadore Straordinario Ritornato dalla Corte di Torino, data li 2 Marzo, 1743.*" This curious Relation has never been printed. The manuscript to which we refer is in the possession of the Marquis d'Azeglio, during many years the able and popular representative of the Sardinian (now Italian) Government at the British Court. We are likewise indebted to him for our copy of M. de Blondel's "*Anecdotal Memoirs.*"

‡ The editor, in his prefatory Notice or Advertisement, speaks of these Memoirs as "*sinore inedite e da pochi scrittori conosciute.*" They were evidently known (at least part of them) to M. de Beauregard, and apparently to M. Carutti; but their real interest and importance seem to have struck no one till they appeared in print.

* "*Précis du Siècle de Louis XV.,*" chap. iii.

† "*Annali d'Italia,*" 8vo. edition, vol. xvi. p. 231.

already out of print, only a limited number of copies having been issued; and there is no publisher's name on the title-page. We shall, therefore, be more copious in our extracts than when dealing with an easily accessible publication.

The value of M. de Blondel's reminiscences does not consist merely in the rectification of the facts. His portraits and sketches of character are eminently useful in enabling us to appreciate motives and weigh probabilities. For example, the manner in which the Marquis minister is brought upon the stage, with the account of his origin and rise, go far to explain his subsequent conduct. It was as a clerk in the Department of Finance, named Ferrero, that this man first attracted the attention of Victor Amadeus. Having occasion to transact business with him during the illness of the Finance Minister, the King found him so quick-witted, so full of resources and expedients, that the notion occurred of sending him to Rome to settle the pending differences with the Pope, which had come to such a pitch that the benefices in Piedmont had not been filled for thirty years, and there was only one bishop left in the dominions of his Sardinian Majesty. Acting with his wonted promptitude, he named Ferrero Marquis d'Ormea, General of Finance, and Roman Ambassador, in rapid succession or at once; and the improvised diplomatist started for the Holy See, provided with a present of six massive silver candlesticks and a richly-worked cross, valued at 100,000 crowns, to conciliate the Pope, and *carte blanche* in the way of letters of credit to secure the Cardinal Coscia, who governed the successor of St. Peter and was notoriously open to a bribe.

The Marquis is described as tall, good-looking, ready and eloquent in speech, and very insinuating by an air of frankness which he affected and did not possess. After assailing the position on one weak side, he made adroit and indirect advances in an opposite direction. Having ascertained that his Holiness commonly attended mass at five in the morning in St. Peter's, the ambassador made a point of being found there on his knees at half-past four, as in ecstasy, holding a chaplet with beads as big as pigeon's eggs, to attract attention. This gave occasion for his ally, the Cardinal, to enlarge upon the austerity, probity, regularity, and piety of the Sardinian minister, who was cut to the heart to think of the ecclesiastical condition of his country

and the growing irreligion of his countrymen. D'Ormea did not think it necessary to keep his royal master accurately informed of the precise means by which he proposed to attain the desired end; and instead of accepting the co-operation of the French ambassador, the Cardinal de Polignac, an ecclesiastic in high esteem, he managed to persuade the King that it was not offered in good faith and was more likely to impede than accelerate a settlement. When all was ripe, Coscia formed (or packed) a congregation of the least scrupulous cardinals, in which a Concordat was prepared, glossing over the more delicate matters so as to throw dust in the eyes of the cardinals who might be expected to oppose it in the Consistory.

The Consistory was fixed for a time when these cardinals could not attend, for reasons of health or country residence; and the Concordat was passed, comprising many privileges that are commonly not granted by the Court of Rome till after the solicitations of years and considerations of merit and good service to the Holy See. Then came the crowning feat of trickery and audacity. When the Concordat had been duly considered by the Pope and the time arrived for affixing the papal seal and signature, Coscia surreptitiously withdrew it and substituted another, in which all the pretensions and desires of the King of Sardinia were recognized and gratified, got it regularly executed, and handed it over to the Marquis, who hurried with it to his master and was forthwith rewarded by the appointment of First Minister. It is in this iniquitous and simoniacal fashion (says M. de Blondel) that the King of Sardinia extorted, by the roguery of his representative, the Concordat for the ecclesiastical administration of his States.

Victor Amadeus was unfortunate in his domestic relations. One of his daughters, the Dauphiness, died in 1713; the other, the Queen of Spain, in 1714; and his eldest son, the Prince of Piémont, a young man of extraordinary promise, the Marcellus of Savoy, in 1715. His death was a terrible blow to the father, who gave way to such extravagance of grief, that fears were entertained for his reason. After wandering up and down his stables with an air of distraction, he ran his sword through the body of a favourite horse. Gradually he calmed down, and by a strong effort threw all his hopes on his remaining son, Charles Emmanuel, aged 14, whom he had hitherto

treated with the most marked neglect and dislike, because (according to M. de Blondel) he was very ugly, of dwarfish stature, hump-backed, afflicted with a goitre, and of so weakly a constitution as to threaten a failure of successors to the dynasty. He stood in such awe of his father that he hardly ever answered him except by monosyllables. There is a court anecdote handed down by tradition, that when the prince, whose head hardly rose above the dinner-table, was asked by the father what he would have to eat: "*Cosa veus-tu, Carlin?*" he again and again in his terror stammered out "*Buje*" (boiled beef, or *bouilli*, still a standing dish at Piedmontese tables), which commonly provoked the reply: "*It as già avune, coyon*" (Thou hast had some already, blockhead). However, the King saw no help for it but to make the best of a bad matter, and resolutely set about forming the mind and improving the body of "Carlin," with a view to his now inevitable succession to the throne. To give a practical turn to his education, he was sent to study fortification in fortified places with engineer officers, and made to pass regiment after regiment in review, noting down the most minute details of the arms and equipments of each branch of the service, with their cost. Then came tours of inspection to civil and commercial establishments, especially the silk and woollen manufactories; after each of which he had to undergo a searching examination, to test his diligence and capacity.

He was married, in 1722, to a Princess of Neubourg, a woman of sense and spirit, who would have emancipated him from the paternal thrall and placed things on a more becoming and improving footing, had she lived. But she died in child-birth the year following, after being delivered of a son still-born; and he was remarried in 1724 to a Princess of Hesse, who, with many personal attractions, was unluckily not endowed with sufficient strength of character to encounter the stern volition of the father, or inspire a sense of personal dignity and independence in the son. Under pretence that the uxorious habits of the Prince, after his second marriage, led to idleness and frivolity, he was restricted in connubial intercourse, being only permitted to pass one day a week with his wife. M. de Blondel was present when the King, after censuring the similar habits of the young King of France, Louis XV., turned to the Prince and

said: "*C'est également pour toi, Carlin, ce que je dis sur mon petit-fils.*" The Prince, with the most respectful air, replied that at twenty-seven a man must surely know how to conduct himself with his wife: "*Voilà comme vous êtes, jeune présomptueux. Vous n'êtes qu'un sot, qui ne savez ni vous conduire ni vous modérer.*"

It was not until 1727 that, beginning to feel the advance of age, the King determined to initiate the Prince in the personal arts of government, which, as practised by his Majesty, it was no easy matter to teach. He had no council, and his method was to work separately with each minister on the affairs of the department, and to give orders and decisions according to justice, or (as not unfrequently happened) according to expediency. Moreover his system was never to bring his ministers into conference together, but to foster a sufficient degree of misunderstanding between them to put each upon his guard and facilitate the discovery of any misfeasance, error, or deceit. "In my familiar conversations with him," says M. de Blondel, "he has repeatedly told me that, if I did not want to ruin myself, I should always keep up a misunderstanding between my steward and my cook, as he did between his ministers; which he had found answer capitally since the commencement of his reign."

Coming next to the second wife of the King, who plays a most important part whether she was the main mover in the approaching catastrophe or not, we learn that she was born Comtesse de Cumiana, of an illustrious house, and endowed with great personal attractions. Her first husband was the Comte de St. Sebastian, whose name she bore (having been some years a widow) till she was made Marquise de Spigno. M. de Blondel denies the current story that she had been the King's mistress, and states that the proposal of marriage was elicited by her indignantly drawing back on his familiarly placing his hand on her shoulder, telling him that she would never use the private staircase again. She was Mistress of the Robes to the Princess, and in attendance when this incident occurred. The King satisfied her at once by declaring that he regarded her as his future wife; citing the example of Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon, to show that a private marriage with a Sovereign might place the honour of a subject beyond reproach.

His love of mystery was betrayed in

the whole management of this affair. A dispensation was obtained through the Marquis d'Ormea, then at Rome, for a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Maurice, a widower, to marry a widow, which is contrary to the rules of that order. On the 12th of August, 1730, his affianced bride being in waiting, he sent the Princess a permission to dine with her husband, whilst the Marquise on her part, prayed for leave of absence on the plea of a headache, and hurried to the King's cabinet, where the marriage took place in the presence of two witnesses. They then separated, and the lady returned to prepare her apartments for the reception of her spouse. After ordering a chicken for supper, and giving directions to be not at home to any one but one female friend (the Comtesse de Passeran, from whom M. de Blondel had the details), she told her maid to open a coffer containing sheets of the finest Holland, and pillows adorned with rose-coloured ribbons, which she professed to have procured for a niece. Then, remarking that her niece was of the same height and her bed of the same size, she said they might as well see how the sheets and pillows looked, and had her own bed made with them accordingly; into which she got, after supping on the chicken, and putting on a cap trimmed with lace. Her maid thought her mad, until informed of the grand secret, and was not perfectly reassured until the arrival of the King, about ten, attended by a single valet.

Early next morning, the bridegroom, to avert suspicion, left for his hunting seat, and the bride continued to discharge her duties about the Princess until the day before the abdication, when the King nominated the Comtesse Salasque in her stead. She then heard, for the first time, that she was to be disappointed in her cherished expectation of a throne, although the King had spent his whole time since the marriage in preparing for the abdication, and, so to speak, setting his house in order. In this interval he named the Baron de Rhèbinder First Marshal and Generalissimo of all his troops, and drew up a recommendation to his son to give all his confidence to the Marquis of St. Thomas, who could boast forty years of integrity, fidelity, and discretion, but for action and execution to employ the Marquis d'Ormea, who, he said, would never be found wanting in adroitness, suppleness, boldness, readiness, necessary dissimulation, enterprise

combined with judgment, and capacity for great ideas as well in the project as the execution. The soundness of this appreciation was speedily verified to his cost.

M. de Blondel's account of the formal abdication comprises details which have escaped the chroniclers. After the reading of the Act, the King, taking his son by the hand, made the round of the circle, reminded his son of the services of each, and spoke to each with a firmness, an heroic courage, and a tenderness, which drew tears from all.

Almost all the members of this Assembly were creations of King Victor by titles, dignities, and places; nevertheless most of them fell in with the conspiracy of the Marquis d'Ormea, whether through seduction or imbecility, through hope or through fear. I therefore look upon the tears of the Piedmontese as tears shed at a tragedy. Before the curtain has well fallen, they are dried up, and the heart remains where it was.

In the course of a private interview the same evening, King Victor told M. de Blondel: "I start to-morrow morning at seven for Chambéry, whither I retire without any mark of royalty, since I am no more than a private individual. I have neither gentlemen nor guards in my suite. I retain but one carriage and horses, four footmen, one *valet-de-chambre*, two cooks, and 150,000 livres of revenue. This is enough for a country gentleman." Then turning to his son, he said: "Carlin, although I no longer wish to have any influence in affairs, I flatter myself that you will have the goodness, to amuse me in my retreat, to send me every week a bulletin of all the business you have transacted, so as to keep me *au fil* of the history of the events of Europe more clearly than they will be detailed in the Gazettes." This the young King promised to execute with the utmost exactness.

Victor-Amadeus was remarkable for the simplicity, amounting to homeliness, of his dress and mode of life. The taste of his successor was the reverse: one of his first exercises of royalty being to furnish his palaces in the most magnificent style, and arrange a pleasure trip to the fair of Alexandria with the utmost splendour and costliness of equipage and dress. Hearing that the female aristocracy of Milan, Genoa, Parma, Modena, and Florence were in the habit of repairing there for the display of their finery and their charms, as the English ladies repair to Ascot, he named six of the most beauti-

ful women of his court to attend on the Queen, and, in conformity with the Italian custom, attached a *cicisbeo* or *cavalier servente* to each. M. de Blondel was attached to the Comtesse de Frossaque, and as she was young (only eighteen) and very handsome, he had apparently no reason to complain of his lot; but the duties of the appointment proved somewhat wearisome, and his description of them may help to dissipate the popular misconception of their quality and tendency, for which Lord Byron is mainly answerable :

An English lady asked of an Italian

What were the actual and official duties
Of the strange thing some woman set a value
on,

Which hovers oft about some married beauties,

Called "cavalier servente," a Pygmalion
Whose statues warm — I fear, too true 'tis —
Beneath his art. The dame, pressed to disclose them,
Said: "Lady, I beseech you to *suppose them*."

Honi soit qui mal y pense. There is no occasion for supposing; nothing at which morality, delicacy, or prudery can take offence.

This party of pleasure and pain passed thus. The day of departure, I had to hand Madame into her coach, and follow her in mine exactly to the half-way station, where I had ordered a grand dinner, to which she invited all the persons of her acquaintance who were on the road to Alexandria. After the dinner, and after having handed her into her coach, I went on before to make the necessary arrangements in the rooms engaged for her, and order the supper. The next day I was obliged to be at the Court by eight, to learn the pleasures of the day, report them to Madame, and return to the Court at ten to accompany the King to mass. After taking leave of the King, I had to go for Madame, and escort her to the fair. The first time I was obliged to buy her a fan, at a cost of ten or twelve louis. She gave me a sword-knot in exchange. At half-past one, I accompanied her wherever she was invited; and, after presenting her with a basin of water and napkin, I took my place at her side; for the *cicisbeo* is always understood to be invited with his lady, and I had to help her to everything, both food and wine. Towards five, I escorted her to the opera; where I was obliged to remain in her box so long as she was alone, but as soon as any gentleman arrived, I was bound to go out and remain in the pit till he went away, and then resume my place in it.

On leaving the opera, I presented her her gloves, her fan, her cloak, and took her to the royal apartments, where she supped at the King's table, and I at the Grand Master's, for

men do not eat with the Queen. On rising from table, I took her to the theatre, which, after the performance, had been converted into a ball-room. Whenever Madame wished to dance, I was obliged to dance with her, if no one else asked her. The ball never finished before five: I had then to escort my lady to her apartments, and as a reward in full for my trouble, she gave me her hand to kiss, and I went home. This routine lasted eight days, and I was very glad when it was over, and Madame had given me my discharge, which was not till our return to Turin, and after I had given her another dinner at the half-way station.

He adds that the aristocracy of Alexandria had preserved most of the manners and customs of the Spaniards.

That which struck me most in their repasts was, that at their table of forty covers, there were only four dishes of roast, in pyramids, at the four corners, of such enormous size that two servants could hardly carry one of them. The first layer was of sucking pigs, the second of turkey poults, the third of pheasants, the fourth of chicken, the fifth of partridges, the sixth of quails, the seventh of thrushes, crowned by seven or eight silver skewers of ortolans.

All went on smoothly enough for the best part of a year, during which Charles Emmanuel took no step of importance without consulting his father, and paid the most respectful attention to his representations and advice. This by no means suited the plans of the Marquis d'Ormea, who was intriguing to get the uncontrolled administration of affairs into his own hands, whilst amusing the young king with a succession of *fêtes*. He was really a superior man, of political genius and capacity as well as grasping ambition, a kind of Italian Alberoni, and he speedily gained an ascendancy over the mind of the young king, which required nothing but the cessation of the weekly reports to become paramount. His preparatory tactics for getting rid of them were to tell all who applied to him that he could do nothing without a reference to Chambéry: "We have the representation at Turin, but the organ that puts the puppets in motion is in Savoy." This was repeated so often that it sank into the public mind, and at length reached Charles Emmanuel, who underwent the mortification of hearing that his subjects had no confidence in him, that they looked elsewhere for favour or preferment, and that he was universally supposed to have had a mere phantom of royalty transferred to him. Most oppor-

tunely for the Marquis, the ex-king had an attack of apoplexy at the beginning of 1731, on hearing of which a royal *fête*, which had been planned on a scale of extraordinary magnificence, was put off, and the king was on the point of starting for Chambéry, when a letter dictated by King Victor was received, saying that he was already better and insisting that the journey across the mountains at such a season should be given up. It was consequently delayed, and the King did not arrive at Chambéry till the 29th of March. He stayed with his father till the 14th of April, and during the whole time the best possible understanding prevailed; which M. de Blondel adduces in disproof of the assumption that Victor had taken offence at the delay of the visit, and that the Marquise had availed herself of the circumstance to irritate him against his son.

Dating from the 9th of February, when the news of the illness reached Turin, the Marquis d'Ormea had suppressed the weekly bulletins; and on the King's asking, a month after the visit of Chambéry, whether they had been regularly despatched, he was told that they had been discontinued altogether. To have sent them, it was urged, during the ex-king's illness would have been to expose secrets of State to the curious eyes and ears of doctors and nurses; and to resume them after his recovery would necessitate the composition of volumes to connect the present with the past. "King Charles was weak enough to be swayed by this bad reasoning, which was the unhappy source of the monstrous events which followed, for King Victor did not think it consistent with his dignity, after the sacrifice he had made to his son, to demand an account of his administration, and each day added to his causes of irritation, which, it appears, the Marquise de Spigno did not soften down." King Victor, however, so dissembled his mortification and resentment, that it only began to be observed at the end of July 1731, when King Charles was obliged to take Chambéry in his way to the baths of Evian. Although M. de Blondel saw the ex-king soon after this meeting, and conversed with him in the usual tone of confidence and familiarity on all subjects, his first notion (he states) of the misunderstanding between the two princes was given him at a Chambéry ball the same evening by a lady, who told him "that King Victor was not satisfied either with his

son or his minister, and that there had been ill feeling and a much shorter stay than had been intended."

He was in France when he heard that a downright breach had occurred at the return meeting at Chambéry, which King Charles, after announcing a visit of fifteen days, had abruptly quitted on the second day at eleven at night, on horseback, accompanied only by an equerry, a page, and a footman, through the mountain passes of the Tarantaise, where the roads were abominable. The authentic explanation, subsequently acquired and confirmed, was that King Victor, while receiving the Queen, his daughter-in-law, with the customary marks of affection, threw the most marked air of coldness and offended dignity into his reception of his son: that his manner remained unaltered the next day, when, on the Marquis d'Ormea and the Marquis del Borgo presenting themselves to pay their respects, he overwhelmed them with reproaches, saying that he repented having given such bad ministers to his son, whose confidence they abused. They forthwith carried an exaggerated version of what had passed to King Charles, who, bred up in panic awe of his father, was led to believe that his life was no longer safe at Chambéry, and that there was no violence of which the old man was not capable in his present mood, to the extent even of drawing his sword upon his son. The upshot was that they left secretly by one route, whilst King Charles started off by another: they taking the best and most frequented, under the pretence of putting King Victor upon a false scent; as if a pursuit were possible in his state of health and with the means at his disposal, had he really entertained so absurd a notion. They clearly overacted their parts, except so far as the immediate object of frightening and fatally committing their young sovereign was attained.

The morning after their departure King Victor sent to inquire if his son was awake, and, on being informed that he had started for Turin the night before, hurried immediately to the Queen, who told him that King Charles, having received a courier from Turin, had been forced to repair thither with his ministers; her directions and intentions being to follow as soon as the carriages and relays could be got ready. He highly commended her resolution of following her husband, and during the remaining two days of her visit treated her with the

greatest kindness and attention. As soon as she was gone, he ordered preparations (which took six days) to be made for his own return to Piedmont, with the alleged object of bringing back his son to his old habits of deference and of controlling the baneful influence of the ministers. But that, at this time, he had avowed an intention of resuming the throne, is negatived by the fact that, on reaching Mont Cenis, he dispatched a courier to announce his having left Chambéry because the air was absolutely injurious to his health, requesting the King to indicate the province and town that might be deemed preferable for his residence, adding that he should sleep the next night at Rivoli, where he hoped to receive the decision of his Majesty. He further requested the payment of his next quarter's revenue in advance, to defray the expenses of his journey.

King Charles replied that he might choose any place he thought best for his health, and made a point of being at Rivoli to receive him; but the coldness continued, and all sorts of stories were got up by D'Ormea to widen the breach and excite the apprehensions of the young King. The garrison was largely reinforced, as if in anticipation of a *coup de main*; and numerous promotions were made, as if to secure the wavering fidelity of the army. It was simultaneously given out that the Marquis de Fonsberri had come to an understanding through the Marquis de Rivard to deliver up the city of Turin to his old master, and that the court physician and apothecary had been engaged to poison King Charles; who between fright and some lingering remains of filial piety would, it was said, have readily surrendered the throne had he not been repelled and disgusted at the thought of allowing his Queen to be superseded by her former mistress of the robes, by whom (he was assured) the whole intrigue and conspiracy had been set on foot. "The recent example of Philip V., of Spain," observes M. de Beauregard, "whose first care on reascending the throne had been to sacrifice the ministers of his son, was not calculated to tranquillize the ministers of King Charles." *

But it was not enough for them to overrule this wavering resolution of their young sovereign, if he really entertained

any notion of resigning. Their fate now hung on his complete emancipation from the influence of King Victor, who was only to be conciliated by the dismissal of D'Ormea from the court and councils of his son. The struggle was rapidly becoming one of life and death, and D'Ormea was not the man to resort to half-measures in an emergency. The bill of indictment he drew up against his old master and laid before the memorable council of the 28th of September, was so overwhelming, that without asking for evidence or looking to the internal improbabilities of the charges, the councillors were unanimous in pressing the King to sign the order of arrest. He was still hesitating, when a knock was heard at the door. It was an officer with a billet from the governor, announcing an attempt of the old King to introduce himself into the place, and all hesitation ceased. Now, in the document purporting to be a faithful relation, afterwards circulated by the Marquis, we find—

He (King Victor) hoped to gain entrance into the citadel by a feint, which failed. He drove round this fortress in his carriage, and when he was near the *porte de secours* he pretended to have the colic, to which he was much subject, and sent for the Baron de Saint Remy,* the governor, to allow him to enter and repose. The governor came out to speak to him, and said he had not the key, which was in the possession of King Charles. King Victor hoped that, being master of the citadel, he should raise the inhabitants of Turin in the fear of seeing it bombarded, and arrest King Charles with the aid of persons gained by the commandant. On the failure of this attempt, he reproached his son, saying that he was unfit to reign, and that he (King Victor) would resume the government; otherwise he would kindle the flames of war in the four corners and in the middle of his states, and that he would procure foreign troops to second him.

The attempt to enter the citadel, therefore, must have been perfectly well known to the Council; but, in point of fact, there was no such attempt. The story is a pure fiction; and so is the allegation of a conspiracy or plot. None of the persons to whom King Victor's strong language was reported to have been addressed were misled by it: not a single friend or former servant acted with him; and the five or six persons arrested on pretended suspicion, for form's sake, were set at liberty at the end of a few days, not a

* "Mémoires Historiques," vol. iii. p. 149. Philip abdicated in favour of his son, Louis, January 4, 1724, and resumed the throne on his son's death in the August following.

* Count Litta says that the alleged attempt to enter the citadel was proved by a letter from Pallavicino, the governor.

vestige of complicity being proved against them. As one of the first acts of the Marquis d'Ormea, on arriving at Montcalieri with the order of arrest, was to break open the writing-boxes and seize the papers of the ex-king, it may be taken for granted that, if any evidence of a conspiracy had existed, it would have been produced. The circumstantial details of the arrest will be read with mingled indignation and surprise.

The brigadier, Comte de Perouse, accompanied by four colonels and the officers of a company of grenadiers, presented himself an hour after midnight at the door of the ex-king's bed-room, and, having tried false keys, had it broken open with hatchets. The Marquise de Spigno was the first to take the alarm. Springing out of bed she rushed to the door, and seeing grenadiers with bayonets fixed and flambeaux, she rushed back and woke the King, exclaiming: "*Ah, mon Roi, nous sommes perdus!*" The King, sitting up in bed and inquiring what was meant by such an outrage at such an hour, the brigadier, having first secured his sword, expressed a hope that he would spare them the pain of having recourse to violence by submitting to the execution of their orders; on which the King, after a vain appeal to their loyalty and the sacredness of his person, sank back on his bed, flung his arms around the Marquise, and remained motionless for a quarter of an hour, during which the brigadier was silent, regarding it as a last adieu. At length, seeing no other way of ending the scene, he three times summoned the King to yield, and receiving no answer, ordered the Chevalier de Birage, major of grenadiers, who was charged to arrest the Marquise, to do his duty whilst he (the brigadier) did his.

It was as much as both, aided by the four colonels, could do to separate the King and his wife, who clung together with legs and arms intertwined; the bed-clothes being scattered all over the floor in the struggle. The room was lined with armed grenadiers, forming a circle, in the centre of which stood the twelve officers with their swords drawn. The Marquise was finally torn from her husband with her night-dress in tatters, dragged on her back from the bed to her dressing-room, and exposed to the rude gaze of the soldiers whilst she was still struggling in this dishevelled condition to rejoin the King, who kept making the most passionate and touching appeals to the grenadiers; reminding them that he

had mingled his blood with theirs a hundred times in defence of their country, and demanding if they had the heart to treat as a prisoner him to whom they had sworn allegiance as their King. The officers threatened death to any one who should raise a finger in his behalf; and refusing to put on his clothes, and vowing that he would endure the utmost extent of ignominy rather than tamely submit to such treatment, he was half-led, half-carried to the carriage in waiting. One of the colonels, a soldier of fortune, was about to get in with him, when the ex-king repelled him by a blow, crying out: "Wretch, learn the respect which is my due, and know that people of thy degree should never enter the carriage of their king." On being shown the written order, he tore it to pieces, vowing that no such order could have emanated from his son, and that the indignities heaped upon him were all owing to the "vile ministers."

The road from Montcalieri to Rivoli was cleared by a detachment of dragoons, who caused all the doors and windows in the villages to be closed under pain of death. On arriving, the royal victim was so broken by fury and fatigue, that his tongue, covered with foam, hung two inches from his mouth, and his eyes glared more wildly at the sight of the blacksmiths securing the windows of the apartment destined for him with iron bars. A marble slab which he broke by a blow of his fist, used to be shown as one of the curiosities of the *château*. The orders of the officers were to watch him night and day; to report everything he said or did; and to make no reply to him, even by Yes or No, but simply by a bow. One officer slept on a mattress inside his chamber across the door, and another outside. As for his wife, the Marquise, after being compelled to dress, she was placed in a coach with the major, her *femme-de-chambre* in another with a private soldier, and they were thus conveyed under an escort of fifty dragoons to the fort of Ceva, a reformatory prison or penitentiary, in which women of bad character (*mauvaise vie*) were ordinarily confined.

M. de Blondel states that soon after these details had been supplied to him on good authority, he met the Archbishop of Turin and Marshal de Rhèbinder, who each separately confirmed the strict accuracy of his informants. The Marshal, referring to the first council after the arrest, at which the Marquis d'Ormea was

driven to confess that no evidence of the alleged plot was forthcoming, used these words :—

At this first Council of State I was seized with horror at the enormous crime that had been committed, reflecting on the small means of King Victor for resuming the crown, seeing no intelligence with the foreigner, and knowing the little love his subjects and the nobility had on account of his former arbitrary proceedings ; but what aggravated my regret was the report made at another Council of the innocence of all the prisoners that had been arrested. I then felt that the imprisonment of these gentlemen had been an excess of coudrelism on the part of the Marquis d'Ormea to embolden the King to so frightful step.

M. de Blondel sent regular reports of all he heard or saw to his own Court ; and a despatch from M. le Garde des Sceaux, dated October 30th, 1731, begins :—

I have received your letter of the 20th of this month. The Cardinal de Fleury and myself are perfectly satisfied with the details you have given us of the event of the 29th September, as likewise with all you said in the audience which the King of Sardinia granted you when you appeared for the first time at La Venerie. Even had we not reason to believe you as well informed as you are, all you report to us would not fail to appear true ; he rather that nothing has reached the King (of France) of a nature to clear up and justify the causes and motives of so singular an event.

His subsequent instructions were to be extremely guarded in his language, and not to be thought to condemn what had been done. "You would thus become the object of grave suspicion on the part of the Marquis d'Ormea ; and his minister, thinking himself blamed by France, would have no other resource than to make common cause with the Emperor."

The most plausible justification, that King Victor was insane, was hardly attempted ; indeed, it was utterly incapable of proof, for, except in his by no means unnatural fits of passion, his language was calm and reasonable, persistently asserting that his son could never be such a monster of ingratitude, and that the "vile ministers" were exclusively responsible.

According to M. Carutti, who adopts what may be taken as the Marquis d'Ormea's version throughout, the Marquis had no less than five interviews with King Victor subsequently to his return from Chambéry. The angry scene which

caused the precipitate and uncereemonious departure of King Charles and his Ministers, would thus appear to have made no change in their relations to King Victor, who, on his son's saying that the Marquis was always at his orders, is made to reply : "Well, let him come to-morrow ; but this kind of people ought to come without being sent for." He did come to-morrow (September 16), and on his own personal unattested report of what took place, "Charles Emmanuel understood, the Ministry understood, that the catastrophe of the drama was drawing near."* No authority whatever is adduced for these interviews, which are highly improbable. There are two conflicting stories of the manner in which the alleged intention to revoke the Act of Abdication, or treat it as null and void, became known. M. de Beauregard's is, that a young priest, concealed behind a curtain, overheard a conversation between King Victor and the Marquise, in which they talked over their plans. M. Carutti says that it was the Abbé Boggio di Sangano, the ex-king's former confessor, who, having been peremptorily required by him to take a formal minute of the revocation on the 26th, carried the information to the Secretary of the Cabinet. Certain it is that, when the Cabinet met, little or nothing but hearsay evidence of the most suspicious character was forthcoming.

Although M. de Blondel could not venture to remonstrate openly or directly, he found means to convey his own impression of the whole affair, as well as that of the French Court, to the Marquis, who could hardly have been ignorant of the light in which it was also viewed in Spain, where the King had made one abdication and was meditating another. On the 4th October, 1731, the Comte de Rottembourg, French Ambassador at Madrid, writes to M. de Blondel :—

The King of Spain thinks the action of King Charles very cruel, inhuman, and infinitely blamable. The Queen dwells strongly on the ingratitude of children, on what is to be expected from them, and that commonly one nourishes a viper in one's bosom. People here speculate much on the results of this event. They presume that it will divide Europe ; that France, with some other power, will take the part of one of the two kings ; that the Emperor, who regards himself as the master of Italy, will protect the other. France, with the view of opening Italy to herself, and the Emperor with the

* Carutti, p. 495.

view of securing this passage which is the only gap he has to keep, whilst leagued with the maritime powers he has nothing to fear from a war of transport (*sic*). Such are the current reasonings on this subject. The Queen has got such complete hold of the King's mind on the subject of the detention of King Victor, that you cannot imagine to what extent this prince is animated. He told me with fury that all Europe ought to arm against such a monster: that the reign of Nero supplied nothing so inhuman.

Although considerations of policy prevented the interference of foreign powers, it was not deemed safe to defy European opinion to the extent of detaining the ex-king in solitary confinement and continuing the harsh treatment which was known to be telling fatally on his health. Accordingly he was transferred to the Château de Montcalier, where he was allowed the range of a terrace and a small wood, fenced round by palisades, and carefully guarded. The Marquise, his wife, had been allowed to rejoin him on the 10th December, 1731, upon very hard conditions. She was forbidden, under penalty of decapitation, to tell King Victor that she had been a prisoner in the Castle of Ceva, and ordered to say that she had been during the whole time of separation at the convent of Pignerol. They were both conveyed to the Château de Montcalier on the 12th April, 1732, at twelve at night — each in a litter, escorted by a detachment of dragoons and thirty-six body guards, where they remained without communication with any one whatever till the death of King Victor on the 31st October, 1732.

This unhappy prince (says M. de Blondel) never ceased praying King Charles to come to see him; causing him to be assured that he should be exposed to no reproaches, that his (the father's) sole wish was to embrace and give his parting benediction to the son. Fifteen days before his death, he reiterated his most earnest entreaties, saying, that if this last consolation was granted him, he should die content. But the Marquis d'Ormea had such empire over his master, that he dissuaded him from complying, urging that the interview might so agitate King Victor as to shorten his days, and would certainly bring on a second attack of apoplexy, which would be badly interpreted in Europe.

During the reign of Charles Emmanuel, which lasted forty-three years, "the threatening spectre of the Castle of Milans closed the mouths" of the good people of Turin. But it was not deemed enough to silence contemporaries. Effective means were taken to poison or

trouble history at its source. First came the document preserved by M. de Blondel, as one of his *Pièces Justificatives*, under the title of "Copy of a Letter fabricated by the Marquis d'Ormea, and spread amongst the Public as a Faithful Relation of the Event of 28th September, 1731." Then, partly based upon it, what purported to be a full and faithful Account of the Abdication, Arrest, and Death of King Victor, by Count Radicati, an exile who hoped to make his peace with the Sardinian Court and procure his recall by popularizing their version of the facts. He succeeded to the extent of being implicitly accepted as an authority by succeeding annalists, with the exception of Muratori, who, in January 1749, wrote thus from Modena to the Count Bogino, then principal Minister of Charles Emmanuel: —

EXCELLENCE, — Since the peace, so delayed by difficulties, is about to be completed, and I am on the point of concluding my "Annals," with a view to publication, — in speaking of the last years of King Victor Amadeus, I should wish to say nothing that could displease the most gracious reigning sovereign, his son, from whom I have received so many favours. Therefore, I send your Excellence the paragraphs touching the resolutions taken by him, with the request, if thought right, to submit them to his Majesty, in order that they may undergo correction or addition, as may seem meet to his superior prudence.

The accompanying sheets of the Annals, with the marginal notes of Bogino, have been preserved in the royal archives. One of the notes expressly negatives the statement that Victor Amadeus, during his sojourn at Chambéry, gave any sign of repenting the abdication. Another note is in these words: "The threat of cutting off the head of one of the principal Ministers, the application to the Marquis del Borgo for the Act of Abdication, the billet to the governor of the citadel, are facts current at the time, but without foundation." Adhering (as we have seen) to the essential statement, Muratori gave up the fanciful accessories, or "fables" as M. Carutti terms them, whilst admitting numerous statements which bear the same marks of fiction or bad faith.

We further learn from M. Carutti that, four years before Muratori's application, the Abbé Palazzi had been officially retained to compose an authentic Narrative, founded on oral communications with King Charles and documents in the royal archives, most of which, strange to say, have subsequently disappeared. As

this Narrative has been studiously kept back, there is no want of charity in assuming that it would not bear the broad light of day; and, as the case stands at present, the inevitable conclusion is that the received judgment of history, with a hundred and forty years' prescriptive authority in its favour, must be reversed.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
A ROSE IN JUNE.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN Rose found herself, after so strange and exciting a journey, within the tranquil shades of Miss Margetts' establishment for young ladies, it would be difficult to tell the strange hush which fell upon her. Almost before the door had closed upon Wodehouse, while still the rumble of the hansom in which he had brought her to her destination, and in which he now drove away, was in her ears, the hush, the chill, the tranquillity had begun to influence her. Miss Margetts, of course, was not up at half-past six on the summer morning, and it was an early housemaid, curious but drowsy, who admitted Rose, and took her, having some suspicion of so unusually early a visitor, with so little luggage, to the bare and forbidding apartment in which Miss Margetts generally received her "parents." The window looked out upon the little garden in front of the house, and the high wall which enclosed it; and there Rose seated herself to wait, all the energy and passion which had sustained, beginning to fail her, and dreary doubts of what her old school-mistress would say, and how she would receive her, filling her very soul. How strange is the stillness of the morning within such a populated house! nothing stirring but the faint far-off noises in the kitchen — and she alone, with the big blank walls about her, feeling, like a prisoner, as if she had been shut in to undergo some sentence. To be sure, in other circumstances this was just the moment which Rose would have chosen to be alone, and in which the recollection of the scene just ended, the words which she had heard, the looks that had been bent upon her, ought to have been enough to light up the dreariest place, and make her unconscious of external pallor and vacancy. But although the warmest sense of personal happiness which she had ever known in her life had come upon the girl all una-

wares ere she came here, yet the circumstances were so strange, and the complication of feeling so great, that all the light seemed to die out of the landscape when Edward left her. This very joy which had come to her so unexpectedly gave a different aspect to all the rest of her story. To fly from a marriage which was disagreeable to her, with no warmer wish than that of simply escaping from it, was one thing; but to fly with the aid of a lover who made the flight an occasion of declaring himself was another and very different matter. Her heart sank while she thought of the story she had to tell. Should she dare tell Miss Margetts about Edward? About Mr. Inledon it seemed now simple enough.

Miss Margetts was a kind woman, or one of her "young ladies" would not have thought of flying back to her for shelter in trouble; but she was always a little rigid and "particular," and when she heard Rose's story (with the careful exclusion of Edward) her mind was very much disturbed. She was sorry for the girl, but felt sure that her mother must be in the right, and trembled a little in the midst of her decorum to consider what the world would think if she was found to receive girls who set themselves in opposition to their lawful guardians. "Was the gentleman not nice?" she asked, doubtfully; "was he very old? were his morals not what they ought to be? or has he any personal peculiarity which made him unpleasant? Except in the latter case, when indeed one must judge for one's self, I think you might have put full confidence in your excellent mother's judgment."

"Oh, it was not that; he is very good and nice," said Rose, confused and troubled. "It is not that I object to him; it is because I do not love him. How could I marry him when I don't care for him? But he is not a man to whom anybody could object."

"And he is rich, and fond of you, and not too old? I fear — I fear, my dear child, you have been very inconsiderate. You would soon have learned to love so good a man."

"Oh, Miss Anne," said Rose (for there were two sisters and this was the youngest), "don't say so, please! I never could if I should live a hundred years."

"You will not live a hundred years; but you might have tried. Girls are pliable; or at least people think so; perhaps my particular position in respect to them makes me less sure of this than most

people are. But still that is the common idea. You would have learned to be fond of him if he were fond of you ; unless, indeed —— ”

“ Unless what ? ” cried Rose, intent upon suggestion of excuse.

“ Unless,” said Miss Margetts, solemnly fixing her with the penetrating glance of an eye accustomed to command — “ unless there is another gentleman in the case — unless you have allowed another image to enter your heart ? ”

Rose was unprepared for such an appeal. She answered it only by a scared look, and hid her face in her hands.

“ Perhaps it will be best to have some breakfast,” said Miss Margetts. “ You must have been up very early to be here so soon ; and I daresay you did not take anything before you started, not even a cup of tea ? ”

Rose had to avow this lack of common prudence, and try to eat docilely to please her protector ; but the attempt was not very successful. A single night’s watching is often enough to upset a youthful frame not accustomed to anything of the kind, and Rose was glad beyond description to be taken to one of the little white-curtained chambers which were so familiar to her, and left there to rest. How inconceivable it was that she should be there again ! Her very familiarity with everything made the wonder greater. Had she never left that still well-ordered place at all ? or what strange current had drifted her back again ? She lay down on the little white dimity bed, much too deeply affected with her strange position, she thought, to rest ; but ere long had fallen fast asleep, poor child, with her hands clasped across her breast, and tears trembling upon her eyelashes. Miss Margetts, being a kind soul, was deeply touched when she looked into the room and found her so, and immediately went back to her private parlour and scored an adjective or two out of the letter she had written — a letter to Rose’s mother telling how startled she had been to find herself made unawares the confidant of the runaway, and begging Mrs. Damerel to believe that it was no fault of hers, though she assured her in the same breath that every attention should be paid to Rose’s health and comfort. Mrs. Damerel would thus have been very soon relieved from her suspense, even if she had not received the despairing little epistle sent to her by Rose. Of Rose’s note, however, her mother took no im-

mediate notice. She wrote to Miss Margetts, thanking her, and assuring her that she was only too glad to think that her child was in such good hands. But she did not write to Rose. No one wrote to Rose ; she was left for three whole days without a word, for even Wodehouse did not venture to send the glowing epistles which he wrote by the score, having an idea that an establishment for young ladies is a kind of Castle Dangerous, in which such letters as his would never be suffered to reach their proper owner, and might prejudice her with her jailers. These dreary days were dreary enough for all of them — for the mother, who was not so perfectly assured of being right in her mode of treatment as to be quite at ease on the subject ; for the young lover, burning with impatience, and feeling every day to be a year ; and for Rose herself, thus dropped into the stillness away from all that had excited and driven her desperate. To be delivered all at once out of even trouble which is of an exciting and stimulating character, and buried in absolute quiet, is a doubtful advantage in any case, at least to youth. Mr. Incedon bore the interval, not knowing all that was involved in it, with more calm than any of the others. He was quite amenable to Mrs. Damerel’s advice not to disturb the girl with letters. After all what was a week to a man secure of Rose’s company for the rest of his life ? He smiled a little at the refuge which her mother’s care (he thought) had chosen for her — her former school ! and wondered how his poor little Rose liked it ; but otherwise was perfectly tranquil on the subject. As for poor young Wodehouse, he was to be seen about the railway station, every train that arrived from London, and haunted the precincts of the White House for news, and was as miserable as a young man in love and terrible uncertainty — with only ten days in which to satisfy himself about his future life and happiness, could be. What wild thoughts went through his mind, as he answered “ yes ” and “ no ” to his mother’s talk, and dutifully took walks with her, and called with her upon her friends, hearing Rose’s approaching marriage everywhere talked of, and the “ good luck ” of the Rector’s family remarked upon ! His heart was tormented by all these conversations, yet it was better to hear them, than to be out of the way of hearing altogether. Gretna Green, if Gretna Green should be feasible, was the

only way he could think of, to get delivered from this terrible complication; and then it haunted him that Gretna Green had been "done away with," though he could not quite remember how. Ten days! and then the China seas for three long years; though Rose had not been able to conceal from him that he it was whom she loved, and not Mr. Incledon. Poor fellow! in his despair he thought of deserting, of throwing up his appointment and losing all his chances in life; and all these wild thoughts swayed upwards to a climax in the three days. He determined on the last of these that he would bear it no longer. He put a passionate letter in the post, and resolved to beard Mrs. Damerel in the morning and have it out.

More curious still, and scarcely less bewildering, was the strange trance of suspended existence in which Rose spent these three days. It was but two years since she had left Miss Margetts', and some of her friends were there still. She was glad to meet them, as much as she could be glad of anything in her preoccupied state, but felt the strangest difference—a difference which she was totally incapable of putting into words, between them and herself. Rose, without knowing it, had made a huge stride in life since she had left their bare school-room. I daresay her education might with much advantage have been carried on a great deal longer than it was, and that her power of thinking might have increased, and her mind been much improved, had she been sent to college afterwards as boys are, and as some people think girls ought to be; but though she had not been to college, education of a totally different kind had been going on for Rose. She had made a step in life which carried her altogether beyond the placid region in which the other girls lived and worked. She was in the midst of problems which Euclid cannot touch, nor logic solve. She had to exercise choice in a matter concerning other lives as well as her own. She had to decide unaided between a true and a false moral duty, and to make up her mind which was true and which was false. She had to discriminate in what point Inclination ought to be considered a rule of conduct, and in what points it ought to be crushed as mere self-seeking; or whether it should not always be crushed, which was her mother's code; or if it ought to have supreme weight, which was her father's practice. This is not the kind of train-

ing which youth can get from schools, whether in Miss Margetts' establishment for young ladies, or even in learned Balliol. Rose, who had been subjected to it, felt, but could not tell why, as if she were years and worlds removed from the school and its duties. She could scarcely help smiling at the elder girls with their "deep" studies and their books, which were far more advanced intellectually than Rose. Oh, how easy the hardest grammar was, the difficulties of Goethe, or of Dante (or even of Thucydides or Perseus, but these she did not know), in comparison with this difficulty which tore her asunder! Even the moral and religious truths in which she had been trained from her cradle scarcely helped her. The question was one to be decided for herself and by herself, and by her for her alone.

And here is the question, dear reader, as the girl had to decide it. Self-denial is the rule of Christianity. It is the highest and noblest of duties when exercised for a true end. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." Thus it has the highest sanction which any duty can have, and it is the very life and breath and essence of Christianity. This being the rule, is there one special case excepted in which you ought not to deny yourself? and is this case the individual one of Marriage? Allowing that in all other matters it is right to sacrifice your own wishes where by doing so you benefit others, is it right to sacrifice your love and happiness in order to please your friends, and make a man happy who loves you, but whom you do not love? According to Mrs. Damerel this was so, and the sacrifice of a girl who made a loveless marriage for a good purpose, was as noble as any other martyrdom for the benefit of country, or family, or race. Gentle reader, if you do not skip the statement of the question altogether, you will probably decide it summarily and wonder at Rose's indecision. But hers was no such easy way of dealing with the problem, which I agree with her in thinking is much harder than anything in Euclid. She was not by any means sure that this amount of self-sacrifice was not a duty. Her heart divined, her very intellect felt, without penetrating, a fallacy somewhere in the argument; but still the argument was very potent and not to be got over. She was not sure that to listen to Edward Wodehouse, and to suffer even an unguarded reply to

drop from her lips, was not a sin. She was far from being sure that in any case it is safe or right to do what you like ; and to do what you like in contradiction to your mother, to your engagement, to your plighted word — what could that be but a sin ? She employed all her simple logic on the subject with little effect, for in strict logic she was bound over to marry Mr. Incledon, and now more than ever her heart resolved against marrying Mr. Incledon. This question worked in her mind, presenting itself in every possible phase — now one side, now the other. And she dared not consult any one near, and none of those who were interested in its solution took any notice of her. She was left alone in unbroken stillness to judge for herself, to make her own conclusion. The first day she was still occupied with the novelty of her position — the fatigue and excitement of leaving home, and of all that had occurred since. The second day she was still strangely moved by the difference between herself and her old friends, and the sense of having passed beyond them into regions unknown to their philosophy, and from which she never could come back to the unbroken tranquillity of a girl's life. But on the third day the weight of her strange position weighed her down utterly. She watched the distribution of the letters with eyes growing twice their natural size, and a pang indescribable at her heart. Did they mean to leave her alone then ? to take no further trouble about her ? to let her do as she liked, that melancholy privilege which is prized only by those who do not possess it ? Had Edward forgotten her though he had said so much two days ago ? had her mother cast her off, despising her, as a rebel ? Even Mr. Incledon, was he going to let her be lost to him without an effort ? Rose had fled hoping (she believed) for nothing so much as to lose herself and be heard of no more ; but oh ! the heaviness which drooped over her very soul when for three days she was let alone. Wonder, consternation, indignation, arose one after another in her heart. They had all abandoned her. The lover whom she loved, and the lover whom she did not love, alike. What was love then ? a mere fable, a thing which perished when the object of it was out of sight ? When she had time to think, indeed, she found this theory untenable, for had not Edward been faithful to her at the other end of the world ? and yet what did he mean now ?

On the third night Rose threw herself on her bed in despair, and sobbed till midnight. Then a mighty resolution arose in her mind. She would relieve herself of the burden. She would go to the fountain head, to Mr. Incledon himself, and lay the whole long tale before him. He was good, he was just, he had always been kind to her ; she would abide by what he said. If he insisted that she should marry him, she must do so ; better that than to be thrown off by everybody, to be left for days or perhaps for years alone in Miss Margetts'. And if he were generous, and decided otherwise ! In that case neither Mrs. Damerel nor any one else could have anything to say — she would put it into his hands.

She had her hat on when she came down to breakfast next morning, and her face, though pale, had a little resolution in it, better than the despondency of the first three days. "I am going home," she said, as the schoolmistress looked at her surprised.

"It is the very best thing you can do, my dear," said Miss Margetts, giving her a more cordial kiss than usual. "I did not like to advise it ; but it is the very best thing you can do."

Rose took her breakfast meekly, not so much comforted as Miss Margetts had intended by this approval. Somehow she felt as if it must be against her own interest since Miss Margetts approved of it, and she was in twenty minds then not to go. When the letters came in she said to herself that there could be none for her, and went and stood at the window, turning her back that she might not see ; and it was while she was standing thus, pretending to gaze out upon the high wall covered with ivy, that, in the usual contradiction of human affairs, Edward Wodehouse's impassioned letter was put into her hands. There she read how he too had made up his mind not to bear it longer ; how he was going to her mother to have an explanation with her. Should she wait for the result of this explanation, or should she carry out her own determination and go ?

"Come, Rose, I will see you safely to the station ; there is a cab at the door," said Miss Margetts.

Rose turned round her eyes dewy and moist with those tears of love and consolation which refresh and do not scorch as they come. She looked up timidly to see whether she might ask leave to stay ; but the cab was waiting, and Miss Mar-

getts was ready, and her own hat on and intention declared: she was ashamed to turn back when she had gone so far. She said good-bye accordingly to the elder sister, and meekly followed Miss Anne into the cab. Had it been worth while winding herself up to the resolution of flight for so little? Was her first experiment of resistance really over, and the rebel going home, with arms grounded and banners trailing? It was ignominious beyond all expression — but what was she to do?

"My dear," said Miss Margetts, in the cab, which jolted very much and now and then took away her breath, "I hope you are going with your mind in a better frame, and disposed to pay attention to what your good mother says. *She* must know best. Try and remember this, whatever happens. You ought to say it to yourself all the way down as a penance, 'My mother knows best.'"

"But how can she know best what I am feeling?" said Rose. "It must be myself who must judge of that."

"You may be sure she knows a great deal more, and has given more thought to it than you suppose," said the school-mistress. "Dear child, make me happy by promising that you will follow her advice."

Rose made no promise, but her heart sank as she thus set out upon her return journey. It was less terrible when she found herself alone in the railway carriage, and yet it was more terrible as she realized what desperation had driven her to. She was going back as she went away with no question decided, no resolution come to, with only new complications to encounter, without the expedient of flight, which could not be repeated. Ought she not to have been more patient, to have tried to put up with silence? That could not have lasted forever. But now she was going to put herself back in the very heart of the danger, with no ground gained, but something lost. Well! she said to herself, at least it would be over. She would know the worst, and there would be no further appeal against it. If happiness was over too, she would have nothing to do in all the life before her — nothing to do but to mourn over the loss of it, and teach herself to do without it; and suspense would be over. She got out of the carriage, pulling her veil over her face, and took an unfrequented path which led away across the fields to the road near Whitton, quite out of reach of the Green and all its inhabitants. It was a

long walk, but the air and the movement did her good. She went on swiftly and quietly, her whole mind bent upon the interview she was going to seek. All beyond was a blank to her. This one thing, evident and definite, seemed to fix and to clear her dazzled eyesight. She met one or two acquaintances, but they did not recognize her through her veil, though she saw them, and recollected them ever after, as having had something to do with that climax and agony of her youth; and thus Rose reached Whitton, with its soft abundant summer woods, and, her heart beating louder and louder, hastened her steps as she drew near her destination, almost running across the park to Mr. Incledon's door.

CHAPTER XVII.

"ROSE! is it possible?" he cried.

She was standing in the midst of that great, luxurious, beautiful drawing-room, of which he hoped she was to be the queen and mistress, her black dress breaking harshly upon all the soft harmony of neutral tints around. Her face, which he saw in the glass as he entered the room, was framed in the large veil which she had thrown back over her hat, and which drooped down on her shoulders on either side. She was quite pale — her cheeks blanched out of all trace of colour, with something of that chilled and spiritual light which sometimes appears in the colourless clearness of the sky after a storm. Her eyes were larger than usual, and had a dilated exhausted look. Her face was full of a speechless, silent eagerness — eagerness which could wait, yet was almost beyond the common artifices of concealment. Her hands were softly clasped together, with a certain eloquence in their close pressure, supporting each other. All this Mr. Incledon saw in the glass before he could see her; and, though he went in with lively and joyful animation, the sight startled him a little. He came forward, however, quite cheerfully, though his heart failed him, and took the clasped hands into his. "I did not look for such a bright interruption to a dull morning," he said; "but what a double pleasure it is to see you here! How good of you to come to bring me the happy news of your return!"

"Mr. Incledon," she said hastily, "oh! do not be glad — don't say I am good. I have come to you first without seeing mamma. I have come to say a great deal — a very great deal — to you; and to ask

—your advice ;—and if you will tell me—what to do.”

Her voice sank quite low before these final words were said.

“My darling,” he said, “you are very serious and solemn. What can you want advice about? But whatever it is, you have a right to the very best I can give you. Let me hear what the difficulty is: Here is a chair for you—one of your own choice, the new ones. Tell me if you think it comfortable; and then tell me what this terrible difficulty is.”

“Oh, don’t take it so lightly,” said Rose, “please don’t. I am very, very unhappy, and I have determined to tell you everything and to let you judge for me. You have the best right.”

“Thanks for saying so,” he said with a smile, kissing her hand. He thought she meant that as she was so surely his, it was naturally his part to think for her and help her in everything. What so natural? And then he waited her disclosure, still smiling, expecting some innocent dilemma, such as would be in keeping with her innocent looks. He could not understand her, nor the gravity of the appeal to him which she had come to make.

“Oh, Mr. Incledon!” cried Rose, “if you knew what I meant you would not smile—you would not take it so easily. I have come to tell you everything—how I have lied to you and been a cheat and a deceiver. Oh! don’t laugh! you don’t know—you don’t know how serious it is!”

“Nay, dear child,” he said, “do you want to frighten me? for if you do, you must think of something more likely than that you are a cheat and deceiver. Come now, I will be serious—as serious as a judge. Tell me what it is, Rose.”

“It is about you and me,” she said suddenly, after a little pause.

“Ah!”—this startled him for the first time. His grasp tightened upon her hand; but he used no more endearing words. “Go on,” he said, softly.

“May I begin at the beginning? I should like to tell you everything. When you first spoke to me, Mr. Incledon, I told you there was some one——”

“Ah!” cried Mr. Incledon again, still more sharply, “he is here now. You have seen him since he came back?”

“It is not that,” said Rose. “Oh! let me tell you from the beginning. I said then that he had never said anything to me. I could not tell you his name because I did not know what his feelings

were—only my own, of which I was ashamed. Mr. Incledon, have patience with me a little. Just before he went away he came to the Rectory to say good-bye. He sent up a message to ask me to come down, but mamma went down instead. Then his mother sent me a little note, begging me to go to bid him good-bye. It was while papa was ill; he held my hand, and would not let me. I begged him, only for a minute; but he held my hand, and would not let me go. I had to sit there and listen, and hear the door open and shut, and then steps in the hall and on the gravel, and then mamma coming slowly back again, as if nothing had happened, upstairs and along the corridor. Oh! I thought she was walking on my heart!”

Rose’s eyes were so full that she did not see how her listener looked. He held her hand still, but with his disengaged hand he partially covered his face.

“Then after that,” she resumed, pausing for breath, “all our trouble came. I did not seem to care for anything. It is dreadful to say it—and I never did say it till now—but I don’t think I felt so unhappy as I ought about poor papa; I was so unhappy before. It did not break my heart as grief ought to do. I was only dull—dull—miserable, and did not care for anything; but then everybody was unhappy; and there was good reason for it, and no one thought of me. It went on like that till you came.”

Here he stirred a little and grasped her hand more tightly. What she had said hitherto had not been pleasant to him; but yet it was all before he had made his appearance as her suitor—all innocent, visionary—the very romance of youthful liking. Such an early dream of the dawning any man, even the most rigid, might forgive to his bride.

“You came—oh! Mr. Incledon, do not be angry—I want to tell you everything. If it vexes you and hurts you, will you mind? You came; and mamma told me that same night. Oh, how frightened I was and miserable! Everything seemed to turn round with me. She said you loved me, and that you were very good and very kind (but that I knew), and would do so much for the boys and be a comfort and help to her in our great poverty.” At these words he stirred again and loosened, but did not quite let go, his grasp of her hand. Rose was, without knowing it, acting like a skilful surgeon, cutting deep and sharp, that the pain might be over the sooner.

He leaned his head on his other hand, turning it away from her, and from time to time stirred unconsciously when the sting was too much for him, but did not speak. "And she said more than this. Oh, Mr. Incledon! I must tell you everything, as if you were my own heart. She told me that papa had not been — considerate for us, as he should have been; that he liked his own way and his own pleasure best; and that I was following him — that I was doing the same — ruining the boys' prospects and prolonging our great poverty, because I did not want to marry you, though you had promised to help them and set everything right."

Mr. Incledon dropped Rose's hand; he turned half away from her, supporting his head upon both of his hands, so that she did not see his face. She did not know how cruel she was, nor did she mean to be cruel, but simply historical, telling him everything, as if she had been speaking to her own heart.

"Then I saw you," said Rose, "and told you — or else I thought I told you — and you did not mind, but would not, though I begged you, give up. And everything went on for a long, long time. Sometimes I was very wretched; sometimes my heart felt quite dull, and I did not seem to mind what happened. Sometimes I forgot for a little while — and oh! Mr. Incledon, now and then, though I tried very hard, I could not help thinking of — him. I never did when I could help it; but sometimes when I saw the lights on Ankermead, or remembered something he had said — And all this time mamma would talk to me of people who prefer their own will to the happiness of others; of all the distress and misery it brought when we indulged ourselves and our whims and fancies; of how much better it was to do what was right than what we liked. My head got confused sometimes, and I felt as if she was wrong, but I could not put it into words; for how could it be right to deceive a good man like you — to let you give your love for nothing, and marry you without caring for you? But I am not clever enough to argue with mamma. Once, I think, for a minute, I got the better of her; but when she told me that I was preferring my own will to everybody's happiness, it went to my heart, and what could I say? Do you remember the day when it was all settled at last and made up?"

This was more than the poor man

could bear. He put up one hand with a wild gesture to stop her and uttered a hoarse exclamation; but Rose was too much absorbed in her story to stop.

"The night before I had gone down into the Rectory garden, where he and I used to talk, and there I said good-bye to him in my heart, and made a kind of grave over him, and gave him up for ever and ever — oh! don't you know how?" said Rose, the tears dropping on her black dress. "Then I was willing that it should be settled how you pleased; and I never, never allowed myself to think of him any more. When he came into my head, I went to the schoolroom, or I took a hard bit of music, or I talked to mamma, or heard Patty her lessons. I would not, because I thought it would be wicked to you, and you so good to me, Mr. Incledon. Oh! if you had only been my brother, or my — cousin (she had almost said, father or uncle, but by good luck forbore), how fond I should have been of you! — and I am fond of you," said Rose, softly proffering the hand which he had put away, and laying it gently upon his arm. He shook his head, and made a little gesture as if to put it off, but yet the touch and the words went to his heart.

"Now comes the worst of all," said Rose. "I know it will hurt you, and yet I must tell you. After that there came the news of Uncle Edward's death; and that he had left his money to us, and that we were well off again — better than we had ever been. Oh, forgive me! forgive me!" she said, clasping his arm with both her hands, "when I heard it, it seemed to me all in a moment that I was free. Mamma said that all the sacrifices we had been making would be unnecessary henceforward; what she meant was the things we had been doing — dusting the rooms, putting the table straight, helping in the house — oh! as if these could be called sacrifices! but I thought she meant me. You are angry — you are angry!" said Rose. "I could not expect anything else. But it was not you, Mr. Incledon; it was that I hated to be married. I could not — could not make up my mind to it. I turned into a different creature when I thought that I was free."

The simplicity of the story disarmed the man, sharp and bitter as was the sting and mortification of listening to this too artless tale. "Poor child! poor child!" he murmured, in a softer tone, unclasping the delicate fingers from his arm; and then, with an effort, "I am not

angry. Go on ; let me hear it to the end."

"When mamma saw how glad I was, she stopped it all at once," said Rose, controlling herself. "She said I was just the same as ever — always self-indulgent, thinking of myself, not of others — and that I was as much bound as ever by honour. There was no longer any question of the boys, or of help to the family ; but she said honour was just as much to be considered, and that I had pledged my word —"

"Rose," quietly said Mr. Incledon, "spare me what you can of these discussions — you had pledged your word?"

She drew away half frightened, not expecting the harsher tone in his voice, though she had expected him to "be angry," as she said. "Forgive me," she went on, subdued, "I was so disappointed that it made me wild. I did not know what to do. I could not see any reason for it now — any good in it ; and, at last, when I was almost crazy with thinking, I — ran away."

"You ran away?" — Mr. Incledon raised his head, indignant. "Your mother has lied all round," he said, fiercely ; then, bethinking himself, "I beg your pardon. Mrs. Damerel no doubt had her reasons for what she said."

"There was only one place that I could go to," said Rose, timidly, "Miss Margetts', where I was at school. I went up to the station for the early train that nobody might see me. I was very much frightened. Some one was standing there ; I did not know who he was — he came by the train, I think ; but after I had got into the carriage he came in after me. Mr. Incledon ! it was not his fault, neither his nor mine. I had not been thinking of him. It was not for him, but only not to be married — to be free —"

"Of me," he said, with a bitter smile ; "but, in short, you met, whether by intention or not — and Mr. Wodehouse took advantage of his opportunities?"

"He told me," said Rose, not looking at Mr. Incledon, "what I had known ever so long without being told ; but I said nothing to him ; what could I say ? I told him all that had happened. He took me to Miss Margetts', and there we parted," said Rose, with a momentary pause and a deep sigh. "Since then I have done nothing but think and think. No one has come near me — no one has written to me. I have been left alone to go over and over it all in my own mind. I have done so till I was nearly mad, or,

at least, everything seemed going round with me and everything confused, and I could not tell what was right and what was wrong. Oh !" cried Rose, lifting her head in natural eloquence, with eyes which looked beyond him, and a certain elevation and abstraction in her face, "I don't think it is a thing in which only right and wrong are to be considered. When you love one and do not love another, it must mean something ; and to marry unwillingly, that is nothing to content a man. It is a wrong to him ; it is not doing right ; it is treating him unkindly, cruelly ! It is as if he wanted you, anyhow, like a cat or a dog ; not as if he wanted you worthily, as his companion." Rose's courage failed her after this little outburst ; her high looks came down, her voice sank and faltered, her head drooped. She rose up, and clasping her hands together, went on in low tones : "Mr. Incledon, I am engaged to you ; I belong to you. I trust your justice and your kindness more than anything else. If you say I am to marry you, I will do it. Take it now into your own hands. If I think of it any more I will go mad ; but I will do whatever you say."

He was walking up and down the room, with his face averted, and with pain and anger and humiliation in his heart. All this time he had believed he was leading Rose towards the reasonable love for him which was all he hoped for. He had supposed himself in almost a lofty position, offering to this young, fresh, simple creature more in every way than she could ever have had but for him — a higher position, a love more noble than any foolish boy-and-girl attachment. To find out in a moment how very different the real state of the case had been, and to have conjured up before him the picture of a martyr-girl, weeping and struggling, and a mother "with a host of petty maxims preaching down her daughter's heart," was intolerable to him. He had never been so mortified, so humbled in all his life. He walked up and down the room in a ferment, with that sense of the unbearable which is so bitter. Unbearable ! — yet to be borne somehow ; a something not to be ignored or cast off. It said much for Rose's concluding appeal that he heard it at all, and took in the meaning of it in his agitation and hot indignant rage ; but he did hear it and it touched him. "If you say I am to marry you, I will do it." He stopped short in his impatient walk. Should he say it — in mingled despite and love — and keep

her to her word? He came up to her and took her clasped hands within his, half in anger half in tenderness, and looked her in the face.

"If I say you are to marry me, you will do it? You pledge yourself to that? You will marry me, if I please?"

"Yes," said Rose, very pale, looking up at him steadfastly. She neither trembled nor hesitated. She had gone beyond any superficial emotion.

Then he stooped and kissed her with a passion which was rough—almost brutal. Rose's pale face flushed, and her slight figure wavered like a reed; but she neither shrank nor complained. He had a right to dictate to her—she had put it into his hands. The look of those large innocent eyes, from which all conflict had departed, which had grown abstract in their wistfulness, holding fast at least by one clear duty, went to his heart. He kept looking at her, but she did not quail. She had no thought but her word, and to do what she had said.

"Rose," he said, "you are a cheat, like all women. You come to me with this face, and insult me and stab me, and say then you will do what I tell you, and stand there, looking at me with innocent eyes like an angel. How could you find it in your heart—if you have a heart—to tell me all this? How dare you put that dainty little cruel foot of yours upon my neck, and scorn and torture me—how dare you, how dare you!" There came a glimmer into his eyes, as if it might have been some moisture forced up by means beyond his control, and he held her hands with such force that it seemed to Rose he shook her, whether willingly or not. But she did not shrink. She looked up at him, her eyes growing more and more wistful, and though he hurt her, did not complain.

"It was that you might know all the truth," she said, almost under her breath. "Now you know everything and can judge—and I will do as you say."

He held her so for a minute longer, which seemed eternity to Rose; then he let her hands drop and turned away.

"It is not you who are to blame," he said, "not you, but your mother, who would have sold you. Good God!—do all women traffic in their own flesh and blood?"

"Do not say so!" cried Rose, with sudden tears—"you shall not! I will not hear it! She has been wrong; but that was not what she meant."

Mr. Incledon laughed—his mood

seemed to have changed all in a moment. "Come," he said, "Rose. Perhaps it is not quite decorous for you, a young lady, to be here alone. Come! I will take you to your mother, and then you shall hear what I have got to say."

She walked out of the great house by his side as if she were in a dream. What did he mean? The suspense became terrible to her; for she could not guess what he would say. Her poor little feet twisted over each other and she stumbled and staggered with weakness as she went along beside him—stumbled so much that he made her take his arm, and led her carefully along, with now and then a kind but meaningless word. Before they entered the White House, Rose was leaning almost her whole weight upon his supporting arm. The world was swimming and floating around, the trees going in circles, now above, now below her, she thought. She was but half-conscious when she went in, stumbling across the threshold, to the little hall, all bright with Mr. Incledon's flowers. Was she to be his, too, like one of them—a flower to carry about wherever he went, passive and helpless as one of the plants—past resistance, almost past suffering? "I am afraid she is ill; take care of her, Agatha," said Mr. Incledon to her sister, who came rushing open-mouthed and open-eyed; and, leaving her there, he strode unannounced into the drawing-room to meet the real author of his discomfiture, an antagonist more worthy of his steel and against whom he could use his weapons with less compunction than against the submissive Rose.

Mrs. Damerel had been occupied all the morning with Mr. Nolan, who had obeyed her summons on the first day of Rose's flight, but whom she had dismissed when she ascertained where her daughter was, assuring him that to do nothing was the best policy, as indeed it had proved to be. The Curate had gone home that evening obedient; but moved by that electrical impulse which seemed to have set all minds interested in Rose in motion on that special day, had come back this morning to urge her mother to go to her, or to allow him to go to her. Mr. Nolan's presence had furnished an excuse to Mrs. Damerel for declining to receive poor young Wodehouse, who had asked to see her immediately after breakfast. She was discussing even then with the Curate how to get rid of him, what to say to him, and what it was best to do to bring Rose back to her duty. "I can't

see so clear as you that it's her duty, in all the circumstances," the Curate had said, doubtfully. "What have circumstances to do with a matter of right and wrong — of truth and honour?" cried Mrs. Damerel. "She must keep her word." It was at this precise moment of the conversation that Mr. Incledon appeared; and I suppose she must have seen something in his aspect and the expression of his face that showed some strange event had happened. Mrs. Damerel gave a low cry, and the muscles of Mr. Incledon's mouth were moved by one of those strange contortions which in such cases are supposed to do duty for a smile. He bowed low, with a mock reverence to Mr. Nolan, but did not put out his hand.

"I presume," he said, "that this gentleman is in the secret of my humiliation, as well as the rest of the family, and that I need not hesitate to say what I have to say before him. It is pleasant to think that so large a circle of friends interest themselves in my affairs."

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Damerel. "Your humiliation! Have you sustained any humiliation? I do not know what you mean."

"Oh! I can make it very clear," he said, with the same smile. "Your daughter has been with me; I have just brought her home."

"What! Rose?" said Mrs. Damerel, starting to her feet; but he stopped her before she could make a step.

"Do not go," he said; "it is more important that you should stay here. What have I done to you that you should have thus humbled me to the dust? Did I ask you to sell her to me? Did I want a wife for hire? Should I have authorized any one to persecute an innocent girl, and drive her almost mad for me? Good heavens, for me! Think of it if you can. Am I the sort of man to be forced on a girl — to be married as a matter of duty? How dared you — how dared any one insult me so!"

Mrs. Damerel, who had risen to her feet, sank into a chair, and covered her face with her hands. I do not think she had ever once taken into consideration this side of the question.

"Mr. Incledon," she stammered, "you have been misinformed; you are mistaken. Indeed, indeed, it is not so."

"Misinformed!" he cried; "mistaken! I have my information from the very fountainhead — from the poor child who

has been all but sacrificed to this supposed commercial transaction between you and me, which I disown altogether for my part. I never made such a bargain, nor thought of it. I never asked to buy your Rose. I might have won her, perhaps," he added, calming himself with an effort, "if you had let us alone, or I should have discovered at once that it was labour lost. Look here. We have been friends, and I never thought of you till to-day but with respect and kindness. How could you put such an affront on me?"

"Gently, gently," said Mr. Nolan, growing red; "you go too far, sir. If Mrs. Damerel has done wrong, it was a mistake of the judgment, not of the heart."

"The heart!" he cried, contemptuously; "how much heart was there in it? On poor Rose's side, a broken one; on mine, a heart deceived and deluded. Pah! do not speak to me of hearts or mistakes; I am too deeply mortified — too much wronged for that."

"Mr. Incledon," said Mrs. Damerel, rising, pale yet self-possessed, "I may have done wrong, as you say; but what I have done, I did for my child's advantage and for yours. You were told she did not love you, but you persevered; and I believed, and believe still, that when she knew you better — when she was your wife — she would love you. I may have pressed her too far; but it was no more a commercial transaction — no more a sale of my daughter —" she said, with a burning flush coming over her face — "no more than I tell you. You do me as much wrong as you say I have done you — Rose! Rose!"

Rose came in, followed by Agatha, with her hat off, which showed more clearly the waste which emotion and fatigue, weary anxiety, waiting, abstinence, and mental suffering had worked upon her face. She had her hands clasped loosely yet firmly, in the attitude which had become habitual to her, and a pale smile like the wannest of winter sunshine on her face. She came up very quietly, and stood between the two, like a ghost, Agatha said, who stood trembling behind her.

"Mamma, do not be angry," she said, softly; "I have told him everything, and I am quite ready to do whatever he decides. In any case he ought to know everything, for it is he who is most concerned — he and me."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAPTAIN WODEHOUSE did not get admission to the White House that day until the afternoon. He was not to be discouraged, though the messages he got were of a depressing nature enough. "Mrs. Damerel was engaged, and could not see him; would he come later?" "Mrs. Damerel was still engaged — more engaged than ever." And while Mary Jane held the door ajar, Edward heard a voice raised high, with an indignant tone, speaking continuously, which was the voice of Mr. Incledon, though he did not identify it. Later still, Mrs. Damerel was still engaged; but, as he turned despairing from the door, Agatha rushed out, with excited looks, and with a message that if he came back at three o'clock her mother would see him. "Rose has come home, and oh! there has been such a business!" Agatha whispered into his ear before she rushed back again. She knew a lover, and especially a favoured lover, by instinct, as some girls do; but Agatha had the advantage of always knowing her own mind, and never would be the centre of any imbroglio, like the unfortunate Rose.

"Are you going back to the White House again?" said Mrs. Wodehouse. "I wonder how you can be so servile, Edward. I would not go, hat in hand, to any girl, if I were you; and when you know that she is engaged to another man, and he a great deal better off than you are! How can you show so little spirit? There are more Roses in the garden than one, and sweeter Roses and richer, would be glad to have you. If I had thought you had so little proper pride, I should never have wished you to come here."

"I don't think I have any proper pride," said Edward, trying to make a feeble joke of it; "I have to come home now and then to know what it means."

"You were not always so poor-spirited," said his mother; "it is that silly girl who has turned your head. And she is not even there; she has gone up to town to get her trousseau and choose her wedding silks, so they say; and you may be sure, if she is engaged like that, she does not want to be reminded of you."

"I suppose not," said Edward, drearily; "but as I promised to go back, I think I must. I ought at least to bid them good-bye."

"Oh! if that is all," said Mrs. Wodehouse, pacified, "go, my dear; and mind

you put the very best face upon it. Don't look as if it were anything to you; congratulate them, and say you are glad to hear that any one so nice as Mr. Incledon is to be the gentleman. Oh! if I were in your place, I should know what to say! I should give Miss Rose something to remember. I should tell her I hoped she would be happy in her grand house, and was glad to hear that the settlements were everything they ought to be. She would feel that, you may be sure; for a girl that sets up for romance and poetry and all that don't like to be supposed mercenary. She should not soon forget her parting with me."

"Do you think I wish to hurt and wound her?" said Edward. "Surely no. If she is happy, I will wish her more happiness. She has never harmed me — no, mother. It cannot do a man any harm, even if it makes him unhappy, to think of a woman as I think of Rose."

"Oh! you have no spirit," cried Mrs. Wodehouse; "I don't know how a son of mine can take it so easily. Rose, indeed! Her very name makes my blood boil!"

But Edward's blood was very far from boiling as he walked across the Green for the third time that day. The current of life ran cold and low in him. The fiery determination of the morning to "have it out" with Mrs. Damerel, and know his fate and Rose's fate, had fallen into a despairing resolution at least to see her for the last time, to bid her forget everything that had passed, and try himself to forget. If her fate was sealed, and no longer in her own power to alter, that was all a generous man could do; and he felt sure, from the voices he had heard, and from the air of agitation about the house, and from Agatha's hasty communication, that this day had been a crisis to more than himself. He met Mr. Incledon as he approached the house. His rival looked at him gravely without a smile, and passed him with an abrupt "good-morning." Mr. Incledon had not the air of a triumphant lover, and there was something of impatience and partial offence in his look as his eyes lingered for a moment upon the young sailor; so it appeared to Edward, though I think it was rather regret, and a certain wistful envy that was in Mr. Incledon's eyes. This young fellow, not half so clever, or so cultivated, or so important as himself, had won the prize which he had tried for and failed. The baffled man was still disturbed by unusual emotion, but he was

not ungenerous in his sentiments ; but then the other believed that he himself was the failure, and that Mr. Incledon had succeeded, and interpreted his looks, as we all do, according to the commentary in our own minds. Edward went on more depressed than ever after this meeting. Just outside the White House he encountered Mr. Nolan, going out to walk with the children. "Now that the gale is over, the little boats are going out for a row," said the Curate, looking at him with a smile. It was not like Mr. Nolan's usual good nature, poor Edward thought. He was ushered in at once to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Damerel sat in a great chair, leaning back, with a look of weakness and exhaustion quite out of keeping with her usual energy. She held out her hand to him without rising. Her eyes were red, as if she had been shedding tears, and there was a flush upon her face. Altogether, her appearance bewildered him ; no one in the world had ever seen Mrs. Damerel looking like this before.

"I am afraid you will think me importunate, coming back so often," he said, "but I felt that I must see you. Not that I come with much hope ; but still it is better to know the very worst, if there is no good to hear."

"It depends on what you think worst or best," she said. "Mr. Wodehouse, you told me you were promoted—you are captain now, and you have a ship?"

"Commander : and alas ! under orders for China, with ten days' more leave," he said, with a faint smile ; "though perhaps, on the whole, that may be best. Mrs. Damerel, may I not ask—for Rose ? Pardon me for calling her so—I can't think of her otherwise. If it is all settled and made up, and my poor chance over, may I not see her, only for a few minutes ? If you think what a dismal little story mine has been—sent away without seeing her a year ago, then raised into sudden hope by our chance meeting the other morning, and now, I suppose, sentenced to banishment forever——"

"Stay a little," she said ; "I have had a very exciting day, and I am much worn out. Must you go in ten days ?"

"Alas !" said Wodehouse, "and even my poor fortnight got with such difficulty—though perhaps on the whole it is better, Mrs. Damerel."

"Yes," she said, "have patience a moment ; things have turned out very differently from what I wished. I cannot pretend to be pleased, scarcely resigned,

to what you have all done between you. You have nothing to offer my daughter, nothing ! and she has nothing to contribute on her side. It is all selfish inclination, what you liked, not what was best, that has swayed you. You had not self-denial enough to keep silent ; she had not self-denial enough to consider that this is not a thing for a day but for life ; and the consequences, I suppose, as usual, will fall upon me. All my life I have had nothing to do but toil to make up for the misfortunes caused by self-indulgence. Others have had their will and pleasure, and I have paid the penalty. I thought for once it might have been different, but I have been mistaken, as you see."

"You forget that I have no clue to your meaning—that you are speaking riddles," said Wodehouse, whose depressed heart had begun to rise and flutter and thump against his young breast.

"Ah ; that is true," said Mrs. Damerel, rising with a sigh. "Well, I wash my hands of it ; and for the rest you will prefer to hear it from Rose rather than from me."

He stood in the middle of the room speechless when she closed the door behind her, and heard her soft steps going in regular measure through the still house, as Rose had heard them once. How still it was ! the leaves fluttering at the open window, the birds singing, Mrs. Damerel's footsteps sounding fainter, his heart beating louder. But he had not very long to wait.

Mr. Nolan and the children went out on the river, and rowed up that long lovely reach past Alfredestbury, skirting the bank which was pink with branches of the wild rose and sweet with the feathery flowers of the queen of the meadows. Dick flattered himself that he pulled an excellent bow, and the Curate, who loved the children's chatter, and themselves, humoured the boy to the top of his bent. Agatha steered, and felt it an important duty, and Patty, who had nothing else to do, leaned her weight over the side of the boat, and did her best to capsize it, clutching at the wild roses and the meadow queen. They shipped their oars and floated down with the stream when they had gone as far as they cared to go, and went up the hill again to the White House in a perfect bower of wild flowers, though the delicate rose blossoms began to droop in the warm grasp of the children before they got home. When they rushed in, flooding the house all through and through

with their voices and their joyous breath and their flowers, they found all the rooms empty, the drawing-room silent, in a green repose, and not a creature visible. But while Agatha rushed upstairs, calling upon her mother and Rose, Mr. Nolan saw a sight from the window which set his mind at rest. Two young figures together, one leaning on the other—two heads bent close, talking too low for any hearing but their own. The Curate looked at them with a smile and a sigh. They had attained the height of blessedness. What better could the world give them? and yet the good Curate's sigh was not all for the disappointed, nor his smile for their happiness alone.

The lovers were happy; but there are drawbacks to every mortal felicity. The fact that Edward had but nine days left, and that their fate must after that be left in obscurity was, as may be supposed, a very serious drawback to their happiness. But their good fortune did not forsake them; or rather, to speak more truly, the disappointed lover did not forsake the girl who had appealed to him, who had mortified and tortured him, and promised with all the unconscious cruelty of candour to marry him if he told her to do so. Mr. Incledon went straight to town from the White House, intent on finishing the work he had begun. He had imposed on Mrs. Damerel as a duty to him, as a recompense for all that he had suffered at her hands, the task of receiving Wodehouse, and sanctioning the love which her daughter had given; and he went up to town to the Admiralty, to his friend whose unfortunate leniency had permitted the young sailor to return home. Mr. Incledon treated the matter lightly, making a joke of it. "I told you he was not to come home, but to be sent off as far as possible," he said.

"Why, what harm could the poor young fellow do in a fortnight?" said my Lord. "I find I knew his father—a fine fellow and a good officer. The son shall be kept in mind, both for his sake and yours."

"He has done all the harm that was apprehended in his fortnight," said Mr. Incledon, "and now you must give him an extension of leave—enough to be married in. There's nothing else for it. You ought to do your best for him, for it is your fault."

Upon which my Lord, who was of a genial nature, laughed and inquired into the story, which Mr. Incledon related to him after a fashion in a way which amused

him hugely. The consequence was that Commander Wodehouse got his leave extended to three months, and was transferred from the China station to the Mediterranean. Mr. Incledon never told him who was the author of this benefit, though I think they had little difficulty in guessing. He sent Rose a *parure* of pearls and turquoises, simple enough for her youth, and the position she had preferred to his, and sent the diamonds which had been reset for her back to his bankers; and then he went abroad. He did not go back to Whitton even for necessary arrangements, but sent for all he wanted; and after that morning's work in the White House, returned to Dinglefield no more for years.

After this there was no possible reason for delay, and Rose was married to her sailor in the parish church by good Mr. Nolan, and instead of any other wedding tour went off to cruise with him in the Mediterranean. She had regained her bloom, and merited her old name again before the day of the simple wedding. Happiness brought back colour and fragrance to the Rose in June; but traces of the storm that had almost crushed her never altogether disappeared, from her heart at least, if they did from her face. She cried over Mr. Incledon's letter the day before she became Edward Wodehouse's wife. She kissed the turquoises when she fastened them about her pretty neck. Love is the best, no doubt; but it would be hard if to other sentiments less intense even a bride might not spare a tear.

As for the mothers on either side, they were both indifferently satisfied. Mrs. Wodehouse would not unbend so much for months after as to say anything but "Good morning" to Mrs. Damerel, who had done her best to make her boy unhappy; and as for the marriage, now that it was accomplished after so much fuss and bother, it was after all nothing of a match for Edward. Mrs. Damerel, on her side, was a great deal too proud to offer any explanations except such as were absolutely necessary to those few influential friends who must be taken into every one's confidence who desires to keep a place in society. She told those confidants frankly enough that Edward and Rose had met accidentally, and that a youthful love, supposed to be over long ago, had burst forth again so warmly, that nothing could be done but to tell Mr. Incledon; and that he had behaved like a hero. The Green for a little while was

very angry at Rose; the ladies shook their heads at her, and said how very, very hard it was on poor Mr. Incledon. But Mr. Incledon was gone, and Whitton shut up, while Rose still remained with all the excitement of a pretty wedding in prospect, and "a perfect romance" in the shape of a love-story. Gradually, therefore, the girl was forgiven; the richer neighbours went up to town and bought their presents, the poorer ones looked over their stores to see what they could give, and the girls made pieces of lace for her, and pin-cushions, and antimacassars; and thus her offence was condoned by all the world. Though Mrs. Damerel asked but a few people to the breakfast, the church was crowded to see the wedding, and all the gardens in the parish cut their best roses for its decoration; for this event occurred in July, the end of the rose season. Dinglefield Church overflowed with roses, and the bridesmaids' dresses were trimmed with them, and every man in the place had some sort of a rosebud in his coat. And thus it was half smothered in roses that the young people went away.

Mr. Incledon was not heard of for years after; but quite lately he came back to Whitton married to a beautiful Italian lady, for whose sake it was, originally, as Rumour whispered, that he had remained unmarried so long. This lady had married and forsaken him nearly twenty years before, and had become a widow about the time that he left England. I hope, therefore, that though Rose's sweet youth and freshness had attracted him to her, and though he had regarded her with deep tenderness, hoping, perhaps, for a new, subdued, yet happy life through her means, there had been little passion in him to make his wound bitter after the mortification of the moment. The Contessa was a woman of his own age, who had been beautiful, and was magnificent, a regal kind of creature, at home amid all the luxuries which his wealth provided, and filling a very different position from anything that could have been attainable by Rose. They dazzle the people on the Green when they are at Whitton, and the Contessa is as gracious and more inaccessible than any queen. She smiles at them all benignly, and thinks them an odd sort of gentle savages, talking over their heads in a voice which is louder and rounder than suits with English notions. And it is reported generally that Mr. Incledon and his foreign wife are "not happy." I cannot say anything about this one way

or another, but I am sure that the happiness he shares with the Contessa must be something of a very different character from that which he would have had with Rose; higher, perhaps, as mere love (you all say) is the highest; but different—and in some things, perhaps, scarcely so homely-sweet.

When Rose heard of this, which she did in the harbour of an Italian port, she was moved by interest so true and lively that her husband was almost jealous. She read her mother's letter over and over, and could not be done talking of it. Captain Wodehouse after a while had to go on shore, and his wife sat on the deck while the blue waves grew bluer and bluer with evening under the great ship, and the Italian sky lost its bloom of sunset, and the stars came out in the magical heavens. What a lovely scene it was, the lights in the houses twinkling and rising tier on tier, the little lamps quivering at the mastheads, the stars in the sky. Rose shut her soft eyes, which were wet—was it with dew? and saw before her not the superb Genoa and the charmed Italian night, but the little Green with its sunburnt grass and the houses standing round, in each one of which friendly eyes were shining. She saw the green old drawing-room of the White House, and the look he cast upon her as he turned and went away. That was the day when the great happiness of her life came upon her; and yet she had lost something, she could not tell what, when Mr. Incledon went away. And now he was married, and to his old love, some one who had gone before herself in his heart, and came after her, and was its true owner. Rose shed a few tears quite silently in the soft night, which did not betray her. Her heart contracted for a moment with a strange pang—was she jealous of this unknown woman? "God bless him!" she said to herself, with a little outburst of emotion. Did not she owe him all she had in the world? good right had Rose to bid "God bless him!" but yet there was an undisclosed shade of feeling which was not joy in his happiness, lingering in her heart.

"Do you think we could find out who this Contessa is?" she said to her husband, when he returned. "I hope she is a good woman, and will make him happy."

"Yes," said Captain Wodehouse, "he is a good fellow, and deserves to be happy; and now you can be comfortable, my dear, for you see he has consoled himself," he added, with a laugh.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
ST. THOMAS.

FROM Trebizond, Asia Minor, Turkey, to St. Thomas, Danish Antilles, West Indies, is a distance of one hundred and six geographical degrees of longitude West, and of twenty-four degrees of latitude South; besides some odd minutes, the exact number of which may be determined by reference, say, to Keith Johnston's "Royal Atlas." Not a full third of the circumference of the globe in one direction, and little more than a ninth in the other. But insignificant as these distances may appear on a map, especially one of Mercator's delusive projection, they are in reality immense. Their true measurement is not by miles, but by centuries; not by geographical, but by cosmical lines; by those, in fact, that divide the oldest of the Old World from the newest of the New.

With Xenophon and Arrian for its chroniclers, broken Roman sculptures and crumbling Byzantine walls for its memorials, Pontic tombs excavated in its rocks, and the mosque, in which Mahomet the Conqueror said his thanksgiving prayer, the Te Deum of Islam, crowning its heights, Trebizond is old enough in all conscience; nor do its wide-trouserred, cross-legged shop-keepers, its veiled women, its mangy dogs, and its dark patches of cypress grove over Turkish-lettered tombstones, each inscribed with "He is the Eternal," suggest much idea of change. Indeed, its extreme easterly, that is most out-of-the-way, position in the most unprogressive of all empires, that is Turkey, might alone furnish sufficient warrant that the refuge of the Ten Thousand is in no imminent danger of becoming modernized. Nor is it; my word for the fact.

Sunrise may be never so lovely, but sunset moves us more; and a farewell to the old calls up a deeper response in our nature than a welcome to the young. I have left it, amid the chill grey shades of an April evening, the late almost wintry April of those regions; and I have no wish to see again that still, mist-shrouded line of mountain-cape and dark forest; no desire to climb again that rock-hewn ascent, to tread those rough-paven streets, and receive the obsequious salaams of the wide-robed, bearded inhabitants, who rise up Eastern fashion to greet the official badge as it passes by.

The British lion and unicorn have disappeared from over the door of my little garden-surrounded house; Turkish chil-

dren, very dirty, I make no doubt (for the laws of ablution do not seem obligatory on the juvenile faithful), play about the entrance. Turkish slippers strew the hall; against the latticed windows of what was once my sitting room, now transformed—a most poetic, most prosaic thought!—into a Turkish harem apartment, moon-faced Turkish beauties flatten their lovely noses, as they gaze, if they care to do so, on the grey Byzantine walls of the Comnenian fortress across the opposite ravine. My negro groom, the best gered-player in the province, has, I hear, settled down into the quiet proprietor of a small coffee-house by the beach; my Turkoman attendants have transferred the pistols and daggers with which they loved to skewer their voluminous waist-bands to the service of other masters. Town, castle, market-place, inhabitants, house, garden, friends, dependants, all have retreated into the lessening proportions of remote perspective; new figures, new landscapes, thrust them daily further and further off across the gulf of life-long distance and separation. Yet they have each and all of them an abiding place in not ungrateful recollection, and a good wish for the long and undisturbed continuance of their contented stagnation; from the Tartar-eyed, wool-capped driver who lounges purposeless in the miry Meidan beside his crouching camel, to the drowsy pasha who languidly extends a be-ringed hand for the scrap of dirty paper on which is scrawled, for the fiftieth time, the long-unanswered petition. They all belong, more than they themselves know, to the world's great past; and the past, be it what it may, has in it a charm denied to the present. "Say not," vainly preaches the old Chaldeanized rabbi who has assumed the name, but not, if scholars are right, the style and dialect of the Son of David, "say not thou what is the cause that the former days were better than these." Why not? most venerable Babylonian. Is it that the former days were in reality no better than the present, rather worse? That a six-pound franchise is in very fact an improvement, penny papers a gain, and steam-engines a blessing? Or is it that the old print-ingless, steamless, Bright and Gladstoneless times were really the best? and the cry of "God Save King Solomon!" more to the purpose than the triumphant shout of a Beales and a Beales-led multitude over the demolished railings of Hyde Park? Truly I know not, nor perhaps

did either the Hebrew Chaldaean moralizer. Let us take the world as we find it; speed, however regretfully, the parting guest; and get ready a cheerful countenance, as best we may, to greet the coming.

Farewell, then, the Old World, and welcome the New; nay, even the newest of the new, West Indian St. Thomas. No chroniclers need we consult here, for there is next to nothing to chronicle; no voluminous historical records, where there is hardly any history to record. Scarce visited towards the close of his career by Columbus, scornfully abandoned by Spain, that only just condescended to bestow on them from a distance the title of "Virgin," equivalent in this particular instance, I suppose, to "Barren," Islands, these smallest, driest, rockiest of the diminutive, rocky, arid, lesser Antilles remained for a century and a half after the mighty world-seeker had turned away from them wholly untenanted, or at best the chance resting-place of buccaneering adventurers, unannexed by any nationality, unsheltered by any flag. The very Caribs, the questionable authors of some undeciphered scratchings on a sea-side cliff or two, had left them; and no European, no African, had cared to enter on the abandoned heritage. So late as 1650 St. Thomas lay as unclaimed by any of the respectabilities of the world as Oliver Twist, or Ginx's Baby at the workhouse door — better off, indeed, than those remarkable infants, in that it was already possessed somehow of a name, the identical one that it yet bears; though who conferred on it that distinction has remained an unanswered question in the catechism of history.

At last — it was in A.D. 1657 — those most sedentary, most erratic of mortals, the Dutch, tentatively anchored their broad-built ships in the best of West Indian harbours, and took possession for their own of the forty square miles of rock in the centre of which that harbour is set like a green-blue turquoise in a rusty iron ring. Ten years Dutch bales lumbered the beach; and Dutch merchant sailors, under an embryo Dutch Government, sat meditative beside. But after much consumption of tobacco, scheedam, and thought in the monotonous contemplation of dried-up bushes and brown rock, the Hollanders came to the conclusion that Java, Ceylon, and the Eastern Indies offered better investments for their painstaking enterprise than the

Western; and in 1667 the gallant Batavian tubs sailed slowly but not reluctantly away, just as the semi-piratical flag of St. George and merry England speckled the offing of St. Thomas.

So the island changed masters, and the "oath of British commerce" replaced awhile the corresponding guttural expletives of Dutch trade. But the quicker workings of the English brain, the naturally sluggish Teutonic fibre of which is, as no less an authority than Mr. Matthew Arnold assures us, abnormally stimulated into incongruous activity by a lucky aspersion of brisker Celtic blood; required scarce five years to solve the problem that the Batavian intellect had with difficulty accomplished in ten. Like their predecessors, however, the newcomers solved it with a negative — a mistaken solution, as subsequent events have proved — and in 1671 the British ensign too fluttered off to larger and more fertile isles.

"*Tarde venientibus ossa*," is a hemistich not less applicable to the great banquet that Nature spreads before her children, than to the monkish refectory of the middle ages. Thus it was with the West Indies, where the late-arriving Danes, long after the more enterprising first-comers, Spanish, English, and French, had divided among themselves every fleshy tit-bit, were fain to put up with the scraggy virginal bones of the least among the lesser Antilles for their share. Of St. Croix, popularly known as Santa Cruz, an island larger and of better promise than St. Thomas, to the south of which it lies at a distance of about forty miles, these Scandinavian Berserkers — to borrow a flower of nomenclature from popular rhetoric — had indeed already, after a sharp struggle with Spanish and French rivals, taken possession; and now, in 1672, seeing St. Thomas absolutely vacant, and a first-rate harbour, if nothing else, ready to hand, they appropriated the Dutch-and-English-deserted island.

I do not envy the feelings of his Excellency the gallant Iversen when welcomed as the first Danish governor over forty square miles of volcanic rock by the only surviving inhabitants, the melancholy wood-pigeons and sinister land-crabs, of St. Thomas. Nor do I envy the negro slaves who first toiled at clearing bush and levelling stony ground enough to make space for the diminutive square fort and incipient town of "Charlotte-Amalia." Let us hope that Mark Tap-

ley's mantle descended by some fortunate anachronism on Danes and Africans alike, and enwrapped them in a double fold of jollity as they took possession of their new isle of Eden in its dark-purple sphere of sea.

Sixty years have passed, and half Danish half Dutch—for the persevering Hollanders had returned to their first love, but this time under the unassuming guise of a trading Brandenburg company—St. Thomas uneventfully carries on its little trade with its wealthier neighbours, besides affording a convenient shelter in its harbour to storm-driven ships, and a place of refit to the damaged victims of the West Indian cyclones. This avowedly: perhaps, too, not a little business was done, though less openly, in the wrecking, smuggling, privateering, and buccaneering lines; for besides the principal harbour there is many a deep calm creek and quiet cove in the island where a cargo could be landed, a bargain struck, or a sloop equipped without any need of incurring the troublesome enquiries of "whence and whither," where flags and titles might pass unquestioned, and mutual profit hoodwink the Argus eyes of any over-prying official. And if Frenchmen, Spaniards, or even English, suffered by these little transactions, were they not at liberty to go and do likewise on their own account? It was the good old West Indian usage, and international law had not yet found a passage to the Caribbean archipelago. Such were the occupations of merchants and traders; meanwhile other colonists busied themselves with less venturesome pursuits on land, and the scanty soil of St. Thomas was cajoled, by dint of care and hard labour, into yielding a modicum of sugar, though surpassed in this respect by its sister island called of St. John. A narrow arm of sea, so narrow that an Enfield rifle would easily select and reach its victim across the rippling strait, divides or unites the fronting coasts. Each at this time owned a dense slave-population, regarded by the comparatively small caste of colonists and planters much as the Israelites of old were by their Egyptian taskmasters, and ruled over by a penal code of more than Pharaonic atrocity. But in 1773 the sight of their own increasing numbers quickened the long-stifled exasperation of the Africans into a hope of revenge, and a revolt was concerted between the bondsmen of either island. Ineffective in St. Thomas, it broke out with deadly result among the

wilder mountains of St. John; the little Danish garrison, taken by surprise, was soon cut to pieces, and the island lay at the mercy of the negroes, who having never experienced any themselves now showed none. Every house was burnt, every estate ravaged, every white man fled or perished; and through all the bloodstained catalogue which enumerates earth's wrong avenged by wrong, infamous oppression, and mad retaliation, few pages are redder than these. For six months the insurgents held out against the forces sent against them from St. Thomas, till at last, after many vicissitudes of savage warfare, French assistance, invoked from the neighbouring islands by the panic-stricken Danes, turned the scale in the favour of European skill; the Africans were reduced not to submission but to suicide, and four hundred self-slain corpses were found by the victorious whites on one spot alone. And in truth those, happily the greater number, of the vanquished who thus opened for themselves with their own hands that only sure gate of freedom, death, did wisely and well; their less fortunate prisoner-comrades did not pass that gate till after tortures that few writers now would dare so much as to describe. Eastern Governments, Mahometan caliphs and sultans, have been accused, and not altogether unjustly, of frequent and wanton cruelty; but no Arab, Turk, or even Persian but would have shrunk back aghast from the cold-blooded, torment-devising atrocity of the triumphant Dutch and Danish slaveowners. The awful hurricane that a few weeks later devastated the island of St. Thomas could not with all its rain-torrents wash out the red stains of those hideous executions.

Thirty years more passed unrecorded for good or evil alike; till in 1764 the Royal Edict of Copenhagen that rendered the harbour of St. Thomas a free port inaugurated a new era—that of commerce, merchandise, and prosperity.

Followed the struggle of the New World, then awaking, province after province, into self-consciousness and independent life; and the Danish island, neutral, central, and marked out by Nature herself as the one haven of refuge for the countless sails that speckle these tornado-swept seas, reaped directly and indirectly a full and ever-increasing share of the golden harvest that was being planted the while on other lands in the blood of the labourers. The resort of

countless cruisers, half privateer, half pirate; the mart of men who, under colour of serving national interests, advanced their own; the favourite exchange for shoddy supply contracts; the chartered meet for unscrupulous speculators in dubious prizes and blockade-runnings, St. Thomas soon acquired a new importance; and with it a character that, however disguised or modified by more orderly times, and the necessity of cloaking illegal gains under forms of law, has never wholly left the place.

Soon after the American war, the revolutionary shock that upset so many European thrones made itself felt through their far-off dependencies in the Caribbean Sea; and St. Thomas came in among the rest for a share in the vicissitudes of which Denmark had so large and so disastrous a part. For a short time in 1801, and again in 1807, England held with a careless grasp a post the commercial value of which she might have easily estimated from the flourishing condition in which she found it; but blind in 1815, as on so many other occasions, to her own best interests, she a third time abandoned it, as she had first done when it was a mere barren rock a hundred and fifty years before; and the white cross "Dannebrog" again floated over fort and harbour.

From that date to the present, the annals of St. Thomas are made up of export, import, commissions, smuggling, bill-broking, discounting, pilfering, and the ordinary vicissitudes of credit-commerce conducted on the unstable basis of New-World speculation. Meanwhile, the emancipation of slaves, tardily wrung from, rather than conceded by, their Danish masters in 1848, gave the finishing stroke to the already declining sugar cultivation of the island; for what human being, however black, would, if his own free choice were given him, remain to toil at the lowest possible wages on the estates of a planter, while a single day's work among the shipping in the harbour might bring him higher gains than a whole week of spade and hoe? Negroes are not far-sighted, but have ordinarily a remarkably acute vision for what lies immediately before their ugly flat noses. So the canes, which nothing but high-pressure slave-labour could ever possibly have made a paying crop of in this uncongenial soil, disappeared as if by enchantment, to be replaced with as magical a celerity—for the cycle of tropical vegetation is a swift one—by scrubby bush,

frangipane, aloe, cactus, and every thorny and prickly thing "for which we may thank Adam." And thus matters have, in the main, gone their course up to the present day.

Shall we add how, in 1867, the American eagle cast a longing eye on this sea-girt morsel? and—how the majesty of Denmark, not less eager for I forget how many millions of dollars, dangled the tempting bait before the republican bird, till it was thought to be a bargain between them; only when it came to payment, the greenbacks were not forthcoming, and one more repudiation of agreement was noted in Jonathan's account book? Or shall we chronicle the hurricanes of 1819, 1833, 1867, and 1871; or depict the terrors of the earthquake *plus* sea-wave that, on the third of the above-assigned dates, made such a mark upon the imaginations of the inhabitants of St. Thomas? Enough; the stars and the stripes have not yet supplanted the Dannebrog on the fort heights, and, except a headless palm or two, few traces of a cyclone outlast a twelvemonth; at any rate, none appear in view as we exchange the glossy blackness of Heaven and the *Challenger* best know how many thousand fathoms of the pure Atlantic depths outside for the muddy green of shallow waters and an uncleanly harbour.

"Charlotte-Amalia" is, so old Danish maps inform us, the name of the town; and perhaps the gods still call it so; only, like the old knight's song in Alice's "Wonderland," or "Looking-glass"—I am not sure which, neither of those authentic narratives forming part of my travelling library, the more's the pity—it is called quite differently among mortals, in whose vocabulary it has appropriated to itself the apostolic-sounding designation of the entire island. But, whatever its name, the town looks pretty enough from the prow of the steamer as we pass between the lighthouse on our right and the two-gun fort on our left, and make for our anchorage; though an officer of the *Elbe*—sociable and chatty, as most of the R.M.S.P. Company's officers are—informs me as I gaze upon it, that it shows still prettier when seen from the stern of the boat. I can readily believe him; for the same glance that tells me in the first half-minute whatever there is to like in the town of St. Thomas, tells me also what there is not.

Part on, part between three buttress-like pyramidal spurs which run down seaward almost to the water's edge from

a high knife-ridge of reddish-brown bush-sprinkled hills, there stand, crowded together, about fifteen hundred white-walled, red-roofed, green-shuttered houses, one rather bigger, another smaller, than its neighbour; but all without more method or order in their juxtaposition than that observable in a chance human crowd, each house having apparently jostled itself into the midst, and occupied the first piece of ground on which it could secure a footing, selfishly regardless of any other consideration. The next object of each appears to have been which should display the greatest number of windows. A Danish Pitt might from the taxation of those apertures alone clear off half the national debt of Denmark, whatever its amount. Every window presents instead of glass — a substance rarely employed here in the form of panes, and indeed superfluous in so mild a climate — Venetian jalousies of the conventional green, besides a pair of stout wooden shutters, to be closed and barred at the first threat of a hurricane, not else. For of nightly thieves, house-breakers, and villanous “centre-bits” there is little fear, partly owing to the efficiency of the Danish town-police, partly to the character of the islanders themselves, of whom more hereafter. As to the houses themselves, a few — very few — of them are solidly built; red brick picked out with plaster, of which last-named material, eked out with lath and rubble, far the greater number wholly consist; some are even mere wooden barracks, spacious, ugly, and insecure to see. Wood or otherwise, almost all these dwellings prove on a near inspection to be trumpery run-up constructions, with thin walls baking in the blazing sun, shallow, unprotective roof-eaves, and the majority without a verandah of any sort. Only here and there some more pretentious mansion — the large, ungainly edifice recently erected as Government House, for instance — has pushed out — Heaven save the mark! — a cast-iron balcony, as ugly as any that ever figured at Hammersmith or on the Brompton Road. Worse yet are the churches; the so-called English, *i.e.* Colono-Episcopalian, being of ante-Puginian Gothic, hideous enough in any latitude, absolutely monstrous in this; the Dutch Reformed, or Presbyterian, is the heaviest plaster Doric; the Moravian Chapel a large shapeless barn; and the Danish, or Lutheran Church, a simple nondescript.

An East Indian bungalow, a Brazilian

cathedral, even a Turkish residence in Upper Egypt, each tells in its outline, and yet more in its details, something either of the architectural traditions peculiar to the race that erected it, or of prudent adaptation to a new climate; or, it may be, of both. Hence, in looking on buildings like these, we at once perceive that their architects, whether Portuguese, Turks, or English, had fully determined to make the country they came to govern or to colonize their own home in the fullest sense of the word; nor yet, while modifying, to renounce altogether the hereditary and almost typical peculiarities of their original nationality. St. Thomas, on the contrary, is in its general character neither Danish nor Dutch nor anything else; it is an aggregation of lodgers and lodging-houses, nothing more; English, Scotch, Spanish, French, Italian, American, architects, inhabitants — the only object they have had, one and all, in settling here, has been that of making as much money as they could from the business of the place, and then being off as quick as possible. The stay in the island is a mere temporary makeshift, a commercial arrangement, and their dwellings are naturally enough in accordance with their scheme of life.

Pleasanter objects to look at are the little cottage-houses where mulatto, or, as they prefer being called, “coloured,” families make their nests. Bright-painted wooden boxes, green or blue, all made up to outward appearance of doors, windows, and galleries, but well sheltered from the brooding heat by projecting roofs, wide verandahs, and flowering tropical trees, planted wherever the rocky soil will allow a root to hold, they harmonize well with the climate, and give correct indication of a comparatively settled population for their inhabitants. These last are chiefly clerks, artisans, skilled workmen, and the like, some born in the island itself, others natives of Tortola, Antigua, Barbadoes, Porto Rico, and the like. Their number is more than double that of the European-born colonists. A gay, active, and improvident set, they at least know how to live; the West Indian archipelago is their home; they have no other; they are part and parcel of the island; to its conditions they suit the circumstances of their existence, and make the best of climate and everything else. Cross-breeds and the Europeans together amount to a third or so of the entire population of St. Thomas; but the two castes do not socially coa-

lesce, and the aims and sentiments of the one have little in common with those of the other.

Scattered round the outskirts of the town, and jotted, where one least expects to find them, among the mango-trees and guava-bushes of the open country, small wattled or boarded cabins, each hardly bigger than a sentry-box, but by no means equally compact in its construction, give shelter to negro families. Free men now, and ready enough to work, to gain, and to squander too; unwilling only, partly owing to the hated and still fresh reminiscences of slavery, partly from their own natural instability of character, to enter into long engagements or to pledge their labour beforehand, these darkies constitute about two-thirds of the inhabitants of the island. Their shirts and trousers are more or less of European cut; but, dress and language apart, they differ in hardly any respect from their free brethren in Syria or Turkey. Mahometans there, they have here adapted Christianity, some one fashion, some another, according to that patronized by their former masters; but, Christian or Moslem, of dogma for itself they have little care; their creed is emotional only, and perhaps not much the worse for being so. Their huts, too, are the most genuinely tropical objects of West Indian domestic architecture. I have seen the exact likenesses of them in Nubia and Yemen.

And the Danes? Well; if St. Thomas be, so far as the European population is concerned, a mere lodging-house, the Danes here act the part of the lodging-house keepers, neither more nor less. Like the rest, they resign themselves to live in hired dwellings; they collect customs, and taxes, keep up a strict police by land and harbour, levy fines on unlicensed salesmen and market women, imprison drunkards and vagrants, and—well, that is pretty nearly all. In the commercial enterprise, the shipping interests, the trade and traffic of the island they govern, they have next to no share; in planting and in agriculture no skill; in the island and its tenants no interest; nor do they care to take any measure for creating such among others on their account. Indeed, there is not throughout the whole of St. Thomas a single Danish school, nor in the solitary bookseller's shop (which, by the way, is a Moravian, not a Danish establishment) of the town is a Danish grammar or dictionary to be found. The public offices themselves,

the law and police courts, and the rest, are mere hired rooms, or slight constructions of the usual makeshift character; they, too, are the work of the colonists and settlers; not a farthing has been contributed by the Treasury of Copenhagen towards their construction. A small, quaint, square fort, with battlements and turrets, much like those out of which the St. Barbara of art or the imprisoned princesses of fairy tales are wont to gaze, and which in fact now serves as town gaol, is the only edifice contributed by Denmark herself to the town and island. The walls of this toy-castle are painted red, and the red Danish flag flies from the small round keep; it looks hot enough in the sun, and suggests the idea that the prisoners inside, now its only occupants, must be uncomfortably hot too. But the prison, fort, and flag excepted, no other symbol of Danish rule meets the gazer's eye as it takes in the panorama of the town from the steamer anchorage about a quarter of a mile off.

Nor when we land on the negro-crowded wharf do we find much to modify our first impressions in this respect. There is, indeed, a carved Danish inscription—the only one, so far as I have been able to discover, in the entire island—over the door of the staircase that leads up to the Custom House rooms; and Danish names, to which no one in common use pays the slightest attention, are roughly painted up at the corners of several streets. Also you may occasionally meet a tall, light-complexioned individual, whose stiff carriage and ceremonious bearing proclaims him a Danish official: or a blond, heavy-eyed, slightly, or very, as the case may be, intoxicated, white-clothed soldier; there are about sixty of them on the island. Poor fellows! they have but a dull time of it in garrison; and if they occasionally try to render it a little less tedious by “heavy-headed revel,” Hamlet himself would hardly have included them in the severity of his comments on this national failing: they have excuse for it if ever any one had. These things apart, however, there is nothing visible to right or left to indicate that the island belongs, and has for two centuries belonged, to the Danes, rather than to the Americans, the Chinese, or the Khan of Crim Tartary.

The universal language of communication among the inhabitants, white, black, or coloured, is English; but such English! a compound of negro grammar,

Yankee accent, and Creole drawl; to "arrange" is to "fix," "Sir" is "Sa'ar," "boat" is "ba'awt," and so on. The announcements of the shop fronts, the placards on the walls, the debile little newspapers (there are two published here, and the ferocious antagonism of their respective editors in print is, I trust, limited to that medium, and does not represent their private and personal feeling), are English; and, but for an occasional Spanish sentence, English is the only language you hear in market, street, or shop. I beg pardon: there are no "shops" in St. Thomas, only "stores;" just as every man here, dust-carters and coal-heavers not excepted, is a "gentleman," and every woman, including the aged black Hebe who distributes rum and gin for two cents to her sailor customers, a "lady." The physical atmosphere you breathe may be that of the tropics; but the moral or non-moral, public and private, is that of New York; as for the social, it has in it a corrective dash of Spanish Creolism, in which language supplies an opportune check on vice, and nonchalance on dishonesty. For the rest, as you walk down, that is west (for the ever-blowing east trade wind determines the "up" of the island), along the main street on the narrow alluvial level between the hill slope and the crescent harbour base, you might, but for the blazing sun and dazzling azure overhead, almost fancy yourself in a 'long-shore quarter of Southampton or Wapping. Ship chandleries, dry goods, rum shops, sloop shops, tobacco shops, sailors' homes (such homes! fleecing dens they might more truly be called), coal wharves, timber yards—objects that no climate can beautify, no associations render other than mean and vulgar. The latitude is the latitude of the poet-sung tropics; but the scene is a scene of the coarsest Europe. In vain you call to mind the metrical enchantments of Tennyson's "Locksley Hall" or dreamy "Voyage," of Byron's heated "Island," of Coleridge's magical "Fragment:" everything around dispels the conjured-up illusion. A drunken seaman and a filthy old hag are squabbling on one side of you: words very English certainly, but not to be found in Johnson's dictionary, issue from the grog shop on the other: the vile features of a Creole crimp, arm in arm with a mottled-faced dull-eyed Halifax skipper, meet you in front: sight, hearing, smell, all are of that peculiar description which charms the sailor, the British specimen

in particular, and those too, perhaps, who make money out of or through him; but which is, as Carlyle might say, "exhilarating in the long run to no other created being"—to none, at least, who have not received the special training of those useful but unlovely classes.

Nor are the details of the town in other respects such as to bear with advantage a close examination. The streets, the main one excepted, are mostly mere lanes, narrow, and crooked; while many of them—those, namely, which run from the harbour inland—consist of flights of stony stairs, which had Byron seen he would have blessed those of Malta by comparison instead of cursing them. The pavement, too, absolutely wanting in not a few places, is rough and full of holes in others; and the drains—for sanitary motives, say the townsmen!—are all open; what the result is after a fortnight or so of hot, dry weather I leave to the imagination of those highly respectable members of Parliamentary Committees who lay yearly reports on corresponding odorous topics before our British noses. Gaslights exist, it is true, in the principal thoroughfares, but they are few and far between; while for the shiny nights of half the month the wandering moon bears alone the charge of public illumination; whence it follows that the clouds and the municipality have too often to divide the responsibility of outer darkness and its consequences, physical or moral. I have not myself had the good fortune of visiting Copenhagen; but I trust that the Danes at home treat their capital better than they do the principal town of their West Indian possessions.

But the place, though it cannot be called lovely, is lively enough. Siestas, strange to say, in spite of the relaxing climate and the infectious proximity to the Spanish colonies, are not the fashion here, and from sunrise to sunset the main street can show a medley of nationalities to the full as varied as that which daily throng the wooden bridge of Galata, but with a much greater diversity of hue. Black, indeed, predominates among the complexions, and white among the garments; but between these extremes of colour every shade of skin and dress alike may be observed. Broad-brimmed Panama hats distinguish in general the better class of citizens; commoner straw shelters poorer heads. Sallow, parboiled-looking countenances with now and then an unhealthy flush, telling a tale of brandy overmuch in the daily allowance

of iced water, denote the North European, Teuton, or Scandinavian, Briton, German, Dane, Dutch, and Swede, with the pale, over-worked-looking, sharp-featured Yankee. A darker tinge of face and hair, and a slenderer form, indicates the Italian, French, or Spanish salesman; the white Creole, whatever his semi or quarter nationality, may always be recognized by his peculiarly weedy aspect and lack-lustre eye. Two or three generations of West Indian birth and breeding, unrenewed by fresh European or African grafts, suffice to thin out the richest European blood, and to dull into lethargy the most active North European brain, till the Englishman, Dane, Norwegian, or Dutchman becomes a thing for the very negroes to pity or despise. "Miscegenation," to borrow an ungainly American word, may have its drawbacks; but exclusiveness of alliance means for the North European in these regions speedy degeneration and disappearance.

Busy, restless, affable, at once cringing and forward in manner, who does not recognize the children of Israel, the genuine descendants of clever, birthright-purloining Jacob, whatever be the land of their sojourn in their world-wide dispersion? Here in St. Thomas we have them of every sort, dark and fair, lean and burly, but all alike intent on gain; now prosperous, now bankrupt; the very climate that may occasionally somewhat slacken their outward man has no relaxing effect on the irrepressible energy of their will. It is curious to enter their synagogue—a large, crowded, and evidently thriving one—and to hear the unchanged songs of old David and older Moses in the oldest language of the Old World, intoned here with as much fervency of utterance and singleness of belief as ever they had been in the Eastern hemisphere under the palms of Jordan, long before a Western world and the coconut trees of its islands had been heard or dreamt of. The first names entered on the world's racecourse, they bid fair to be among the first on its books when the winners are told off at the close. Meanwhile the antithesis their activity affords to the lounging, careless, take-it-easy movements of the big negroes at every turn and corner, does much to enliven the sun-heated streets and thoroughfares of the town.

But it is at night, and especially when the white rays of the full moon, the Queen of the Tropics, delusively cover roofs and pavement with what seems a

smooth layer of fresh-fallen snow, that the main street of St. Thomas, the open space in front of the Custom House known as King's Wharf—the only stone wharf, by the bye, in the whole harbour, and constructed not indeed with Danish money, but under Danish superintendence—and the acacia-planted square, that serves as market-place by day, all show to the best advantage. Then the negroes, who here, as in the cheerful Levant, and even on the misty Euxine coast, keep up unaltered their ancestral African customs of nightly merry-makings—a custom which the Arabs alone, of all races that it has been my fortune to dwell amongst, share with them—come out in their gayest dresses and gayest mood, to shout, laugh, sing, romp, and divert themselves like the overgrown children that they are. Tall, black men in white clothes and straw hats, tall, black women too, handsome in form if not in feature, their heads bound round with many-coloured turbans, sweep through the crowd with an easy freedom of gait and bold step very different from the shuffling, embarrassed style of the nerveless Creole lady and her overdressed European sister; while the light-flowing gown of the negress and her variegated head-gear give her, even independently of her dark complexion, a semi-tropical look that suits the climate, and harmonizes much better than stiff crinolines and artificial flowers with the surroundings of West Indian nature. When will civilized women, or civilized men either, learn that individual beauty, to have its complete effect, must harmonize with the general? that form and colour, size and shape, however fair or stately in themselves, acquire their ultimate perfection from the place they occupy? that what is well under one sky may be ill under another? what is justly admired in Europe be a failure in Asia? and what looks lovely under a tropical blaze be void of charm amid the mists of northern gloom? When the Egyptians erected the colonnades of Luzor on the shores of the great Nile, the Greeks the Parthenon among the blue picture-like hills of Attica, and mediæval architects the clustering pinnacles of Laon beside the orchards and green hill-slopes of Picardy, they accomplished in every instance an abiding success, different the one from the other, but each perfect in its kind—an example, a lesson, and a wonder to all ages. Why, then, have their later successors, who in modern

times have attempted to reproduce these very masterpieces of beauty in elaborate copies, every measurement, every line, every detail the same, failed not less completely than the others succeeded? Is it not that they ignored, with the ignorance that amounts to stolidity, the effect of altered conditions, of changed times, of different climate, of dissimilar surroundings, both of nature and art? while the former architects, Egyptian, Gaul, or Greek, knew, with the knowledge that amounts to instinct, not only the laws of construction and the grace of individual outline, but also those of collective harmony; and built aptly besides building well. Thus it is and always must be, East or West alike, with architecture of whatever kind, public or private; thus, too, in great measure with sculpture, with painting, with ornament, with dress — in a word, with art of every sort.

Meanwhile, as we walk and philosophize in the tepid night air and pale moonshine, from behind a hundred open lighted windows comes the sound of jingling pianos, where mulatto girls are performing their endless Spanish waltzes; performances accompanied in many a little house by the clamour of many voices and the stamp of dancing feet. All is frank, unrestrained merry-making, high spirits, and fun; the more cheerful because — to the credit of the blacks be it said — it is seldom excited or accompanied by drink, more seldom by drunkenness. West Indian negroes, in spite of the contrary example set them more or less by almost every class and description of whites in these islands, are generally free from this particular form of vice; and though the morality of domestic life is not so much low as absolutely wanting among them — indeed, that *non est inventus* might be the correct verdict of a “virtue” court — the frailties of the island-born African, or black Creole, are rarely excused or aggravated by drink. Among the mulattoes, on the contrary, as among mixed races in general, the bad qualities of either parentage seem to come uppermost; and the immorality of the negro is with them often enhanced by the drunkenness of the Briton and the murderous treachery of the Spaniard. “God made white men, and God made black men, but the devil made brown ones,” is a common proverb here, and it often finds its justification in fact.

Town and inhabitants — the Israelite colony alone after its measure excepted — all impress you as mere mushroom

growths of the day, with little root in the past, and hardly a promise of greater fixity in the future. And yet whatever “Charlotte-Amalia,” to give the place its distinctive name, may prove to be when you are fairly in it and of it — seen from outside, and especially from the harbour point of view, it has a curiously delusive Levantine look; so much so, that a voyager, who, under some strange enchantment of the “Sleeping Beauty” kind, should have closed his eyes while just off Smyrna or Latakia, and then first awakened up when the fairy ship was in the act of entering the port of St. Thomas, might almost fancy that he had never left the Syrian or Ægean coast. He would, in fact, find before him much the same picturesque sprinkling of pretty toy-like houses that he had last seen under the sun of Anatolia; for instance, the same green masses, or orchard-trees, both running up the same abrupt rocky slopes, practicable indeed for horses, but evidently prohibitive of carriage use; the same high, bush-sprinkled, half-savage ridge of hills behind the same untidy wharves, makeshift landing-places, and rubbish-strewn beach; the same superfluity of little boats, plying hither and thither between the larger craft, or swarming, as though with piratical intent, round the sides of each new arrival; the same clear sharpness of light and shade; the same pure sea-water, brisk air, and bright sky. No, not exactly the same, any one of these; since a more careful inspection would detect strange foliage — cocoanut, for example, or papai — among the trees, giving notice of a latitude more southerly far than the Levantine; the water, too, is the inky Atlantic black, not the ultra-marine Mediterranean blue in its clearness; and the low, drifting fleeces of white cloud that emerge, curl after curl, from behind the easterly hill-range, and sweep swiftly across the dazzling sky to the west, are driven by no Asiatic land-breeze, but obey the trade-winds of the ocean expanse.

But, general outline and natural features apart, there are some special objects in which St. Thomas may claim a real, though superficial, resemblance with the time-honoured Levant. Thus, at the very entry of the harbour, near a diminutive powder-shed, there stands a battery, which — but that the Danish, and not the Turkish, flag overshadows it — might, by a new-comer, be almost conjectured to belong to the same class of

constructions that stand guard at the entry of the Bosphorus or the quarantine bay of Trebizond. Through the thin embrasures of a decrepit parapet wall two rusty cannons protrude their muzzles, the one pointing at an angle of 45° to the heaven above, the other at a similar inclination to the waters beneath. Quite Turkish, both for appearance and efficacy. Nor do the five or six antiquated tubes of old iron that peer over the edges of the queer, red-painted fort walls of the harbour's base differ in any essential respect from the artillery supplied by the Topkhaneh of Constantinople to the imperial provinces. Strangely, too, like the ruins that on almost every jutting rock of the Anatolian coast commemorate the days of semi-independent Pashas and pugnacious Dereh-begs, are the two round towers, massive and grey, that crown, the one "Government Hill," the easternmost of the three already mentioned as included in the town itself; the other, an isolated rising ground near the base of the harbour. Nor is this resemblance one of outward form only, but of historical meaning; for, unlike everything else in the island, these towers are dignified by having a tradition of their own; and in popular belief at least, if not in fact, they supply the "missing link" between the modern St. Thomas of sharp Yankeeified traders, and the old St. Thomas of *bond fide* pirates and buccaneers. One of these ruins bears the name of Blue Beard's, the other of Black Beard's Tower. This New World Blue Beard, however, unlike, so far, to his namesake of European or, as some say, of Asiatic celebrity, has left behind him no record by which he can be identified—not so much as a fairy legend; no Sister Anne climbed to the top of his tower to proclaim to her hastening brothers the dark mystery within its walls; and we are free to conjecture not seven, but if we like, seventy decapitated wives, and horrors compared with which those of the famous blood-stained closet were gentle matrimonial endearments.

More, or perhaps less, fortunate in this respect, Black Beard has found authentic chroniclers of his deeds, private as well as public. A native of Bristol, Captain Trench—to give him the name by which he started in life—was one of the many brave sea-ruling Britons who in the seventeenth century developed by a ready course of natural selection, and a pre-Darwinian struggle for life, from privateers into pirates.

Our hero's short but glorious career was run between Jamaica and the Virginian coast. St. Thomas lies midway, and the innumerable creeks, inlets, and bays that indent its bush-lined shore may well have afforded shelter and concealment to Black Beard as well as to others of this trade. And certainly when attired in his favourite full-dress style, and with his beard (which we are assured covered his whole face, eyes and nose probably excepted) twisted into a hundred curls, each curl dandily tied up in a bow of red ribbon, and illuminated by twenty burning matches stuck, ten of a side, under the brim of his hat, the Captain must have produced quite a sensation among the inhabitants—Carib, negro, Dutch, or Dane—of the little island. Indeed the "flaming ministers" of his toilet seem to have proved for West Indian fair ones not less attractive than lighted tapers commonly are for evening moths; and we read that fourteen wives—successive or simultaneous, the story says not—were drawn by their rays, and entangled in the mazes of that ribboned beard. Unfortunately the human butterflies seem to have paid not less dearly for their folly than is ordinarily the case with their insect prototypes, since Black Beard, unless much maligned was a very Blue Beard in domestic life.

"A cross between Puck and Moloch" is the title given by the shrewd historical estimate of Macaulay to one of the pet monarch heroes of an eccentricity-loving writer of our own day. What the father of the Great Frederick was in his own family and Court, that and more was Captain Trench among his crew—a hero after Mr. Carlyle's own heart, and not less worthy of a place in the Pantheon of his worship than Friedrich Wilhelm or Governor Eyre himself. Indeed the choicest diversions of Potsdam or Morant Bay seem tame when compared with Black Beard's practical fun. "Let us make a little hell of our own, and try who can bear it longest," said one day the gallant Captain, as he forced some choice spirits of his crew to descend with him into the ship's hold. When all were below, Black Beard carefully closed the hatches on the company and himself; and then proceeded to set on fire several pots which he had previously arranged, ready filled with shavings and sulphur. His companions, almost suffocated, soon cried out for mercy; but Black Beard's lungs, as well as his heart, were made of sterner stuff, and he did not let them out

of his imitation hell till they had almost exchanged the trial for the reality. Thinking them, however, it seems, sufficiently prepared by this experiment for the latter, he soon after took measures for sending one or two of them there at short notice. To this end he invited his comrades one evening to a sociable merry-making in his cabin; and, while they sat drinking there, he suddenly blew out the light, crossed his hands, in each of which was a loaded and a ready-cocked pistol, and cheerfully fired across the table. Sad to say, his praiseworthy intentions were frustrated of their accomplishment; only wounds, and not death, following upon this "merry jest." But to do the bearded Captain justice, when not his own men, but prisoners from another ship, were before him, he seldom failed to take better aim. How much the unchanged survivors of his crew, not to mention his fourteen disconsolate widows, bewailed his loss, when Lieutenant Maynard, R. N., sailed into the harbour of Virginia with this worthy's head, beard, ribbons, matches, and all, suspended from his bowsprit, history has left unrecorded.

Whether Black Beard really built, and while on shore — taking refuge from his pursuers, or recruiting supplies for fresh exploits at sea — actually dwelt in the thick-walled round tower that now crowns the highly respectable summit of Government Hill, is, however, uncertain; here, as in the case of so many other heroic memorials, it is merely tradition *versus* want of evidence. Old ship-cannon have indeed been dug out of the neighbouring soil; and a huge oblong mass of brick-work, close by the tower itself, is said to cover alike the remains — headless, I suppose — and the ill-gotten riches of the pirate. But from one or other motive — chiefly, perhaps, from the listless indifference that characterizes the white population of the West Indian settlements in general — nobody has taken the trouble to settle, by a few strokes of the mattock, the truth, or, more probably still, the falsehood of the legend.

"*Requiescat in pace*," if peace there be for such, along with the great Captains Kidd, Avory, Low, and other kindred sea-heroes, "all of them fallen, slain by the sword, who caused their terror in the land of the living." Hell-twins, piracy and slavery — they have both, after centuries of blood and crime, been well-nigh exorcised from the New-World coasts, or only linger under the appropriate flags of Spain and Holy Church, the flags of

Alva and Pizarro, of Torquemada and the Inquisition. It is "the glory, far above all else on earth," of England to have first pronounced their exorcism; the final consummation of that sentence on the ill remnants of Cuba may, though delayed awhile, be yet executed by England's eldest child, the great American Republic. The work is a good work: honour to those who complete it, of whatever nationality they be!

W. G. PALGRAVE.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE MANOR-HOUSE AT MILFORD.

CHAPTER VI.

Come on, Sir Knave; have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

THE dog-cart containing Sailor and Collop drove stealthily along in the gloom and falling snow, and by-and-by they reached Thornton Common. Here the darkness was still more intense. It was only possible to cross the common by trusting to the instinct of the horse, a strong, useful, hired hack, who had a tolerable notion of the direction of his stable. At the same time, in allowing him to select his road, it was necessary to permit him to choose his pace also, and his favourite pace was a slow walk. It became inexpressibly wearisome, this snail-like plodding through the darkness, vainly straining the eyes to make out some leading mark or feature of the landscape that might convey an assurance of being in the right track. Sailor bore it all tranquilly; his life had seasoned him to such patient waiting; but Collop fidgeted and fretted, and could hardly restrain his impatience.

When, as it seemed, they had got into the very middle of the common, the horse suddenly came to a full stop, put his nose to the ground, sniffed and snorted, but refused to proceed any farther; and in answer to the application of the whip, sidled, and began to back.

"Hold hard a bit, there, Master Collop," quoth Sailor. "Perhaps there's something in the road. I'll jump down and see." He suited the action to the word, and felt cautiously all round with his feet. Presently he struck against something soft and yielding — a snow-drift, it seemed, that had a core of some harder substance. A low smothered groan came from out this heap of snow

as Sailor tried to kick it away. It was a man, who was lying with his feet in the ditch, and his body across the road.

"What cheer, my lad?" cried Sailor, diving into the middle of the drift, and seizing the man by the waist.—"Here, Mr. Collop, here's a craft as has grounded here. Come and bear a hand to get him off."

The man was carried to the dog-cart; and by the light of the lamp, Sailor recognized his face—it was Tom Rapley. He was in a sort of trance, and it seemed at first as if it would be impossible to arouse him. Sailor began vigorously to rub his hands and the back of his ears; and presently he opened his eyes, and tried to move. When he had revived a little, they hoisted him into the back of the dog-cart, covered him as warmly as they could with rugs and greatcoats, and started for Biscopham. It was a long, dreary drive: the way seemed interminable; but at last the first faint gleam of a distant gas-lamp shewed them that they had come through the dangerous part of their journey. Tom had recovered his senses a little on the way; and when the trap came to a standstill opposite Collop's shop, he was able to dismount with a little assistance. Emily was aroused, and Tom was put into a warm bed, and hot drinks given him. When he began to come to himself, he was in a great state of mind about his wife, who had been left alone all the night, and on whom the excitement and suspense might have the very worst effect: however, there was no help for it. It would be impossible to cross the common till daylight had come.

The morning after the snow-storm broke fine and cheery. The fields were covered with a white sparkling garment. The sun rose up from out a haze of violet and gold into a pure blue sky, pale and cold, but cheery.

The early sun made quite a bright and pleasant scene of Back Milford's. The yard was sparkling with flaky, untrodden snow; and the sunbeams were refracted into a myriad of rainbow jewels, in festoons of glittering icicles. The privet hedge gleamed with prismatic colours, and the old wood-house looked like a fairy grotto in frosted silver.

These early sunbeams aroused Mrs. Rapley to a full sense of her misery and desolation. Till now, she had hoped against her inward conviction, that Tom had been detained by the storm, and had stayed for the night with some friend in

the village, waiting for the morning's light to find his way home in safety. But now it was broad daylight, and he had not come. She felt sadly ill and worn; the baby was crying desperately, and would not be comforted. Surely she was altogether abandoned and deserted.

By-and-by, she heard the soft sound of wheels, that ceased at the gate; and then she sat up in bed, with fear and expectation. Yes, there it was, as she had in her secret heart known it would be—the sound of many feet; they were carrying a burden—it was Tom, whom they had brought home dead!

There was Sailor's voice, and another, gruffer, but not Tom's. No; she would never hear that voice again!

"Mrs. Rapley, Mrs. Rapley!" cried Sailor from below; "how are you getting on?"

They were going to break it to her gently, but she would know all at once. She sprang from the bed, and ran hastily to the door: "O Sailor, what have you done with him? Oh, tell me quick, the very worst; what has happened to Tom?"

The next moment, he held her in his arms, and his rough rimy beard was against her cheek. "What business have you out of bed, old woman? You go back directly, and lie quite still, while I talk to you, for I've got good news for you."

But after the first burst of joy at seeing her husband safe home, there came a revulsion of feeling. Why had she been made to suffer so poignantly; had she not had enough to bear other ways?

As she heard, however, of Tom's doings the night before—of his extreme peril and marvellous escape, she forgot her own sufferings in the thought of what might so easily have been; and when he told her of the appointment that was vacant, and of the chance he had of getting it, the news seemed to be a very satisfactory equivalent for the miseries of the preceding night.

"He's down-stairs now," said Tom—"Frewen, I mean; that's how I contrived to get back so early. He has driven us over, Sailor and me, in his phaeton. A pair of horses and everything grand. Oh, he's a regular gentleman, is Frewen! And he's come to look over the house. He's bound to do that once a year, by the will, and the year's just up since Aunt Betsy died."

"I'm off now, Rapley," cried Frewen's voice from below. "I shan't disturb

your good wife. I suppose you haven't broken a hole through the wall up there?"

"No, indeed, sir," said Tom, coming down-stairs laughing. "Good-bye, sir, and many thanks to you."

"Tom," said his wife, when he came up again, "you misled Mr. Frewen just now. Look there!" she cried, and pointed up at the hole in the wall.

"Good gracious!" cried Tom, turning pale. "Who did that? I must go and tell Frewen about it."

"Don't be silly, Tom; but sit still and listen, while I tell you how it happened." Tom listened incredulously to his wife's description of the noises of the night. He attributed them to his wife's imagination and fears. But when she told him of the thing that had jumped through the wall, he couldn't refuse to believe in that, for there was the patent fact of the hole to confirm his wife's narrative.

Tom got on a chair, and examined the break in the wall. Then he saw that there had once been a doorway here, with an open space over the door, which once might have been glazed, but was now only papered over. "It was the cat," cried Tom in a voice of derision; "the old black cat, that was mousing over her old hunting-grounds. She must have seen the light shining through the thin paper, and made a spring right through it. But how did the cat get into the house; and what could have frightened her?"

The strangeness of these occurrences, however, gradually faded from their minds, under the influence of newer and more powerful impressions. Sailor might have thrown some light upon the matter; but Sailor didn't choose to say anything about what he had witnessed that night in the old barn. He was a cautious old fellow; and he didn't care to make an enemy of his neighbour, Skim, who, he knew, bore him a grudge already.

Tom Rapley was soon plunged in all the excitement of a canvass and contest for the collectorship. It was a long-protracted affair, and there were many candidates, but Frewen's influence carried the day, and Tom was elected. It was midsummer, however, before he got his appointment, and Michaelmas before he could get to work, so that he had his hands full to get in the next rate by Christmas. Tom, nevertheless, was full of new-born zeal, and very pleased and proud. He was somebody in the parish now, and could take his part in the even-

ing discussions on parochial matters at the *Royal Oak*, and speak with authority. People left off calling him Lord Tom, and saluted him respectfully as Mr. Rapley. He wouldn't, however, give up the rent-free house and the ten shillings a week from Mr. Frewen, notwithstanding that they were dreadfully cramped for room. What with the baby and little Bertie, and the cooking and the washing, and the chatter and noise that were always going on, Tom found it desperate hard work to get on with his accounts. And there was the big house lying empty and sealed up beside them.

Tom had got to make the new rate, and fill up all his receipts, before he could begin to collect; and although he tried hard and did the best he could, he was very much afraid that he should be behindhand with his work.

"Tell you what, Lizzie, I shall go clean distracted, and out of my mind, if this goes on," he cried one day, when the noise and confusion were worse than usual. "I'm making all kinds of mistakes, and I shall be all wrong with my accounts; and then, what will become of us?"

"Well, I don't see how I can manage any better, Tom," said Lizzie: "my hands are full enough—you ought to have a room to yourself, where you can work quietly without any bother."

"Ought stands for nothing," said Tom despairingly.

"Stop a bit!" cried Lizzie; "I've thought of something. Now, don't you bother me for a minute, Tom. Yes, I've got it." Lizzie ran up-stairs; and when she came down, she told Tom that he had better go for a walk till things were quiet, and that, if he liked, he might call at the *Royal Oak*, and talk to Aunt Booth. In fact, she kept him out of the house all day long, under one pretext or another; and when night came, and it was time to go to bed, Lizzie took him up-stairs with an air of pride and mystery, and shewed him a door opening out of their bedroom into the unused house.

"Now," said Lizzie, "you see what I have been doing all day long. Walk into your office, Mr. Overseer!"

"O Lizzie, how could you do such a thing! Why, Frewen will find it out, and then he'll turn us out of the house, and take away our allowance too."

"Why, Tom, I've only taken out some nails, and pulled down some laths, and knocked away some plaster, and sawn away a stick or two—that's all!"

"You've only broken into Aunt Betsy's house — that's all!" muttered Tom.

"But come in and look," said Lizzie coaxingly, "how nicely I've managed everything." She opened the door, and revealed a neatly furnished room with a carpet on the floor, and in the middle a mahogany table, with Tom's books and inkstand and blotting-paper, laid out in a neat and orderly manner. "There's light, too, from the skylight in the daytime; they never blocked that up at all."

"Yes, it's all very nice," said Tom — "very nice indeed; only, I'm afraid old Frewen will not be pleased."

"Pooh!" cried Lizzie. "As for Frewen, I should like to see him coming prying into my bedroom — I'd send him out in a hurry."

"But it's in the will, dear, that it's to be done," said Tom solemnly.

"Then it's in my will that it shan't be done, and surely one woman's will is as good as another's."

On the whole, Tom didn't refuse, next morning, to avail himself of his new office; and he got on so well with his work, that he began to be quite reconciled to the arrangement, and owned to Lizzie that he thought the risk of Frewen's finding them out was very small.

Tom Rapley got on very well indeed with his first collection; very well, that is, as far as getting the money went, for people were inclined to grumble at him, as being far more strict and exacting than his predecessor Patch. "I'd never a voted for you, Tom Rapley, if I'd known you'd be as sharp as this upon us," was the remark of more than one of his former supporters. Some people, too, were uncommonly spiteful. One old lady, who lived in a cottage by herself, and who had given Tom a deal of trouble before she would pay at all, put the money in coppers upon the window-sill, and bade him take what he wanted. He found, when he came to handle them, that they were pretty nearly red-hot, and he was obliged to drop them more quickly than he took them up. However, he got the money in one way or other; but the next matter that troubled him was, how to dispose of it.

He had the money all in gold. He wouldn't take cheques; Frewen had advised him not to do it. He couldn't be always running over to Biscopham to present cheques; and Frewen told him that any delay in presentation might make him liable to the parish, if any should not be duly paid. Tom was very

nervous about his responsibility; but he thought he wouldn't be wrong if he had the money all in good golden sovereigns. As the money grew in amount, however, Tom became more and more uneasy. He had over five hundred pounds in the house. The premises were lightly built and badly secured; many people knew of the money that was lodged at Tom's house, and there were several men in the village whose characters were none of the best — among others, Skim; and, unluckily, Skim had looked in one day when Tom was counting his money, and had seen the sovereigns tumbling one over another on the table; whereat his face had lighted up with a gleam that made Tom shudder. Most people in Tom's situation would have banked the money; but there was no bank nearer than Biscopham, and to take it there involved losing a day, and the expense of hiring a conveyance, unless he went in on market-day and by a carrier's cart. Besides, Tom was nervous about banks also — they broke sometimes. Now, as long as he had got the money in gold under his hands, he was safe; and yet, when he looked at his bag of coin, it struck him how easy it would be for anybody to make off with it, and how useless to try to trace the money, once gone. There was this advantage about gold, however — he could hide it wherever he pleased, and it would take no harm. He might put it down the well, for instance, or bury it in the garden. And yet, he would never know a moment's peace if he left the gold hidden outside the house: he would be always imagining that somebody had watched him, and was now possessing himself of the treasure.

After much thought, Tom made up his mind to hide the money, and hide it in the empty house. That was guarded and secured at every point, and was further protected by the superstitious fears of the villagers. The house, shut up and abandoned, had acquired the reputation of being haunted; all sorts of tales were told about the place — of lights seen, and sounds heard in the dead of night; and few of the inhabitants of Milford would willingly pass the place after dark.

The arrangements of the old house were all familiar enough to Tom. The room he occupied as an office was over the large front-kitchen, which occupied the whole of the ground floor of that wing. The landing of the back staircase leading to the kitchen was just outside Tom's office-door, and that door once

opened, he would have access to the kitchen, and could hide his money under one of the bricks in the floor easily enough. There was no danger of any one getting in there; and if they did, how should they suspect the existence of the buried treasure?

Tom went up to the blacksmith in the village, and telling him that he had lost the key of his cupboard, procured a bunch of old keys and a file. The lock of his office-door was not a complicated one, and with a little filing and adjustment of a key, he soon contrived to open it. Then he went back to his own kitchen, procured a light, locked the outer door, and proceeded to explore his way to the basement of Aunt Betsy's house.

Mouldy and musty, smelt everything about the old place. Dust was everywhere, and cobwebs with great fat spiders, who hurried off into crevices at Tom's approach, and lay there doubtfully, with one cruel hairy talon stretched out, wondering, perhaps, if the end of everything were come, or only a bigger fly than ordinary, that might by-and-by be entangled, and sprung upon, and devoured. In the bricked passages below, a settlement of ants had established themselves, and raised a nest; whilst the earthworms had thrown their castings all along the crevices. Tom made his way to the kitchen, looking neither to the right nor to the left, everything seemed so dismal and woful. He had some little difficulty with the kitchen-door, for the lock was of a different pattern, and finally he was obliged to use a screwdriver, and take the lock right off.

The kitchen looked desolate indeed. The black beetles had permanently camped out on its floor, and covered it with their odious battalions. At the sight of Tom and the lighted candle, they retreated indeed, but did not take to flight. "They were so unaccustomed to man, their tameness was shocking to see." Like Epic heroes among a crowd of ordinary warriors, huge cockchafers, with extended feelers, ran hither and thither, as if organizing their followers, and urging them on to battle; whilst white venerable insects—the Nestors of this mirky host—formed the centres of groups which might be councils of war.

Tom stepped gingerly among the black beetles, and coming to the centre of the kitchen, looked curiously around. The range and boiler, which he had known so bright and polished in Aunt Betsey's

time, were now covered with rust, and a kind of red, greasy perspiration. Between the stones of the hearth, straggling bleached grasses had thrust themselves; and the soot that had fallen from the chimney had formed the basis of a sort of mould, on which there was a feeble growth of vegetable life. The saucepans still hung on their nails with their lids beside them, once of a silvery brightness, now rusted and discoloured. Plates and dishes stood all of a row above the kitchen dresser, covered with dust and grime. The eight-day clock in the corner was the only thing that kept its accustomed aspect—its face still shone out bright and clean, and the round moon and the astronomical emblems upon it were the only cheerful things visible.

Tom didn't stop long looking about him, but presently remembered what had brought him here, and he then began to consider where he should dig his hole, and hide his money. It must be in a place he should have no difficulty in finding again himself, and with that view, he couldn't do better than make the hiding-place in the very centre of the kitchen. Tom paced it out from corner to corner, and where his footsteps crossed each other, he prised up the bricks and dug a hole. He had less difficulty in this than he expected. The bricks came up easily enough, and the ground below was quite loose and friable. He didn't dig very deep, for he was unused to the work, and he ached so badly across the small of the back, that he got quite weary and exhausted.

"This will do very well," he said to himself. "Nobody will dream of looking here for it; and people are too much afraid of the house ever to think of getting in." He put his bag of money into the hole, replaced the earth, beating it carefully down, levelled the bricks accurately, and removed all traces of his work.

"There!" he cried, flourishing the spade over his head; that's a good job done, anyhow." In his flourish he struck the low beam overhead, and hit some brown paper-bags that hung from the ceiling, scattering a lot of dust over himself.

"There go aunt's old dried herbs," he said; "all turned to dust, like herself."

He did not replace the lock on the kitchen-door, and left all the other doors unlocked that he might have easy access to his hoard, and made his way back to his own part of the house, feeling a good deal easier in his mind. Somebody was

thumping against the outer door, and Tom went down to see who it was, leaving his tools up-stairs.

"I want to borrow a spade, Master Rapley!" said a rough husky voice. It was Skim's.

"I haven't got one!" said Tom, in a little confusion. He didn't like to own that his spade was in his bedroom.

Skim went off rather sulkily. Then said Tom to himself: "If I hadn't hidden my money up so carefully, it would have frightened me to see that fellow about the place." Skim had hardly been gone a minute, before Mr. Frewen came in.

"Well, Tom," he said, seating himself in a wooden chair in the kitchen, and smiling in an absent kind of way, "I've come to look round the place."

"Come to look round the place?" cried Tom, with some dismay.

"Yes," said Frewen. "According to the will, you know, Tom, I'm bound to inspect the premises every year, to see that everything is safe and right. I'll go up-stairs now."

"Oh! that's a pity," said Tom. "Lizzie's gone out, and she's locked up the bedroom, and taken the key with her."

Frewen tapped his foot impatiently on the floor.

"What's that bunch of keys you've got there?" he cried, pointing to those Tom had unwittingly kept in his hand.

"Oh! those are some I got from the blacksmith; I lost the key of the wash-house."

"Try 'em, and see if one will fit the bedroom."

"Lizzie won't like that," said Tom.

"What! Missus is master here, eh!" said Frewen. "Come, I'll stand between you and harm. I don't want to have to come here again to look at the place; don't you see?"

"Perhaps Lizzie will be back directly," said Tom, not knowing exactly what to do, and going towards the door to look out.

"Why, here I am, Tom," said his wife, coming in at the half-opened door. "What's the matter?"

"The key, Mrs. Tom, the key!" said Frewen impatiently.

"What key?" said Mrs. Tom, annoyed.

"Yes, my dear, the key of the bedroom: he wants to look over the place," cried Tom, looking at her significantly,

"to see that all is kept in good order, you know."

Lizzie realized the situation instantaneously, but for the moment she was at a loss how to act. Not only would Frewen discover the opening made into the old house—not only would they lose their dwelling and the ten shillings a week, but they would also, probably, incur the lawyer's ill-will, and jeopardize Tom's appointment. Mr. Frewen had been a good friend in many ways. It was he who, in conjunction with Aunt Booth, had stood security for Tom's faithful performance of his duties, and if he were offended, and offered to withdraw, where could they get another surety?

"La! Mr. Frewen," she said, "you can't come into my bedroom. The place ain't fit to be seen."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Frewen; "it's only a matter of business; just open the door and let me look in."

"Very well, sir," said Mrs. Tom: "I'm ashamed to shew you the place, sir, it's so untidy. Won't you wait till I've tidied it up?"

"Pooh, pooh!" said Frewen; "I haven't been married all these years not to know what an untidy room is. Come; lead the way!"

"Stop a moment!" said Lizzie. — "Tom, you must fetch little Bertie away. I couldn't have Mr. Frewen go near him for all the world!"

"What does it matter?" cried Frewen.

"I've got children of my own."

"But the scarlet fever —"

"Scarlet fever!" cried Frewen, jumping off from the chair, and running out into the garden. "Why didn't you tell me that before? Pretty noise my wife will make if she gets to hear of it. I shall be afraid to go home. Is the boy very bad?"

Lizzie looked dreadfully downcast, as she told Frewen that she didn't know how it would end.

Frewen stumped up and down the gravelled path. The thought had frequently suggested itself before; but now that he heard of the illness of the boy, it struck him with tenfold force: What a capital thing for my little lad if their youngster should pop off.

Yes; this contingent prospect which was so little good to the Rapley's, would be a useful thing for him. That his boy should have a comfortable landed property waiting for him when he came of age, and all the accumulations of a long

minority, would add very considerably to the position and influence of the Frewens.

He was not a man to waste any time in profitless speculation on the future; but the news he had just heard put something into his head that he would not otherwise have thought of. He remembered those barren manorial rights which were useless to the Rapleys, but might be valuable to the Frewens. By-and-by, if his son should succeed to this property, it would render it more complete, if the full title to the manor were acquired.

"Tom!" he cried, beckoning him out. "There; stand on the other side of that potato-bed." Mr. Frewen carefully took up a position so that the wind should blow from him to Tom—on account of the scarlet fever. "Now," he cried, "Tom, I daresay you wouldn't object to a five-pound note?"

"Certainly not, sir," cried Tom, with a grin.

"Well, a friend of mine, who owns some land about here, wants to buy a manor—that he may give deputation to a game-keeper; do you understand? Now, you can give a title—it's worth nothing to you—and if you like to take a five-pound note, one of my clerks shall draw a conveyance and bring it to you to sign."

"Couldn't you make it ten, sir?" cried Tom.

"Certainly not. It's not worth five shillings. But as I wanted to do you a good turn—— Well, it doesn't matter."

"Oh, you shall have it, sir," said Tom, "at your own price. Am I to have the five now?"

"No; when the conveyance is signed. Well, good-day. Let me know how the boy is. Ready for your audit, Tom? got the figures all right?"

"Yes, and the cash too," said Tom proudly. "I've done better than any collector of them all, sir."

"That's right, Tom—do your backers credit," cried Frewen, turning to leave the premises. "What nice order your garden is in, Tom. I didn't give you credit for being such a good gardener."

"Well, sir, it's thanks to a neighbour of mine it looks so well; he gave it such a thorough digging over last year that everything has flourished beautifully; and did it for nothing, too."

"He's a good neighbour to have," cried Frewen. "Well, good-day, Tom."

"What a nice, pleasant man he is," said Tom, going in-doors to his wife.

The unexpected prospect of an extra five-pound note had quite warmed his heart.

"Pleasant he'd have looked," said Lizzie, "if he'd gone up-stairs."

"Ah!" replied Tom, wasn't that a capital idea of mine about the key?"

"Much good that would have been," rejoined Lizzie, "if it hadn't been for that thought of mine about the scarlet fever."

"Humph!" said Tom. "I hope Bertie won't go and catch it after this: I should think it was a judgment. Well, I'm off to Farmer Brown's, to ask him to give me a lift to Biscopham to-morrow."

That night, Sailor was paying his placid addresses to Mrs. Booth at the *Royal Oak*, when presently Skim came in and thrust himself into the room uninvited. Neither of them cared for his company, but neither ventured to tell him so.

"Come, Sailor, how dull we are!" cried Skim. "Come, tell us a story about your sailing round that there mountain."

"What! about roun'ing Cape Horn?" said Sailor. "Well, I don't think I ever finished telling you that story yet."

"Oh! we haven't time for any stories now," cried Aunt Booth snappishly. "I shall story up the house, and go to bed. Come, my lads."

It was barely nine o'clock; but when Mrs. Booth made up her mind to go to bed, go she would. Skim and Sailor departed rather unwillingly. Sailor didn't like Skim as a companion; but he could hardly avoid walking with him, as they lived close together. As they went along, Skim began to talk about the old house, and the supposed sounds and sights that were heard and seen there.

"Did you ever see anything of the kind?" asked Skim significantly.

Sailor hesitated. "Well, mate," he said, "I did see something there once."

"When was that?" cried Skim.

"Why, 'twas the very night she died. I suppose you don't know that she came to see me that very night?"

"No," cried Skim; "I never knew that."

"But she did," said Sailor, shaking his head; "and give me the office to go and fetch Charley Frewen; so that was why I went, and not out of no disrespect to you, Skim. Well, after the old lady had left me, I sat up a good bit; and just as I was going to bed, I hears voices outside, and lo and behold, there was Jem Blake, and Bill Edwards, and one or two more, as was going Christmasing; and they fetched me out, and we went round the village, singing carols, and all

sorts of fun. And we'd had a glass or two here and there ; and as we was coming home, says I : Suppose we go and sing to old Mother Rennel. And they all shake their heads at this ; but I was feeling full of spirits, and so I says : Mates, I'll lay you a quart as Mother Rennel gives me a Christmas-box if I goes along there. Well, these other chaps wouldn't go on, and left me at the corner of the lane ; and away I went, perhaps not keeping my course as direct as might be. I saw there was a light in the best bedroom window—a twinkling kind of light, as looked as if it would go out every minute, and I was just agoing to begin my song, when I see the light move, and shine in another window, and next I caught sight of it over the hall-door, and then it shewed right in the kitchen window. Well, I walks up the path to the window, and looks in. What do you think I see, mate ? ”

“ I don't know,” cried Skim, who was all of a tremble.

“ I see Aunt Betsy, I tell you ! robed all in white, with a candle in one hand, and a spade in the other, looking ghastly enough to freeze the very marrow in your bones ! ”

“ Well,” cried Skim ; “ go on ! ”

“ She stood for a bit knocking on the bricks with her spade, and then she moved off : and I moved off, too, as fast as my legs could carry me ; I was so skeared with her looks.”

“ Was that all ? Did you see nothing else ? ” cried Skim, feeling underneath his jumper as if for some concealed weapon.

“ That was enough for me. I tell you I cut and run fast enough.”

“ Where did you say you saw her stand ? ”

“ Right under them bags of herbs as hung in the kitchen—in the very middle of it.”

“ Herbs did you say ? ” cried Skim, springing up half a foot into the air.

“ Why, what's the matter, mate ? Where are you off to, my lad ? ”

By this time they had reached the row of cottages, and Sailor paused at his own gate, astonished—for Skim, instead of turning into his cottage, started off in a sort of slinging trot on the way to Bis-copham.

“ What's his little game to-night ? ” mused Sailor, as he let himself in. “ However, it don't concern me, anyway.”

CHAPTER VII.

Sweet are the uses of adversity.

IN the dark little counting-house at the end of his gloomy cavern of a shop, Mr. Collop held solitary converse with his own thoughts late on one soft dripping night in December. These thoughts were not cheerful or enlivening. He had kept himself afloat another year, but at what a cost ! Last year, if he had failed, he would have failed with the reputation of an honest but unfortunate man. This year, there would be another sort of tale to tell. All this time Collop had worked hard from morning till night, had lived penuriously, and drawn nothing but his bare expenses out of the concern. And yet so ill had he managed matters, that if he were obliged to suspend payment to-morrow, the chances are that he would have to submit to a criminal prosecution, on a charge of obtaining goods on credit for the purpose of pledging them to get money. What was the hidden drain, then, upon his resources ? In a word, Frewen. The lawyer had cleared a little fortune out of Collop—all in a perfectly legitimate and honourable way, all in the way of costs, which Collop had paid from time to time, to avoid the extremity of an execution. And in the end Collop had not shrunk his debt one whit. He owed Frewen more than ever, although he had paid him hundreds and hundreds of pounds. Frewen had fastened on him like the octopus on his prey, enfolding him with a net of legal tentacula, and draining the life's-blood of him, whilst leaving his outward shell intact. Nor was there anything exceptionally harsh in his treatment, if it should be admitted that such an attorney must needs live. How would it be possible for Frewen to keep up his hospitable mansion and provide for his offspring in accordance with their way of life, if he didn't squeeze a man when he had a chance ? Like the honest fair-trading Greek who owns the swift-sailing felucca—if you be well-manned and armed he will deal with you as if he were a brother ; but waterlogged, helpless, and unmanageable, hoisting signals of distress—unfortunate merchantman that you are, better go to the bottom at once than signal for help to our disinterested Greek.

It was maddening to be the subject of this treatment, to be obliged to forfeit honest name and self-respect, to rob and deceive trading connections and creditors for the sake of a hated enemy, and with-

out the slightest permanent effect. Collop had been driven to it step by step, and now he saw himself at the last extremity — his credit gone at last, threatened on every side, writs showering down upon him daily, Frewen waiting with keen intelligent eyes to give a last squeeze to him on his own account, before sweeping everything away in the interests of the estate he represented. Collop had paid him ten pounds — the last ten pounds he had in the world — for a day's delay, hoping — he hardly knew what — perhaps, that the general ruin and destruction that To-morrow Morning was to bring might spare him from an ignominious end.

"Shall I come and post up the ledger, father?" said Emily, putting her head in at the counting-house door.

"No," said her father sullenly, "no. I don't think it will ever want posting again."

"Why, father, what's the matter? Are you going to give up business?"

"I'm going to fail, Emily — to be a bankrupt — to see everything I have seized upon and sold — everything — do you hear? — except the clothes on our backs!"

"How are we to live, father?" cried Emily in consternation.

"I shall have to live in a prison; you, in the workhouse."

"Can nothing be done? Can nothing save us?"

"Only a miracle. — Hush, Emmy! Who is that in the shop?"

Collop shook all over as he did now at any unaccustomed footstep.

Emily went out to see whom it could be. She returned presently. "It is that labouring man who has been to see you so often lately."

"Tell him to come in, Emmy; and you go and get your supper. Don't wait for me; and eat as much as you can, for I don't know where another meal is to come from."

Emily, in deep sadness and distress, but with that submissive meekness to which a life of abnegation had accustomed her, sat down to her solitary meal. She heard the murmur of talk going on in the counting-house, and thought it never would cease. The conference lasted a long while, and at the end of it, Collop put in his head at the sitting-room door to say that he was going out. He had received a sudden funeral order, he said, in reply to his daughter's inquiring glance. "Don't sit up for me."

Emily sat up, however, in the cold dull room, that was pervaded by the smell of corduroys and fustians: the fire went out, and the night grew colder and colder, but still she sat wrapped up in her shawl, shivering in her hard horse-hair-covered chair. Twelve o'clock struck — one and two, and still her father had not returned. She grew seriously alarmed now, and would have set out to search for him, but she did not know in which direction to go.

At three o'clock he came in, with a strange light and excitement on his face.

"Where have you been, father?" cried Emily.

"Never mind where I have been, girl," he said, sitting down to the bread and cheese that was on the table. "I have met with a friend in need. Perhaps I spoke too hastily just now. I may tide over my difficulties yet. At all events, Emmy, we won't starve. Here," he said, taking out a canvas bag — "here is a hundred pounds in gold. Keep it always about your person. Sew some of it in your stays, and some in your petticoat, and some keep in your pocket; do you hear? You must do it this very night, for we don't know who may be here to-morrow morning."

"O father, but is it right?"

"That money doesn't come out of the business, I tell you," said Collop, "but from an old friend; but you must keep it about you, for if we have an execution in to-morrow, the men may seize it."

CHAPTER VIII.

There an't shall please you; a foolish, mild man:
An honest man, look you, and soon dashed.

It is a bright winter's morning. Mr. Rapley is up betimes, and performing his ablutions in a fresh-drawn bucket of spring-water from the well beside his door. His face is polished into a healthy glow with friction and yellow soap. He has got his best black trousers on, and is just struggling into his shirt, which is white as driven snow, with wristbands and front stiffened so that they could have stood alone. Mrs. Rapley sat up till late the night before getting up that faultless shirt, but the result was worthy of her pains. Tom is off to Biscopham to-day to pay over the rate-money. Farmer Brown is going to drive him in his dog-cart, for it is market day in the town, the market next before Christmas, and Milford is mustering in some force, meaning to go there.

Saunders the carrier is drawn up in front of the *Royal Oak*, collecting his packages and passengers for a start. Two or three tax-carts have passed already, and old Payden was away an hour ago with his donkey and cart laden with geese and poultry.

Tom is come to brushing his hair by this time, with his back to the pathway, and he starts on hearing a voice exclaim: "Buy a nice 'air-brush this morning, sir?"

"Hollo!" said Tom, turning round, and seeing a pedler standing on the foot-path, with a basket slung round his shoulders by a broad leathern strap. "What, pedler! you think I want a new one, eh! Oh, this old thing will serve my turn for a while; it don't fetch the hairs out, as a new one might, and I'm getting so as I can't spare any."

"Buy a nice pair of vauses, then, for the good lady?"

"Hollo!" cried Tom again; "don't I remember you. Didn't I buy a comb of you this very Christmas five years — or six, is it?"

"P'raps you did; I can't remember all my customers. Well, will you give me a turn, master?"

"Not this morning, I think," replied Tom; whereupon the man moved rapidly off without further soliciting custom. He had left only a few minutes, when the helmet of a rural policeman appeared over the garden hedge.

"Hollo, Bridger!" said Tom, "is that you? It's a fine morning, this."

"So it is, Mr. Rapley. I thought I'd just look in to tell you that there was a man sleeping in your old barn last night."

"Well, I'm glad the old place has been some use to a fellow-creature."

"But he don't bear the best of characters — a pedler sort of chap he be. He ain't been out of jail long for passing bad money."

"He must sleep somewhere, for all that," said Tom. "If he don't do anything worse than sleep, he won't harm."

"I've done my duty by telling you, Mr. Rapley; and I wonder you don't pull the old place down. It's a regular harbour for tramps when they come this way."

"You must speak to Lawyer Frewen about that," said Tom: "it's all in his hands now. It'll all come to my son one of these days, and then we shall see the difference."

Tom was fond of imparting this information about his son. It gave him a

kind of reflected dignity to be the father of a landed proprietor in embryo.

"Ah!" said the policeman, to whom the arrangements of Aunt Betsy's will were known in the indefinite exaggerated form they had assumed in the talk of the country-side, "you'll have the old place opened up then, and gay doings, I expect."

"That we shall, you may depend; but then we may none of us be alive to see it."

"Do you think *she's* there?" said the policeman, pointing mysteriously with his thumb over his shoulder to the empty house. "Do you think she'll be found there when it's opened — the old woman, I mean?"

"What! my Aunt Betsy? What makes you think that?"

"That's what all the people say, sir, as she is laid out on the best bed, with the string of the 'larum-bell round her hand, so as if she came to life again she could make herself heard. I often thinks, when I comes this way at night: Suppose the old gal should wake up and ring the bell, what'd I do?"

"La!" said Tom, "is that what the people say! Why, nobody ever said so to me."

"Taint likely they'd talk to you about it; but that's what's the story about here, sir, with the country-folk; and they say, too, that Lawyer Frewen has a hundred a year through the old lady's will as long as she's above ground."

"Upon my word, Bridger," said Rapley, "I'm sorry you've told me. I shan't sleep so well at nights now, and shall always be listening for that 'larum-bell."

"Well, Mr. Rapley," said the policeman with an appreciative chuckle, "I'd rather you had the job of taking care of this old place than me. Morning, sir."

Tom went into the house, where his wife was busy cleaning up, the young heir clinging to his mother's apron, whilst baby was amusing herself with a saucepan lid on the dresser.

"I'll not tell her anything about what they say, or she'll never let me go out of an evening. It's about time I went to get the money."

"Tom," said his wife, suspending her cleaning operations for a moment — "Tom, do you know that it's Christmas next week; and, Tom, don't you draw your salary to-day?"

"Why, of course I do," said Tom. "You don't suppose I should forget that remarkable fact, do you! I say, old girl,

what are we going to have for dinner on Christmas day?"

"I'll speak to butcher about it to-day: a bit of the loin of beef, about three pounds and a half; and a batter-pudding with currants in it."

"What would you say to a goose, Lizzie, eh?" said Tom, rubbing his hands, "nicely stuffed with plenty of sage and onions, and apple-sauce, sweetly browned with some rich gravy, eh; and the pudding baked underneath it?"

Tom nudged his partner rapturously, who contemplated the picture thus called up before her mind's eye with a preoccupied doubtful gaze.

"Where's the money to come from, Tom?" she said at last.

"Oh, you leave that to me," said Tom. "Don't I draw my salary to-day?"

"Just think, Tom, how long that money has to last!" cried Mrs. Rapley. "We ought to have learned a lesson of self-denial by this time."

Tom's countenance fell. But, then, roast goose was so nice; and it's a poor heart that never rejoices. Tom snatched up his spade, and hurried off.

Mrs. Rapley went to the gate, with the baby in her arms, to watch for Farmer Brown, and presently descried him coming down the lane in his dog-cart, a young horse in the shafts, who was shewing a good deal of action, and was already in a lather with heat and impatience.

"Tom will be here in a minute," she called to the farmer, as he drew up at the gate.

"Hurry him on, Mrs. Rapley," cried Brown, a fresh-colored, hearty-looking farmer; "my mare's young, and full of fidgets."

"Tom!" she cried, running up the garden-walk towards the house, "Look alive — Mr. Brown's waiting."

Tom was kneeling in the doorway, holding on to the door-posts, looking as white as a sheet, and trembling all over. "Gone!" he gasped. "It's gone!"

"What's gone? O Tom, is it Bertie?"

No; Bertie was all right; he was clinging to his father's legs, trying to mount on his back; he thought this was some little pantomime gone through for his special amusement.

"The money! the money! it's gone! O Lizzie, we're ruined!"

"O Tom!" cried Lizzie. "And I told you not to hide it away."

Tom gasped as if choking with horror and despair.

"Tom!" cried Lizzie, "get up and

meet it like a man. Have you really been robbed? Send after the thief; rouse the country; fetch the police!"

"Now then, Master Rapley," cried Brown's voice from his dog-cart; "look alive there, can't you?"

"O daddy!" cried the boy, "give Bertie a ride in Missa Brown's cart."

Tom threw the boy off roughly. "Get away, you brat! You've robbed your father of his birthright; and now he's ruined. Oh, let me die! Lizzie, let me die!"

"Mr. Brown!" cried Lizzie, running to the gate; "Tom's been robbed. Drive off to the police-office; please do; and tell them to stop the thief, wherever he may be."

"Robbed!" cried Brown — "robbed! What's he been robbed of?"

"All the rate-money! Five hundred pounds and more!"

Brown whistled in dismay. What a fool the man was to have all that money in his house! Brown was a friend, but he was also a ratepayer; and one of his first thoughts was, shall I have to pay over again? "Let me see," he said; "I met Bridger coming over Gomersham Bridge; I wonder which way he went? I could overtake him, and bring him back, if I knew. Or, shall I drive in to Biscopham, and tell the superintendent there?"

"Better go to Biscopham. Oh, do make haste, Mr. Brown, please!" cried Lizzie, clasping her hands.

"But I must have some particulars," said Brown; "it's no use going with half a tale. Tom must give me a list of the notes and the cheques, so that we may stop 'em at the bank."

"The money was all in gold."

"Whew!" whistled Brown, looking glummer than ever. "All in gold! What a fool! And where did he put it?"

"Tom, where did you put the money?" screamed his wife. He hadn't even told her where he had hidden it.

"I buried it under the bricks," cried Tom.

"What folly!" cried the farmer. "But look here, Rapley; you jump in, and come with me to Biscopham. I'd rather you told the story than me."

Brown had a lurking feeling that it might be better for the interests of the parish that Mr. Rapley should himself be under the supervision of the police.

Tom certainly looked as if he might have been guilty of any crime he was so haggard and downcast. All his strength and spirit had deserted him. It was a

wild, improbable tale he had to tell, and he felt that he wouldn't have believed it himself of any other man.

He drove away in Brown's dog-cart, his shoulders rounded, and his chin resting on his chest.

Ill news flies apace, and in some manner—it would be difficult to say how—the whole village simultaneously came to know that Tom Rapley had lost his rate-money. The rumour overtook Bridger the policeman in his rounds, and he forthwith returned in haste to Milford's. He questioned Mrs. Rapley narrowly about the matter; but her knowledge of the circumstances were vague and confused. Tom had been robbed, but she couldn't say how, and the money was all in gold.

"Did you see the pedler that he was talking to this morning, ma'am, that slept in the old barn last night? He was no very good character either."

Lizzie hadn't seen him. There was a gleam of hope here. It was possible this man was the robber, and might be traced and stopped before he could get rid of the money.

"I'll be after him, ma'am!" cried the policeman: "depend upon it, he's the thief, ma'am; unless," he added in a low voice, "it happens to be Tom Rapley himself."

Hardly had Bridger gone, when Aunt Booth came down, a shawl hastily thrown over her head. "Is it true?" she cried—"is it true what I hear? Oh, he's ruined us all!"

"What do you mean, aunt? What harm has he done to you?"

"Why! ain't I security for him—Mr. Frewen and I—for five hundred pounds; the silly, unlucky fool! O Liz, why did you or I ever set eyes on his monkey face! If he isn't a rogue too——"

"Get out of my house!" cried Lizzie, all ablaze with anger; and then there was a quarrel between the two women, by way of mending matters. No one can say what would have been the issue of it, if Sailor hadn't come up just then, and separated the aunt and niece. He carried off Mrs. Booth to her own home, and then came back to comfort Mrs. Rapley.

"Why, look here, ma'am," he said; "it stands to reason as there can't be any occasion to take on. Either your master's a honest man—and if he be, none of them can't touch him—or else he's collared the money, and there'll be the five hundred pounds to fall back upon!"

At this Sailor himself was driven from

the house, and the door bolted and locked, whilst Mrs. Rapley abandoned herself to bitter, unavailing grief.

From The Spectator.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S SCOTCH JOURNAL.*

EVERYTHING fresh we learn of Wordsworth deepens the impression of that hardy imaginative simplicity which is the chief characteristic of his genius. This is one great charm of his sister's diary of the Highland Tour of 1803. Miss Wordsworth, who cherished every incident connected with the origin of one of his poems, puts down in this journal, not for public perusal, but for the wife who stays behind with her child, the modest story of their adventures, and yet not a word in it from beginning to end betrays the conscious seeker after æsthetic feelings, or suggests the attendant nymph sharing something of the glow of a poet's inspiration. There is a remarkable self-restraint, not to say fortitude, in the manner in which the constantly recurring bad weather, and not unfrequently severe discomforts of the journey are described, as though nothing better were to be expected. There is not a trace of the feeling that there was any sort of merit in the ideal objects of the travellers' search, or any prerogative belonging to a poet which is injuriously treated by the buffets to which ordinary men are liable. The journal is as simple and natural as if there were no poetic reputation either to gain or to keep up. When any touch of poetry marks the journal, it is as plain that it comes there through the natural ardour of the writer's own—not even her brother's—feelings, as it is that when you might conventionally have expected it, it is often not to be found. Miss Wordsworth writes generally with extreme literalness of the incidents of travel, though, of course, as one whose expectations are on the stretch for the beauties of which she has heard so much. Her brother and Coleridge figure not in the least as poets, but simply as fellow-travellers who share her fatigues and enjoyments, and who frequently help her to discern what is most memorable. Any-

* *Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland in 1803 by Dorothy Wordsworth.* Edited by J. C. Shairp, LL.D., Principal of the United College of St. Salvador and St. Leonard, St. Andrews. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

thing less like the style of a "sentimental journey," of a pilgrimage made in order to experience exalted feelings, it is impossible to imagine. Moreover, there is no effort in Miss Wordsworth's diary to look at things with her brother's eyes. She keeps her own eager, lively eyes on everything, and even when she gets hold of a scene which profoundly strikes her, she does not attempt to Wordsworthize upon it, but just defines her own impressions, and there leaves it. A being of completer simplicity than Dorothy Wordsworth we should think it not easy to find again. Principal Shairp, in his very interesting preface, gives us De Quincey's graphic account of her wild bright eyes and abrupt reserve of manner thus :—

"Her face was of Egyptian brown ; " rarely, in a woman of English birth, had I seen a more determinate gipsy tan. Her eyes were not soft as Mrs. Wordsworth's, nor were they fierce or bold ; but they were wild, and startling, and hurried in their motion. Her manner was warm, and even ardent ; her sensibility seemed constitutionally deep ; and some subtle fire of impassioned intellect apparently burned within her, which—being alternately pushed forward into a conspicuous expression by the irresistible instincts of her temperament, and then immediately checked in obedience to the decorum of her sex and age and her maidenly condition—gave to her whole demeanour, and to her conversation, an air of embarrassment, and even of self-conflict, that was almost distressing to witness. Even her very utterance and enunciation often suffered in point of clearness and steadiness, from the agitation of her excessive organic sensibility. At times the self-counteraction and self-baffling of her feelings caused her even to stammer. But the greatest deductions from Miss Wordsworth's attractions, and from the exceeding interest which surrounded her, in right of her character, of her history, and of the relation which she fulfilled towards her brother, were the glancing quickness of her motions, and other circumstances in her deportment (such as her stooping attitude when walking), which gave an ungraceful character to her appearance when out of doors.

But though this bright, eager manner penetrates many portions of her diary, there is no trace in it of the embarrassment or conflict of feeling of which De Quincey speaks, and which may very possibly have been more or less provoked by his own critical glances. What one notes in it is the delicacy of her appreciation of all the human interests of the scenes visited, a considerable power of artless intensity in describing any scene, whether grand or simple, which struck

her imagination,—and it was oftener simple than grand,—and a certain ardent nimbleness in her manner of looking at things which reminds one very often of the few sets of verses by her published amongst her brother's poems. One is especially often reminded in this journal of that charming little child's poem by Miss Wordsworth, beginning,—

What way does the wind come? Which way does he go?

He rides over the water, and over the snow,
Through wood and through vale, and o'er
rocky height,

Which the goat cannot scale, takes his sounding flight.

The *full* brightness of that gay and breezy little poem is to be found less frequently than we could wish in the diary of this rather gloomy-weathered tour ; but one is very often struck with the pleasure which Miss Wordsworth feels in tracing, just as in that poem, the effect of an influence of which she cannot tell the whence, or the whither, and the extreme enjoyment with which she takes note of anything like a god-send. Take this, for instance :—

The woman of the house was very kind : whenever we asked her for anything it seemed a fresh pleasure to her that she had it for us ; she always answered with a sort of softening-down of the Scotch exclamation, "Hoot!" "Ho ! yes, ye'll get that," and hied to her cupboard in the spence. We were amused with the phrase "Ye'll get that" in the Highlands, which appeared to us as if it came from a perpetual feeling of the difficulty with which most things are procured. . . . We asked for sugar, butter, barley-bread, and milk, and with a smile and a stare more of kindness than wonder, she replied, "Ye'll get that," bringing each article separately. We caroused our cups of coffee, laughing like children at the strange atmosphere in which we were : the smoke came in gusts, and spread along the walls and above our heads in the chimney, where the hens were roosting like light clouds in the sky. We laughed and laughed again, in spite of the smarting of our eyes, yet had a quieter pleasure in observing the beauty of the beams and rafters gleaming between the clouds of smoke. They had been crusted over and varnished by many winters, till, where the firelight fell upon them, they were as glossy as black rocks, on a sunny day cased in ice. When we had eaten our supper we sat about half an hour, and I think I had never felt so deeply the blessing of a hospitable welcome and a warm fire. . . . The walls of the whole house were of stone unplastered. It consisted of three apartments,—the cow-house at one end, the kitchen or house in the middle, and the spence at the other end. The

rooms were divided, not up to the rigging, but only to the beginning of the roof, so that there was a free passage for light and smoke from one end of the house to the other. I went to bed some time before the family. The door was shut between us, and they had a bright fire, which I could not see; but the light it sent up among the varnished rafters and beams, which crossed each other in almost as intricate and fantastic a manner as I have seen the under-boughs of a large beech-tree withered by the depth of the shade above, produced the most beautiful effect that can be conceived. It was like what I should suppose an underground cave or temple to be, with a dripping or moist roof, and the moonlight entering in upon it by some means or other, and yet the colours were more like melted gems. I lay looking up till the light of the fire faded away, and the man and his wife and child had crept into their bed at the other end of the room. I did not sleep much, but passed a comfortable night, for my bed, though hard, was warm and clean: the unusualness of my situation prevented me from sleeping. I could hear the waves beat against the shore of the lake; a little "syke" close to the door made a much louder noise; and when I sate up in my bed I could see the lake through an open window-place at the bed's head. Add to this, it rained all night. I was less occupied by remembrance of the Trossachs, beautiful as they were, than the vision of the Highland hut, which I could not get out of my head. I thought of the Fairyland of Spenser, and what I had read in romance at other times, and then, what a feast would it be for a London pantomime-maker, could he but transplant it to Drury Lane, with all its beautiful colours!

Evidently the indications of poverty of resource in the Highland woman's larder, the triumph with which she identified anything asked for, as amongst the very small category of things obtainable in her house, made the little meal all the more delightful to Miss Wordsworth, who felt a poetry in the surprises of nature and life, which she could not so much feel in the habitual order thereof. This seems to have been the secret also of her delight in the flying shadows crossing the rafters as she lay in bed in the Highland hut, listening to the plash of the waves of Loch Katrine, and yet thinking more of the novelty and picturesqueness of her own position, in one compartment of a hut shared with her by a cow and the Highland ferryman and his family. Indeed, as every one has noticed who has hitherto criticised this diary, Miss Wordsworth is always more alive to the human touches in the midst of natural beauty, than even to the natural beauty itself. On Loch Lomond she singles out a little bark-hut in a lonely

island as an object of special interest, and they get the boatman to land at the bark-hut, that they may enjoy its beauty the more. Again, how a single desolate figure makes the whole scene seem desolate to her, and how her words immediately shiver, as it were, in sympathy with the loneliness she feels! —

Came to a bark-hut by the shores, and sate for some time under the shelter of it. While we were here a poor woman with a little child by her side begged a penny of me, and asked where she could "find quarters in the village." She was a travelling beggar, a native of Scotland, had often "heard of that water," but was never there before. This woman's appearance, while the wind was rustling about us, and the waves breaking at our feet, was very melancholy; the waters looked wide, the hills many, and dark, and far off — no house but at Luss. I thought what a dreary waste must this lake be to such poor creatures, struggling with fatigue and poverty and unknown ways!

What a tone of sympathetic dreariness there is in the words, "The waters looked wide, the hills many and dark and far off," when they come in as the mere shadow of the poor woman's desolation. Again, observe her delight when the solitude of Loch Awe is broken by the sudden appearance of a vessel on it: —

After we had wound for some time through the valley, having met neither foot-traveller, horse, nor cart, we started at the sight of a single vessel, just as it turned round the point of a hill, coming into the reach of the valley where we were. She floated steadily through the middle of the water, with one large sail spread out full swollen by the breeze, that blew her right towards us. I cannot express what romantic images this vessel brought along with her — how much more beautiful the mountains appeared, the lake how much more graceful. There was one man on board, who sate at the helm, and he, having no companion, made the boat look more silent than if we could not have seen him. I had almost said the ship, for on that narrow water it appeared as large as the ships which I have watched sailing out of a harbour of the sea.

Of course, the chief interest of this journal will be usually regarded as its account of the few incidents which were the germs of some of Wordsworth's most striking poems, — that, for instance, which suggested the lines to a Highland girl at Inversneyde, upon Loch Lomond, and that which gave rise to the lines, "What, you are stepping Westward?" In both instances we see something more than the mere occasion, indeed, the true germ of the poetic conception which

makes the poem, in Miss Wordsworth's own thought. In both cases we find it easy to conceive that Wordsworth's fine tribute to his sister,—

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares and delicate fears,
A heart the fountain of sweet tears,
And love and thought and joy,

was literally true; for in both cases the starting-point of the poem, its very mood and tone of feeling, is supplied by the sister, though all the brooding power of the brother was needed to make so much out of so little. Take the first case as an example. This is Miss Wordsworth's account of the Highland girl to whom her brother's poem was, but not till after many weeks, written:—

I think I never heard the English language sound more sweetly than from the mouth of the elder of these girls, while she stood at the gate answering our inquiries, her face flushed with the rain: her pronunciation was clear and distinct: without difficulty, yet slow, like that of a foreign speech. . . . She moved with unusual activity, which was chastened very delicately by a certain hesitation in her looks when she spoke, being able to understand us but imperfectly.

And here is the fine passage into which Wordsworth expanded his sister's thought:—

Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer:
A face with gladness overspread!
Sweet smiles, by human-kindness bred!
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
With no restraint but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech:
A bondage sweetly brook'd, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life!
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,
Thus beating up against the wind.

Noble as the passage is, and especially its concluding image, Miss Wordsworth's description conveys a far more distinct definition than this does of the real manner portrayed, when she speaks of the girl's want of knowledge of English as "very delicately chastening" her activity by the hesitation of bearing and modesty of speech it produced. Wordsworth's phrase,

A bondage sweetly brook'd, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life,

is more deeply charged with meditation; but the "delicately chastened" activity

conveys better the exact idea of the feminine modesty with which the Highland lass deprecated her own power to choose her words correctly, than the grander range of the poet's language.

The part of the journal completed in its present shape in 1804 is more vivid than that finished in 1805, and more full of delicate touches. It is obvious that the last portion suffered from the diminution caused in Miss Wordsworth's own enjoyment of her reminiscences by the tragical death of her sailor brother early in 1805. Principal Shairp's prefatory account of Miss Wordsworth and of her relation to her brother, is written with fine taste and discrimination, and this volume is one which adds a strong personal regard and affection for Miss Wordsworth to the pleasure of the wide range of associations which her brother's great name excites in the mind of all genuine lovers of his deep and buoyant genius.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

M. GAMBETTA'S SPEECH.

THE moderation of the Extreme Left in the French Assembly has hardly received from Englishmen the notice that it merits. They have admitted it as a fact—so much they could not help doing—but they have usually said or implied that it was unimportant because it was interested. If the Left had really become moderate, that, of course, would be a significant change in French politics; but, as they are only shamming moderation, it is not a matter worth attending to. This view is wrong, both as regards its conclusion and as regards its premiss. Granting that the Left are merely shamming moderation, this is by no means the trifling circumstance which it is supposed to be. In morals the important thing is what a man is, but in politics what a man wishes to pass for may be quite as important. The moderation of the Left shows at the very least that the party has discovered the true road to political success in France, and that it has consented to practice self-restraint in order to travel along this road. In comparison with former Republican action this is a striking sign of progress. Hitherto a French Republican has rejected all thought of co-operation with those who only agree with him in part. He has made no distinction

between essentials and non-essentials, between the points on which he and his allies think in common and the points on which they have agreed to differ. Indeed, the very notion of agreeing to differ, of sharing a carriage with a man who is going half the distance that he wants to go, and leaving the question how he is to go the rest of the way to be decided later, has been repugnant to him. He has always been bent upon narrowing the bounds of his party, upon making it comprehend as many dogmas and as few dogma-holders as possible. Under M. Gambetta's leadership all this has disappeared, or if it has occasionally survived among the older members it has been at once suppressed. A party which, for the first time since it has been a party, displays this kind of self-control has evidently developed a new and valuable faculty. Granting that it is directed to a particular purpose, the faculty must be there before it can be so directed. There have been other periods in French history in which it would have been equally for the interest of the Republican party to have earned a character for moderation, but they could not make the necessary sacrifices. They could not impose silence on themselves; they could not leave the guidance of the political campaign to others; they could not keep in the background; they could not refrain from saying things which had the effect of frightening, and were probably designed to frighten, timid allies. In all these respects the Extreme Left have changed, and whatever be the motive of the change, the fact that it has taken place is of itself exceedingly significant.

We question too whether those who say that the Left are merely shamming moderation have quite taken in how narrow in this case the line between pretence and reality is. What is meant, we suppose, is that the Left are merely practising moderation with the view of getting the supreme power into their own hands; and that as soon as they have succeeded in this the mask will be thrown off, and their native violence will be again shown. This theory mistakes the meaning of the change. The establishment of the Republic is not a single act, it is a long series of acts; and the alliance which is to compass it must not be a mere momentary coalition, it must be the deliberate resolve of men who determine to live together because they can obtain in concert certain advantages which they have failed to obtain apart.

The enlightenment which has taught the Republicans that they must make a show of moderation is not likely to have stopped there. The real conversion took place when they realized that the Republic could only be set up by the aid of moderate men; and, having once understood this, it would be more strange than not if they should understand nothing more. If the supreme power were a thing to be won by an unexpected snatch, it would be intelligible that the Left should be merely trying to lull suspicion to sleep. But the most obvious feature of contemporary French politics is the impossibility of setting up the Republic in this way. Napoléon IV. might be brought back by a surprise, Henri V. might be brought back by a surprise, because Imperialists and Legitimists have each some hold upon the physical basis of power. They have friends in the Executive and friends in the army. But at present the Republicans have no hold upon either, and they can only obtain one by allying themselves with that moderate party which is willing to accept either a Constitutional Republic or a Constitutional Monarchy, according as it seems easier to set up one or the other. To see and act upon this is not to sham moderation, unless by shamming is meant adopting a course of policy rather from a sense of its necessity than from any abstract love of it. In that sense, no doubt, the extreme Republicans are shamming moderation, but then it would be equally true to say that Sir Robert Peel was shamming zeal for free trade when he repealed the corn laws. The most essential quality in a politician is to distinguish what is attainable from what is unattainable. It is precisely this which has usually been supposed to be the characteristic merit of English Liberals, and it is matter for satisfaction that this merit seems at last to be becoming naturalized in France.

From this point of view M. Gambetta's speech last Friday is deserving of careful study. Two years ago the Left altogether denied the constituent powers of the existing Assembly, and there were four fanatical politicians who voted against M. Casimir Périer's proposal the other day on this same ground. There was a great deal to be said in favour of such a denial. The Assembly was not elected to decide upon forms of government, and it notoriously does not represent the present opinions of the electors. But it has been evident for some time past that

the co-operation of the Left Centre in founding the Republic is only to be had on condition that the existing Assembly shall be allowed to do the work if it is so minded. There was a time when this discovery would have made no impression on the Left. They would have gone on denying constituent powers to the Assembly without regard to any loss they might sustain by it. Last Friday M. Gambetta, speaking in the name of the whole party, except, we presume, the four irreconcilables who voted against the establishment of the Republic the other day, said: "We formerly questioned your constituent power; we accept it to-day, for it is a settled matter. . . . You have assumed the direction of the country. It is necessary, therefore, that you should not abandon that direction by taking a rest which you have not earned. . . . Your own interest requires you to show the country by not abandoning your duty that you intend to perform it." This language is utterly unlike any that has been used by any French Republican of a former generation. A few years back it would have seemed inconceivable that the leader of the Extreme Left, who has himself exercised most absolute power in the name of the Republic, should call upon a monarchical Assembly to provide France with Republican institutions. The whole Republican tradition was against such a possibility. The Left had always spoken and acted as though the ark of the Republic must be touched by no hands but theirs. Now we find M. Gambetta speaking in the very same tone as M. Thiers, and telling the Assembly that it is bound not to leave the country destitute of "that political and administrative security without which repose is full of agitation." Political and administrative security is the very blessing that former Republics have failed to confer on France, and they have failed because they have not understood that the first condition of success is to value this security and to convince others that they value it. The conservative element in the French nation will accept no Government which does not make this security its first aim, and without the goodwill of the conservative element no Government can last in France. M. Gambetta's speech reads like a hearty adoption of the Left Centre policy, and this at a moment when the Left Centre policy is necessarily discredited. If he had spoken just before the division on M. Casimir Périér's motion, he might simply

have been trying to soothe the fears of weak-kneed members of the Left Centre. But he was speaking when the fate of M. Casimir Périér's motion had been decided, when the alliance with the Left Centre had been proved to be for the present barren, when the only value of moderation lay in its effect, not upon the Assembly, but upon the country. A Republican who understands that, in order to be permanent, a French Republic must recommend itself to the great body of moderate and conservative opinion throughout the country, has proved that he is able to learn much and to forget much.

From The Spectator.

M. LEON GAMBETTA ON THE SITUATION.

THE French Session has closed with ominous symptoms and one great speech. The Legitimists, despite the declarations of General de Cissey, have openly avowed an intention to strive with all their might for a royalist Restoration, in the person of the Comte de Chambord; and the Bonapartists, by means of an understanding between the Left and Extreme Right, have been absolutely excluded from the Permanent Commission. In some sense, the ostracism of M. Rouher's friends is the only positive political product of a Session devoted to negations; the solitary change in the situation since November, 1873, being this resolute exclusion of the Prince Imperial's champions. But the speech of M. Léon Gambetta, standing, as it does, almost alone in the prorogation-debate, is none the less a fact, the weight of which may be underestimated on this side the Channel, but will not be contested on the other. It was a moderate, politic, and statesman-like balance-sheet of a situation brought about by the determination of an elected Assembly to place itself on one side and France on the other, and regardless of national wishes, to take counsel only from its own discordant predilections. The fact was plain enough, visible even to the Deputies themselves; but its bold and adequate statement in words, face to face with the parties who are responsible, was at once a political necessity and an authentic historical testimony.

No Member sitting on the Left, not even M. Thiers himself, could have performed a needed service with the eloquence, the force, the tact, and modera-

tion of M. Gambetta. And he was listened to almost without a murmur, save from exasperated Bonapartist desperadoes, who recognize in him their strongest foe, and writhe visibly under the sting of his contemptuous scorn. No doubt the Deputies are fascinated by his mastery of language, his superb voice, and the dignified forms in which he clothes the wholesome truths they so keenly resent; but they listen also with respect, bred of fear and admiration, to a man who they know by experience is a political force, not merely because he has a following, but because he can think strongly and act strongly, as well as speak with an overmastering energy. His colleagues in the Assembly know also, what they will not always confess, that M. Gambetta is a practical politician, and not a revolutionary agitator. Only the vulgar rank him as a mere demagogue, and his position nearly resembles that of Mr. Bright, before the Tories stole several leaves out of his book. The latest and in some aspects the best evidence of M. Gambetta's political character and of the place he has carved for himself on the public stage, is to be found in his speech on the prorogation. It not only contains those happy retorts and that kind of logic which please French ears, but it is characterized by a breadth of view which distinguishes the statesman from the partisan leader. Naturally, the most is made of the fact that an Assembly smitten with impotence sought to display in a refusal to dissolve a striking proof of vigour; that the repose declared to be so needful had not been earned; and that a Chamber, arrogating to itself the powers of a constituent body, has no right, until the work is done, to suspend its labours for months. These propositions are the common property of Republican orators, and it is not in them that the distinctive qualities exhibited by their leader are to be found. He went far beyond these well-trodden limits. Not only did he admit that the Assembly had successfully vindicated its claim to be a constituent body, although it had merely produced an artificial combination, without precedent, without force, almost without a name, but he used this remarkable language,—“You began,” he said, “by striking out the Empire; next you sought to restore the Monarchy. C’était votre droit.” “You always look on me,” he continued, “as one animated by a violent passion against your opinions and persons; I seek, on the con-

trary, to employ the language of a statesman desirous of arriving at a union with the sons of France.” In answer to some murmurs, he added, “Yes, you are the sons of France, you are to-day sovereigns; there are no others;” and then he brought in his argument that sovereignty knows no rest, and that the interests of all demanded either a completion of the work which the Assembly had undertaken or a dissolution, and that refuge in a political stratagem, devised for the purpose of gaining time, far from conferring security either on the country or the Government, only doubled the prevailing disquiet. Nor can the fact be denied, since all parties have reserved their claims to employ the Recess in agitating each for its own ends. Here were great admissions.

But the broadest and most powerful section of M. Gambetta's speech was that in which he showed how the majority had failed to act as practical politicians. Therein lies the superiority. What are the facts? For three years ineffectual attempts have been made to found a Government which shall not be Republican. During that time every proposal, every concession offered by the Left, has been repelled by the Royalists. But, said the orator, addressing the majority, as statesmen you might surely preserve your objections to a Republic, yet accommodate yourselves to realities, and assume your place in a country where the democracy has always the last word. Then, he said, placing yourselves in harmony with facts, with historic and social necessities, silencing your affections and sentiments, offering them up, indeed, as a sacrifice to the common weal, you would learn that in a free democratic government your part would be conspicuous, a part secured to you by social standing, precedent, ability, and the possession of leisure. Then, instead of repelling, you should welcome the co-operation of those Republicans who proffer a fruitful alliance, and not commit a fault which may prove irreparable. “I say,” he exclaimed with emphasis, “that Conservatives, claiming the title of statesmen, having played, and certain yet to play, a great part in the destinies of France, after seeing their cherished preferences fail, as a primary duty should have appealed to the country, and sought what it is that France desires.” M. Gambetta, no doubt, declared that France desired the Republic, but whether she does or not, the force of his argument is not less, nor the breadth of his

view curtailed. At all events, after this speech, which showed so just a spirit towards his opponents, M. Gambetta can no longer be taunted with the bigoted narrowness which so many Republicans in 1848 inherited from the Great Revolution. It is all very well to talk of the Mountain and the Gironde; universal suffrage and peasant proprietorship are ample safeguards; and M. Raoul Duval could not be contradicted, when he boldly affirmed that in France universal suffrage has always chosen a Conservative majority.

Taking this lofty stand, uttering these telling warnings, M. Gambetta went on to survey the state of freedom, or rather restriction, in France, three years after a disastrous war. What do we see? A state of siege over one-half of France — “the sole institution which is left you” — an incomplete military organization, wanting the regulations touching the Cadres so essential to effective existence. Although the invader has long departed, the state of siege cannot be raised, forsooth! because there is no Press Law. How, he cried, are new repressive laws needed; are French codes so completely ignored that an arsenal of repression, which sufficed for three monarchies, is no longer enough? “You reproach us — and sometimes with reason — because in unusual circumstances we applied exceptional arms; but you are in a normal condition; order is not and cannot be disturbed; yet the liberty of writing throughout three-fourths of France is at the mercy of Generals of Division!” The picture was all the more effective, because those who lead the majority were the loudest to cry for liberty under the Empire. It was, therefore, legitimate to ask that France, by way of improvement, should revert to the *status quo ante bellum*, the legislation of 1868, — hard enough, surely, to afford Conservative protection! Every party in turn has been smitten by the law of the sword, but no fewer than one hundred and twenty-seven Republican journals have been killed or wounded. It is impossible that the most bigoted Legitimist could fail to feel the keenness of the question, — Can it be in the power of three or four hundred Deputies to reverse the French Revolution, to prepare for their descendants a future outside the sphere of democracy? We say that an address so sagacious, so massive, so tolerant, an address which will be sown broadcast over France, cannot fail to work like yeast during the

vacation, and materially improve the position of the Republicans. Considering how M. Casimir Périer and M. Léon de Malleville were deserted by the Orleanists when the crucial questions of the Republic or a Dissolution were put, it is all the more astonishing that M. Gambetta, instead of sowing dissension by taunting the promised allies, refrained from uttering a single reproach which could offend even the Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier. While almost every other leader in the Chamber will seek his repose with a reputation more or less damaged, the Radical chief has raised his own, not only by his reticence, but by his timely and manful out-speaking. The Septennate may run its seven years, but its heir and executor will be that strong, comprehensive, and really national Republic which M. Gambetta sketched, and which the rivalries and faults of Kings and Emperors have made inevitable.

From The Saturday Review.

THE COUNT OF PARIS'S HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN WAR.*

It may seem at first sight to need some excuse that the Count of Paris has devoted the bulk of the first of his large volumes to purely introductory matter, and that chiefly of a military character. But in fact the work thus done forms its own sufficient apology. No writer of any country had before attempted to present in a complete form the facts thus gathered together; and yet, without a thorough study of the peculiar conditions under which this great war was to be carried on, criticism of its events would be almost thrown away. The saying commonly attributed to Count Moltke, that to an educated soldier the operations of 1861-65 were only “the scramblings of armed mobs,” whether truly reported, or invented for the great German strategist, is a very just expression of the hopelessness of attempting to apply exact rules drawn from the practices and conduct of the standing armies of Europe to those of the improvised forces of free citizens which for four years struggled for the preservation or destruction of the American Union. Nor have any of those who claim to be standard writers on the war

* *Histoire de la guerre civile en Amérique*. Par M. le Comte de Paris, ancien aide-de-camp du général MacClellan. Tome 1. Paris: Lévy. 1874.

helped us here. Those best known and most read in America — Dr. Draper, for instance — are diffuse enough indeed in their introductory chapters. But they give their strength entirely to tracing the supposed political causes of the conflict to their roots. Party spirit on the subject of the negro, we may observe, is still so active in America, notwithstanding his emancipation, that readers there never seem to be tired of the productions of those who undertake to prove or illustrate the direct connection of the war with the Abolition movement. That in its issue it became identical with Abolition seems to be taken for irrefragable evidence that in its beginning it was not less so. And no American writer of weight has as yet undertaken to go deeper into the springs of this dreadful contest, and to show how far the uncertain condition in which the founders of the great Republic, in order to make their own task the smoother, left their prime difficulty of the bounds between Federal and State rights is responsible for what ensued. Nor has any one sought to discover whether the question of slavery or no-slavery was really the essential cause which brought about disunion, or merely the immediate occasion that produced a collision which the elements of an ill-defined Constitution had made certain to occur at some time or other.

To analyze the political bearings of the conflict in an impartial spirit would not be a popular work in America, so one-sided is the view still taken there of the great crisis in the Republic's history. And yet the parallel case of Switzerland, where a secession was put down by force of arms but a few years earlier, should shake the dogmatic belief of Union writers that nothing but slavery could possibly have been answerable for what they now speak of as the greatest of civil crimes. Such a historian as Bancroft or Motley may possibly hereafter undertake the work in a more philosophic spirit, and we may not unreasonably hope for this service from one or other of those eminent authors since both are now free from diplomatic toils. But whoever is to succeed in it must go much further back in American history than has hitherto been attempted, and must trace the connection between the looseness of the original framework of the united colonies and the rude shock which threatened their disruption. Nay, he must seek in their earlier condition as dependencies the germs of those peculiarities which made

the Down-Easter a distinct type of man from the Carolina planter, and the Kentuckian different from either.

The service here indicated for the future historian of American polity is done for American armies by the Count of Paris. In the introductory chapters he not only describes the contending forces with the power of a military critic who adds practical knowledge of the subject which he treats to a theorist's breadth of view, but he also takes notice of their descent from the colonial levies which fought with varying success under the British standard in our contest with the French for trans-Atlantic supremacy; the modification of the American soldiery under the wise and steadfast guidance of Washington in the War of Independence; the local causes which stamped their respective peculiarities on the armies of the Union and Confederacy — all these points are clearly traced out in the introductory chapters in a way that has never been done before. Nor does the Count omit to examine with equal care the peculiar conditions of the land, and of the communications through it, which so largely influenced the course of the struggle. Here, however, other European writers may have been beforehand with him; but he has no rival to fear in his review of the living masses who sprang, as it were, ready armed from the homesteads of the North and the plantations of the South, and whose very numbers so suddenly raised, so spontaneously recruited, have made them a mystery to foreign critics. Some of the lighter-minded of these have been content to meet the problem which they could not solve by declaring the whole story to be surrounded by myths begotten of the fertile Yankee invention. To hardly any does it seem to have occurred that colonists, though ordinarily wrapt in peaceful pursuits, have a readiness for self-defence born of the very nature of those pursuits, and that the freedom and activity of municipal institutions in America had infused throughout the people of the States of the Union an earnestness in political matters that was sure to tell powerfully in war, which is after all but the rudest and most violent form of political contest. Probably no one who had not at least been in some new country peopled by men of English blood, where life is more active, property more rapidly accumulated, the race better supplied with all material necessities than with us, would be qualified for writing critically on the

American War. Certainly no one whose mind had not been carefully trained beforehand could have generalized from the results of brief and partial observation, such as was open to the Count during his short service with MacClellan, with the skill and power displayed in this volume.

To show that this praise is not too high, we turn to the work itself, and purposely take a passage at random from the chapter headed *Les Volontaires Fédéraux*, which describes the various arms of the Northern forces, and their characteristics. We fall at once upon an account of the cavalry, and read as follows:—

The mounted volunteers naturally took the regular cavalry as their model, and imitated their mode of fighting, which, as has been said before, approached that of the old dragoon of the seventeenth century, thus bringing about a curious similarity between the old military customs of Europe and those of modern America. But if these horsemen borrowed the carbine of the regulars, it was not because they had to do with a foe as nimble as the Indians, but rather because all inexperienced soldiers when they have to choose between cold steel and firearms, prefer the latter, as not compelling them to close with the adversary. Besides, to handle a lance or sabre, a rider must know how to manage his horse properly, and the horsemanship of these volunteers was wretched at the beginning of the war. They did not fire from the saddle like those of the time of Louis XIV., but fell into a habit of fighting on foot, leaving every fourth man to look after the horses. The broken and wooded nature of the ground was favourable to this, and indeed it would not have permitted the grand and rapid movement of cavalry accustomed to depend upon the fury of their charge, had any such existed in America. For the rest, at the beginning of the conflict, the cavalry kept to the troublesome task of feeling the way for the army, and skirmishing at the advanced posts. Difficult as this must be for raw troops, the service was not entirely new to these American cavaliers, accustomed as they had been to an adventurous life, which suited their spirit of individual enterprise. If they had not always the true instinct for war, nor that constant vigilance which is indispensable when in the presence of the enemy, their address and boldness atoned for these defects; and a thousand petty skirmishes which can find no place in our narrative gave them occasion to show that inventiveness of spirit which is never lacking in the American when some stratagem has to be devised or some bold stroke accomplished. At a later period the importance of cavalry developed itself, as to them fell the new branch of war known as "raids" or grand, independent expeditions, such as we shall have to speak of hereafter.

To which we may add, as a striking proof of the growth of this arm and its operations as the war waxed old, that the last important body of troops organized by the North was a complete army corps of these mounted soldiers, which advanced into the heart of the hitherto untouched portion of the Seceded States under Wilson, previously one of Sheridan's division generals, and completed the conquest of the district between Atlanta and the Mississippi which Sherman had passed by in his march on Savannah. No one in Europe had imagined that America could find horses, to say nothing of riders, for such vast operations. We only very recently learnt from the mouth of one of the chief Union cavalry commanders that calculations were made showing that the most liberal waste of horseflesh that could be allowed for would not have exhausted the resources of the North in efficient animals for full three years more.

The passage of the Count's work already quoted proves sufficiently the keenness of his observation; but the strength of this volume, as before noted, lies above all in his just appreciation of the historic causes out of which grew the peculiarities of the American armies. It is difficult within our limits to do justice to his treatment of this hitherto virgin subject; but we will select one special passage to show how skilfully the distinguished author connects his own country's fame with the origin of the really high qualities which the soldiers of the Civil War displayed.

It was against our own soldiers [he writes] in the Seven Years' War that the American volunteers, in those days the provincial militia of a British colony, made their first essay in arms. We may remark this, not only without any bitterness, for the flag of the United States since it first waved has never been found arrayed on the battle-field against that of France, but even as a souvenir that makes one bond the more between them and ourselves. During the unequal contest which decided the possession of the New World, these militia received useful lessons in measuring their strength with the handful of heroic men who defended our Empire beyond the seas when abandoned by their country. The soldiers of the War of Independence were formed in this school. Montcalm rather than Wolfe was the instructor of these adversaries on whom so soon fell the task of avenging him. It was in seeking, by long and often disastrous expeditions, to be beforehand with the French power on the banks of the Ohio, that the founder of American nationality served an apprentice-

ship in that indefatigable energy which brought him triumphant over every obstacle. It was the example of the defenders of Fort Carillon, checking an English army from behind their wretched parapet, which in later years inspired those who fought at Bunker's Hill. It was the surrender of Washington at Fort Necessity, the disaster of Braddock before Fort Duquesne, which taught the victors of Saratoga how, in these uncultivated countries, to embarrass an enemy's march, cut off his supplies, nullify his apparent superiority, and end by finally taking or destroying his force. Thus, though they were at first despised by the aristocratic ranks of the regular English army, these Provincial Militia, as they then were called, managed soon to win the esteem as well as the respect of their foe. In this war, so perfectly different from the wars of Europe, in these actions fought in the midst of a wooded and savage country, they already developed all those qualities which have since distinguished the American — address, energy, courage, and individual intelligence.

Even those who may differ from the Comte de Paris in his high estimate of the effect produced on American soldiers by the early contest with those of France, will not deny the justice with which he brings out the peculiar features of their character as warriors, nor the skill with which he connects these circumstances with the history of the early settlements of his own countrymen in that continent where Frenchmen have long since ceased to hold a foot of ground. Could we follow him further here, we should find his sketch of the War of Independence, and of the influence it exercised in moulding

the events of the Civil War, not a whit less interesting. And, as the reader may naturally expect, this part of American history is not passed over without a reference to the services rendered to the raw American troops by the experience of Lafayette's French contingent. It is fair to add that no excessive weight is attached by the author to this alliance with France, and that he gives the chief honours of the success where they properly belong, to the indomitable energy of Washington. We would willingly have dwelt more on certain episodes of that struggle, which is here touched on with admirable clearness. One of them, the mutiny of the Pennsylvania troops at the close of their three years' service, on the pretext of a grammatical construction of the terms of their engagement contrary to that assigned them by Congress, and the too easy yielding of the latter to their pretensions, is most justly commented on as "giving a deep and lasting blow to the discipline" of American volunteers. It served in fact as an evil precedent for the armies of McDowell and MacClellan. And this is but one of many examples of the research and knowledge of the author, of whose introductory chapters we can but repeat that, though intended in the first place for French readers, they offer such a contribution to the study of American military history as soldiers of every country, and Americans themselves above all, have reason to be sincerely grateful for.

A REPORT by Commander Cookson upon the guano deposits on the Islands of Lobos de Tierra, Lobos de Afuera, Macabi, and Guanape (in continuation of reports to the Admiralty relative to the deposits in Peru), has just been printed. At the time of the visit of H.M.S. *Petrel* to the first-named island there were no inhabitants, except a few Indian fishermen, from whom no information could be gained. The island is six miles long and in some parts three broad; the beds of guano there are a considerable distance apart, and are estimated to amount to 600,000 tons. The working of the guano there will shortly be commenced by the Guano Shipping Company at Macabi, and 100 Chinese labourers have already been sent to make piers and erect the necessary buildings. The same company has undertaken the working of the beds on the island of Lobos de Afuera, under a contract with the Peruvian Government, by which the company receives 85 cents per ton shipped,

and defrays the expense of all the necessary works, such as building piers, laying tramways, making shoots, &c. The estimated quantity here is 500,000 tons. The labour employed by the Shipping Company is all Chinese.

THAT we are still somewhat backward in our attempts to imitate the methods of Chinese culture in our seats of learning, may be inferred from an anecdote we have lately received from an eminent philologist. Shortly before leaving the Celestial Empire he came across an old native gentleman of the mature age of 106, *who was just about to go in for his last examination*. When will our University authorities succeed in attaining a perfection of the examination statute which can be compared with this?

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SONG OF THE FLAIL.

In the autumn, when the hollows
 All are filled with flying leaves,
 And the colonies of swallows
 Quit the quaintly stuccoed eaves,
 And a silver mantle glistens
 Over all the misty vale,
 Sits the little wife and listens
 To the beating of the flail,
 To the pounding of the flail —
 By her cradle sits and listens
 To the flapping of the flail.

The bright summer days are over
 And her eye no longer sees
 The red bloom upon the clover,
 The deep green upon the trees;
 Hushed the songs of finch and robin,
 With the whistle of the quail;
 But she hears the mellow throbbing
 Of the thunder of the flail,
 The low thunder of the flail —
 Through the amber air the throbbing
 And reverberating flail.

In the barn the stout young thresher
 Stooping stands with rolled-up sleeves,
 Beating out his golden treasure
 From the ripped and rustling sheaves;
 Oh, was ever knight in armor —
 Warrior all in shining mail —
 Half so handsome as her farmer
 As he plies the flying flail,
 As he wields the flashing flail? —
 The bare-throated, brown young farmer,
 As he swings the sounding flail?

All the hopes that saw the sowing,
 All the sweet desire of gain,
 All the joy that watched the growing
 And the yellowing of the grain,
 And the love that went to woo her,
 And the faith that shall not fail —
 All are speaking softly to her
 In the pulses of the flail,
 Of the palpitating flail —
 Past and Future whisper to her
 In the music of the flail.

In its crib their babe is sleeping,
 And the sunshine from the door
 All the afternoon is creeping
 Slowly round upon the floor;
 And the shadows soon will darken,
 And the daylight soon must pale,
 When the wife no more shall hearken
 To the tramping of the flail,
 To the dancing of the flail —
 When her heart no more shall hearken
 To the footfall of the flail.

And the babe shall grow and strengthen,
 Be a maiden, be a wife,
 While the moving shadows lengthen
 Round the dial of their life;
 Theirs the trust of friend and neighbor,
 And an age serene and hale,

When machines shall do the labor
 Of the strong arm and the flail,
 Of the stout heart and the flail —
 Great machines perform the labor
 Of the good old-fashioned flail.

But when, blessed among women,
 And when, honored among men,
 They look round them, can the brimming
 Of their utmost wishes then
 Give them happiness completer?
 And can ease and wealth avail
 To make any music sweeter
 Than the pounding of the flail?
 Oh, the sounding of the flail!
 Never music can be sweeter
 Than the beating of the flail!

J. T. Trowbridge in Harper's Magazine for September.

AS THE HEART HEARS.

I KNOW that I never can hear it, never on
 earth any more,
 I know the music of my life with that silenced
 voice is o'er;
 Yet I tell you, that never across the fells, the
 wild west wind can moan,
 But my sad heart hears, close, true, and clear,
 the thrill of his earnest tone.

I know that I never can listen, with these mortal
 ears of mine,
 To the step that meant joy and gladness, in
 the days of auld lang syne;
 Yet I tell you the long waves never break in
 the hollows of the cove,
 But they mimic in their rise and fall the tread
 I used to love.

I know the melody that you sing, with its delicate
 memoried words,
 Is nothing but measured language, well set
 unto music's chords;
 Yet I tell you, as you breathe it, my dead life
 wakes again,
 I laugh to its passionate gladness, I weep to
 its passionate pain.

I know the beck that tinkles, beside the forget-me-nots
 there,
 Is nothing but water rippling where the willows
 shimmer fair;
 Yet I tell you, for me it murmurs, the very
 words he said,
 When We, and the Year, and Love were fresh,
 in the golden day that is dead.

Aye, Youth is proud, and gay, and bold; still
 this is left for us,
 Who sit 'neath the yellowing tree leaves, and
 listen to silence thus;
 It has life in its April glory, it has hope with
 its smiles and tears,
 We live alone with Nature and Time, and
 hear, as the hush'd heart hears.

All The Year Round.

From The Quarterly Review.

MOTLEY'S JOHN OF BARNEVELD AND
SIXTEENTH-CENTURY DIPLOMACY.*

WITH the publication of these two volumes Mr. Motley has brought to a close a series of most meritorious intellectual labours. "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," "The History of the United Netherlands from 1584 to 1609," "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld," form a fine and continuous story, of which the writer and the nation celebrated by him have equal reason to be proud; a narrative which will remain a prominent ornament of American genius, while it has permanently enriched English literature on this as well as on the other side of the Atlantic. We congratulate warmly the indefatigable man of letters from beyond the seas, who has ransacked the archives of the Hague, Brussels, and London, who has come to rank as the greatest authority concerning one of the chief episodes in the history of European peoples, who has compiled from original documents, and, as it may fairly be said in view of the general public, for the first time, an important and entertaining and very instructive chapter in universal history.

A citizen of the United States and an experienced diplomatist, Mr. Motley was by sympathy and training alike fitted to be the historian of "the United Provinces." The zest and thoroughness with which he identifies himself with the spirit of the Netherlanders give a genuine and solid value to his compositions; they are a constant stimulus to his industry and love of research; they spur him on, as he rummages among State-papers or deciphers the unprinted letters, "in handwriting perhaps the worst that ever existed" (vol. i. p. ix), from which, as he tells us, he had to win the materials for his last book. Again, his own life as a servant of the State has implanted in him tastes which otherwise might not have had encouragement from him. By

nature he is fondest of swift political and military action. A statesman by profession, he has dared to dedicate nearly 800 pages to the last nine years of John of Barneveld's life; and neither for ourselves as critics, nor on the part of his larger audience, are we in the least, on this account, disposed to grumble at him.

American historians turn generally with a strong appetite to the history of Spain, and next in order to those old Spanish territories in the Low Countries where they find so early the name of "the Republic." So Washington Irving, Prescott, Ticknor, and quite recently, beside Mr. Motley, Mr. Kirk, the historian of the prelude to Mr. Motley's period, the biographer of Charles the Bold. At the opening of the history of the New Western World, the Burgundian-Habsburg dynasty occupied a place not very unlike that occupied by the Roman Cæsars when the history of Western Europe began. This has been felt by American historians, as a rule; it has been felt, for instance, by both Mr. Prescott and Mr. Motley. It has affected, with characteristic difference, the imagination of each of these two writers. It gave a lofty and dignified charm to Mr. Prescott's style and historical fancy. Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Diocletian, all seemed to enter as indirect memories into Mr. Prescott's view of Charles V. Mr. Motley's clever sketch of Charles V. is, on the other hand, a burlesque; and from his grotesque caricature of Philip II. few of the combined vices of Tiberius, Claudius, and Domitian are absent. He at times flings about his pen as if it were the brush of some angry Dutch painter turning from studies of coarse village interiors and herds of cattle, stung by his country's wrongs to portray and to gibbet the beast and savage under the purple and the crown. For, with Mr. Motley, every physical and mental trait, in almost every one who has the unhappiness to wield sovereign power, becomes monstrous and deformed. There never was a dwarf Laurin or a sprite Rübezahl, an elf-king or gnome-king, so despicable or distorted as Philip of Spain in Mr. Motley's pages, or, for the matter of that, as

* *The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland; with a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of the Thirty Years' War.* By John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L., LL.D., &c. Two vols. London, 1874.

James of England and Scotland. For an out-and-out enthusiast for democratic institutions, at all times and in all places, commend us to Mr. Motley. We would venture, in a whisper, to remind him that both the Hague and Brussels, not to speak of London, are seats of monarchies, and that notwithstanding, or rather because of, all their past, with a portion of which he is so well acquainted, the Dutch, Belgians, and English — poor, benighted beings that they are — must be said to be on the whole well contented to have it so. A European reader would be irritated, if he were not still more amused, at the perpetual cry of "Democracy forever." We cannot resist the temptation which invites an Englishman, a little restive under Mr. Motley's lash, to extract a passage, which with very slight alterations — not very warily Mr. Motley himself inserts the allusion which suggests them — might surely describe not only the Europe of Rudolf II. and Ferdinand II.

The Holy Empire, which so ingeniously combined the worst characteristics of despotism and republicanism, kept all Germany and half Europe in the turmoil of a perpetual presidential election. A theatre where trivial personages and graceless actors performed a tragi-comedy of mingled folly, intrigue, and crime, and where earnestness and vigour were destined to be constantly baffled, now offered the principal stage for the entertainment and excitement of Christendom. — Vol. i. p. 11.

With regard to English foreign policy during the times of which he has written, we give up argument with Mr. Motley, for if we commenced upon this topic, we know not when we should end. Quite briefly: we do not agree with his estimate of James the First and his policy, much less do we agree with his estimate of Elizabeth; we should be prepared, were there any necessity, to defend at length English policy toward the Netherlands — that it was tardy, cautious, now and then even foolish and mistaken, we admit; we also assert, that it was generally and ultimately successful and beneficent; were there need of proof, we should refer to the history of Holland and England — always remem-

bering who were then the foes of both countries — in, amongst others, the concluding years of the seventeenth century. Sometimes we have felt surprise and mortification that America, possessing such promising historical scholars, should have turned her back so entirely on English history — we do not forget some most admirable chapters on English history in Mr. Kirk's book — but with some of Mr. Motley's observations in our mind, we confess, for the moment, to feeling every inclination to be gratefully acquiescent in the decrees which have ruled in this particular heretofore under the merciful Fates.

To pass on. Mr. Motley's rough, sturdy, but highly picturesque English is remarkably adapted to his subject. Here and there, indeed, one might quarrel with a faint "Batavian" phrase or term. Such a word as "disreputation" (i. p. 320, and ii. p. 241) grates rather on the ear. The following is a more than Batavian, is a Siamese sentence: —

The consummate soldier, the unrivalled statesman, each superior in his sphere to any contemporary rival, *each supplementing the other, and making up together, could they have been harmonized, a double head such as no political organism then existing could boast*, were now in hopeless antagonism to each other. — Vol. ii. pp. 151-2.

We cannot make out whether Mr. Motley means us to see a superhuman or a ludicrous exhibition of crime and podagra, when, in one long sentence, he writes of an arch-offender, "Epernon, the true murderer of Henry," that he "*trampled on courts of justice and councils of ministers*," that he "*smothered forever the process of Ravallac*," "and that he *strode triumphantly over friends and enemies throughout France, although so crippled by the gout that he could scarcely walk up stairs*." (Vol. i. p. 230.)

But ordinarily Mr. Motley's style, if not free from blemishes, is very effective. Indeed we could not easily mention another historian who possesses so fully the art of bringing the actors and localities of the Past back into reality and into the very presence of his readers. And these last two volumes have all the

excellence in this respect of their predecessors. The account, to cite one instance, of Henry IV. of France is most brilliant, and at the same time we think neither unjust nor unsound. Mr. Motley shines particularly when he has to deal with startling contradictions and exaggerations in character. We are not sure that the mystery of Henry's death is not darkened beyond what history demands by Mr. Motley, who strikes us as too credulous of the wild reports that flew about close to the event. But, as a whole, the picture is full of truth as of colour. And with what illustrious historians is Mr. Motley here competing! In his elaborate likeness of Henry, he has drawn that complex creature in every mood and in all lights. How masterly is, also, this little vignette, sketched in a couple of strokes!

Strange combination of the hero, the warrior, the voluptuary, the sage, and the school-boy—it would be difficult to find in the whole range of history a more human, a more attractive, a more provoking, a less venerable character. — Vol. i. pp. 221–2.

The principal fault of Mr. Motley's Dutch histories, with which we are impressed more than ever now that the succession of them is finished, and we have re-read them as a set of works extending over the sixteenth century—it implies more praise to him as a Dutch, than deduction from him as a European, historian—lies in the position which he gives to the story he has chosen to relate. He writes of the Low Countries as though in them was the centre of interest of the sixteenth century, as if not only in the history of military affairs, but everywhere, in Politics and Thought, the Low Countries were right in the foreground, starting and proclaiming the prospectus of independence. We demur to this, and will attempt to give the grounds of our demurrer.

We propose to make use of the present opportunity to review rapidly the situation and the perils of Christendom in the latter half of the sixteenth century. We shall try to trace the main springs to such lives as that of Barneveld. And we hope that our sketch will be of some ser-

vice to readers of Mr. Motley's works, even though purposely we shall only rarely and incidentally touch upon the history of the Netherlands. We hope that we may enable them to connect the movement and the chiefs concerning whom he writes, with wider movements and heroes of even greater originality and more splendid parts. In this sort of survey, not easily to be compressed at all into the room at our disposal, the private and separate fortunes of any single individual can occupy our attention only in a subordinate degree. We must send our readers to Mr. Motley's last book for the history of John of Barneveld, which deserves their affectionate and studious perusal. A word or two we desire to devote to him, and this the more, since, for our objects, the epoch of his later life will not require such ample notice as the epoch to which the formation of the principles by which he was actuated belongs. John of Barneveld was one of the pupils, not one of the teachers, of the age, and yet the stubborn and rugged force of the Advocate of Holland will leave its distinct mark on the tide of public and universal revolutions.

Seldom have a prominent politician's life and character corresponded so nearly with the extent and bias of an accurately limited time and of a widely diffused sentiment. His chequered and protracted career touches at their extremities the limits of a momentous period. His birth took place a few months after the death of Martin Luther; he was executed a few months after the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War. His biography expands naturally into a history of the Netherlands for more than seventy years. His activity as a lawyer and a publicist accompanies through every stage the rebellion of the United Provinces, and their transformation into free and prosperous states. It is scarcely too much to say of his pen, that it summarized, that it often directed and overruled the conduct of diplomatic business throughout the several leading kingdoms of Western Europe, during days when glorious pages in English and French, as well as in Dutch, annals were being filled in. Un-

der the eye of princes like Elizabeth Tudor, William the Silent, and Henri Quatre, there were assigned to no man such difficult negotiations and such dangerous missions as to him: nor did any man recommend himself for the fullest confidences by such noble proofs of sagacity and integrity. And there is no event which points more impressively the growing frowardness of impure motives, the lurking strength of jealousy and violence, the half-unconscious, the none the less wicked, usurpations of military and dynastic ambition than the trial or, to use the words employed long ago by Lord Macaulay, "the judicial murder" of John of Barneveld. That grey and venerable head fell as a kind of signal of war. An end was made of truce and prudence, and to the contrivances and precautions of cabinets.

The scaffold which was erected for the 13th of May, 1619, on the Binnenhof at the Hague, claims to be commemorated beyond many a bloody field where thousands may have perished in a paltry cause. The words of a score of synods and councils, in defence of whose prolix decisions it would be vain to tempt philosopher or patriot to risk reputation and to sacrifice life, are outweighed by a few broken utterances, in which the staunch old steward of constitutional privilege, in the sight of the people he had served, and of the ministers of divine and human law who had doomed him to the block, summed up his account and bade farewell to the republic: "Men, do not believe that I am a traitor to the country. I have ever acted uprightly and loyally . . . Christ shall be my guide . . . Be quick about it. Be quick." The "quick" act of the executioner declared how much, at all events for a while, the laborious achievements of statesmanship were despised and discredited. With the work of Barneveld, much of that of Sully and of the Cecils might be held to have been undone. Worse furies than those which their wisdom had managed to quell, or at least to restrain, were to be let loose. What were the campaigns in the Low Countries when compared with the devastation about to overwhelm Germany and the adjacent territories! Was not the fiery fame of Alva and his Spaniards to grow almost pale beside that of Tilly and Wallenstein, of Banner and Torstenson, of the Swedes and the Croats, and the whole huge mercenary rabble, without name and nearly without number, which for upwards of a quarter of a century re-

newed far and near in Central Europe the miseries of the dark ages, and the aspect of the great national migrations!

Charles V. ruled for thirty-six years. The year 1556 may be taken as historically the central year of the century; chronologically it divides it into two fairly equal halves. That is the date when — one year after his mother's death, one year after he had, with tears flowing down his cheeks, his broken frame supported on the shoulder of young William of Orange, bidden farewell to the Netherlands, his favourite provinces, and then, warned by a comet, had ("Me mea fata vocant," he exclaimed) hurried from Brussels — the last great Emperor entered the monastery of Juste. The words placed in his mouth in Count von Platen's poem, suit well the occasion: —

Nacht ist's, und Stürme sausen für und für,
Hispanische Mönche, schliesst mir auf die
Thür!

Bereitet mir, was euer Haus vermag,
Ein Ordenskleid und einen Sarkophag!

Nun bin ich vor dem Tod den Todten gleich,
Und fall' in Trümmern, wie das alte Reich.*

He had been outwitted by Maurice of Saxony; he had been foiled by the French before Metz; he had been forced to grant equal privileges with Catholic to Lutheran Electors, Princes, Estates; he had been humbled in the centre of his patrimonial and in the centre of his imperial power; he had trembled at Innsbruck, he had yielded at Augsburg; he had sent his son Philip beyond the seas, bridegroom to Aragonese Mary, now at last the Catholic Queen. In England he had hoped the days of Ferdinand and Isabella would renew themselves, his family-tree would strike root and flower again. "Philip and Mary," cried the herald at the wedding, "King and Queen of England, France, Naples, Jerusalem, and Ireland." But there was no blessing on that "bloody" reign, there came no heir from the Spanish match. And if Charles looked to Rome, it was to see a new and vigorous Pope, as Cardinal Carraffa, the bitterest and unreconciled enemy of his house and policy: a new Pope, he

* "'Tis night, and the storm rages more and more,
Ye Spanish monks, open to me the door.

And, as you may afford, for me provide
A coffin, and your order's garb beside.

So, gathered to the dead while I suspire,
I fall to ruins like the old Empire."

was elected May 23rd, 1555: a vigorous Pope, though in his eightieth year, who remembered the free political atmosphere of Italy in the fifteenth century, and longed to breathe it again. "Thou shalt go upon the lion and adder," Paul IV. used to mutter to himself over the thick, black, brimstone-flavoured Neapolitan wine, of which he was fond, thinking of the Spaniards who had overrun the country where he and his beverage were native. Charles could carry the burden of affairs no longer, he would try no more to sustain the universal Church and to pacify the universal State. It was a toil beyond the strength of a man. Later, just before his death, he was heard to say, "In manus tuas tradidi ecclesiam tuam." Physical weakness had told on him, his personal sins oppressed him, he was troubled how to make his own peace with God. Care was taken that the view from his rooms should be bounded by the walls of the convent garden, and that his sleeping-chambers should be placed so that he might follow the chapel music and the service of the mass. Yet heresy tracked him into his last asylum. There was no escape from it. And, as people liked to relate whether the story was quite true or not, the hopelessness of his task among men had come home to his mind most as he worked among mechanisms; he had found it impossible only to bring two clocks to tick in unison.

Charles V. might turn in despair from the world, but the hopes which had animated Catholicism and Spain at the dawn of the century were not extinguished. And Catholicism and Spain — though not always as represented by the House of Habsburg and the Papacy, were at the middle of the century far more closely allied than at the beginning. The year of Charles V.'s abdication is in the annals of Catholicism not most memorable on account of that event. The year 1556 is the year in which the greatest saint of Spain — not excepting St. Dominic, the most passionate and reverential worshipper of the mystical Church; not excepting St. Francis — passed away from earth, leaving a large field to his successors, and confident of their joyful harvesting. It is the year in which died Ignatius Loyola. The Order he founded has always retained something of the national character of the Spaniard of the sixteenth century. Loyola was born on a frontier, and nourished in the literature and scenery of battles. Then, when he began to be about thirty years old, for his conflict

with the world and Satan is brought by his panegyrists into awful proximity with that of the Divine Being, whose name — is there not here the pride of Spain? — is borne by the Society of Jesus, he was disabled, fighting against the French at the siege of Pamplona, from the further profession of carnal warfare. On his sick-bed, reading *Amadis of Gaul* and legends of the mendicant foundations, he imagined himself called according to the laws of a celestial chivalry to be the knight of the Blessed Virgin. The old wars with the Moors, the contrast in the familiar Spanish romances between Jerusalem and its king and his legions and the Soldan of Babylon, coloured still all his thought. In the spiritual Exercises there is, to this day, commended to the Order "the contemplation of the kingdom of Christ Jesus under the similitude of a terrestrial king calling out his subjects to the strife." On the vigil of the Festival of the Annunciation and before the image of Mary he hung up his sword and took his palmer's staff into his hand; he went then to pray, to confess, and to scourge himself, to fast, a week at a time, to Manresa, and, fitted at length for the journey, he passed on to Jerusalem. He was not allowed to stay there. He was not permitted on his return to Spain to preach without further acquaintance with theology. He travelled humbly to Paris; he was dull at grammar, but he had visions which explained the mysteries of the sacraments and the creeds. To return to Jerusalem was still the idea that governed his plans. From Paris he and a few friends went to Venice; a quaint thread they twine into the life of those capitals of luxury and pleasure. Insuperable difficulties came in the way of the voyage to Syria. The little band fared on to Rome, the object before it continuing to be to preach to Saracens and Indians. The Pope at the time was Paul III., who took no step of importance without observing the constellations and consulting his astrologers. One would like to know what said now the stars and the soothsayers. He sanctioned the new Order in the Bull, "*Regimini Militantis Ecclesiæ*;" it was Spanish in its military organization, in its regimental obedience; the company of Jesus, with Ignatius for first General, restricted for a short time to sixty souls, bound to do all the Pope's bidding, to go anywhere, to Turks, heathens, and heretics, at once, unconditionally, without discussion, without reward. What the Templars had

been — with such modifications as were involved in the times — the Jesuits were to be. The verses in Solomon's Song, which the Temple had applied to itself, might be appropriated by the Company, would suit its distant wanderings, its wealth, the persecutions it inflicted and underwent, its watchfulness, its perpetual peril. "Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant? Behold his bed, which is Solomon's; three-score valiant men are about it, of the valiant of Israel. They all hold swords, being expert in war: every man hath his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night." The Jesuit was to bend his head forward a little, to keep his eyes downcast, to have on his face a pleasant and calm look, and so forth. Should the Church define that what appears to the sight as white is black, he is to maintain the definition. In his Superior, the Soldier of Christ is to recognize and to worship the Presence, as it were, of Christ. He is to have no will of his own, he is to be as a log of wood, as a corpse, as a stick, which the old man can turn how and whither he likes. At first, a Jesuit might not accept a bishopric; we have quite lately seen with what difficulty a member of the Order was persuaded to receive a cardinal's hat. But from its foundation, the greatest names flocked into the society. Francis Borgia, who when Ignatius died stood over the seven Pyrenean provinces, who was afterwards the third General, had been a duke and a viceroy. When the next century opens, the Jesuits are, in all four continents, at the seats of political life. The Fathers are in Akbar's palace at Lahore, in the Imperial Chamber at Peking, at the court of the Emperor of Ethiopia. One Jesuit founded 300 churches in Japan. Among the Indians of Paraguay the noblest and most enlightened philanthropy of the Order showed itself in the so-called "Reductions," a new experiment in the way of Christian republics. In Europe the Catholic nobility and gentry were schooled in Jesuit seminaries, and the confidential spiritual direction of Catholic monarchs was, nearly universally we may say, exercised by specially trained Jesuit casuists. That Spanish power, which had shot up so rapidly, what a real strength it had put forth! Out of that series of marriages, from Ferdinand and Isabella to Philip and Mary, what a network of domestic and political and also

of hierarchical intrigue had spun itself! How it encumbered Europe and the known world! Castilian priests, who at the commencement of Isabella the Catholic's reign would have been checked by the Guadalquivir, might now roam from the Paraná to the Yantsekiang.

And, though the popes were unwilling servants, they, from Clement VII.'s time onward till long after the sixteenth century had terminated, were at the mercy of Spain and had to attend to her mandates. The independence of Italy, for which Julius, Leo, Clement himself had striven, had come to an end. Southern Italy was altogether Spanish, and the whole peninsula was held by Spanish arms and Spanish agents. The most curious and instructive study in Italian politics is presented in the Council of Trent. The Pope first shrinks from it in terror of Spain, then, reassured and reliant on Spain and for Catholic and Spanish objects, carries it on and concludes it. The Council was a diplomatic training ground for all the nations which took part in it. The rough sketch for the Council was discussed by Charles V. and a Venetian cardinal, who had lived amid the business of the republic and had written a book on the Venetian Constitution. The author of a careful essay on French diplomacy during the sixteenth century, M. Edouard Frémy, gives up, and in our opinion very rightly, his first chapter to an account of the behaviour of the French ambassadors at the later sittings of the Council. The narrative of the Council of Trent was a fine subject for political historians. It was written by a man who cared to unmask its treacherous diplomacy, by a Venetian, Sarpi. It was written again, as against Sarpi, by a Jesuit, Pallavicino. In an appendix to the last volume of his work on the Popes, Professor von Ranke has criticised Sarpi and his opponent. The German historian is, by much, the best living authority on the history of diplomacy: he calls Sarpi the second of modern Italian historians; the first rank he awards to Macchiavelli.

General Councils had been numerous in the preceding century, in which, in fact, they had gone far to supply the place of the papacy. The desire of another Council had been strongly felt under Leo; had very possibly been felt by Adrian, in many respects so exceptional a pope; that desire was urged anew upon Clement. Popes hated Councils. A Medicean pope was likely to have Councils in special hatred. Leo

had taken pains to have it recorded that a pope was above a council. Clement might dread that, were he arraigned before such an assembly, his use of his own money at the time of his election, his use of the funds of the Church since that event, and especially the illegitimacy of his birth, might cost him his chair. At last in 1545 the Council came together. The leaders of the reforming party among the cardinals were there. But they were soon met by the disputants of the new order, the Spaniards Lainez and Salmeron, to whom the word of command had been given by Ignatius Loyola to oppose every change, every novelty. Thus the Jesuits entered into the arena of Theology and European Politics. From that moment to this they have prevented or prejudged General Councils. The persuasion of Loyola had already helped to determine the Pope to listen to Cardinals Caraffa and Burgos, to re-organize the Inquisition, and to establish its head-quarters at Rome. We need not further accompany the Council of Trent through its scholastic windings, its verbose controversies, its pilgrimages from city to city; it is thenceforward in the hands of Pope and Order.

The history of the sixteenth century is, first and foremost, the history of statecraft. This maxim will be our best guide, while we pick our way through the last fifty years of it. In some degree it is a history of great diplomatists on the Imperial and Papal thrones, and it is from those heights that a storm threatens which stirs panic and rouses energy. But it is ultimately a history of politicians with narrower and, as we might say, modern views, lovers of new institutions and constitutions. It is a marked era in the life of nations. Still more does its interest lie in its grand biographies, in which, as in representative statuary, are modelled beforehand, naked and defiant, the instincts and features of peoples. Statesmen never had harder work before them and never had such reason to mistrust themselves. A kind of authority, claiming to be parental, had been long disregarded, it might be, and disliked; but, to dislike and disregard an infirm and inactive parent is quite a different thing from altogether disowning and denying him. For countries to develop slowly, to become stage by stage the homes of national dynasties and churches, the contradiction never becoming very perceptible between their traditions and inclinations, the feeling always being that

a stimulus from within prompted each step, was a very different process from that into which countries were rapidly torn of conflict with powerful, pressing, foreign principles, which, moreover, often seemed to set them at variance with their own past and the piety of their ancestors. How far were these boldly aggressive movements, these revolts, justifiable? how far were they natural? How far was their universal spread stimulated and artificial? how far was it the work of a few selfish and licentious leaders? Never were the imperfections of human nature seen more plainly, felt more keenly, than in that age. We alluded, a little while ago, to the influence of the Society of Jesus at courts. And that influence was in no small measure due to the pains and skill-devoted, of set purpose, by the Order to the management of the confessional. In the combats of interest and opinion, conscience, where a man was honest, was constantly baffled; a person, from whom his position demanded that he should lead others, would be in continual want of a guide himself. The same needs existed, where the prescriptions of the Jesuits have never been, on any large scale, applied, where the hostility to Rome was strongest. Men in general were doubtful about their acts and about their motives, which they desired should be approved by God as well as by government. The very same causes, which in some countries threw such power into the hands of the Jesuits, in other countries produced a multiplication of sects, until it looked probable that Christianity would soon have as many various subdivisions as there were Christian congregations. Wherever a man would undertake the control and cure of souls, there was sure to be no lack of souls anxious and wishful to be cared for. Many explained these symptoms in communities to mean the dissolution of the whole life of communities. They refused to believe that a Henry VIII. or a Gustavus Wasa could be a saviour of society. The real question to them, they said, was not at all a question of ecclesiastical doctrine or of royal supremacy. It involved the first rules of morality. And, though popes might sometimes be bad in morals, were not monarchs usually so? Would it do not to hold reserved the highest place, in the sight of all nations, for a potentate, who had once embodied and who might again embody Moral Greatness. What was happening? Lassitude was sapping

the vital force of the people, luxury that of the courts. What prospect could be more doleful? One saw cities swayed by the filthiest and most blasphemous ravings of demagogues, and, in the country, peasants were rallying on behalf of the lowest of the older superstitions or on the behalf of communistic heresies.

The lives which have been, in their example and result, most beneficent to humanity, have been at the last consumed by a sense of loneliness and failure; and it may be, that always after intense effort, whether on the part of a person or a combination of persons, a corresponding slackness of mental fibre is inevitable.

"Post tenebras lux" is the ancient motto of the town of Geneva, on which the dawn and the warmth of the sun break from behind the wall of the Alps and of eternal snow. In the heraldic bearings of the city meet the Eagle and the Keys, the symbols of Cæsar and of St. Peter. On the very geography of Geneva and on all her fortunes there is set the seal of an international vocation. Fable makes Geneva four centuries older than Rome, and the eldest daughter of Troy. History connects the site with the opening event in Cæsar's Western campaigns. Here was the frontier of the Allobroges, the allies of the Romans, where Cæsar met and turned aside the unwieldy caravan of the Helvetians. In our own time, Geneva stands in a way of her own between the divergent interests of nations, of labour and capital, of ecclesiastical establishments; she offers a theatre for Alabama arbitrations, for social congresses, for the preaching of Père Hyacinthe. Throughout the Middle Ages and at the rise of modern history she took a very prominent part in the progress of commerce, and was the home of much literary and military activity. "Clef et Boulevard de la Suisse," the city has been styled. Geneva stood on the confines of three languages, of three political organisms, Italy, France, and the Empire. She had a close connection with the trade of Northern and Western Europe through Cologne, with that of the South and East through Florence and Venice; she was in closer neighbourhood and more intimate relations with, at about equal distances, Bern, Lyons, and Turin. And the mountain, the river, the lake—above all natural objects most suggestive to the mind of the traveller on the Continent in the nineteenth century, inviting and familiar as they have been to the typical philoso-

pher, and historian, and poet, dear even to the satirist, of modern Europe—Mont Blanc, the Rhone, Lake Lemán, the delight of the large intellects of Rousseau, Gibbon, Byron, and Voltaire, enliven and define the landscape of Geneva.

In Carolingian times a count of Geneva had governed on behalf of the Roman Empire. In Swabian times, the Emperor had made the bishop of Geneva count. The bishop in his turn gave secular rule under himself to the Count of Savoy, who bore the title of "Vidomne." By degrees this title of vidomne passed—the count at Turin willing it so in order that his relations with Geneva might lose as much as possible the traces of their origin in a delegated authority—from the Count of Savoy to his local officer, the custodian of the island-fortress in the Rhone. We are led to remark how, in the early history of the House of Savoy, the design to reach and enclose Geneva was as warmly nursed and as persistently maintained as, in the later history of that House, the design to reach and to enclose Rome. Amadeus VIII. of Savoy, in the variety and incongruity of the distinctions he accumulated, claims celebrity as having surpassed all his successors. He became, one after the other, Count and Duke of Savoy, Pope of Rome, and Bishop of Geneva (A.D. 1444); at intervals in his career he let his beard grow and lived a hermit at Ripaille. From the times of Amadeus VIII. the bishops of Geneva were mostly members of the ducal family. The ambitious house was increased and extended; at last Geneva was on all sides encompassed by the possessions of the Duke of Savoy. The line which separated the rights of the duke over Geneva from his rights over the territories beyond the city-proper had become the slightest imaginable. But under the shadow of the Cathedral of St. Peter at Geneva had sprung up—the plant is a common one in mediæval episcopal purlieus—a further Power, a determined democracy. So far back as 1387 a charter of liberties was granted, which made an important landmark on the road toward the full enjoyment by Geneva of the forms of a republic. Thus the city was one of most diverse population and opinions. It had a most complicated jurisdiction and police. Bishop, Vidomne, and Syndicate were bound by oath to uphold each other's privileges and administration. Then there was the action of the Chapter, of the Vidomne's lieutenant, of the various civic com-

mittees, from the General Council, the Smaller Council, the Council of Sixty, down to the numerous and restless clubs and confraternities — *abbayes et compagnies* — in which the youth of Geneva enrolled itself for the discussion of affairs and for drill and the practice of archery. A street of Geneva was called after the German, a market-hall after the French, merchants. In one part of the city rose a Franciscan, in another an unusually spacious Dominican convent ("le Grand Palais"). Pilgrims crowded to the shrine of St. Victor. A band of the hungry shaggy mountaineers from the Italian side of the Alps, who formed the garrison, might be seen to pass vociferating in their vile Piedmontese jargon on one side of the road, while on the other might stand a group of high-born cathedral dignitaries paying their respects to each other in Ciceronian Latin. Processions, manœuvres, fairs, festivals, traffic kept the town in an unintermittent bustle. There were as many as fifty notaries-public. The fondness of the Genevans for amusement and gaiety, in particular their patronage of allegorical and comic representations, became proverbial. But the joyous and prosperous city had its turbulent and bitter moods, and these recurred more and more often. It knew what it was to be under interdict and under martial law. The first decades of the sixteenth century were spent at Geneva in internal dissensions, quarrels between duke and bishop, bishop and citizens, duke and citizens. Some of the leading citizens had been admitted to the freedom of Freiburg and Bern. Three men of the popular party are famous above the rest: the versatile and eloquent François de Bonnard, who has sometimes been styled the Erasmus of the Genevan Reformation; Philibert Berthelier the favourite of the multitude, with a humorous and a melancholy vein in him, fond of music and conviviality, but amid the clatter of wine-cups imparting to the friend next him his prevision of a violent death; — Berthelier has been called the Egmont of the Genevan struggle for independence; then Bezanson Hugues, the coolest and, as it strikes us, the noblest of the trio, whom, continuing the comparison between Geneva and the Netherlands, we would take leave to think of as a companion spirit to John of Barneveld.

It was in connection with a section of the inhabitants led by Berthelier, Bezanson Hugues, and Bonnard, that a

famous nickname of faction came into vogue at Geneva. The partisans of the Freiburg and Bern "combourgeoisie" were called Huguenots, the adherents of Savoy Mamelukes. The word "Eyguenot" may with most probability be derived from the German "Eidgenoss," the Swiss league being best known as the "Eidgenossen," the "sworn comrades;" with less probability from the name of the ablest Genevan leader, Bezanson Hugues.*

Anyhow the term had a political before it had a religious meaning, and, whether it be the same with the French party-epithet or not, which is sometimes still a subject of dispute, this description of the term would still be true in both localities. Bezanson Hugues and Berthelier were much more political than ecclesiastical reformers; Bezanson Hugues remained in life and death a Catholic; even Bonnard's revolt from the papal and monastic system had its root in and took its savour from literary rather than moral tendencies in his generation. Of the two implicated towns, Freiburg was strongly Catholic and Bern was Protestant. It was from Freiburg that, in the first instance, the citizens of Geneva had most support and sympathy; later indeed, though not because Geneva freely willed or wished it so, Bern supplanted Freiburg. Geneva passed, without knowing well how and in what direction she was being moved, out of one relation into another. Very slowly and under the sheer compulsion of the Duke of Savoy's policy, with which fell in after countless subterfuges and hesitations that of the bishop, Peter de la Baume, a policy bent on confounding and causing to be confounded the desire for local franchises with the taint of those reviled heresies which were known, like every other novelty, to have made some way in the place, — most slowly was Geneva as a city pressed into pronounced antagonism to Catholic doctrine and the system of the Catholic Church. When the bishop had excommunicated Geneva; when the Archbishop of Vienne, who was metropolitan, and the Pope had confirmed the excommunication; when it was an-

* Kampschulte's "Calvin," p. 49. We have to acknowledge great obligations to this book. Not only the University of Bonn and the Old Catholic movement, but historical literature generally, suffered a great loss in the premature death of Professor Kampschulte. Only one out of the three volumes he meant to write on Calvin, had been published when he died. This fragment is a very remarkable example of learning, a still more remarkable example of impartiality.

nounced that the Duke of Savoy and the Bishop of Geneva in concert were levying troops and preparing to take the field against Geneva,—then, and not till then, did Genevan councillors begin to advise with a foreign missionary at whom hitherto they had looked askance, a *protégé* of Bern, which had given him introductions that had hitherto been of small service to him, “the Welsh Luther,” the particular *bête noire* of Erasmus, William Farel;—not until then did Farel become a political personage at Geneva, though thenceforward a forward enough station was taken by him; not until then did the Protestant watchwords become those of Genevan patriotism. By the act of her enemies two courses only were at all open to Geneva. She must make her choice if she would have those enemies thrust back, kept at bay, between two, the only possible allies. Bern or France! Alliance with France could have but one result—union with France. As it was, when, with the help of Bern, Geneva was safe from her old tyrants, she found Bernese statesmen—they had far and wide the reputation—not much less covetous than French, and she was put to no little trouble to preserve her autonomy. Had it not been for her professedly sincere and thorough Protestantism, for the thus assured guarantees of religious affinity and fellowship, Bern would have enforced, as she demanded, the most substantial pledges; she would have annexed the town she had rescued.

At the conclusion of a contest of about thirty years' duration, Geneva had shaken off the yoke of her bishop and of the Duke of Savoy. She had secured what men called her liberty; had she not sacrificed her character? “A tottering republic, a wavering faith, a nascent church,” the sceptical and alarmist observer would have been able to see, as nowhere else, at Geneva, the picture traced for him vaguely in the whole condition of Europe, reproduced in a speaking and highly-finished miniature. The chiefs who had begun the movement had nearly all passed away, and their righteous and moderate enthusiasm was gone with them. In the place of old ecclesiastical foundations, of old patrician and civic authorities, what remained? In numbers the leading Genevan families had gone into exile with all the corporate and ceremonial, all the time-worn and time-honoured, furniture of the past. They had left a blank. The very soul of the city was extinct. How quickly did

Geneva become the byword of Europe for the wildest scenes of debauchery, for as wild scenes of iconoclasm! The frenzied passion for excitement, change, and destruction had but to overleap another hedge or two, and it would have consummated political suicide. What were the materials for a future? Here a poor remnant of the old Genevan stock, the cringing and unworthy children of noble names, who had given up their old beliefs for the sake of having none, who had broken with Catholicism and its dignified official protectors, because they wanted to break with all religion and order; there an unreasoning, insurgent mob collected together by refugee revolutionary preachers, who, as soon as controversy and church-storming were over, lost all love for their untractable flocks, and found, day by day, their posts more untenable.

At this very darkest moment a work was to commence at Geneva, beside which every other previous and later enterprise originated within her walls sinks into insignificance. In July 1536, a poor French man of letters, travelling under an assumed name, tired with his journey, arrived, intending to rest for one night, at Geneva. He met a former companion, Louis du Tillet, who chanced to inform Farel that the author of the “Institutes of the Christian Religion” was in the city. Farel had been for some time at his wit's end; he was through and through conscious of his incompetence as an organizer and legislator; he was full of fear lest, master of so many battle-fields, he should never succeed in making any use of victory. Here, the thought flashed on him at the instant, was in Geneva the very man Geneva required, the writer of a book which, published only a few months before, was on the lips of the entire learned and inquisitive world, which had become already the programme of Protestantism, or, as the Romanist historian Florimund de Raemund put it, “the Koran, the Talmud of Heresy.” The man who had set forth the theory of Protestantism should bring into action the practice of Protestantism. From the bottom of his overtasked, perplexed, ardent, bold heart, Farel determined that Calvin should not leave the spot. He hastened to the stranger's lodgings, and in a few impetuous words forced upon him his plan. Calvin showed astonishment and annoyance. He was, he stated, a young, shy student; his tastes were for quiet, aca-

demic pursuits ; he had found his place ; and manifestly the first successes, the successes of the sole kind appropriate to his talent and mode of living, which had fallen to him, forbade in him the thought of renouncing his chosen career. But the preacher, who had stood before the stoniest congregations and felt his own fires, who never turned from insult or blow and had shed his blood for his tenets, who had carried by assault church after church, the "Conqueror of Geneva," was not to be daunted when he had at last before him the person for whom he was in his conscience convinced he had through all his past actions been preparing the way. "Thou pratest of thy studies: I tell thee in the name of Almighty God that His curse is upon thee shouldst thou dare to withdraw thyself from this work of the Lord, and hearken to the cry of thine own flesh before the call of Christ." "And I was frightened and shaken as if by God on high, and as though His hand had stopped me on the way," says Calvin, recalling the interview and the marvellous power with which Farel had delivered himself of his message.

Though it is a very modern and, as commonly applied, a somewhat inapplicable phrase, yet we think that one of his recent French biographers has touched exactly Calvin's own thought, when he describes him as undertaking his labours with the intention of making Geneva the capital of an idea. To no one in those days or in ours were the disorders of the sixteenth century more abhorrent. His nicely poised and clear intelligence chafed and struggled and must break through and get to light, wherever the clouds of barbarism and ignorance had defiled the image and dulled the knowledge of truth, Divine and Immaculate. He hated, and with every instinct of a creative and masterful genius he bent his whole strength of character and intellect to wrestle with, chaos. Never was Geneva's motto truer of her than in Calvin's time, "*Pōst tenebras lux*;" never was its legend of the implacable, agonizing hostility between good and evil, light and darkness, the active Spirit of God and the shapeless, lifeless waters of a lower world, more finely illumined than in the life of Calvin. Calvin is one of those heroes of history who have lived by and acted by the guidance of abstract principles. The common weaknesses of men, such as beset even most great men, are not discernible in him. He is too severe,

too cold ; one misses in him not many of the more excellent, but many of the more amiable qualities of the race. The whole earth wore for him, one might say, the air of a strange land. He was never at home, in the domestic and tender sense which the word has, at Geneva or anywhere. How, it has been felt, if a Luther had lived at Geneva instead of a Calvin, would its scenery have been extolled and recapitulated in his "Table Talk"! At Geneva a Luther would never have let any other man but himself translate the Psalms of David. From Geneva a Luther would have preached sermons and sung hymns hardly more inspired by Scripture than by the sublimity of the mountain and the ripple of the lake. Glacier and avalanche, the silence and the sounds of the high Alps, the difficult pass through which he had come, the fragrant meadows in which he had reposed, a Luther would have celebrated in the ears of all the countries of the Reformation. Luther would have somewhere had a word to say, not altogether disparagingly, of that artist of the olden time whose altarpiece had been turned to the wall, who had put St. Peter, fisher of men, founder of the Church, patron of Geneva, out upon those particular waters to net his miraculous draught: "*On y reconnoît parfaitement les deux Monts Salève, le Môle et les Voyrons.*" But to Calvin Geneva was always a foreign city. The records of the city have caught the chill of his presence ; that foreigner, that Frenchman, "*iste Gallus*," so run the first entries respecting him. Not the beautiful and well-proportioned aspect, the ugly and disorganized aspect in external life in every province of it struck Calvin most. He came in time to love Geneva to a certain degree, as a sort of city of refuge. And at best Switzerland was to Calvin what the wilderness of Sinai was to Moses : not a promised land, though one hallowed especially in the interference of Providence. In sight of Mont Blanc Calvin re-issued, as peremptorily and as literally, the Divine Word as the Jewish lawgiver had done, and he re-asserted the doctrine of predestination and of a chosen people.

Of himself Calvin, in his voluminous writings, rarely speaks. It is at once an aristocratic haughtiness and a literary taste which restrain him, and also a feeling of the nothingness of personal incidents along the track of one in whom self has been destroyed and whom God speeds onward in a special mission. Nor

need we dwell on his early youth. One coincidence we may notice, the more as it has escaped most of his biographers. At the Collège de Montaigu at Paris he studied dialectics under the same Spanish professor to whose instructions Ignatius Loyola was indebted for his introduction to letters. Until he was about eighteen, Calvin read grammar, philosophy, and theology; then, in accordance with a change in his father's intentions concerning him, law at Orleans and Bourges. After his father's death, while he continued his studies in jurisprudence, he gave special attention to the ancient languages; it was at this period of his life that he made himself acquainted with Greek. With his humanist training came religious doubt. Some years of deliberation followed, during which he thought rather of embracing the literary than either the ecclesiastical or the legal profession. A Reuchlin or an Erasmus was his model. He was again for twelve months at Paris, in the libraries and lecture-rooms. He was there when he published his first work, a commentary on Seneca's treatise on "Clemency." In this exercise, of which he took care to send a copy to Erasmus, Calvin's interest in philological inquiry and in the political questions of his day is the most marked feature; he is still keeping, in his occupations and in his own meditations, his religious scruples as much as he can out of sight and consideration. It is as a young classical scholar that he makes his *début*. But the effort to distract himself was too much for him. Very shortly after the publication of his book must have occurred his "conversion," of which none of the details can be said to be known. We have him immediately the chief of the Protestant learning in Paris. He composed for a friend, who was Rector of the University, a speech, which, delivered on All Saints' Day, roused the indignation of the Sorbonne and made it necessary both for orator and author to flee. From that time, 1533, to the time of his settlement at Geneva, he was wandering from place to place: Angoulême, Noyon, Nerac, Basle, writing now and then a tract or a preface, preparing and at last sending to press the first edition of the literary exploit of his life, the "*Institutio Religionis Christianæ*." "In doctrine," says Beza of Calvin, "he was always the same, from the beginning to his last breath." It is so. His whole system of theology was finished when he was six-and-twenty years old. And there is

the same smoothness, sureness, want of flaw, in his style as in his mind. From the beginning his writing was as correct as his thought was accurate.

The appearance of the "*Institutes of the Christian Religion*" is quite as much an incident in the history of French literature as is that of Christianity or of politics. It was probably first sketched in French, though first printed in Latin; here, however, we touch and at once withdraw from a most debatable and unsettled question. Of this there can be no doubt: the French volume, whether ready before or after the Latin, stamped Calvin as a first-rate classical writer in his mother tongue. And he was a French classic from the first moment that he wrote French. The prose of the earliest editions is as perfect as any of Calvin's work. M. Nisard, himself an Academician and the author of the best known modern history of French literature, declares Calvin to have understood far better than the other great contemporary light of literary France, Rabelais, the genius and capacity of the French language, and, out of the magnificent roll of French theologians, to have expressed the truths of religion with a native eloquence never surpassed and never equalled unless by Bossuet. Calvin created, M. Nisard goes on to say, a particular branch of modern, and conspicuously of French, literary composition; he created a new language, that of polemics. He had passed from one French university to another just at the right moments of the sparkling effervescence of the French revival of letters; he had been in contact with the leading teachers in Roman law and ancient scholarship as well as in theology. The two former subjects had exerted over him a strong attraction and had moulded the forms of his mind; a legal and a literary acumen will sharpen and clarify every page of his theology. The political briskness of Francis I. had kindled him; he was on the scent of a new diplomacy. By education a Humanist of Humanists, in intellect a Frenchman of Frenchmen, in morals a Reformer of Reformers, such was Calvin when he took up his abode at Geneva. Now, as so often, Genevan policy is set to general policy. The foreign bishop, the foreign duke, have made way for "iste Gallus," "maître Calvin." "The Aristotle of the Reformation," as his friends called him, had dedicated his book, in a glowing piece of rhetoric, to the King of France, "*Christianæ Religionis Insti-*

tutio . . . Præfatio ad Christianissimum Regem Franciæ."

Let us note, moreover, even in this hasty view of him, how his French instincts were strengthened during his exile from Geneva in Germany, when the Libertines had for a while got the upper hand of him and driven him out. He wrote letters which are replete with information about the condition of Germany; he had dived deep into the muddle of German political and religious disputations: in his exposition and criticism some perspicuity and brevity can be imparted to them. The heavy and somnolent movements of German princes and divines offended the polished and sprightly Frenchman. The long and tedious digestive process, in which they mentally lounged and dozed, disgusted Calvin. If he mentioned the pressing subject of the day,—that of discipline, of self-government,—the answer from every German was the same, a deep-drawn sigh. He looked in vain for anything like his ideal in Germany. His patience was exhausted, his fine sense of manners was wounded. "Novi Germaniæ morem," he wrote years after in good-humoured sarcasm. He had stored his memory with peccadilloes to be avoided, in that country of conscientious foggi-ness and organized procrastinations, where, as he complained, at assemblies, which were to be decisive, the authoritative persons never arrived, nor was it expected of them; where the mode of concluding business was to adjourn it; where the object of coming together was to heap document on document, all formularies of concord and mediation between people who meant contentedly to go on forever agreeing to differ.

In the first half of the sixteenth century, the two political powers which overshadowed civilization were the Imperial system, as administered by Charles V., and the Hierarchical system, as represented by such a ruler as Leo X. In the second half of the sixteenth century, Empire and Papacy, greatly modified as they had been, were still most dangerous engines of reaction, and Spain and Italy placed exquisitely trained, and by no means effete, forces at their disposal. He who would understand the essence of the opposition they then aroused, the nature of the issues at stake, the reasons why the sixteenth century draws to it throughout Europe, and wheresoever European thought and speech prevail, such lively attention in the nineteenth,

would, we take it, do well to examine and analyze very minutely the principles and policy of two societies, which, we should further advise, should be approached first in their literary character. We mean the Republic of Geneva, but chiefly the Genevan Academy; and the kingdom of England, but chiefly the Court of Queen Elizabeth. From English history we, for the present, must resolutely turn. English history proper is not the history either of Genevan ideas or of those with which Geneva was at war. But if not in England proper, in Scotland, in Ireland, in Wales, in almost all British colonies, those ideas have had, and, in many instances, continue to have, the mastery; and as under Mary Tudor there was a Spanish, so under the whole line of Stuart there was a Scotch period in the history of the kernel of the Anglo-Saxon race, in the history of England itself. The Academy of Geneva, surrounded by the life of the civic republic, from which idleness, frivolity, and luxury had been expelled, and not quite unhampered, though far less hampered than one would suppose, by a grim and scrutinizing church discipline, remained, in its first youth down to 1605, the year of Theodore Beza's death. He was its earliest Rector, whom Calvin had recommended for it, whom he had preferred to himself. After Calvin's death, Beza took up the whole work of Calvin. The Academy got its original endowment from the legacy of his entire estate for its purposes by "the prisoner of Chillon," Bonnivard, the survivor of so many changes at Geneva. It speedily became a centre of culture, letters, and education. Robert Stephens—Robert I., these printers rank in their calling as kings—spent the last eight years of his life at Geneva, printed there some of his best specimens, and died there. His son, Henry II., was a citizen of Geneva; was as much established in that city as in any other. His learning and his labours were universal, and his activity was ubiquitous. He was ever welcome and safe at Geneva. The Stephenses were the finest and most honoured scholars of their day; their fame is as classic as Calvin's. Conrad Badius was another great Genevan printer. Proudest of his press and above everything anxious to produce editions free of errors, he had also a high reputation as a pulpit-divine and as a profound writer. M. Michelet counts as many as thirty printing establishments, working night and

day, at Geneva, and supplying the col-porteurs of Italy, France, England, and the Netherlands. For the Genevan public, the chronicles of the city were written in French; and works, full of lessons of patriotism, such as Josephus and Livy, were translated into that language. Geneva had, Senebier tells us, sixty booksellers' shops. Isaac Casaubon lived for many years at Geneva. The learned of that age spent missionary lives; journeyed from place to place. Geneva was their house of call and harbour of safety. Joseph Justus Scaliger lectured for two years at Geneva, at the same time Francis Hottoman was lecturing there on law. Bonnefoy, the Oriental jurist, of whom Cujas said that he would be the only man fit to supply his own place, had a chair at Geneva. Scrimgeour, professor of philosophy and law, was a Scotchman. Chevalier, the first professor of Hebrew at Geneva was born in Normandy; subsequently he taught Hebrew at Cambridge. Similarly Daneau taught for some time at Geneva, and then passed on to a chair at Leyden, and to a place in the political history of the Low Countries. To careful readers of Mr. Motley, a brief notice of Charles Perrot will commend itself, who was Rector of the Academy in 1570 and again in 1588. The qualities reported of him show a kind of scholar and thinker, whom one would not have suspected at Geneva. Foremost among those qualities was his deep veneration for the ancients. In the album of a favourite pupil — *a certain Uytenbogaert* — he inscribed the words, "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God." It is also on record that a book by him was suppressed after his death, entitled "De Extremis in Ecclesiâ vitandis." Let us turn to one man's library table and catch a glimpse of the extent of the personal associations into which the student of Geneva, as he raised his eyes from his page, as he scattered the products of his brain abroad, entered. Beza dedicated the folio second edition of his New Testament, in Greek and Latin, to Queen Elizabeth of England, the octavo edition to the Prince of Condé and the French nobility; he presented a famous manuscript of the Gospels and Acts to the University of Cambridge; he left by will a Greek manuscript of the New Testament to Sully; when his hand began to fail, in order to prevent — though the effort turned out a vain one, for the volumes cannot be traced — the dispersal of

a precious collection, he sold six hundred louis d'ors' worth of books to a house-pupil of his, a Moravian seigneur, George Sigismund of Zastrizl. With Mr. Motley's last pages in our minds, we may not forget how Barneveld in his extremity turned to the shade of Beza, the "Pope of the Huguenots," the Genevan psalmist.

After an hour *he called for his French Psalm Book*, and read in it for some time. — Vol. ii., p. 374.

The clergymen then re-entered and asked if he had been able to sleep. He answered, "No, but that he had been much consoled by many noble things which he had been *reading in the French Psalm Book*." — Vol. ii. p. 376.

"Will my lord please to prepare himself?"

"Very well, very well," said the prisoner. "Shall we go at once?"

But Walaëus suggested a prayer. Upon its conclusion, Barneveld gave his hand to the provost-marshal and to the two soldiers, bidding them adieu, and walked downstairs, attended by them, to the chamber of the judges. As soon as he appeared at the door, he was informed that there had been a misunderstanding, and he was requested to wait a little. He accordingly went upstairs again with perfect calmness, sat down in his chamber again, and *read in his French Psalm Book*. — Vol. ii. p. 381.

Let us also remember, how to this Protestant Rome exiles and fugitives gathered. There was an English church with English services at Geneva as early as 1555, an Italian church with Italian services in 1551, a little later a Spanish church with Spanish services. In the year 1558, we read that in one morning 279 persons became permanent residents at Geneva, namely, 50 Englishmen, 200 Frenchmen, 25 Italians, and 4 Spaniards.

But pre-eminently as a High School for the youth of Europe does Geneva claim attention and the lasting gratitude of civilization. As the chief lights of learning settled for a longer or shorter stay at Geneva, so too did future soldiers and statesmen from the leading aristocratic families of the Continent, in a remarkable degree from the more decentralized countries of Europe — as Poland, Bohemia, Moravia, the Netherlands, North Britain — travel to Geneva as the resort of classical culture and the cradle of a fresh and hopeful political life. Theodore Beza was at once the head of Calvinistic Geneva and of the science and literature of Protestant politics in Europe until the century had closed. He was the one Reformer who lived right through the sixteenth into the seventeenth cen-

ture. In 1600 he preached, it was a pious but not a prophetic discourse, from the text, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Beza, like Calvin, was a Frenchman. He took a personal part in French politics. He was a man of high descent and of majestic visage, a poet, a courtier, a strict Calvinist about whom there was no outside appearance of the Puritan, a diplomatist at ease among cardinals and fine ladies, an adept at epigrams and complimentary verses. Throughout the religious strife in Florence he was appealed to and he gave counsel; at the conference of Poissy he and the Cardinal of Lorraine were matched against one another. Henry IV. after his apostasy still revered Beza; when he met him, embraced him, sought to please him, addressed him as "Father." Beza was the spiritual father and political guide of the Colignis, the Rohans, the D'Aubignés, the Sullys, pure and earnest Christian nobles, as virtuous as they were valiant, rushing on the field like a mountain torrent, over every obstacle, and — for a space, so long as they remembered Beza and the Fountain-head of their prowess — among the polluted and miry currents of royal and aristocratic French life, bright and unstained like a mountain torrent.

The narrative of the Religious Wars in France and of their connection with Geneva has an exact counterpart in Scotland. For Katharine of Medici, there are the two Maries: Mary of Guise and "the Queen of Scots." For Admiral Coligni, there is the Regent Murray. For Calvin, there is — a sterner and, in planting an undying seed, a more successful Calvinist than Calvin — the most congenial and fervid disciple of the master, John Knox. For Beza, there is Andrew Melville, who had been for ten years of his life at Geneva and among the Huguenots. For Beza's pupil, Henry of Navarre, there is Melville's pupil, James of Scotland, on whom London acted as Paris on Henri Quatre, leading him away to Prelacy.

We observed above, that the Slavonian countries sent their young nobility, in considerable numbers, to Geneva. No nationality took a larger place in Beza's mind. Zastrizl bought, as we have seen, that it might remain together and be transplanted to his own country, the bulk of Beza's library. Charles of Zierotin excelled in his time among the younger scholars of Geneva; there he learnt to love Plato and Plutarch, to admire Beza

as the greatest man of that age, to comprehend the world-wide significance of the struggle his own Hussite forefathers had begun. When he had finished his studies at Geneva, Zierotin visited the West. He saw England, where he became a bosom friend of Robert, Earl of Salisbury. A few years later he came all the way from his family castle to take part in one of Henry IV.'s campaigns. His after-career was devoted to the public service of his country, he became its leading statesman — Landeshauptmann of Moravia, — he remained an important personage in the politics of Eastern Europe until the very eve of the Thirty Years' War.

How much the Netherlands owed to the political model and teaching of Geneva our readers will have learnt, or can easily learn, from Mr. Motley's present work and from his previous writings.

More practical, and so more profitable, than a study of Athens in her prime, of Rome in the palmiest days of the Republic, was, in full sixteenth century, the study of Geneva herself. Nowhere had there been in State and Church such disunion, in moral character and in mental sinew such decrepitude, as at Geneva, when, as one might well deem, God's hand and the voice of Farel arrested Calvin. And on the very "Slough of Despond" Calvin had planted a good and substantial city. All Europe took courage. What Luther had done for the individual, Calvin had done for the State. After Calvin's work, there could no longer be any doubt about the stability, the vitality, of the political movement into which that work was linked; there could be no doubt that Christianity could exist without the Roman Papacy, and civilization without the Imperial system. A mass of political superstitions was exploded. And where were thews and muscles, where were military authority and rigour, where were religious zeal and discipline, where was rational and logical statesmanship to be found, if not among the Calvinists of the seventeenth century?

Every one, we suppose, is conscious of his proneness to think of periods of a hundred years, of centuries, as if these were something more than just conventional arrangements for chronological purposes, as if an integral change took place in universal human character at such an epoch as the year 1500 or 1600. We speak continually, say of the nineteenth century, as if there were some

greater inherent distinction between the years 1799 and 1800 than between the years 1800 and 1801. However, it is a subject for thankfulness that on such a matter a little mental carelessness is not very misleading. For it is evident enough that, roughly stated, in a hundred years, in the course of about three generations, the general fashion of things does alter, the origin of leading maxims falls out of record, necessary re-adjustments have to be made, points of departure have to be recovered. Political memory is bounded much as domestic memory. Tradition has no real and healthy life when it ceases to be oral, when it reaches backward beyond the tales of a grandfather. It loses its hold as an instinct, as a nature, when it is not bred at home and current from the nursery, when it begins to depend upon the training of the schools and calculations grounded on the maturer experiences of him who allows it to weigh with him. Tradition will not do instead of faith; unless, at least, it falls from the lips of one to whom it is faith, not tradition. So it is that, when a hundred years have passed since Charles, Leo, Henry, Francis trod the stage, the eye looks in vain for anything that resembles them. What strides diplomacy and national spirit have taken! It needs an effort to find predecessors for Gustavus Adolphus, Oxenstiern, Richelieu, Turenne, John Pym, Oliver Cromwell. Not that there is a breach in the history; yet how independent is the century, how different the age, how new the field!

On the threshold of those other times we pause, our limits are reached, and the task we had set ourselves is — as we are well aware, rather in the way of hint than of exposition — most imperfectly accomplished. And for the present we must part with Mr. Motley. He is a writer to whom the public is much indebted, and whom it will be always pleased to meet again. We can well understand Mr. Motley's eagerness at the turn to which his studies have brought him, and with his relish for heroic incident and example, to leave "the narrow precincts of the Netherlands."

In one of the most ancient and famous libraries in this country hang in a conspicuous position two paintings rich in historical, indeed in romantic, attractions. Of the first picture one would guess, had one no other index but the artist's labour, that the man presented in it had been of

noble and interesting quality, apt to entertain high hopes and rash designs, though there has come a look into his face as of amazement at some suddenly unveiled prospect of power and renown; one would guess that he would be bold and dashing in onset, and that at the beginning of a fray others would readily appeal to him, but that he might be proved too pliable and irresolute as the cavalier, in command through desperate encounters, of a cause where brain and heart should show as sure and firm as stroke of sword or seat in saddle. The other likeness, though not so well authenticated, suits even more admirably the individual it is reported to represent. A lady stands holding a lance; she wears a soldier's slouched hat covered with heavy yellow plumes which flap over her face and mix with her hair; a black and a red feather, half hidden in the background, join to make up the proud imperial colours of the head-dress; a closely-fitting string of pearls is round her neck, her black robe has sleeves of slashed yellow silk, and a yellow scarf is pinned with a jewel over the right shoulder. The male figure is that of the fugitive from the battle on the White Hill of Prague, the female that of his wife. Granddaughter of Mary, Queen of Scots, sister of Charles I., aunt of Charles II., her manner and physiognomy bear resemblance to each of these among her illustrious kindred, while they are eloquent besides of an originality and of adventures quite her own. It has by chance happened that the preceding pages were for the most part written in the shadow of these portraits. Thus we have been constantly reminded of the act which was to follow next in the drama of European history upon those we have been contemplating — of the conflict, some of the premonitory symptoms of which along the western borders of the Continent Mr. Motley, in the work before us, has ably and carefully described. Most cordially do we wish the historian of the Dutch Republic good speed to his narrative of the Thirty Years' War. His practised and still active hand will, we trust, give new life and spirit to the scenes in which the beautiful Elizabeth of Bohemia* assumes

* We have tried to give an idea of a presumed portrait of her. She connects, we need scarcely remind our readers, the houses of Stuart and Brunswick, James I.'s daughter, George I.'s grandmother. Her mental charms were celebrated by Sir Henry Wotton in the well-known lines, beginning,

"You meaner beauties of the night."

among princesses an engaging and uncommon attitude, and it will find its grasp and cunning strained to their utmost effort, as it disentangles destinies not less troubled, but of far deeper import and more lasting influence than those of Frederick, the Elector Palatine, "King for a Winter" — as Carlyle expands the metaphor — "built of mere frost, a *snow*-king altogether soluble again."

From The Cornhill Magazine.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HOME AGAIN: A JUGGLER.

THAT same evening at dusk Gabriel was leaning over Coggan's garden-gate, taking an up-and-down survey before retiring to rest.

A vehicle of some kind was softly creeping along the grassy margin of the lane. From it spread the tones of two women talking. The tones were natural and not at all suppressed. Oak instantly knew the voices to be those of Bathsheba and Liddy.

The carriage came opposite and passed by. It was Miss Everdene's gig, and Liddy and her mistress were the only occupants of the seat. Liddy was asking questions about the city of Bath, and her companion was answering them listlessly and unconcernedly. Both Bathsheba and the horse seemed weary.

The exquisite relief of finding that she was here again, safe and sound, overpowered all reflection, and Oak could only luxuriate in the sense of it. All grave reports were forgotten.

He lingered and lingered on, till there was no difference between the eastern and western expanses of sky, and the timid hares began to limp courageously round the dim hillocks. Gabriel might have been there an additional half-hour when a dark form walked slowly by. "Good-night, Gabriel," the passer said.

It was Boldwood. "Good-night, sir," said Gabriel.

Boldwood likewise vanished up the road, and Oak shortly afterwards turned indoors to bed.

Farmer Boldwood went on towards Miss Everdene's house. He reached the front, and approaching the entrance, saw a light in the parlour. The blind was not drawn down, and inside the room was Bathsheba, looking over some papers

or letters. Her back was towards Boldwood. He went to the door, knocked, and waited with tense muscles and an aching brow.

Boldwood had not been outside his garden since his meeting with Bathsheba in the road to Yalbury. Silent and alone, he had remained in moody meditation on woman's ways, deeming as essentials of the whole sex the accidents of the single one of their number he had ever closely beheld. By degrees a more charitable temper had pervaded him, and this was the reason of his sally to-night. He had come to apologize and beg forgiveness of Bathsheba with something like a sense of shame at his violence, having but just now learnt that she had returned — only from a visit to Liddy as he supposed, the Bath escapade being quite unknown to him.

He enquired for Miss Everdene. Liddy's manner was odd, but he did not notice it. She went in, leaving him standing there, and in her absence the blind of the room containing Bathsheba was pulled down. Boldwood augured ill from that sign. Liddy came out.

"My mistress cannot see you, sir," she said.

The farmer instantly went out by the gate. He was unforgiven — that was the issue of it all. He had seen her who was to him simultaneously a delight and a torture, sitting in the room he had shared with her as a peculiarly privileged guest only a little earlier in the summer, and she had denied him an entrance there now.

Boldwood did not hurry homeward. It was ten o'clock at least, when, walking deliberately through the lower part of Weatherbury, he heard the carrier's spring-van entering the village. The van ran to and from a town in a northern direction, and it was owned and driven by a Weatherbury man, at the door of whose house it now pulled up. The lamp fixed to the head of the hood illuminated a scarlet and gilded form, who was the first to alight.

"Ah!" said Boldwood to himself, "come to see her again."

Troy entered the carrier's house, which had been the place of his lodging on his last visit to his native place. Boldwood was moved by a sudden determination. He hastened home. In ten minutes he was back again, and made as if he were going to call upon Troy at the carrier's. But as he approached, some one opened the door and came out. He heard this

person say "good-night" to the inmates, and the voice was Troy's. This was strange, coming so immediately after his arrival. Boldwood, however, hastened up to him. Troy had what appeared to be a carpet-bag in his hand—the same that he had brought with him. It seemed as if he were going to leave again this very night.

Troy turned up the hill and quickened his pace. Boldwood stepped forward.

"Sergeant Troy?"

"Yes—I'm Sergeant Troy."

"Just arrived from Melchester, I think?"

"Just arrived from Bath."

"I am William Boldwood."

"Indeed."

The tone in which this word was uttered was all that had been wanted to bring Boldwood to the point.

"I wish to speak a word with you," he said.

"What about?"

"About her who lives just ahead there—and about a woman you have wronged."

"I wonder at your impertinence," said Troy, moving on.

"Now look here," said Boldwood, standing in front of him, "wonder or not, you are going to hold a conversation with me."

Troy heard the dull determination in Boldwood's voice, looked at his stalwart frame, then at the thick cudgel he carried in his hand. He remembered it was past ten o'clock. It seemed worth while to be civil to Boldwood.

"Very well, I'll listen with pleasure," said Troy, placing his bag on the ground, "only speak low, for somebody or other may overhear us in the farmhouse there."

"Well then—I know a good deal concerning your—Fanny Robin's attachment to you. I may say, too, that I believe I am the only person in the village, excepting Gabriel Oak, who does know it. You ought to marry her."

"I suppose I ought. Indeed, I wish to, but I cannot."

"Why?"

Troy was about to utter something hastily; he then checked himself and said, "I am too poor." His voice was changed. Previously it had a devil-may-care tone. It was the voice of a trickster now.

Boldwood's present mood was not critical enough to notice tones. He continued, "I may as well speak plainly; and understand, I don't wish to enter into the questions of right or wrong, woman's

honour and shame, or to express any opinion on your conduct. I intend a business transaction with you."

"I see," said Troy. "Suppose we sit down here."

An old tree trunk lay under the hedge immediately opposite, and they sat down.

"I was engaged to be married to Miss Everdene," said Boldwood, "but you came and——"

"Not engaged," said Troy.

"As good as engaged."

"If I had not turned up she might have become engaged to you."

"Hang might!"

"Would, then."

"If you had not come I should certainly—yes, *certainly*—have been accepted by this time. If you had not seen her you might have been married to Fanny. Well, there's too much difference between Miss Everdene's station and your own for this flirtation with her ever to benefit you by ending in marriage. So all I ask is, don't molest her any more. Marry Fanny. I'll make it worth your while."

"How will you?"

"I'll pay you well now, I'll settle a sum of money upon her, and I'll see that you don't suffer from poverty in the future. I'll put it clearly. Bathsheba is only playing with you: you are too poor for her, as I said; so give up wasting your time about a great match you'll never make for a moderate and, rightful match you may make to-morrow; take up your carpet-bag, turn about, leave Weatherbury now, this night, and you shall take fifty pounds with you. Fanny shall have fifty to enable her to prepare for the wedding, when you have told me where she is living, and she shall have five hundred paid down on her wedding-day."

In making this statement Boldwood's voice revealed only too clearly a consciousness of the weakness of his position, his aims, and his method. His manner had lapsed quite from that of the firm and dignified Boldwood of former times; and such a scheme as he had now engaged in he would have condemned as childishly imbecile only a few months ago. We discern a grand force in the lover which he lacks whilst a free man; but there is a breadth of vision in the free man which in the lover we vainly seek. Where there is much bias there must be some narrowness, and love, though added emotion, is subtracted capacity. Boldwood exemplified this to an abnormal degree: he knew nothing of

Fanny Robin's circumstances or whereabouts, he knew nothing of Troy's possibilities, yet that was what he said.

"I like Fanny best," said Troy; "and if, as you say, Miss Everdene is out of my reach, why I have all to gain by accepting your money, and marrying Fan. But she's only a servant."

"Never mind—do you agree to my arrangement?"

"I do."

"Ah!" said Boldwood, in a more elastic voice. "O Troy, if you like her best, why then did you step in here and injure my happiness?"

"I love Fanny best now," said Troy. "But Bathsh—Miss Everdene inflamed me, and displaced Fanny for a time. It is over now."

"Why should it be over so soon? And why then did you come here again?"

"There are weighty reasons. Fifty pounds at once, you said?"

"I did," said Boldwood, "and here they are—fifty sovereigns." He handed Troy a small packet.

"You have everything ready—it seems that you calculated on my accepting them," said the sergeant, taking the packet.

"I thought you might accept them," said Boldwood.

"You've only my word that the programme shall be adhered to, whilst I at any rate have fifty pounds."

"I had thought of that, and I have considered that if I can't appeal to your honour I can trust to your—well, shrewdness we'll call it—not to lose five hundred pounds in prospect, and also make a bitter enemy of a man who is willing to be an extremely useful friend."

"Stop, listen!" said Troy in a whisper.

A light pit-pat was audible upon the road just above them.

"By George—'tis she," he continued.

"I must go on and meet her."

"She—who?"

"Bathsheba."

"Bathsheba—out alone at this time o' night!" said Boldwood in amazement, and starting up. "Why must you meet her?"

"She was expecting me to-night—and I must now speak to her, and wish her good-bye, according to your wish."

"I don't see the necessity of speaking."

"It can do no harm—and she'll be wandering about looking for me if I don't. You shall hear all I say to her. It will

help you in your love-making when I am gone."

"Your tone is mocking."

"O no. And remember this, if she does not know what has become of me, she will think more about me than if I tell her flatly I have come to give her up."

"Will you confine your words to that one point?—shall I hear every word you say?"

"Every word. Now sit still there, and hold my carpet-bag for me, and mark what you hear."

The light footstep came closer, halting occasionally, as if the walker listened for a sound. Troy whistled a double note in a soft fluty tone.

"Come to that, is it!" murmured Boldwood, uneasily.

"You promised silence," said Troy.

"I promise again."

Troy stepped forward.

"Frank, dearest, is that you?" The tones were Bathsheba's.

"O God!" said Boldwood.

"Yes," said Troy to her.

"How late you are," she continued tenderly. "Did you come by the carrier? I listened and heard his wheels entering the village, but it was some time ago, and I had almost given you up, Frank."

"I was sure to come," said Frank.

"You knew I should, did you not?"

"Well, I thought you would," she said, playfully; "and, Frank, it is so lucky! There's not a soul in my house but me to-night. I've packed them all off, so nobody on earth will know of your visit to your lady's bower. Liddy wanted to go to her grandfather's to tell him about her holiday, and I said she might stay with them till to-morrow—when you'll be gone again."

"Capital," said Troy. "But, dear me, I had better go back for my bag: you run home whilst I fetch it, and I'll promise to be in your parlour in ten minutes."

"Yes." She turned and tripped up the hill again.

During the progress of this dialogue there was a nervous twitching of Boldwood's tightly closed lips, and his face became bathed in a clammy dew. He now started forward towards Troy. Troy turned to him and took up the bag.

"Shall I tell her I have come to give her up and cannot marry her?" said the soldier mockingly.

"No, no; wait a minute. I want to say more to you—more to you," said Boldwood, in a hoarse whisper.

"Now," said Troy, "you see my dilemma. Perhaps I am a bad man — the victim of my impulses — led away to do what I ought to leave undone. I can't, however, marry them both. And I have two reasons for choosing Fanny. First, I like her best upon the whole, and second, you make it worth my while."

At the same instant Boldwood sprang upon him, and held him by the neck. Troy felt Boldwood's grasp slowly tightening. The move was absolutely unexpected.

"A moment," he gasped. "You are injuring her you love."

"Well, what do you mean?" said the farmer.

"Give me breath," said Troy.

Boldwood loosened his hand, saying, "By Heaven, I've a mind to kill you!"

"And ruin her."

"Save her."

"Oh, how can she be saved now, unless I marry her?"

Boldwood groaned. He reluctantly released the soldier, and flung him back against the hedge. "Devil, you torture me!" said he.

Troy rebounded like a ball, and was about to make a dash at the farmer; but he checked himself, saying lightly —

"It is not worth while to measure my strength with you. Indeed it is a barbarous way of settling a quarrel. I shall shortly leave the army because of the same conviction. Now after that revelation of how the land lies with Bathsheba, 'twould be a mistake to kill me, would it not?"

"'Twould be a mistake to kill you," repeated Boldwood, mechanically, with a bowed head.

"Better kill yourself."

"Far better."

"I'm glad you see it."

"Troy, make her your wife, and don't act upon what I arranged just now. The alternative is dreadful, but take Bathsheba; I give her up. She must love you indeed to sell soul and body to you so utterly as she has done. Wretched woman — deluded woman — you are, Bathsheba!"

"But about Fanny?"

"Bathsheba is a woman well to do," continued Boldwood, in nervous anxiety, "and, Troy, she will make a good wife; and, indeed, she is worth your hastening on your marriage with her!"

"But she has a will — not to say a temper, and I shall be a mere slave to her. I

could do anything with poor Fanny Robin."

"Troy," said Boldwood, imploringly, "I'll do anything for you, only don't desert her; pray, don't desert her, Troy."

"Which, poor Fanny?"

"No; Bathsheba Everdene. Love her best! Love her tenderly! How shall I get you to see how advantageous it will be to you to secure her at once?"

"I don't wish to secure her in any new way."

Boldwood's arm moved spasmodically towards Troy's person again. He repressed the instinct, and his form drooped as with pain.

Troy went on —

"I shall soon purchase my discharge, and then —"

"But I wish you to hasten on this marriage. It will be better for you both. You love each other, and you must let me help you to do it."

"How?"

"Why, by settling the five hundred on Bathsheba instead of Fanny to enable you to marry at once. No, she wouldn't have it of me; I'll pay it down to you on the wedding-day."

Troy paused in secret amazement at Boldwood's wild and purblind infatuation. He carelessly said, "And am I to have anything now?"

"Yes, if you wish to. But I have not much additional money with me. I did not expect this; but all I have is yours."

Boldwood, more like a somnambulist than a wakeful man, pulled out the large canvas bag he carried by way of a purse, and searched it.

"I have twenty-one pounds more with me," he said. "Two notes and a sovereign. But before I leave you I must have a paper signed —"

"Pay me the money, and we'll go straight to her parlour, and make any arrangement you please to secure my compliance with your wishes. But she must know nothing of this cash business."

"Nothing, nothing," said Boldwood, hastily. "Here is the sum, and if you'll come to my house we'll write out the agreement for the remainder, and the terms also."

"First we'll call upon her."

"But why? Come with me to-night, and go with me to-morrow to the surrogate's."

"But she must be consulted; at any rate informed."

"Very well; go on."

They went up the hill to Bathsheba's house. When they stood at the entrance, Troy said, "Wait here a moment." Opening the door, he glided inside, leaving the door ajar.

Boldwood waited. In two minutes a light appeared in the passage. Boldwood then saw that the chain had been fastened across the door. Troy appeared inside, carrying a bedroom candlestick.

"What, did you think I should break in?" said Boldwood, contemptuously.

"O no; it is merely my humour to secure things. Will you read this a moment? I'll hold the light."

Troy handed a folded newspaper through the slit between door and door-post, and put the candle close. "That's the paragraph," he said, placing his finger on a line.

Boldwood looked and read —

"MARRIAGES.

"On the 17th inst., at St. Ambrose's Church, Bath, by the Rev. G. Mincing, B.A., Francis Troy, only son of the late Edward Troy, Esq., M.D., of Weatherbury, and sergeant 11th Dragoon Guards, to Bathsheba, only surviving daughter of the late Mr. John Everdene, of Casterbridge."

"This may be called Fort meeting Feeble, hey, Boldwood?" said Troy. A low gurgle of derisive laughter followed the words.

The paper fell from Boldwood's hand. Troy continued —

"Fifty pounds to marry Fanny. Good. Twenty-one pounds not to marry Fanny, but Bathsheba. Good. Finale: already Bathsheba's husband. Now, Boldwood, yours is the ridiculous fate which always attends interference between a man and his wife. And another word. Bad as I am, I am not such a villain as to make the marriage or misery of any woman a matter of huckster and sale. Fanny has long ago left me. I don't know where she is. I have searched everywhere. Another word yet. You say you love Bathsheba; yet on the merest apparent evidence you instantly believe in her dishonour. A fig for such love! Now that I've taught you a lesson, take your money back again."

"I will not; I will not!" said Boldwood, in a hiss.

"Anyhow I won't have it," said Troy contemptuously. He wrapped the packet of gold in the notes, and threw the whole into the road.

Boldwood shook his clenched fist at

him. "You juggler of Satan! You black hound! But I'll punish you yet; mark me, I'll punish you yet!"

Another peal of laughter. Troy then closed the door, and locked himself in.

Throughout the whole of that night Boldwood's dark form might have been seen walking about the hills and downs of Weatherbury like an unhappy Shade in the Mournful Fields by Acheron.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AT AN UPPER WINDOW.

It was very early the next morning — a time of sun and dew. The confused beginnings of many birds' songs spread into the healthy air, and the wan blue of the heaven was here and there coated with thin webs of incorporeal cloud which were of no effect in obscuring day. All the lights in the scene were yellow as to colour, and all the shadows were attenuated as to form. The creeping plants about the old manor-house were bowed with rows of heavy water drops, which had upon objects behind them the effect of minute lenses of high magnifying power.

Just before the clock struck five Gabriel Oak and Coggan passed the village cross, and went on together to the fields. They were yet barely in view of their mistress's house, when Oak fancied he saw the opening of a casement in one of the upper windows. The two men were at this moment partially screened by an elder bush, now beginning to be enriched with black bunches of fruit, and they paused before emerging from its shade.

A handsome man leaned idly from the lattice. He looked east and then west, in the manner of one who makes a first morning survey. The man was Sergeant Troy. His red jacket was loosely thrown on, but not buttoned, and he had altogether the relaxed bearing of a soldier taking his ease.

Coggan spoke first, looking quietly at the window.

"She has married him!" he said.

Gabriel had previously beheld the sight, and he now stood with his back turned, making no reply.

"I fancied we should know something to-day," continued Coggan. "I heard wheels pass my door just after dark — you were out somewhere." He glanced round upon Gabriel. "Good Heavens above us, Oak, how white your face is; you look like a corpse!"

"Do I?" said Oak, with a faint smile.

"Lean on the gate: I'll wait a bit."

"All right, all right."

They stood by the gate awhile, Gabriel listlessly staring at the ground. His mind sped into the future, and saw there enacted in years of leisure the scenes of repentance that would ensue from this work of haste. That they were married he had instantly decided. Why had it been so mysteriously managed? It was not at all Bathsheba's way of doing things. With all her faults, she was candour itself. Could she have been entrapped? The union was not only an unutterable grief to him: it amazed him, notwithstanding that he had passed the preceding week in a suspicion that such might be the issue of Troy's meeting her away from home. Her quiet return with Liddy had to some extent dispersed the dread. Just as that imperceptible motion which appears like stillness is infinitely divided in its properties from stillness itself, so had struggling hopes against the imagined deed differentiated it entirely from the thing actually done.

In a few minutes they moved on again towards the house. The Sergeant still looked from the window.

"Morning, comrades!" he shouted, in a cheery voice, when they came up.

Coggan replied to the greeting. "Baint ye going to answer the man?" he then said to Gabriel. "I'd say good-morning — you needn't spend a hapeth of meaning upon it, and yet keep the man civil."

Gabriel soon decided too that, since the deed was done, to put the best face upon the matter would be the greatest kindness to her he loved.

"Good-morning, Sergeant Troy," he returned, in a ghastly voice.

"A rambling gloomy house this," said Troy, smiling.

"Why — they *may* not be married!" suggested Coggan. "Perhaps she's not there."

Gabriel shook his head. The soldier turned a little towards the east, and the sun kindled his scarlet coat to an orange glow.

"But it is a nice old house," responded Gabriel.

"Yes — I suppose so; but I feel like new wine in an old bottle here. My notion is that sash-windows should be put up throughout, and these old wainscoted walls brightened up a bit; or the oak cleared quite away, and the walls papered."

"It would be a pity, I think."

"Well, no. A philosopher once said

in my hearing that the old builders, who worked when art was a living thing, had no respect for the work of builders who went before them, but pulled down and altered as they thought fit; and why shouldn't we? 'Creation and preservation don't do well together,' says he, 'and a million of antiquarians can't invent a style.' My mind exactly. I am for making this place more modern, that we may be cheerful whilst we can."

The military man turned and surveyed the interior of the room, to assist his ideas of improvement in this direction. Gabriel and Coggan began to move on.

"Oh, Coggan," said Troy, as if inspired by a recollection, "do you know if insanity has ever appeared in Mr. Boldwood's family?"

Jan reflected for a moment.

"I once heard that an uncle of his was queer in his head, but I don't know the rights o't," he said.

"It is of no importance," said Troy lightly. "Well, I shall be down in the fields with you some time this week; but I have a few matters to attend to first. So good-day to you. We shall, of course, keep on just as friendly terms as usual. I'm not a proud man: nobody is ever able to say that of Sergeant Troy. However, what is must be, and here's half-a-crown to drink my health, men."

Troy threw the coin dexterously across the front plot towards Gabriel, who shunned it in its fall, his face turning to an angry red. Coggan twirled his eye, edged forward, and caught the money in its ricochet upon the grass.

"Very well — you keep it, Coggan," said Gabriel with disdain, and almost fiercely. "As for me, I'll do without gifts from him."

"Don't show it too much," said Coggan, musingly. "For if he's married to her, mark my words, he'll buy his discharge and be our master here. 'Therefore 'tis well to say 'Friend' outwardly, though you say 'Troublehouse' within."

"Well — perhaps it is best to be silent; but I can't go further than that. I can't flatter, and if my place here is only to be kept by smoothing him down, my place must be lost."

A horseman, whom they had for some time seen in the distance, now appeared close beside them.

"There's Mr. Boldwood," said Oak. "I wonder what Troy meant by his question."

Coggan and Oak nodded respectfully to the farmer, just checked their paces to

discover if they were wanted, and finding they were not, stood back to let him pass on.

The only signs of the terrible sorrow Boldwood had been combating through the night and was combating now were the want of colour in his well-defined face, the enlarged appearance of the veins in his forehead and temples, and the sharper lines about his mouth. The horse bore him away, and the very step of the animal seemed significant of dogged despair. Gabriel, for a minute, rose above his own grief in noticing Boldwood's. He saw the square figure sitting erect upon the horse, the head turned to neither side, the elbows steady by the hips, the brim of the hat level and undisturbed in its onward glide, until the keen edges of Boldwood's shape sank by degrees over the hill. To one who knew the man and his story there was something more striking in this immobility than in a collapse. The clash of discord between mood and matter here was forced painfully home to the heart; and, as in laughter there are more dreadful phases than in tears, so was there in the steadiness of this agonized man an expression deeper than a cry.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WEALTH IN JEOPARDY: THE REVEL.

ONE night, at the end of August, when Bathsheba's experiences as a married woman were still new, and when the weather was yet dry and sultry, a man stood motionless in the stackyard of Weatherbury Upper Farm, looking at the moon and sky.

The night had a sinister aspect. A heated breeze from the south slowly fanned the summits of lofty objects, and in the sky dashes of buoyant cloud were sailing in a course at right angles to that of another stratum, neither of them in the direction of the breeze below. The moon, as seen through these films, had a lurid metallic look. The fields were sallow with the impure light, and all were tinged in monochrome, as if beheld through stained glass. The same evening the sheep had trailed homeward head to tail, the behaviour of the rooks had been confused, and the horses had moved with timidity and caution.

Thunder was imminent, and, taking some secondary appearances into consideration, it was likely to be followed by one of the lengthened rains which mark the close of dry weather for the season.

Before twelve hours had passed a harvest atmosphere would be a bygone thing.

Oak gazed with misgiving at eight naked and unprotected ricks, massive and heavy with the rich produce of one-half the farm for that year. He went on to the barn.

This was the night which had been selected by Sergeant Troy—for giving the harvest supper and dance. As Oak approached the building, the sound of violins and a tambourine, and the regular jiggling of many feet, grew more distinct. He came close to the large doors, one of which stood slightly ajar, and looked in.

The central space, together with the recess at one end, was emptied of all encumbrances, and this area, covering about two-thirds of the whole, was appropriated for the gathering, the remaining end, which was piled to the ceiling with oats, being screened off with sailcloth. Tufts and garlands of green foliage decorated the walls, beams, and extemporized chandeliers, and immediately opposite to Oak a rostrum had been erected, bearing a table and chairs. Here sat three fiddlers, and beside them stood a frantic man with his hair on end, perspiration streaming down his cheeks, and a tambourine quivering in his hand.

The dance ended, and on the black oak floor in the midst a new row of couples formed for another.

"Now, ma'am, and no offence I hope, I ask what dance you would like next?" said the first violin.

"Really, it makes no difference," said the clear voice of Bathsheba, who stood at the inner end of the building, observing the scene from behind a table covered with cups and viands. Troy was lolling beside her.

"Then," said the fiddler, "I'll venture to name that the right and proper thing is 'The Soldier's Joy'—there being a gallant soldier married into the farm—hey, my sonnies, and gentlemen all?"

"It shall be 'The Soldier's Joy,'" exclaimed a chorus.

"Thanks for the compliment," said the sergeant gaily, taking Bathsheba by the hand and leading her to the top of the dance. "For though I have purchased my discharge from Her Most Gracious Majesty's regiment of cavalry, the 11th Dragoon Guards, to attend to the new duties awaiting me here, I shall continue a soldier in spirit and feeling as long as I live."

So the dance began. As to the merits

of "The Soldier's Joy," there cannot be, and never were, two opinions. It has been observed in the musical circles of Weatherbury and its vicinity that this melody, at the end of three-quarters of an hour of thunderous footing, still possesses more stimulative properties for the heel and toe than the majority of other dances at their first opening. "The Soldier's Joy" has, too, an additional charm, in being so admirably adapted to the tambourine aforesaid — no mean instrument in the hands of a performer who understands the proper convulsions, spasms, St. Vitus's dances, and fearful frenzies necessary when exhibiting its tones in their highest perfection.

The immortal tune ended, a fine DD rolling forth from the bass-viol with the sonorousness of a cannonade, and Gabriel delayed his entry no longer. He avoided Bathsheba, and got as near as possible to the platform, where Sergeant Troy was now seated, drinking brandy-and-water, though the others drank without exception cider and ale. Gabriel could not easily thrust himself within speaking distance of the sergeant, and he sent a message, asking him to come down for a moment. The sergeant said he could not attend.

"Will you tell him, then," said Gabriel, "that I only stepped ath'art to say that a heavy rain is sure to fall soon, and that something should be done to protect the ricks?"

"Mr. Troy says it will not rain," returned the messenger, "and he cannot stop to talk to you about such fidgets."

In juxtaposition with Troy, Oak had a melancholy tendency to look like a candle beside gas, and ill at ease, he went out again, thinking he would go home; for, under the circumstances, he had no heart for the scene in the barn. At the door he paused for a moment: Troy was speaking.

"Friends, it is not only the Harvest Home that we are celebrating to-night; but this is also a Wedding Feast. A short time ago I had the happiness to lead to the altar this lady, your mistress, and not until now have we been able to give any public flourish to the event in Weatherbury. That it may be thoroughly well done, and that every man may go happy to bed, I have ordered to be brought here some bottles of brandy and kettles of hot water. A treble-strong goblet will be handed round to each guest."

Bathsheba put her hand upon his arm, and, with upturned pale face, said implor-

ingly, "No — don't give it to them — pray don't, Frank. It will only do them harm: they have had enough of everything."

"Trew — we don't wish for no more, thank ye," said one or two.

"Pooh!" said the sergeant contemptuously, and raised his voice as if lighted up by a new idea. "Friends," he said, "we'll send the women-folks home! 'Tis time they were in bed. Then we cockbirds will have a jolly carouse to ourselves. If any of the men show the white feather, let them look elsewhere for a winter's work."

Bathsheba indignantly left the barn, followed by all the women and children. The musicians, not looking upon themselves as "company," slipped quietly away to their spring waggon and put in the horse. Thus Troy and the men on the farm were left sole occupants of the place. Oak, not to appear unnecessarily disagreeable, stayed a little while; then he, too, arose and quietly took his departure, followed by a friendly oath from the sergeant for not staying to a second round of grog.

Gabriel proceeded towards his home. In approaching the door, his toe kicked something which felt and sounded soft, leathery, and distended, like a boxing-glove. It was a large toad humbly travelling across the path. Oak took it up, thinking it might be better to kill the creature to save it from pain; but finding it uninjured, he placed it again among the grass. He knew what this direct message from the Great Mother meant. And soon came another.

When he struck a light indoors there appeared upon the table a thin glistening streak, as if a brush of varnish had been lightly dragged across it. Oak's eyes followed the serpentine sheen to the other side, where it led up to a huge brown garden-slug, which had come indoors to-night for reasons of its own. It was Nature's second way of hinting to him that he was to prepare for foul weather.

Oak sat down meditating for nearly an hour. During this time two black spiders, of the kind common in thatched houses, promenaded the ceiling, ultimately dropping to the floor. This reminded him that if there was one class of manifestation on this matter that he thoroughly understood, it was the instincts of sheep. He left the room, ran across two or three fields towards the flock, got upon a hedge, and looked over among them.

They were crowded close together on the other side around some furze bushes, and the first peculiarity observable was that, on the sudden appearance of Oak's head over the fence, they did not stir or run away. They had now a terror of something greater than their terror of man. But this was not the most noteworthy feature: they were all grouped in such a way that their tails, without a single exception, were towards that half of the horizon from which the storm threatened. There was an inner circle closely huddled, and outside these they radiated wider apart, the pattern formed by the flock as a whole being not unlike a vandyked lace collar, to which the clump of furze-bushes stood in the position of a wearer's neck.

This was enough to re-establish him in his original opinion. He knew now that he was right, and that Troy was wrong. Every voice in nature was unanimous in bespeaking change. But two distinct translations attached to these dumb expressions. Apparently there was to be a thunder-storm, and afterwards a cold continuous rain. The creeping things seemed to know all about the latter rain, but little of the interpolated thunder-storm; whilst the sheep knew all about the thunder-storm and nothing of the latter rain.

This complication of weathers being uncommon, was all the more to be feared. Oak returned to the stack-yard. All was silent here, and the conical tips of the ricks jutted darkly into the sky. There were five wheat-ricks in this yard, and three stacks of barley. The wheat when threshed would average about thirty quarters to each stack; the barley, at least forty. Their value to Bathsheba, and indeed to anybody, Oak mentally estimated by the following simple calculation:—

$$\begin{aligned} 5 \times 30 &= 150 \text{ quarters} = 500\text{Z}. \\ 3 \times 40 &= 120 \text{ quarters} = 250\text{Z}. \end{aligned}$$

Total 750Z.

Seven hundred and fifty pounds in the divinest form that money can wear—that of necessary food for man and beast: should the risk be run of deteriorating this bulk of corn to less than half its value, because of the instability of a woman? “Never, if I can prevent it!” said Gabriel.

Such was the argument that Oak set outwardly before him. But man, even to himself, is a cryptographic page hav-

ing an ostensible writing, and another between the lines. It is possible that there was this golden legend under the utilitarian one: “I will help, to my last effort, the woman I have loved so dearly.”

He went back to the barn to endeavour to obtain assistance for covering the ricks that very night. All was silent within, and he would have passed on in the belief that the party had broken up, had not a dim light, yellow as saffron by contrast with the greenish whiteness outside, streamed through a knot-hole in the folding doors.

Gabriel looked in. An offensive picture met his eye.

The candles suspended among the evergreens had burnt down to their sockets, and in some cases the leaves tied about them were scorched. Many of the lights had quite gone out, others smoked and stank, grease dropping from them upon the floor. Here, under the table, and leaning against forms and chairs in every conceivable attitude except the perpendicular, were the wretched persons of all the workfolk, the hair of their heads at such low levels being suggestive of mops and brooms. In the midst of these shone red and distinct the figure of Sergeant Troy, leaning back in a chair. Coggan was on his back, with his mouth open, buzzing forth snores, as were several others; the united breathings of the horizontal assemblage forming a subdued roar like London from a distance. Joseph Poorgrass was curled round in the fashion of a hedgehog, apparently in attempts to present the least possible portion of his surface to the air; and behind him was dimly visible an unimportant remnant of William Smallbury. The glasses and cups still stood upon the table, a water-jug being overturned, from which a small rill, after tracing its course with marvellous precision down the centre of the long table, fell into the neck of the unconscious Mark Clark, in a steady, monotonous drip, like the dripping of a stalactite in a cave.

Gabriel glanced hopelessly at the group, which, with one or two exceptions, composed all the able-bodied men upon the farm. He saw at once that if the ricks were to be saved that night, or even the next morning, he must save them with his own hands.

A faint “ting-ting” resounded from under Coggan's waistcoat. It was Coggan's watch striking the hour of two.

Oak went to the recumbent form of Matthew Moon, who usually undertook

the rough thatching of the homestead, and shook him. The shaking was without effect.

Gabriel shouted in his ear, "Where's your thatching-beetle and rick-stick and spars?"

"Under the staddles," said Moon mechanically, with the unconscious promptness of a medium.

Gabriel let go his head, and it dropped upon the floor like a bowl. He then went to Susan Tall's husband.

"Where's the key of the granary?"

No answer. The question was repeated, with the same result. To be shouted to at night was evidently less a novelty to Susan Tall's husband than to Matthew Moon. Oak flung down Tall's head into the corner again and turned away.

To be just, the men were not greatly to blame for this painful and demoralizing termination to the evening's entertainment. Sergeant Troy had so strenuously insisted, glass in hand, that drinking should be the bond of their union, that those who wished to refuse hardly liked to be so unmannerly under the circumstances. Having from their youth up been entirely unaccustomed to any liquor stronger than cider or mild ale, it was no wonder that they had succumbed, one and all with extraordinary uniformity, after the lapse of about an hour.

Gabriel was greatly depressed. This debauch boded ill for that wilful and fascinating mistress whom the faithful man even now felt within him as the embodiment of all that was sweet and bright and hopeless.

He put out the expiring lights, that the barn might not be endangered, closed the door upon the men in their deep and oblivious sleep, and went again into the lone night. A hot breeze, as if breathed from the parted lips of some dragon about to swallow the globe, fanned him from the south, while directly opposite in the north rose a grim misshapen body of cloud, in the very teeth of the wind. So unnaturally did it rise that one could fancy it to be lifted by machinery from below. Meanwhile the faint cloudlets had flown back into the south-east corner of the sky, as if in terror of the large cloud, like a young brood gazed in upon by some monster.

Going on to the village, Oak flung a small stone against the window of Laban Tall's bedroom, expecting Susan to open

it; but nobody stirred. He went round to the back door, which had been left unfastened for Laban's entry, and passed in to the foot of the staircase.

"Mrs. Tall, I've come for the key of the granary, to get at the rick-cloths," said Oak, in a stentorian voice.

"Is that you?" said Mrs. Susan Tall, half awake.

"Yes," said Gabriel.

"Come along to bed, do, you draw-latching rogue—keeping a body awake like this!"

"It isn't Laban—'tis Gabriel Oak. I want the key of the granary."

"Gabriel! What in the name of fortune did you pretend to be Laban for?"

"I didn't. I thought you meant——"

"Yes you did. What do you want here?"

"The key of the granary."

"Take it then. 'Tis on the nail. People coming disturbing women at this time of night ought——"

Gabriel took the key, without waiting to hear the conclusion of the tirade. Ten minutes later his lonely figure might have been seen dragging four large waterproof coverings across the yard, and soon two of these heaps of treasure in grain were covered snug—two cloths to each. Two hundred pounds were secured. Three wheat-stacks remained open, and there were no more cloths. Oak looked under the staddles and found a fork. He mounted the third pile of wealth and began operating, adopting the plan of sloping the upper sheaves one over the other; and, in addition, filling the interstices with the material of some untied sheaves.

So far all was well. By this hurried contrivance Bathsheba's property in wheat was safe for at any rate a week or two, provided always that there was not much wind.

Next came the barley. This it was only possible to protect by systematic thatching. Time went on, and the moon vanished not to re-appear. It was the farewell of the ambassador previous to war. The night had a haggard look, like a sick thing; and there came finally an utter expiration of air from the whole heaven in the form of a slow breeze, which might have been likened to a death. And now nothing was heard in the yard but the dull thuds of the beetle which drove in the spars, and the rustle of the thatch in the intervals.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE STORM: THE TWO TOGETHER.

A LIGHT flapped over the scene, as if reflected from phosphorescent wings crossing the sky, and a rumble filled the air. It was the first arrow from the approaching storm, and it fell wide.

The second peal was noisy, with comparatively little visible lightning. Gabriel saw a candle shining in Bathsheba's bedroom, and soon a shadow moved to and fro upon the blind.

Then there came a third flash. *Manœuvres* of a most extraordinary kind were going on in the vast firmamental hollows overhead. The lightning now was the colour of silver, and gleamed in the heavens like a mailed army. Rumbles became rattles. Gabriel from his elevated position could see over the landscape for at least half-a-dozen miles in front. Every hedge, bush, and tree was distinct as in a line engraving. In a paddock in the same direction was a herd of heifers, and the forms of these were visible at this moment in the act of galloping about in the wildest and maddest confusion, flinging their heels and tails high into the air, their heads to earth. A poplar in the immediate foreground was like an ink stroke on burnished tin. Then the picture vanished, leaving a darkness so intense that Gabriel worked entirely by feeling with his hands.

He had stuck his ricking-rod, groom, or poignard, as it was indifferently called—a long iron lance, sharp at the extremity and polished by handling—into the stack to support the sheaves. A blue light appeared in the zenith, and in some indescribable manner flickered down near the top of the rod. It was the fourth of the larger flashes. A moment later and there was a smack—smart, clear and short. Gabriel felt his position to be anything but a safe one, and he resolved to descend.

Not a drop of rain had fallen as yet. He wiped his weary brow, and looked again at the black forms of the unprotected stacks. Was his life so valuable to him, after all? What were his prospects that he should be so chary of running risks, when important and urgent labour could not be carried on without such risk? He resolved to stick to the stack. However, he took a precaution. Under the staddles was a long tethering chain, used to prevent the escape of errant horses. This he carried up the ladder, and sticking his rod through the clog at one end, allowed

the other end of the chain to trail upon the ground. The spike attached to it he drove in. Under the shadow of this extemporized lightning-conductor he felt himself comparatively safe.

Before Oak had laid his hands upon his tools again out leapt the fifth flash, with the spring of a serpent and the shout of a fiend. It was green as an emerald, and the reverberation was stunning. What was this the light revealed to him? In the open ground before him, as he looked over the ridge of the rick, was a dark and apparently female form. Could it be that of the only venturesome woman in the parish—Bathsheba? The form moved on a step: then he could see no more.

"Is that you, ma'am?" said Gabriel, to the darkness.

"Who is there?" said the voice of Bathsheba.

"Gabriel. I am on the rick, thatching."

"Oh, Gabriel!—and are you? I have come about them. The weather woke me, and I thought of the corn. I am so distressed about it—can we save it anyhow? I cannot find my husband. Is he with you?"

"He is not here."

"Do you know where he is?"

"Asleep in the barn."

"He promised that the stacks should be seen to, and now they are all neglected! Can I do anything to help? Liddy is afraid to come out. Fancy finding you here at such an hour! Surely I can do something?"

"You can bring up some reed-sheaves to me, one by one, ma'am; if you are not afraid to come up the ladder in the dark," said Gabriel. "Every moment is precious now, and that would save a good deal of time. It is not very dark when the lightning has been gone a bit."

"I'll do anything!" she said, resolutely. She instantly took a sheaf upon her shoulder, clambered up close to his heels, placed it behind the rod, and descended for another. At her third ascent the rick suddenly brightened with the brazen glare of shining majolica—every knot in every straw was visible. On the slope in front of him appeared two human shapes black as jet. The rick lost its sheen—the shapes vanished. Gabriel turned his head. It had been the sixth flash which had come from the east behind him, and the two dark forms on the slope had been the shadows of himself and Bathsheba.

Then came the peal. It hardly was credible that such a heavenly light could be the parent of such a diabolical sound.

"How terrible!" she exclaimed, and clutched him by the sleeve. Gabriel turned, and steadied her on her aerial perch by holding her arm. At the same moment, while he was still reversed in his attitude, there was more light, and he saw as it were a copy of the tall poplar tree on the hill drawn in black on the wall of the barn. It was the shadow of that tree, thrown across by a secondary flash in the west.

The next flare came. Bathsheba was on the ground now, shouldering another sheaf, and she bore its dazzle without flinching — thunder and all — and again ascended with the load. There was then a silence everywhere for four or five minutes, and the crunch of the spars, as Gabriel hastily drove them in, could again be distinctly heard. He thought the crisis of the storm had passed. But there came a burst of light.

"Hold on!" said Gabriel, taking the sheaf from her shoulder, and grasping her arm again.

Heaven opened then, indeed. The flash was almost too novel for its inexpressibly dangerous nature to be at once realized, and Gabriel could only comprehend the magnificence of its beauty. It sprang from east, west, north, south. It was a perfect dance of death. The forms of skeletons appeared in the air, shaped with blue fire for bones — dancing, leaping, striding, racing around, and mingling altogether in unparalleled confusion. With these were intertwined undulating snakes of green. Behind these was a broad mass of lesser light. Simultaneously came from every part of the tumbling sky what may be called a shout; since, though no shout ever came near it, it was more of the nature of a shout than of anything else earthly. In the meantime one of the grisly forms had alighted upon the point of Gabriel's rod, to run invisibly down it, down the chain, and into the earth. Gabriel was almost blinded, and he could feel Bathsheba's warm arm tremble in his hand — a sensation novel and thrilling enough; but love, life, everything human, seemed small and trifling in such close juxtaposition with an infuriated universe.

Oak had hardly time to gather up these impressions into a thought, and to see how strangely the red feather of her hat shone in this light, when the tall tree on the hill before-mentioned seemed on fire

to a white heat, and a new one among these terrible voices mingled with the last crash of those preceding. It was a stupefying blast, harsh and pitiless, and it fell upon their ears in a dead, flat blow, without that reverberation which lends the tones of a drum to more distant thunder. By the lustre reflected from every part of the earth and from the wide domical scoop above it, he saw that the tree was sliced down the whole length of its tall straight stem, a huge ribband of bark being apparently flung off. The other portion remained erect, and revealed the bared surface as a strip of white down the front. The lightning had struck the tree. A sulphurous smell filled the air: then all was silent, and black as a cave in Hinnom.

"We had a narrow escape!" said Gabriel hurriedly. "You had better go down."

Bathsheba said nothing; but he could distinctly hear her rhythmical pants, and the recurrent rustle of the sheaf beside her in response to her frightened pulsations. She descended the ladder, and, on second thoughts, he followed her. The darkness was now impenetrable by the sharpest vision. They both stood still at the bottom side by side. Bathsheba appeared to think only of the weather — Oak thought only of her just then. At last he said,

"The storm seems to have passed now, at any rate."

"I think so too," said Bathsheba. "Though there are multitudes of gleams, look!"

The sky was now filled with an incessant light, frequent repetition melting into complete continuity, as an unbroken sound results from the successive strokes on a gong.

"Nothing serious," said he. "I cannot understand no rain falling. But, heaven be praised, it is all the better for us. I am now going up again."

"Gabriel, you are kinder than I deserve! I will stay and help you yet. O, why are not some of the others here!"

"They would have been here if they could," said Oak, in a hesitating way.

"O, I know it all — all," she said, adding slowly: "They are all asleep in the barn. in a drunken sleep, and my husband among them. That's it, is it not? Don't think I am a timid woman, and can't endure things."

"I am not certain," said Gabriel. "I will go and see."

He crossed to the barn, leaving her

there alone. He looked through the chinks of the door. All was in total darkness, as he had left it, and there still arose, as at the former time, the steady buzz of many snores.

He felt a zephyr curling about his cheek, and turned. It was Bathsheba's breath—she had followed him, and was looking into the same chink.

He endeavoured to put off the immediate and painful subject of their thoughts by remarking gently, "If you'll come back again, miss—ma'am, and hand up a few more; it would save much time."

Then Oak went back again, ascended to the top, stepped off the ladder for greater expedition, and went on thatching. She followed, but without a sheaf.

"Gabriel," she said in a strange and impressive voice.

Oak looked up at her. She had not spoken since he left the barn. The soft and continual shimmer of the dying lightning showed a marble face high against the black sky of the opposite quarter. Bathsheba was sitting almost on the apex of the stack, her feet gathered up beneath her, and resting on the top round of the ladder.

"Yes, mistress," he said.

"I suppose you thought that when I galloped away to Bath that night it was on purpose to be married?"

"I did at last—not at first," he answered, somewhat surprised at the abruptness with which this new subject was broached.

"And others thought so, too?"

"Yes."

"And you blamed me for it?"

"Well—a little."

"I thought so. Now, I care a little for your good opinion, and I want to explain something—I have longed to do it ever since I returned, and you looked so gravely at me. For if I were to die—and I may die soon—it would be dreadful that you should always think mistakingly of me. Now, listen."

Gabriel ceased his rustling.

"I went to Bath that night in the full intention of breaking off my engagement to Mr. Troy. It was owing to circumstances which occurred after I got there—that—that we were married. Now, do you see the matter in a new light?"

"I do—somewhat."

"I must, I suppose, say more, now that I have begun. And perhaps it's no harm, for you are certainly under no delusion that I ever loved you, or that I can have any object in speaking, more

than that object I have mentioned. Well, I was alone in a strange city, and the horse was lame. And at last I didn't know what to do. I saw, when it was too late, that scandal might seize hold of me for meeting him alone in that way. But I was coming away, when he suddenly said he had that day seen a woman more beautiful than I, and that his constancy could not be counted on unless I at once became his. . . . And I was grieved and troubled. . . ." She cleared her voice, and waited a moment, as if to gather breath. "And then, between jealousy and distraction, I married him!" she whispered, with desperate impetuosity.

Gabriel made no reply.

"He was not to blame, for it was perfectly true about—about his seeing somebody else," she quickly added. "And now I don't wish for a single remark from you upon the subject—indeed I forbid it. I only wanted you to know that misunderstood bit of my history before a time comes when you could never know it.—You want some more sheaves?"

She went down the ladder, and the work proceeded. Gabriel soon perceived a langour in the movements of his mistress up and down, and he said to her gently as a mother,

"I think you had better go indoors now, you are tired. I can finish the rest alone. If the wind does not change the rain is likely to keep off."

"If I am useless I will go," said Bathsheba, in a flagging cadence. "But oh, if your life should be lost!"

"You are not useless; but I would rather not tire you longer. You have done well."

"And you better!" she said, gratefully. "Thank you for your devotion, a thousand times, Gabriel! Good-night—I know you are doing your very best for me."

She diminished in the gloom, and vanished, and he heard the latch of the gate fall as she passed through. He worked in a reverie now, musing upon her story, and upon the contradictoriness of that feminine heart which had caused her to speak more warmly to him to-night than she ever had done whilst unmarried and free to speak as warmly as she chose.

He was disturbed in his meditation by a grating noise from the coach-house. It was the vane on the roof turning round, and this change in the wind was a signal for a disastrous rain.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

RAIN: ONE SOLITARY MEETS ANOTHER.

It was now five o'clock, and the dawn was promising to break in hues of drab and ash.

The air changed its temperature and stirred itself more vigorously. Cool elastic breezes coursed in transparent eddies round Oak's face. The wind shifted yet a point or two and blew stronger. In ten minutes every wind of heaven seemed to be roaming at large. Some of the thatching on the wheat-stacks was now whirled fantastically aloft, and had to be replaced and weighted with some rails that lay near at hand. This done, Oak slaved away again at the barley. A huge drop of rain smote his face, the wind snarled round every corner, the trees rocked to the bases of their trunks, and the twigs clashed in strife. Driving in spars at any point and on any system inch by inch he covered more and more safely from ruin this distracting impersonation of seven hundred pounds. The rain came on in earnest, and Oak soon felt the water to be tracking cold and clammy routes down his back. Ultimately he was reduced well-nigh to a homogeneous sop, and a decoction of his person trickled down and stood in a pool at the foot of the ladder. The rain stretched obliquely through the dull atmosphere in liquid spines, unbroken in continuity between their beginnings in the clouds and their points in him.

Oak suddenly remembered that eight months before this time he had been fighting against fire in the same spot as desperately as he was fighting against water now — and for a futile love of the same woman. As for her — But Oak was generous and true, and dismissed his reflections.

It was about seven o'clock in the dark leaden morning when Gabriel came down from the last stack, and thankfully exclaimed, "It is done!" He was drenched, weary, and sad; and yet not so sad as drenched and weary, for he was cheered by a sense of success in a good cause.

Faint sounds came from the barn, and he looked that way. Figures came singly and in pairs through the doors — all walking awkwardly, and abashed, save the foremost, who wore a red jacket, and advanced with his hands in his pockets, whistling. The others shambled after with a conscience-stricken air: the whole procession was not unlike Flaxman's

group of the suitors tottering on towards the infernal regions under the conduct of Mercury. The gnarled shapes passed into the village, Troy their leader entering the farmhouse. Not a single one of them had turned his face to the ricks, or apparently bestowed one thought upon their condition. Soon Oak too went homeward, by a different route from theirs. In front of him against the wet glazed surface of the lane he saw a person walking yet more slowly than himself under an umbrella. The man turned and apparently started: he was Boldwood.

"How are you this morning, sir?" said Oak.

"Yes, it is a wet day. — O I am well, very well, I thank you: quite well."

"I am glad to hear it, sir."

Boldwood seemed to awake to the present by degrees. "You look tired and ill, Oak," he said then, desultorily regarding his companion.

"I am tired. You look strangely altered, sir."

"I? Not a bit of it: I am well enough. What put that into your head?"

"I thought you didn't look quite so topping as you used to, that was all."

"Indeed, then you are mistaken," said Boldwood, shortly. "Nothing hurts me. My constitution is an iron one."

"I've been working hard to get our ricks covered, and was barely in time. Never had such a struggle in my life . . . Yours of course are safe, sir."

"O yes." Boldwood added after an interval of silence, "What did you ask, Oak?"

"Your ricks are all covered before this time."

"No."

"At any rate, the large ones upon the stone staddles?"

"They are not."

"Those under the hedge?"

"No. I forgot to tell the thatcher to set about it."

"Nor the little one by the stile?"

"Nor the little one by the stile. I overlooked the ricks this year."

"Then not a tenth of your corn will come to measure, sir."

"Possibly not."

"Overlooked them," repeated Gabriel slowly to himself. It is difficult to describe the intensely dramatic effect that announcement had upon Oak at such a moment. All the night he had been feeling that the neglect he was labouring to repair was abnormal and isolated — the only instance of the kind within the

circuit of the country. Yet at this very time, within the same parish, a greater waste had been going on, uncomplained of and disregarded. A few months earlier Boldwood's forgetting his husbandry would have been as preposterous an idea as a sailor forgetting he was in a ship. Oak was just thinking that whatever he himself might have suffered from Bathsheba's marriage, here was a man who had suffered more, when Boldwood spoke in a changed voice—that of one who yearned to make a confidence and relieve his heart by an outpouring.

"Oak, you know as well as I that things have gone wrong with me lately. I may as well own it. I was going to get a little settled in life; but in some way my plan has come to nothing."

"I thought my mistress would have married you," said Gabriel, not knowing enough of the full depths of Boldwood's love to keep silence on the farmer's account, and determined not to evade discipline by doing so on his own. "However, it is so sometimes, and nothing happens that we expect," he added, with the repose of a man whom misfortune had inured rather than subdued.

"I dare say I am a joke about the parish," said Boldwood, as if the subject came irresistibly to his tongue, and with a miserable lightness meant to express his indifference.

"O no—I don't think that."

"—But the real truth of the matter is that there was not, as some fancy, any jilting on—her part. No engagement ever existed between me and Miss Everdene. People say so, but it is untrue: she never promised me!" Boldwood stood still now and turned his wild face to Oak. "O Gabriel," he continued, "I am weak and foolish, and I don't know what, and I can't fend off my miserable grief! . . . I had some faint belief in the mercy of God till I lost that woman. Yes, he prepared a gourd to shade me, and like the prophet I thanked him and was glad. But the next day he prepared a worm to smite the gourd, and wither it; and I feel it is better to die than to live."

A silence followed. Boldwood aroused himself from the momentary mood of confidence into which he had drifted, and walked on again, resuming his usual reserve.

"No, Gabriel," he resumed with a carelessness which was like the smile on the countenance of a skull; "it was made more of by other people than ever it was by us. I do feel a little regret occasion-

ally, but no woman ever had power over me for any length of time. Well, good-morning. I can trust you not to mention to others what has passed between us two here."

From The New Quarterly Review.

BIRDS AND BEASTS IN CAPTIVITY.

BY ARCHIBALD BANKS.

I AM going to make a somewhat humiliating confession. I am going to admit that I—a middle-aged, somewhat robust individual, a hard-working member of a learned profession, not by any means prone to the *sentimentalities*, fond of outdoor sport, of shooting and of hunting, a fair judge of a horse, and given in moderation to tennis and billiards; in short, though a townsman, addicted to the various sports and pastimes of a country-bred Englishman—I say that, being all this, I have to admit the possession of one taste, liking, or hobby, to which I allude with some trifling hesitation. I am fond of, and on all occasions collect—not old pictures or prints, nor rare china, nor curious books, nor silver plate, nor French enamels, nor German ivories, nor Italian faience—all of which are legitimate subjects for the hobbies of grown-up men and women; nor do I seek after sea-shells, or beetles, or butterflies, which may be collected in a pseudo-scientific, or even an entirely non-scientific spirit, without any great derogation of dignity.

My taste is not so defensible as any of these. It is one shared by schoolboys and by old maids, and by the uncultured inhabitants of Whitechapel and the Seven Dials. My hobby is the possession of tame animals; and let the critical reader not allow himself to be hurried into the opinion that such a taste results from any effeminacy or undue relaxation of moral fibre. *I have always drawn the line at canary birds*; I have never possessed one, nor cared to; and I also hold strongly to the opinion (which I shall fully develop farther on) that parrots and monkeys exercise a weakening and distinctly demoralizing effect upon their owners' characters.

I am no scientific naturalist, but I flatter myself I have had opportunities of learning more about the habits and the marvellously various characters of many birds and beasts than some naturalists by profession. As knowledge of this

sort is beginning to be considered of extreme importance in its bearing upon science, I make no further apology for telling the story of my experiences. I have found the objects of my likings in nearly the whole range of animated nature, and I feel some difficulty in knowing where to begin. With every desire to efface my own personality, I find it best to begin from the beginning of my own personal experiences.

Boys are said to be universally given to bird-nesting, and to the destruction of birds' nests. It is a form of vice, and not, in my wide experience of boys, a very common one, for which I should prescribe a sound flogging. Nest-hunting is another matter, and there is all the difference in the world between looking for birds' nests, in order to watch the old birds or to take and rear the young ones, and looking for them in order to throw them to the ground and break the eggs. If any one doubts my assertion of the non-destructiveness of boys, let him consider the state of things in the neighbourhood of Eton, where wild birds abound, and yet seven hundred boys have the most perfect liberty.

For my own part, I was, as a boy, neither a bird-nester, nor much of a nest-hunter. My first experience of the matter was the climbing up a tall larch-tree to examine a wood-pigeon's nest, and finding the two hideous callow nestlings with gaping beaks and with their legs tied together; it being a common practice of countrymen when they find a cushat's nest so to fetter the nestlings as to keep them long in the nest, and take them when they are grown big and fat. I proceeded on this occasion to cut the strings which bound them, and doing so awkwardly in my constrained position, both birds escaped from my hands and fluttered to the ground. I caught them easily, for they could not fly, caged them, and reared them. They became perfectly tame—so tame that they allowed themselves to be stroked and handled, and showed no fear of, and even some liking for, human beings; but this tameness in the wood-pigeon has its limits, and I soon got a strong proof of that wonderful inherent difference which exists in different races.

The wood-pigeon is a perfect gipsy among the pigeon tribe. The wild, irreclaimable nature is dormant, and cannot be overcome. One day, when the two young birds had got their perfect plumage, the door of the cage was set open, in the

hope that the cushats, who were really far tamer than any of the house pigeons about the place, would mingle with the flocks of these latter. This hope was disappointed. The wicker cage was opened in presence of the flock of pigeons, which were at that moment feeding in the courtyard; but how great was my surprise to see these two released prisoners dash out of their cage, and fly rapidly and boldly straight away. The marvel was that these birds, though they had often left their cage, had only done so to walk about a room, and had never used their wings till this moment, and yet they cut through the air with strong strokes of their pinions, as fearlessly and as skilfully as if half their lives had been passed on the wing. I watched them till they grew into specks in the distance, and finally were lost. I never saw them again. I have since had occasion to observe that the first flight of full-grown birds brought up from the nest is always perfect, so that we may utterly reject the fable of the old eagles teaching their young ones how to fly, pushing them from the pinnacles of the rocks, and so forth.

Domestication is only tameness made hereditary, and my experience is evidence enough of the difficulty of the process in the case of the cushat. It is to be regretted that it was not the wood-pigeon that was the origin of our tame pigeon, for the wild pigeon of the woods is not only a bigger bird, but a much better bird to eat, as every countryman knows, than either the tame pigeon or any European species likely to have been his archetype.

There are in all Europe but three species of pigeon—the rock pigeon, the stock dove, and the ring dove, otherwise known as the wood-pigeon or cushat. Our tame bird is possibly sprung from a cross between the stock and rock pigeon, but most probably derived from the stock dove alone. Is our achievement in domesticating this bird to be our final effort, or is there not something to be done in the way of increasing the size and savouriness of our domestic pigeons? We have, to be sure, accomplished a great deal in pigeon breeding and crossing. We have rung the changes upon carriers, tumblers, runts, jacobins, owls, and turbits—all of which varieties, except carrier pigeons, which are now almost superseded by the post and the telegraph, are absolutely useless to mankind. The pains employed in preserving these fancy breeds might surely better be spent in

the endeavour to obtain a really valuable cross.

It is surely a very purposeless and foolish kind of painstaking, that involved in pigeon fancying. A gentleman with this fancy once showed me his pigeons with great pride—a melancholy sight, I thought. “My dear sir,” I felt inclined to say, “what an unsatisfactory hobby you have been riding all these years! You have, I make no doubt, fatigued your friends and pestered your relations, quarrelled with your neighbours for enticing away your birds, filled your house with fleas and evil smells—and all for what? *To breed a blue runt with two white feathers in its tail!* Heavens! what a waste of a grand intellect!”

It is certain that in the whole wide world no species exist that, either by crossing with other breeds, or by patient selection in succeeding generations, could be made either more prolific—for the pigeon rears but two nestlings at a time—or more valuable as food—for even French cooks, who with skilfully compounded sauces can triumph over such non-sapid material as carp and rabbit, can make but little of pigeons. There is a breed of pigeons common in Northern and Western Africa, with which, no doubt, our soldiers on that melancholy coast have made acquaintance—a plump, well-shaped, heavy bird, about the size and shape of our wood-pigeon, but darker in colour, and whose flesh has nearly the flavour and tenderness of a pheasant. Then, again, there is the crown pigeon of the Indian Archipelago, a noble bird, three or four times the size of our house pigeon, and said to be excellent for eating purposes. What a triumph of acclimatization it would be if we could habituate either of these birds, or a cross from one of them, to our poultry-yards and dove-cots; and how much more sensible and profitable such an attempt than the before-mentioned objects held out to themselves by our pigeon-fanciers!

To return to my experiences in animal taming. It is commonly said that the wilder an animal is by nature, the easier it is to tame. This is an entire mistake. It is “*a rule proved by the exceptions,*” not, indeed, in the sense in which that axiom is used in our modern literary slang, but in its true sense; it is a rule which is proved, by the exceptions to it, to be no rule at all. The least wild of wild animals is certainly the rat, who so little fears man that he lives and breeds in his very dwelling, and will, if not dis-

turbed, feed in his presence; and yet, of all wild animals, I hardly know one so hard to make familiar in captivity. He is an enemy of the human race, in whom is seemingly inherent and hereditary the hatred and distrust born of long ages of warfare with it—of plundered larders on one side, of traps and poison and ratting terriers on the other. The human race must to him be a race of Borgias, of Murats, and of Robespierres. A rat, even though he be taken from the nest, will never quite lose this hatred and distrust. As a boy I tamed three out of one nest, and so perfectly that they would come for food at my call from the dark box in which they loved to hide themselves during the daytime. They would take food from my fingers, and even allow themselves to be stroked, but if they were held even for a moment in the hand, or constrained in any way, they would squeak and bite severely. As soon as they were fed they would run back into their box, showing not the smallest affection for their master.

The rat is, on the whole, not an agreeable pet, and his ways and conduct generally very soon disabuse his keeper of his ill-gotten reputation for cleverness. We in Europe think him a cunning beast, and in China he is reckoned the wisest of dumb animals. If there were a Chinese Minerva, the rat, and not the owl, would be her emblem. At one of the ports in China, a British official had impressed the natives with his wisdom—they feared him and they respected him, and he received from them the name of the *old grey rat*. It was intended as a compliment, but it would be no compliment to any one who had really studied the ways of rats. This little quadruped is certainly distinguished by his imbecility. The faintest trace of good sense would have taught him the folly of continuing to live under a Reign of Terror. The aristocrats became *émigrés* in 1793, but the rats have let a foolish habit of locality keep them in regions where the rat-trap, their guillotine, is forever set. His seeming caution in avoiding poison and traps is due only to the keenness of his scenting power. He smells the hand of his enemy in the baited trap or the poisoned cheese, and his wit gets the credit that is due to his nose. Long vicinity with the animal who, whatever may be alleged against him by Mr. Darwin, is still the wisest of created beings, has not taught wisdom to the rat. “One fool makes many,” is a proverb that might have

originated behind the wainscot. It is truer of rats than even of sheep or of human beings. If one rat finds his way into a wire trap, a dozen will follow him. A common way of catching them in Germany is to place a bait in a deep tub, with a few inches of water in the bottom, and a stone set like a small island in the water. If but a single rat finds his way in, he will sit on the stone, and by his cries call all his neighbours together, and bring them into the same scrape. There got, they will first squeak and squall, then dispute for the best places, then set to and fight for them tooth and nail, and tear each other to pieces, till but one or two are left alive, and these mauled and maimed. In fact, they will behave just as low, savage natures will always do when they get together, and, *mutatis mutandis*, just as, according to General Cluseret, he and his fellow Communists did in Paris on the occasion of their famous and disastrous scramble for place and power.

A very different animal is the water rat, which, by the by, is no rat at all, but a vole, and, as naturalists tell us, an animal more nearly allied in some respects to the beaver than to rats and mice. The water rat is no exception to the before-mentioned formula of animals wild by nature being the most tamable. There is no more timid creature in existence. Every one knows, who has walked by the side of such deep sedgy brooks as the animal haunts, how it will venture only a foot or two from the element in which it finds its safety, and how, at the approach of the lightest footstep, it will drop into the water and dive rapidly to reach the subaqueous entrance of its burrow; and yet the little beast, if it be taken unhurt, will lose its shyness in a day, and in a week feed fearlessly from the hand. He will make his little sharp cry of pleasure at his master's approach, and loves to be stroked and fondled. His long, chisel-like teeth are never used traitorously. He will dive and play towards nightfall in a tub of water, and seems to delight in being watched. I once caught one in a net, and though half-drowned and stupefied from his immersion in the water, he quickly recovered, and got exceedingly tame and friendly.

The food of the water rat is exclusively vegetable. Mine used to be fond of lettuces, of cabbages, and carrot-tops; bread he would rarely eat, but boiled potatoes were his particular delight. In

his native haunts this charming little creature can do nothing but good, for he will not touch, as he is fabled to do, fish spawn, or even water insects, as I have proved more than once. He eats every kind of water weed, except those which have a rank smell, therefore he must be invaluable, in such sluggish streams, which he frequents, in keeping a free channel for the water and preventing its collection into pools, the formation of marshes, the ruin of fields, and the spread of fever and ague. To kill the water rat as a destructive vermin, which ignorant people often boast of doing, is consequently as foolish as well as barbarous act.

Then, again, as if to show how little trust can be put in popular sayings, there is the whole weasel family. None should be according to the above quoted maxim, shyness and tamability going together, be so untamable as stoats, weasels, and ferrets. To "catch a weasel asleep" is an expression of the common belief in the native wildness and watchful timidity of this family of animals. It is a popular delusion, however — weasels have little natural fear of man. St. John, the author of the most delightful of all books on Natural History next to Whitcomb's "Selborne," mentions how a stoat surprised in covert will turn round to look at a man with apparently as much boldness as a lion or tiger, hardly stirring to get out of the way. In the New Forest the present writer had an opportunity of witnessing similar fearlessness in weasels. About eight or ten of them, half-grown, with one of the old ones, kept in my sight as I stood under a tree for four or five minutes together, either playing or hunting in company within a yard or two of me, giving their curious little half-dog-like barks, and every now and then stopping to look up at me. Yet the weasel is easily tamed, and well repays the trouble of taming him. Perhaps no small animal is so gentle and affectionate as a weasel. A young one, sold to me by a village boy for a penny, and reared very easily on bread and milk, would go to sleep in my sleeve or pocket, evidently liking the warmth, and he would wake up when candle-light time came, galloping round and round the room, and over the chairs and sofas, with little inarticulate sounds of pleasure. Sometimes he would disappear for an hour or two in a rat-hole, and after sundry rattling noises and squeaks behind the wainscot would reappear very dirty and dusty, licking his lips, and with specks of blood on his face; for

pite of his graceful, gentle ways and nurture upon an innocent bread and milk diet, he had a terrible thirst for blood in his heart. The tamest weasel, if he could gain access to a poultry-house full of sleeping cocks and hens, would creep up to the roosting birds and murder every one of them before morning, not to satisfy his appetite for chicken, but for blood — every animal of this race having rooted in him that "*gosto de matar*" which the Spaniards are proud of ascribing to themselves — a delight in the mere act of killing.

I will give one more illustration of the utter fallibility of popular sayings. "As wild as a hawk" is commonly and yet quite erroneously said. No kind of hawk whose habits I have studied is wild, in the sportsman's sense of being difficult of approach, or of avoiding the presence of man. The peregrine falcon will hover over the grouse-shooter and his dogs upon the moors, swooping down upon the wounded birds, and carrying them off before his very face. A sparrowhawk in hot chase of a yellowhammer once passed within a yard of my head as I was riding along a lane in Monmouthshire, struck down his quarry in the field next the lane, and stood over it for several minutes within twenty yards of me, while I watched him through a gap in the hedge. I have seen a large hen kestrel for an hour together at dusk, hawking for cock-chafers on a lawn near a house, and at times passing so near the two or three persons present that the rustle of her wings was distinctly audible. Hawks should accordingly be untamable, but every boy who has reared a nestling knows that they can be tamed with perfect ease.

The hawk tribe — I speak of those kinds only which I have myself had in captivity, kestrels, merlins, sparrowhawks, and peregrines — although so essentially animals of prey, have none of that delight in slaughter for its own sake which, as we have seen, marks the weasel family. A hawk, his appetite sated — and a good meal will suffice him for a day or two — will look with perfect indifference at the plumpest bird fluttering within a foot of his perch.

Notwithstanding his absence of timidity when wild, the tamed hawk is the most timid and nervous of birds. Not even the more timorous of small caged birds, finches, linnets, and the like, are so easily startled as the most courageous of falcons. A sudden movement, a hand in-

cautiously approached to the bird's head, is enough to ruin a hawk's nerves forever. The old books on falconry are full of advice on this point, the most important in the training of the falcon. In the famous thirteenth century treatise on hawking entitled "*De arte venandi cum avibus*," and written by the Emperor Frederick, the necessity of a soothing and gentle manner on the part of the falconer is particularly insisted upon. The falconer who is training the newly taken bird must, says the imperial instructor, be careful never to stare at his pupil, he may frighten him nearly into convulsions by doing so: when he looks at him it must be askant and with half-closed eyes; furthermore, should the falconer have occasion to cough or sneeze, he must be careful to turn away his face; and the manuscript is illustrated with delightfully quaint representations of the falconer and his bird in various attitudes, the falconer deferentially averting his gaze, the falconer contemplating his pupil with a very mild expression of countenance, and so forth.*

The hawk family were distinguished in ancient days, as indeed they still are by naturalists, into falcons, which were held the nobler birds, and whose habit is to mount to a height in the air and thence to swoop down upon their prey — and into short-winged hawks which have no such command of the air and pursue their game with a direct flight, — coursing their quarry, as it were, through the air, and overtaking it by superior speed. The short-winged falcons were esteemed less noble than the falcons; nevertheless they are by far the bolder birds of the two, being less liable to fright. They are, nevertheless, far less tractable than the true falcons. The sparrow-hawk, for instance, which is of the short-winged kind, is a fiercer and bolder bird than the kestrel; though the kestrel is a true falcon, having not only the falcon's length of wing and shape of beak, but as every one may observe for himself, wherever this bird has not been improved away by over zealous game preservers, possessing all the true falcon's method of keeping

* This curious treatise, perhaps the most popular work of its century, was beyond all doubt written by the Emperor himself, Frederick II., the grandson of Barbarossa, and by far the ablest ruler and most powerful and accomplished prince of the period. The great Emperor's work was the text-book of kings, princes, and nobles, so long as falconry continued to be the sport of the rich and the noble. Every other later work, so far as the author is aware, is more or less of a plagiarism from the "*De arte venandi cum avibus*."

the upper air, whence he gets his local name of "wind-hover." Notwithstanding his high lineage, however, the kestrel is something of an impostor, and his quarry is by no means noble, and when he is thus anchored as it were over a single spot, with shivering wings, he is, nine times out of ten, watching for the reappearance of a dormouse or field vole — pests of the farmer — and presently he will be seen skimming and drooping plumb down from the skies upon his prey.

Every game preserver should know that the kestrel is absolutely innocent of game slaughter. Some of the smaller field-keeping birds may at times fall victims, but rats and mice of all kinds, and even beetles and cockchafers, are his legitimate quarry. Gamekeepers, as a rule, know this well enough, but with them the rule often seems to be, *everything is vermin that can be nailed on a barn door*, and if their masters see a goodly array of hawks they are satisfied, not caring to inquire how many kestrels go to make up the tale.

The kestrel is, as I know by experience, almost useless for hawking purposes, lacking the dash and courage of other hawks. The merlin and the hobby, both true falcons, which are neither of them heavier birds, can be used in the chase of partridges and pigeons, and a merlin has been known to attack a rook three or four times his own weight, while the larger peregrine will assail a heron or crane, many times as heavy and big a bird as itself. But notwithstanding the high reputation of the falcons for courage, notwithstanding their audacity, their marvellous swiftness and strength, and the terrible weapons they possess in their beaks and talons, all which advantages might, it would be thought, constitute them undisputed monarchs of the air, the bravest and strongest falcon makes no fight at all against so homely a bird as the owl.

This superiority to the boldest hawk in strength and courage is much insisted upon by the old writers. Every one remembers the fine image in Macbeth upon Duncan's murder: —

A falcon towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.

But it is not, I think, generally known how true this is to nature. The most courageous hawk I ever possessed, as a boy, was a small male merlin. Passing one day towards evening through the ride of a wood with this bird on my wrist,

a large white barn-owl passed over my head within a few yards; the terror of the merlin was excessive; he fluttered screaming to the ground, and had he not been confined by the leather *jesses* in my hand would have escaped altogether; and this terror of the owl would seem to be hereditary; for the bird though not a nestling when he reached me was still quite young, and could probably never have seen an owl in his life.

There seems to be in hawks an instinctive knowledge of the presence of an owl in their neighbourhood. A falcon, it is said in the old books, will not venture to leave the falconer's hand if an owl be in the neighbourhood, however closely the bird of night may be concealed, and the same thing is alleged by the falconers of India at the present day; and the hawk's terror of the owl is certainly well grounded, as the following anecdote will show. At about the same period of my boyhood that I was the happy possessor of the three kestrels before mentioned, there lived in the walled kitchen garden of the house a brown wood-owl which, having had his wing broken by a shot from the keeper, had been turned by me into the garden, with no more restraint upon his liberty than the necessary amputation of his pinion. He would still fly, but it was a flight of but about five yards long, and his sound wing doing him more service than his broken one, his flight used at first invariably to result in his alighting a yard or two to one side of the point he had made for. But the owl is not the emblem of wisdom for nothing, and experience taught him in time to allow for the involuntary parabola of his flight — to *correct his compasses* as it were, and to alight at the very spot he aimed for; but he could not diminish the preponderance of his stronger wing, which was so great that before the end of this curious *knight's move* flight, he had invariably turned round with his face to the point whence he had started. And what a face! a round, stolid countenance, with grave, unblinking eyes.

Nothing would move that bird to a change of expression. I saw him once deliberately stare a cat, which had approached him with no friendly intentions, out of countenance, and cause it to retreat. A terrier once barked at him incessantly for half-an-hour, with no more effect upon the owl than a slight ruffling out of his feathers, and once or twice, as the dog came too near, an ominous snapping of the beak. This owl was, as, from

my experience of him and of other species in captivity, all owls are, an utterly irclaimable savage. Nothing would mollify him but the offer of food when he was hungry, and this obtained, he would retreat to the darkest corner in the garden and stare at the person who had just fed him without the smallest expression of gratitude or satisfaction.

On one occasion, forgetful or ignorant of the prowess of owls, I brought a full-grown young kestrel, and set him on the low branch of a fruit-tree, some twenty or thirty yards from the spot usually occupied by the owl. I was retreating to the other end of the garden to call the hawk to me, when the owl caught sight of him. In three or four of its short flights it was upon him. The hawk began to scream, and was too much terrified to make a serious attempt to escape; though his flight was already strong, he fluttered along the ground with open beak and failing wings. The owl pounced upon him, a struggle and confused flutter of feathers, and the keen claws of the owl were driven into the kestrel's throat, who was giving the last dying flap of his wings before I could come to his rescue; and I could not even recover the dead bird without using considerable strength to draw it from the owl's grasp. I have never, since this episode, doubted the supremacy of the owls among the order of *raptores*.

I see that a Shakespearian commentator is inclined to consider the above quoted passage in *Macbeth* to be founded upon a popular falconer's fallacy, as to which I will only remark that the allusions to falconry in past English literature, particularly of the Elizabethan age, are so numerous, that a man should be positively ashamed to sit down to edit the works of Shakespeare and his contemporaries without knowing more of the falconer's craft than many a learned gentleman I could name.

The owl is even yet the most inscrutable of birds. I have kept the white or barn-owl (*Strix flammea*), the brown wood-owl, and the rare *Strix passerina* (the little owl), which is not much bigger than a blackbird, a beautiful bird, which is, however, the fiercest and most intractable of the whole family, throwing himself on his back on the ground when approached, and fighting furiously with claw and beak. The barn-owl, which is the largest of the three kinds, is the most sleepy, quiet, and stupid, that is if it can really be proved

that there is any element of stupidity in owls, and if they are not quite as wise as they look. For all the present writer can prove to the contrary, their wisdom is as profound as their expression is grave and knowing. The ancients were clearly impressed by their looks into the fullest belief in their sapience. Modern opinion is sceptical, and *owl* is not always used as a compliment. I give no adhesion to this cynicism: *I never knew my owls do a foolish thing.*

The owl may be a fool, but he keeps his folly to himself. No animal is so reticent. The natural cry of the barn-owl is a screech; of the wood-owl, a hoot; and of the passerine owl, a sharp cry. No one of my tamed birds ever screeched, or hooted, or cried; they were all equally indifferent, impassive, and immovable. They showed no interest in anything except food, and with that their excitement took the form of a savage eagerness to get at it, instead of the amiable greediness and cupboard-love of more sympathetic animals. Unlike the hawks, they possess no nerves. My owls were the least hysterical of winged creatures, and I believe that a gun might have been fired off in their presence without causing them a new emotion. They never seemed sleepy, or impatient, or duller, or more restless than usual. Owls are the most watchful, and, for what one can tell, the least receptive of created beings, therefore I say they are inscrutable. All other animals have their own particular ways in captivity, their special habits which betray their characters; owls have no habits, they sit still, still as death, and watch — nothing more.

I have said that parrots and monkeys exercise a bad effect upon the characters of their owners. So far as parrots are concerned, the statement needs, I should imagine, no proof. Everybody has the misfortune to know some one possessor of a parrot. Everybody has been deafened or bitten by the parrot of a neighbour or acquaintance. Every one knows that the proprietor of a parrot is always the most disagreeable and unpopular person in a street or village — a person with imperfect human sympathies, deaf to the complaints of an outraged neighbourhood, and probably submitting to his (generally *her*) favourite's shrieks from motives of pure misanthropy.

That parrots have some wit, and a fair sense of humour, I admit, but their everlasting repetition of the same joke becomes at last intolerable. A macaw of

my acquaintance would delight in stealing up to an unsuspecting morning visitor and suddenly make his powerful beak-points meet in his ankle or arm, then, as the victim would start and cry out, the bird would retreat with a low, croaking, hearty laugh. He never laughed at other times. There is no disputing the humour of this proceeding to every one but the victim. No animal excites so much fear and hatred as a vicious parrot. This particular bird was one day found strangled. We endeavoured to persuade its owner that it was a natural death—a form of apoplexy not uncommon among parrots.

Again, as to the humour of parrots. One had been taught to say "*good-bye!*" with a particularly cordial emphasis upon the first syllable, such as a hostess might use in parting from an honoured guest, and during a visit, whenever one of those common and distressing pauses occurred, the bird would put in his odious "*good-bye!*" as if both he and his mistress had had quite enough of their visitor. This, though in abominable taste, was amusing the first two or three times; but a joke that is repeated during ten years, is no joke at all, it depresses one.

I once for a short time was the possessor of a monkey. It was through no desire of my own that he became mine, for I do not like these animals; I am not comfortable with them. This particular monkey came to me as greatness is said to come to some men—he was thrust upon me. A friend, in kindly, but ignorant, sympathy with my love of animals, sent me this creature from abroad. He arrived one morning unannounced—by parcels' delivery, or in some equally inscrutable manner. I guessed and respected the sender, and kept him; and the letter which should have preceded him came a month later, when I had almost persuaded myself that I had got over my antipathy to the poor beast.

There are people who like monkeys. They it is who must be the true link between us and monkeys, just as monkeys make the link between them and the lower animals. In my opinion one must be, as it were, a semi-simian, to endure the society or even the sight of monkeys. I have, as I have said, no sympathy whatever with them; my dignity will not admit of it. I feel as a staid Castilian might feel in company with a low comedian from the Palais Royal. Their grimaces make me uncomfortable,

their half humanity shocks me, their hideous community of feature with some of my dearest friends, is horrible to me. A party of my fellow-creatures staring, with faces expressive of various stages of idiotic delight, at the antics of the caged monkeys in the Zoological Gardens is, to me, a pitiful and a painful spectacle; it is enough to persuade a man of the truth of Darwinism. Mr. Gladstone, who, not long ago, deplored the fact that his special duties gave him no leisure to read Darwin and Wallace, and to make up his mind upon the doctrine of evolution, might perhaps, now find time to spend an hour in front of the monkey-house in the Zoological Gardens. He would, I am sure, come away a strong believer in this fashionable doctrine.

Yet monkeys have many pleasing qualities; some of the species are very gentle, and capable of considerable affection towards human beings. There is however that about monkeys, in this country at least, which should effectually stand in the way of their becoming pets. They have almost always, every one of them, the seeds of a fatal consumption, their lives are nearly always to be measured by a few months, and their antics are none the fewer that they are racked every now and then by a dry hectic cough. Their ill health depresses them, but nothing can deprive them of their love of mischief, and this contrast of buffoonery and depression is one reason why a tame monkey makes one of the most melancholy of pets. They are ghastly humorists, they are drolls in season and out, their gaiety is like that ascribed to the Chinese, who laugh to see the executioner flog or behead a criminal. A monkey's humour is of a kind that I could never enter into. It is founded on the doing of mischief. Let the man who does not believe me watch a monkey playing with puppies or kittens, and compare their innocent playfulness with the cruel tricks the monkey will put upon them.

My own monkey pined away, and in two months after he came to me, do what I would, was in the last stage of consumption. It was cold, shivery, winter weather. He crouched near the fire, feeble and exhausted, looking at me, as sick animals will do, with reproachful eyes, as if I was responsible for his sufferings; but almost to the last he would do mischief, pulling a burning coal on to the hearth-rug, or upsetting a cup of tea if it stood within reach of him. Notwithstanding

his wickedness he was affectionate, and I was getting reconciled to him when he died.

We have perhaps had nearly enough of these simian ethics, and I will only add that I suspect that there are, deep down in the simian nature, sparks of something not altogether ignoble, and I will tell a story to support my belief.

In a Paris restaurant I once acted audience to a narration by a French officer, which though it moves me to a strong feeling of indignation to recall, I will repeat for the honour of the race I have been aspersing. The scene of the story was, if I recollect, one of the French settlements on the West Coast of Africa, and the actors in it the narrator himself, and a comrade. These "officers and gentlemen," finding time hang heavily on their hands, amused themselves one day by pursuing a tame monkey through the corridors of the barracks and cutting the unfortunate little animal to pieces with their swords. The joke of the whole thing (which I am glad to say fell exceedingly flat upon the Frenchmen present) was, according to the gallant fellow who told the story, the brave manner in which the monkey met his death — not uttering a cry or trying to run away when he saw his fate was inevitable, but dying, as the officer said, "like a little hero." If this story be true (I tried at the time to hope that the teller of it was only a liar), there would seem really to be behind the levity and unendurable tricksomeness of monkeys some latent heroic qualities; just as very tiresome or prosaic people sometimes come out unexpectedly well and nobly in emergencies.

I hardly think that the editor of so thoughtful a periodical as the *New Quarterly Magazine* will allow me to go on spinning out the story of my experiences with tame animals, unless I can show that there is some sort of purpose in what I have to say; and indeed there is some moral to be got out of me, and I think not a useless one.

In these days of ultra-scientific natural history there seems to be no little peril of a neglect of the study of the habits and character of animals in favour of those anatomical and structural characteristics which of course are the basis of all real advance in scientific natural history. To be sure, there is no likelihood of any such neglect on the part of the really great naturalists; but then the army of science is not made up of generals — we are not all Darwins and Owens and Huxleys — and

the danger is that the steady plodders and useful Dryasdusts will see their duty in the disregard of what may seem to them the less tangible modes of knowledge.

It is of course not an easy thing to dissect an Ascidian, and count its *cilia* and *branchiæ*, and class it accordingly, nor to put a crystal under the microscope and examine its structure to any purpose; but there are things which take a keener sight to perceive even than these, more patience to observe, and more tact to seize — and these are the evanescent characteristics of mind, of temper, and of emotion. A man gets little help from science here; his magnifying glasses and reagents and dissecting implements are of no use at all, and there is nothing but his mother wit to serve him. Read Mr. Darwin's notes of the shades of difference in the ways and habits of different animals, notice what judgment and what discrimination he uses, and what importance he attaches to these matters.

After all, how little we know of the inner life of animals. How few our facts are, and how little certain we are of them. What a huge book, and what an intensely interesting one, is waiting to be written on this subject by some great genius of the future. Surely it tells not a little for the incuriosity, and perhaps for the conceit of us humans, that we have been taken up so entirely with our little selves for these many thousand years past, and have been honouring historians and poets, and philosophers and novelists, and travellers and essayists, simply because they told or imagined, or guessed or reported, the ways and the manners, and the conversations and thoughts, and ideas and faculties, of our fellow human creatures; and all the time we have been acting as if we were alone in the world — as if it were not inhabited by crowds of beings with ways towards us and towards each other which, seeing how much we depend upon these same animals, it behoves us most strongly to understand.

It is really ludicrous how ignorant we are. Not of the characters of the wilder animals only, but even of those we have lived with all our lives. An ordinarily intelligent man would be ashamed if he could not make some sort of a comparison between the individuals of two nations, say between a German and a Hindoo, a Frenchman and a Negro — how one is this and the other that — but let the same person be asked to assess the differences between any two kinds of

animals, let us say, to take a very easy case, between a horse and an ox, and the chances are he would break down completely. He would think it easy and obvious till he came to try, then he would probably say it was not worth doing, the differences were so slight. In fact, it is not easy to observe these differences, though for the matter of that, they are important enough, and it is particularly difficult to put them into words. As to the thing not being worth doing, it is an argument which should logically lead us to close our schools, burn our books, and hang our professors. I do not care even to argue that such knowledge is invaluable as a step in the great advancement of learning and attainment of truth; I say it is important from the most utilitarian point of view. Even the inability to make such an apparently unimportant comparison as I have suggested between horses and oxen may lead to most unprofitable consequences in human economy.

In a southern country with which the writer is acquainted, the people have for many centuries been accustomed to the use of oxen for draught purposes; only within the last twenty or thirty years have horses to some extent taken the place of oxen in carts and carriages, and mark the consequence: the drivers and carters were used to and had mastered the ways of oxen—their slow, phlegmatic temperaments, their patience, their endurance, their mild obstinacy, and their latent docility—but they have not had the wit to learn that the horse has a temperament the reverse of all this; that he is nervous, quick, timid, and excitable, and yet, rightly understood, the far more tractable beast of the two, and capable of better service. The result of this ignorance is very poor service rendered to man, and very bad treatment indeed of the horse. It is another evidence of the truth of the old adage that knowledge is power; an adage to which may safely be added the corollary that brutality—a *mode* of ignorance—is loss of power.

The races of man who are wanting in intellectual training and development, and rich in brutality and cruelty, have never succeeded in training to their service the three most highly-organized and most valuable among beasts of burden. No pure Negro race, in its savage state, has ever trained the horse. The elephant has never been enslaved but by races who, whatever their moral culture may be, have reached a high and keen in-

tellectual standard. Why have no native African races ever made this huge and docile beast their servant? Simply because they have lacked the requisite intelligence. It is not that the African species of elephant is less tractable than the Indian species, as has been suggested; for no sooner was a civilized people of European origin established at Carthage than they began to domesticate the native elephant of Africa. The more patient ox and the hardy ass are the beasts of burden of races little advanced in intellectual culture all the world over, and neither horse nor camel was ever brought to perfection by any people without some considerable degree of civilization. The nations who have done most for the horse are nations with whom kindness to animals is a virtue—the Persians, the Arabs, and ourselves. With the Orientals, humanity to animals is a religious duty, and no one who has been much abroad would venture to say that we ourselves were anything but a humane people, in spite of our cab-horses and costermongers' donkeys.

To resume the interrupted thread of my personal experiences. A severe classical education at Eton was diversified in my case by the occasional study of the habits of wild animals. There used to live—perhaps still lives—a person who kept a shop in the High Street of Eton. His house stood on the same side of the street as, and a door or two beyond, that of Mr. Knox, well known to all old Etonians, and over his door was written the attractive word “Naturalist.” This man, a small, thin, shabby, and not over clean, sallow-faced individual—a type of person with whom I have since made larger acquaintance among the natural historians of Seven Dials and the Rutcliff Highway—was in his way a keen observer of nature, and had the out-door natural history of the neighbourhood at his fingers' end. He could tell a boy how to catch cray-fish below Eton Bridge, where the big trout were lying, and he hid, for his more intimate acquaintances, immoral histories of poaching forays into the royal preserves of Windsor. He was likewise a man of quick, sharp speech, as a man had need to be who makes his living among Eton boys, where “chaff” is a coin more current than any other.

Mr. White's shop—I think this was the man's name—was a perfect museum: stuffed birds and live birds, and animals of every kind, many of them rare and curious,

hawks and canary birds, tame snakes and piping bullfinches, gold fish and guinea pigs, bull terriers and lop-eared rabbits, parrots and macaws, were confined in a narrow space, and the concert of barking, screaming, piping, singing, reinforced by the noisiness, as bad as any other, of schoolboys, was dominated by the shrill voice of the proprietor of the establishment.

I never knew a man with such a genius for the management of animals. This sharp-voiced, dirty, ugly little man seemed to exercise some occult fascination upon bird and beast. A very fierce macaw, that would make his beak meet in any one else's arm, would lower his head and ruffle out his feathers as White passed near. He would stroke the wildest hawk without causing any alarm to the bird, and I saw him once when a countryman had brought a wild fox in a sack, open the mouth of it, insert his arm, and draw the beast out with his hand on the back of its neck, as easily as he would take up a terrier.

Plunging his hands one day into a green baize bag, he extracted and held up to our boyish admiration three or four large snakes—adders, as we then believed, and I am afraid he encouraged us to think. Like the Indian snake-charmers in pictures, he let them coil round his wrists and his neck, and wind up on to his head, darting out their forked tongues, and glaring weirdly with their beady eyes, and hissing from among his hair, making him look like a ridiculous cockney Medusa. Then and there was first implanted in me the liking I have always had for snakes and serpents. They exercise an inexplicable fascination over me which I should call singular had I not read that the late Mr. Charles Buxton was possessed of a sympathy with these tortuous reptiles as strong as my own.

As a pet, there is little to be said for any snake or serpent whatever. They are a stupid race, quite maligned in being called cunning, apathetic when they have fed, and familiar without being friendly when they are hungry; but there is something marvellously impressive in many of their ways; and I am singularly fascinated by their silent, gliding, sinuous mode of progression, by the inexorable manner in which they approach their prey or their food, even if it be but a saucerful of bread and milk. I can understand how serpent-worship could take root in the beliefs of simple men and grow up in anti-sceptical ages into a real

religion; for I myself possess germs of what might have developed into this mysterious *cultus*. I therefore make no doubt but that I am, *in propria persona*, an interesting subject for study, and Dr. Fergusson should certainly have made my acquaintance before writing his learned work.

I pass over the many species of tame animals to whose habits I obtained an introduction through Mr. White at Eton; rabbits, guinea-pigs, tortoises, and the before-mentioned snakes, formed my menagerie at school, where *silence* is for obvious reasons a necessity in a boy's pets. At the University, other pursuits and distractions interfered with my tastes; and I can recall nothing but a specimen of the rather rare black scoter duck, found benumbed with cold during a severe frost, and presented to me by my *scout*. The bird lived for two months in a spare sponging-bath in my dressing-room, and got tame. Never shall I forget the astonishment of a breakfast party of undergraduates when the sooty-winged bird flew one day noisily into the room, flapped his way a dozen times round the walls darting finally through a pane of glass into space, and never being seen again. An apparition enough to have persuaded a party of spiritualists of the visible presence of the evil one himself!

Some wild animals, as I have shown, very quickly lose their shyness: all the species of wild duck that I have had in captivity got tame quickly and without trouble; so do the little grebes (dab-chicks) which get familiar in a day, and will live contentedly, swimming, diving and playing in a basin of water; but except in so far as their potentiality for domestication goes, the captivity of these animals is of no sort of importance to mankind. The dab-chick is a small member of the family of divers, from among which we may perhaps some day make a useful servant. I never possessed a cormorant, but it is well known to be tamable, and is utilized by the Chinese to catch fish. To domesticate the cormorant would be the greatest achievement over the animal kingdom made in historical times. Is it proved to be impossible?

Having once been presented with a half-grown heron, I began his education with a view of making use of his well-known talents as an angler, but the heron is an intractable bird. Mine was a wild-looking creature, standing over three feet high, and holding himself in fine,

statuesque, and most dignified attitudes ; a rather wicked and treacherous bird, however, who would make sudden stabs with his great bayonet of a beak, and once so nearly succeeded in scooping out one of my eyes, that I approached him ever after very guardedly. I overcame the difficulties of primary education ; I got him tame, and I got him to follow me out of doors, stalking after me (when a little hungry) with expanded wings. His patience was a marvel. When placed in a shallow pond, he would stand far longer than I cared to watch him ; I never, indeed, knew him to catch anything, nor would he probably have consented to surrender his prey to his master if he had. This was to have been an advanced part of his education — his degree — which he never took, for one morning, going into the hut in which he lived, I found him lying upon his back, stone dead, cold and stiff, his head thrown straight back, his wings closed, his legs decently outstretched and one crossed over the other, looking like a carved effigy of a crusader on a mediæval monument.

It need hardly be said that the faculty possessed by the late Mr. White of Eton, the present writer, and other gifted persons, resides to some extent in the knowledge and practice of certain maxims and rules which are not universally known. To acquire any influence over wild animals, their appetite must be appealed to, and this is why the larger carnivorous birds are more tamable than the seed-eating and insect-eating birds. Birds of prey, in weather when they cannot hunt, or at times when their game is scarce, must needs fast. Eagles and vultures, hawks and owls, cannot even be kept in health without an occasional fast. After long fasting they eat ravenously and immensely, and this *régime* of alternate fasts and feasts is in captivity an essential part of their treatment.

With quadrupeds of prey something of the same sort holds good ; they get their food by fits and starts, and when they get any they often get much. Every one knows that a healthy dog is in the better health for being fed only once a day, but a cow, a sheep, or a horse would die in a week if it could not pass as many hours as a dog spends minutes over its meals. A horse might be taught as many tricks as a dog if he could be made as hungry, for he is quite as docile ; but whereas a dog can be taught to beg or to retrieve in a week, it often takes, according to the Duke of Newcastle, of horse-training

celebrity, as much as eighteen months to teach a horse so simple a thing as the *Demi-volte* or the *Capriole*.

But neither horses nor dogs, tempting subjects indeed, come into the limits of this paper on tame animals. Horses I have already written upon, and the Editor kindly promises me an opportunity of developing my views upon "Dogs and their Masters" in a future Number.

It is on the above-mentioned principle that all raptorial birds are trained, and it underlies the teaching and the tamability of all carnivorous beasts ; but the fasting should not be over-prolonged ; it is cruel and also a mistake, for excessive hunger makes the animal too eager and irritable to learn. It was by following this system that I made the heron tame, and the Chinese, no doubt, use it in the training of fishing cormorants. By combining this method with gentleness, constant handling, and some amount of tact, there are very few animals, even the wildest and most fierce, that may not in time be made tame, tractable, familiar, and often friendly and affectionate.

With small birds a compulsory fast is hardly possible. To remove the seed from a bird's cage for an hour is quite as much as is prudent. But the smaller cage birds — I cannot speak from much experience of them — are by nature more tamable, though also more timid, than the larger species. As in all races of animals, individuals of the same species vary greatly in their capacity of tameness, as every one who has possessed canaries well knows. Among seed-eaters, goldfinches are the most teachable, and bullfinches the most friendly. The keeping of these little creatures in health and happiness during their captivity, is of course guided by the same principles as rule the management of the larger and statelier birds and beasts. All possible conformity to the modes of life they have been accustomed to in nature is the first point, so that the closest observer of these modes of life shall be the most successful rearer and keeper of wild animals. This is perhaps why, as a rule, only those birds are made cage birds, and only those species kept domesticated as poultry, whose food can be reduced entirely to a seed diet. In England, no cage birds but the various linnets, finches, and larks can be said to be at all common, and seed and water is nearly all they want to keep them in health. In the poultry-yard, turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, and guinea fowls, though they are the better for a

mixed diet, will yet thrive on corn and water. Not so the pheasant, or the partridge, or the grouse, and the first of the three at least might by this time be a poultry-yard bird, had he been content with the food of cocks and hens, or had we had the wit to hit upon a diet suitable to him.

The somewhat *routinier* ideas of English bird-fanciers condemn them to neglect the cage birds which are incomparably the finest songsters of any. Though the nightingale is so common a wild bird, a tame one, full grown and in good song, costs from one to five guineas, entirely from difficulty—a fancied difficulty for the most part—in rearing. He must be fed, our English fanciers think, on mealworms and on a so-called “paste” of complicated composition; and so treated is generally a draggle-tailed, silent, and melancholy-looking bird. The difficulties of keeping a still commoner bird of the same family, the blackcap warbler, are supposed to be even greater, and this bird, too, is very rare in captivity in England, but there are things not dreamt of in the philosophy of the cockney bird-fanciers. In some parts of Southern Europe the blackcap is one of the commonest of cage birds, and is usually seen in fine plumage. The secret is a judicious, varied diet, imitated from the bird’s natural food. When wild, the blackcap feeds on insects and on fruit of all kinds: in captivity he is fed on a *mass* made of dried figs minced fine, moistened with a drop or two of wine, and sometimes with a red capsicum or two chopped up in it—an odd addition. This spiced fig pudding seems to serve as the *pièce de résistance* of the blackcap’s dinner. He will require, from time to time, bread and milk, chopped meat, hard-boiled egg chopped, and a dessert of whatever fruit may be in season, from an orange to a strawberry, to vary his food. To be sure, most people would consider all this trouble thrown away upon so insignificant a little bird, but then the blackcap is a very lively, interesting, and amusing cage bird, and, if well cared for, will reward his keeper, for nine months of the year, with a song which in sweetness and mellowness is hardly inferior to that of the nightingale itself.

I began this paper with a somewhat deprecatory allusion to my interest in the keeping and taming of wild animals. I am not sure that I shall not end it by taking credit for the possession of such

an interest. I say boldly for myself, “*animalis nihil a me alienum puto*,” I thoroughly sympathize with the brute creation. After all, is not the art of rearing, breeding, and taming wild animals an imperial art, well worthy the attention of a dominant nation, and peculiarly worthy the attention of us, the people of these islands? It is not a boast, but a fact, that we, in spite of our climate, have surpassed every nation that ever lived in these same arts. What sort of a country would this be, how much poorer a one, our fields how much less fertile, our larders how much less full, and our purses how much emptier, if we had not successfully set our wits to breed stronger and swifter horses, fatter sheep and oxen, cows that yield more milk, and even cocks and hens, geese and turkeys, better and larger and heavier than those of our neighbours?

We have done much in this direction, but it would be a very finite world indeed, if we had already got to the end of our tether. It can hardly be doubted that more work still remains to be done, but I am inclined to think that it is for the most part work that will have to be done co-operatively, by societies rather than by individuals; and I think the direction of these future achievements will lie in experiments connected with the domestication of new species, rather than in the improvement of the races we have already domesticated.

Some years ago, there existed in London an Acclimatization Society, of which the present writer was an unworthy member, a paying member, but not—for his avocations would not permit it,—a working or a consultative member. The leading idea of the society was, as its name implied, the accustoming to our English climate of new animals; but does not the very word, acclimatization, involve some sort of a fallacy? Is it quite certain that any inuring to a different climate is necessary, with at least the majority of importations from one country to another? The acclimatization theory is always accepted and assumed without question, but I think it is by no means so certainly established as to give its name to a society whose objects should have been more general. Some very clever men were fellows of our English Acclimatization Society, but they were far too much occupied to bestow much of their time or talent upon the proceedings of the society.

The Acclimatization Society has long

ceased to exist. There was an unfortunate air of absurdity thrown over everything connected with it, from the first. We, the fellows, were told that the object of our existence as a society was the discovery of a new domestic animal which was to be midway in size between a rabbit and a pig, and to have, of course, all the good qualities of both ; though a very slight knowledge of natural history would have taught us that nothing resembling such a beast existed in the known world. Then, our zeal for the cause led us to give a grand dinner at which strange birds, beasts, and fishes figured in the bill of fare, and the speech of the evening was made by a Member of Parliament, whose strong point is the breadth rather than the delicacy of his humour. He had been well primed with data and acclimatization statistics of every kind, and he very naturally used them after his kind, by making not wholly unjustifiable fun of the whole thing ; some idea of the character of which may be gathered from the fact of his gravely insisting that his hosts of the evening were a party of hippophagists in disguise, if nothing worse, and that we had induced our guests to eat, unawares, of the meat we loved. There was really a great deal of comic force about the speech, and personally I have seldom laughed more ; but the cause of acclimatization was thenceforth a ruined cause. When I next inquired after the society, a year or two later, it had been broken up. In England the soundest cause will not survive being laughed at, and we had allowed our zeal to carry us a little beyond our discretion. The beefsteaks of eland cow, the *entrées* of sea-cucumber, the soup with birds' nests in it, and, above all, the compromise between the pig and the rabbit, were the death of the Acclimatization Society.

This paper has already reached to nearly its full limits, and it would take as much space as I have already occupied to show how a society, which should eschew sensational dinners, and comic Members of Parliament, and the search after the beast unknown to Cuvier, might yet find plenty of useful work for itself. There are plenty of desiderata. We want new and more savoury fish for our ponds and rivers, like the black bass of America, or the great pike-perch of the Austrian rivers ; we want a larger and better bird in our pigeon-cots ; a rodent as hardy as the rabbit and better to eat ; we want to ascertain whether, among the innumerable varieties of deer in various parts of

the world, a sort could not be found with venison as good as the fallow deer, and which should not require the breadth and wildness of a deer-park to keep him in health ; we want some bird for our game coverts more hardy than the pheasant, and perhaps better to eat. Then we may, perhaps, in time people the shallow seas round our coasts and the estuaries of our rivers with the delicious oysters and clams of the North American seas, and our rivers with the terrapins which the Americans prize so highly.

An English society to promote these objects should, of course, be a rich one. It should be a Royal society, in the sense of having the prestige of connection with Government, but without a Government contribution (there is small danger of that) or any control by Government. It should, I think, stimulate research by the grant of a gold medal for the most successful achievements of the year. All our ambassadors, ministers, and consuls abroad, all governors of colonies, all captains in the Royal Navy on foreign service, should be *ex officio* honorary and corresponding members. The society should not itself institute experiments, but should act as agent, in London and other large seaports, for the furtherance of the schemes of its members. Researches and experiments should be undertaken by the individual members, but the society should assist these labours, when they were likely to promise success, by grants in aid.

A society so constituted, and working quietly and steadily, could not fail to produce valuable results. Its annual "proceedings" would at any rate make delightful reading, and this is more — a great deal more — than I would venture to say of many societies now in existence.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ONE man there is, or was, who ought to have been brought forward long ago. Everybody said the same thing of him — he wanted nothing more than the power of insisting upon his reputation, and of checking his own bashfulness, to make him one of the foremost men anywhere in or near Steyning. His name was Bottler, as everybody knew ; and through

some hereditary veins of thought, they always added "the pigman"—as if he were a porcine hybrid!

He was nothing of the sort. He was only a man who stuck pigs, when they wanted sticking; and if at such times he showed humanity, how could that identify him with the animal between his knees? He was sensitive upon this point at times, and had been known to say, "I am no pigman; what I am is a master pork-butcher."

However, he could not get over his name, any more than anybody else can. And if such a trifle hurt his feelings, he scarcely insisted upon them, until he was getting quite into his fifth quart of ale, and discovering his true value.

A writer of the first eminence, who used to be called "Tully," but now is euphoniously cited as "Kikero," has taught us that to neglect the world's opinion of one's self is a proof not only of an arrogant, but even of a dissolute mind. Bottler could prove himself not of an arrogant, and still less of a dissolute mind; he respected the opinion of the world; and he showed his respect in the most convincing and flattering manner, by his style of dress. He never wore slops, or an apron even, unless it were at the decease or during the obsequies of a porker. He made it a point of honour to maintain an unbroken succession of legitimate white stockings—a problem of deep and insatiable anxiety to every woman in Steyning town. In the first place, why did he wear them? It took several years to determine this point; but at last it was known, amid universal applause, that he wore them in memory of his first love. But then there arose a far more difficult and excruciating question—how did he do it? Had he fifty pairs? Did he wash them himself, or did he make his wife? How could he kill pigs and keep his stockings perpetually unsullied? Emphatically and despairingly, — why had they never got a hole in them?

He, however, with an even mind, trod the checkered path of life with fustian breeches and white stockings. His coat was of West of England broadcloth, and of a rich imperial blue, except where the colour had yielded to time; and all his buttons were of burnished brass. His honest countenance was embellished with a fine candid smile, whenever he spoke of the price of pigs or pork; and no one had ever known him to tell a lie—or at any rate he said so.

This good and remarkable man was open to public inspection every morning in his shop from eight to twelve o'clock. He then retired to his dinner, and customers might thump and thump with a key or knife, or even his own steel, on the counter, but neither Mr. nor Mrs. Bottler would condescend to turn round for them. Nothing less than the chink of a guinea would stir them at this sacred time. But if any one had a guinea to rattle on the board and did it cleverly, the blind across the glass-door was drawn back on its tape, and out peeped Bottler.

When dinner and subsequent facts had been dealt with, this eminent pigman horsed his cart, hoisted his favorite child in over the foot-board, and set forth in quest of pigs, or as he put it more elegantly, "hanimals german to his profession." That favourite child, his daughter Polly, being of breadth and length almost equal, and gifted with "bow-legs" (as the public had ample means of ascertaining), was now about four years old, and possessed of remarkable gravity even for that age. She would stand by the hour between her father's knees, while he guided the shambling horse, and gaze most intently at nothing at all; as if it were the first time she ever had enjoyed the privilege of inspecting it.

Rags and bones (being typical of the beginning and end of humanity) have an inner meaning of their own, and stimulate all who deal in them. At least it often seems to be so, though one must not be too sure of it. Years of observation lead us to begin to ask how to observe a little.

Bonny had not waited for this perversity of certainty. He had long been taking observations of Polly Bottler—as he could get them—and the more he saw her, the more his finest feelings were drawn forth by her, and the way she stood between her father's legs. Some boys have been known to keep one virtue so enlarged and fattened up, like the liver of a Strasburg goose, that the flavour of it has been enough to abide—if they died before dissolution—in the rue of pious memory.

Exactly so it was with that Bonny. He never feigned to be an honest boy, because it would have been too bad of him; besides that, he did not know how to do it, and had his own reasons for waiting a bit; yet nothing short of downright starvation could have driven him at any time to steal so much as one pig's trotter from his patron's cart, or shop, or

yard. Now this deserves mention, because it proves that there does, or at any rate did, exist a discoverable specimen of a virtue so rare, that its existence escaped all suspicion till after the classic period of the Latin tongue.

A grateful soul, or a grateful spirit — we have no word to express “*animus*,” though we often express it towards one another — such was the Roman form for this virtue, as a concrete rarity. And a couple of thousand years have made it ever so much rarer.

In one little breast it still abode, purely original and native, and growing underneath the soil, shy of light and hard to find, like the truffle of the South Downs. Bonny was called, in one breath every day, a shameful and a shameless boy; and he may have deserved but a middling estimate from a lofty point of view. It must be admitted that he slipped sometimes over the border of right and wrong, when a duck or a rabbit, or a green goose haply, hopped or waddled on the other side of it, in the tempting twilight. But even that he avoided doing, until half-pence were scarce and the weather hungry.

Now being, as has been said before, of distinguished countenance and costume, he already had made a tender impression upon the heart of Polly Bottler; and when she had been very good and conquered the alphabet up to P the pig — at which point professional feelings always overcame the whole family — the reward of merit selected by herself would sometimes be a little visit to Bonny, as the cart came back from Findon. There is room for suspicion, however, that true love may not have been the only motive power, or at least that poor Bonny had a very formidable rival in Jack the donkey; inasmuch as the young lady always demanded as the first-fruit of hospitality a prolonged caracole on that quadruped, which she always performed in cavalier fashion, whereto the formation of her lower members afforded especial facility.

Now one afternoon towards All-hallows day, when the air was brisk and the crisp leaves rustled, some under foot and some overhead, Mr. Bottler, upon his return from Storrington, with four pretty porkers in under his net, received from his taciturn daughter that push on his right knee, whose import he well understood. It meant — “We are going to see Bonny to-day. You must turn on this side and go over the fields.”

“All right, little un,” the pigman an-

swered, with his never-failing smile. “Daddy knows as well as you do a’most; though you can’t expect him to come up to you.”

Polly gave a nod, which was as much as any one ever expected of her all the time she was out of doors. At home she could talk any number to the dozen, when the mood was on her; but directly she got into the open air, the size of the world was too much for her. All she could do was to stand, and wonder, and have the whole of it going through her, without her feeling anything.

After much jolting, and rattling, and squeaking of pigs at the roughness of sod or fallow, they won to the entrance of Coombe Lorraine, and the hermitage of Bonny. That exemplary boy had been all day pursuing his calling with his usual diligence, and was very busy now, blowing up his fire to have some hot savoury stew to warm him. All his beggings and his buyings, &c., were cast in together; and none but the cook and consumer could tell how marvellously they always managed to agree among themselves, and with him. A sharp little turn of air had set in, and made every rover of the land sharp set; and the lid of the pot was beginning to lift charily and preciously, when the stubble and bramble crackled much. Bonny esconced in his kitchen corner, on the right hand outside his main entrance, kept stirring the fire, and warming his hands, and indulging in a preliminary smell. Bearing ever in his mind the stern duty of promoting liberal sentiments, he had felt while passing an old woman’s garden, how thoroughly welcome he ought to be to a few sprigs of basil, a handful of onions, and a pinch of lemon-thyme; and how much more polite it was to dispense with the frigid ceremony of asking.

As the cart rattled up in the teeth of the wind, Polly Bottler began to expand her frank ingenuous nostrils; inhaled the breeze, and thus spake with her mouth —

“Dad, I’s e verry hungry.”

“No wonder,” replied the paternal voice; “what a boy, to be sure, that is to cook! At his time of life, just to taste his stoos! He’ve got a born knowledge what to put in — ay, and what to keep out; and how long to do it. He deserveth that pot as I gived him out of the bilin’ house; now dothn’t he? If moother worn’t looking for us to home, with chittlings and fried taties, I’d as lief

sit down and sup with him. He maketh me in the humour, that he doth."

As soon as he beheld his visitors, Bonny advanced in a graceful manner, as if his supper was of no account. He had long been aware from the comments of boys at Steyning (who were hostile to him) that his chimney-pot hat was not altogether in strict accord with his character. This had mortified him as deeply as his lightsome heart could feel; because he had trusted to that hat to achieve his restoration into the bosom of society. The words of the incumbent of his parish (ere ever the latter began to thrash him) had sunk into his inner and deeper consciousness and conscience; and therein had stirred up a nascent longing to have something to say to somebody whose fore-legs were not employed for locomotion any longer.

Alas, that ghost of a definition has no leg to stand upon! No two great authorities (perfect as they are, and complete in their own system) can agree with one another concerning the order of a horse's feet in walking, ambling, or trotting, or even standing on all fours in stable. The walk of a true-born Briton is surely almost as important a question. Which arm does he swing to keep time with which leg; and bends he his elbows in time with his knees; and do all four occupy the air, or the ground, or himself, in a regulated sequence; and if so, what aberration must ensue from the use of a walking-stick? *Cædipus*, who knew all about feet (from the tenderness of his own soles), could scarcely be sure of all this, before the time of the close of the market.

This is far too important a question to be treated hastily. Only, while one is about it, let Bonny's hat be settled for. Wherever he thought to have made an impression with this really guinea-hat, ridicule and execration followed on his naked heels; till he sold it at last for tenpence-halfpenny, and came back to his naked head. Society is not to be carried by storm even with a picked-up hat.

Jack, the donkey, was always delighted to have Polly Bottler upon his back. Not perhaps from any vaticination of his future mistress, but because she was sure to reward him with a cake, or an apple, or something good; so that when he felt her sturdy little legs, both hands in his mane, and the heels begin to drum, he would prick his long ears, and toss his white nose, and would even have scratched his neck, if nature had not strict-

ly forbidden him. On the present occasion, however, Polly did not very long witch the world with noble donkeymanship; although Mr. Bottler sat patiently in his cart, smiling as if he could never kill a pig, and with paternal pride stamped on every wrinkle of his nose; while the brief-lived porkers poked their snouts through the net, and watched with little sharp hairy eyes the very last drama perhaps in which they would be spectators only. The lively creatures did not suspect that Bonny's fire, the night after next, would be cooking some of their vital parts, with a truly fine smell of sausages.

Sausages were too dear for Bonny; as even the pigs at a glance were aware; but he earned three quarters of a pound for nothing, by noble hospitality. To wit, his angel of a Polly had not made more than three or four parades, while he (with his head scarcely reaching up to the mark at the back of the donkey's ears, where the perspiration powdered) shouted, and holloed, and made-believe to be very big—as boys must do, for practice towards their manhood—when by some concurrent goodwill of air, and fire, and finer elements, the pot-lid arose, to let out a bubble of goodness returning to its native heaven; and the volatile virtue gently hovered to leave a fair memory behind.

The merest corner of this fragrance flipped into Polly Bottler's nose, as a weaker emanation had done, even before she began her ride. And this time her mouth and her voice expressed cessation of hesitation.

"'Et me down, 'et me down," she cried, stretching her fat short arms to Bonny; "I 'ants some; I'se so hungry."

"Stop a bit, miss," said Bonny, as being the pink of politeness to all the fair: "there, your purty little toes is on the blessed ground again. Stop a bit, miss, while I runs into my house, for to get the spoon."

For up to this time he had stirred his soup with a forked stick made of dogwood, which helps to flavour everything; but now as a host, he was bound to show his more refined resources. Polly, however, was so rapt out of her usual immobility that she actually toddled into Bonny's house to make him be quick about the spoon. He, in amazement, turned round and stared, to be sure of his eyes that such a thing could ever have happened to him. The jealousy of the collector strove with the hospitality of the

householder and the chivalry of the rover. But the finer feelings conquered, and he showed her round the corner. Mr. Bottler, who could not get in, cracked his whip and whistled at them.

Polly, with great eyes of wonder and fright at her own daring, longed with one breath to go on, and with the next to run back again. But the boy caught hold of her hand, and she stuck to him through the ins and outs of light, until there was something well worth seeing.

What is the sweetest thing in life? Hope, love, gold, fame, pride, revenge, danger—or anything else, according to the nature of the liver. But with those who own very little, and have “come across” all that little, with risk and much uncertainty, the sweetest thing in life is likely to be the sense of ownership. The mightiest hoarder of gold and silver, Cræsus, Rhampsinitus, or Solomon, never thought half so much of his stores, or at any rate, never enjoyed them as much as this rag-and-bone collector his. When he came to his room he held his breath, and watched with the greatest anxiety for corresponding emotion of Polly.

The room was perhaps about twelve feet long, and eight feet wide at its utmost, scooped from the chalk without any sharp corners, but with a grand contempt of shape. The floor went up and down, and so did the roof, according to circumstances; the floor appearing inclined to rise, and the roof to come down if called upon. Much excellent rubbish was here to be found; but the window was the first thing to seize and hold any stranger's attention. It must have been built either by or for the old hermit who once had dwelt there; at any rate no one could have designed it without a quaint ingenuity. It was cut through a three-foot wall of chalk, the embrasure being about five feet in span, and three feet deep at the crown of the arch. In the middle, a narrow pier of chalk was left to keep the arch up, and the lights on either side were made of horn, stained glass, and pig's bladder. The last were of Bonny's handiwork, to keep out the wind when it blew too cold among the flaws of ages. And now as the evening light fetched round the foot of the hills, and gathered strongly into this western aspect, the richness of colours was such that even Polly's steadfast eyes were dazed.

Without vouchsafing so much as a glance at Bonny's hoarded glories, the

child ran across the narrow chamber, and spread out her hands and opened her mouth wider even than her eyes, at the tints now streaming in on her. The glass had been brought perhaps from some ruined chapel of the hillside, and glowed with a depth of colour infused by centuries of sunset; not one pane of regular shape was to be found among them; but all, like veins of marble, ran with sweetest harmony of hue, to meet the horn and the pig's bladder. From the outside it looked like a dusty slate traversed with bits of a crusted bottle; it required to be seen from the inside, like an ancient master's painting.

Polly, like the rest of those few children who do not overtalk themselves, spent much of her time in observation, storing the entries inwardly. And young as she was, there might be perhaps a doubt entertained by those who knew her whether she were not of a deeper and more solid cast of mind than Bonny. Her father at any rate declared, and her mother was of the same opinion, that by the time she was ten years old she would buy and sell all Steyning. However, they may have thought this because all their other children were so stupid.

Now, be they right or be they wrong—as may be shown hereafter—Polly possessed at least the first and most essential of all the many endowments needful to approach success. Polly Bottler stuck to her point. And now, even with those fine old colours, like a century of rainbows, puzzling her, Polly remembered the stew in the pot, and pointed with her finger to the window-ledge where something shone in a rich blue light.

“Here's a 'poon, Bonny!” she exclaimed; “here's a 'poon! 'Et me have it, Bonny.”

“No, that's not a spoon, miss; and I can't make out for the life of me whatever it can be. I've a seed a many queer things, but I never seed the likes of that afore. Ah, take care, miss, or you'll cut your fingers!”

For Polly, with a most resolute air, had scrambled to the top of an old brown jar (the salvage from some shipwreck) which stood beneath the window-sill, and thence with a gallant sprawl she reached and clutched the shining implement which she wanted to eat her stew with. The boy was surprised to see her lift it with her fat brown fingers, and hold it tightly without being cut or stung as he expected. For he had a wholesome fear of this

thing, and had set it up as a kind of fetish, his mind (like every other) requiring something to bow down to. For the manner of his finding it first, and then its presentment in the mouth of Jack, added to the interest which its unknown meaning won for it.

With a laugh of triumph the bow-legged maiden descended from her dangerous height, and paying no heed to all Bonny's treasures, waddled away with her new toy, either to show it to her father, or to plunge it into the stewpot perhaps. But her careful host, with an iron spoon and a saucer in his hands, ran after her, and gently guided her to the crock, whither also Mr. Bottler sped. This was as it should be; and they found it so. For when the boy Bonny, with a hospitable sweep, lifted the cover of his cookery, a sense of that void which all nature protests against rose in the forefront of all three, and forbade them to seek any further. Bottler himself, in the stress of the moment, let the distant vision fade — of fried potatoes and combed chittlings — and lapsed into that lowest treason to Lares and Penates — a supper abroad, when the supper at home is salted, and peppered, and browning.

But though Polly opened her mouth so wide, and smacked her lips, and made every other gratifying demonstration, not for one moment would she cede possession of the treasure she had found in Bonny's window. Even while most absorbed in absorbing, she nursed it jealously on her lap; and even when her father had lit his pipe from Bonny's bonfire, and was ready to hoist her in again over the foot-board, the child stuck fast to her new delight, and set up a sturdy yell when the owner came to reclaim it from her.

"Now don't 'ee, don't 'ee, that's a dear," began the gentle pork-butcher, as the pigs in the cart caught up the strain, and echo had enough to do; for Polly of course redoubled her wailings, as all little dears must, when coaxed to stop: "here, Bonny, here, lad, I'll gie thee sixpence for un, though her ain't worth a penny, I doubt. And thou mayst call to-morrow, and the Misses 'll gie thee a clot of saggages."

Bonny looked longingly at his fetish; but gratitude and true love got the better of veneration. Polly, moreover, might well be trusted to preserve this idol, until in the day when he made her his own, it should return into his bosom. And so it came to pass that this Palladium of the hermitage was set up at the head of Polly

Bottler's little crib, and installed in the post of her favourite doll.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THOUGH Coombe Lorraine was so old a mansion, and so full of old customs, the Christmas of the "comet year" was as dull as a Sunday in a warehouse. Hilary (who had always been the life of the place) was far away, fed upon hardships and short rations. Alice, though full sometimes of spirits, at other times would run away, and fret, and blame herself, as if the whole of the fault was on her side. This was of course an absurd idea; but sensitive girls, in moods of dejection, are not good judges of absurdity; and Alice at such times fully believed that if she had not intercepted so much of her father's affection from her brother, things would have been very different. It might have been so; but the answer was, that she never had wittingly stood between them; but on the contrary had laid herself out, even at the risk of offending both, to bring their widely different natures into kinder unity.

Sir Roland also was becoming more and more reserved and meditative. He would sit for hours in his book-room, immersed in his favourite studies, or rather absorbed in his misty abstractions. And Lady Valeria did not add to the cheer of the household, although perhaps she did increase its comfort, by suddenly ceasing to interfere with Mrs. Pipkins and everybody else, and sending for the parson of the next parish, because she had no faith in Mr. Hales. That worthy's unprofessional visits, and those of his wife and daughters, were now almost the only pleasant incidents of the day or week. For the country was more and more depressed by the gloomy burden of endless war, the scarcity of the fruits of the earth, and the slaughter of good brave people. So that as the time went on, what with miserable expeditions, pestilence, long campaigns, hard sieges, furious battles, and starvation — there was scarcely any decent family that was not gone into mourning.

Even the Rector, as lucky a man as ever lived, had lost a nephew, or at least a nephew of his dear wife, — which, he said, was almost worse to him — slain in battle, fighting hard for his country and constitution. Mr. Hales preached a beautiful sermon, as good as a book, about it; so that the parish wept, and three young men enlisted.

The sheep were down in the lowlands

now, standing up to their knees in litter, and chewing very slowly; or sidling up against one another in the joy of woolliness; or lying down with their bare grave noses stretched for contemplation's sake, winking with their gentle eyes, and thanking God for the roof above them, and the troughs in front of them. They never regarded themselves as mutton, nor their fleeces as worsted yarn: it was really sad to behold them, and think that the future could not make them miserable.

No snow had fallen; but all the downs were spread with that sombre brown which is the breath or the blast of the wind-frost. But Alice Lorraine took her daily walk, for her father forbade her to ride on the hill-tops in the bleak and bitter wind. Her thoughts were continually of her brother; and as the cold breeze rattled her cloak, or sprayed her soft hands through her gloves, many a time she said to herself: "I suppose there is no frost in Spain; or not like this, at any rate. How could the poor fellow sleep in a tent in such dreadful weather as this is?"

How little she dreamed that he had to sleep (whenever he got such a blissful chance), not in a tent, but an open trench, with a keener wind and a blacker frost preying on his shivering bones, while cannon-balls and fiery shells in a pitiless storm rushed over him! It was no feather-bed fight that was fought in front of Ciudad Rodrigo. About the middle of January, A.D. 1812, desperate work was going on.

For now there was no time to think of life. Within a certain number of days the fort must be taken, or the army lost. The defences were strong and the garrison brave, and supplied with artillery far superior to that of the besiegers; the season also, and the bitter weather, fought against the British; and so did the indolence of their allies; and so did British roguery. The sappers could only work in the dark (because of the grape from the ramparts); and working thus, the tools either bent beneath their feet or snapped off short. The contractor had sent out false-grained stuff, instead of good English steel and iron; and if in this world he earned his fortune, he assured his fate in the other.

At length, by stubborn perseverance, most of these troubles were overcome, and the English batteries opened. Roar answered roar, and bullet bullet, and the

black air was moved with fire and smoke; and men began to study the faces of the men that shot at them, until, after some days of hard pounding, it was determined to rush in. All who care to read of valour know what a desperate rush it was, — how strong men struggled, and leaped, and clomb, hung, and swung, on the crest of the breach, like stormy surges towering, and then leaped down upon spluttering shells, drawn swords, and sparkling bayonets.

Before the signal to storm was given, and while men were talking of it, Hilary Lorraine felt most uncomfortably nervous. He did not possess that stolid phlegm which is found more often in square-built people; neither had he any share of fatalism, cold or hot. He was nothing more than a spirited young Englishman, very fond of life, hating cruelty, and fearing to have any hand in it. Although he had been in the trenches, and exposed to frequent dangers, he had not been in hand-to-hand conflict yet; and he knew not how he might behave. He knew that he was an officer now in the bravest and hardiest army known on earth since the time of the Samnites — although perhaps not the very best behaved, as they proved that self-same night. And not only that, but an officer of the famous Light Division, and the fiercest regiment of that division — everywhere known as the "Fighters;" and he was not sure that he could fight a frog. He was sure that he never could kill anybody, at least in his natural state of mind; and worse than that, he was not at all sure that he could endure to be killed himself.

However, he made preparation for it. He brought out the Testament Mabel had given him as a parting keepsake, in the moment of true love's piety; and he opened it at a passage marked with a woven tress of her long rich hair — "Soldiers, do that is commanded of you;" and he wondered whether he could manage it. And while he was trembling, not with fear of the enemy, but of his own young heart, the Colonel of that regiment came, and laid his one hand on Hilary's shoulder, and looked into his bright blue eyes. In all the army there was no braver, nobler, or kinder-hearted man, than Colonel C — of that regiment.

Hilary looked at this true veteran with all the reverence, and even awe, which a young subaltern (if fit for anything) feels

for commanding experience. Never a word he spoke, however, but waited to be spoken to.

"You will do, lad. You will do," said the Colonel, who had little time to spare. "I would rather see you like that than uproarious, or even as cool as a cucumber. I was just like that before my first action. Lorraine, you will not disgrace your family, your country, or your regiment."

The Colonel had lost two sons in battle, younger men than Hilary, otherwise he might not have stopped to enter into an ensign's mind. But every word he spoke struck fire in the heart of this gentle youth. True gratitude chokes common answers; and Hilary made none to him. An hour afterwards he made it, by saving the life of the Colonel.

The Light Division (kept close and low from the sight of the sharp French gunners) were waiting in a hollow curve of the inner parallel, where the ground gave way a little, under San Francisco. There had been no time to do anything more than breach the stone of the ramparts; all the outer defences were almost as sound as ever. The Light Division had orders to carry the lesser breach—cost what it might—and then sweep the ramparts as far as the main breach, where the strong assault was. And so well did they do their work, that they turned the auxiliary into the main attack, and bodily carried the fortress.

For, sooth to say, they expected, but could not manage to wait for, the signal to storm. No sooner did they hear the firing on the right than they began to stamp and swear; for the hay-bags they were to throw into the ditch were not at hand, and not to be seen. "Are we horses to wait for the hay?" cried an Irishman of the Fifty-second; and with that they all set off, as fast as ever their legs could carry them. Hilary laughed—for his sense of humour was never very far to seek—at the way in which these men set off, as if it were a game of football; and at the wonderful mixture of fun and fury in their faces. Also, at this sudden burlesque of the tragedy he expected—with heroes out at heels and elbows, and small-clothes streaming upon the breeze. For the British Government, as usual, left coats, shoes, and breeches to last forever.

"Run, lad, run," said Major Napier, in his quiet Scottish way; "you are bound to be up with them, as one might say; and your legs are unco long. I shall na

hoory mysell, but take the short cut over the open."

"May I come with you?" asked Hilary, panting.

"If you have na mither nor wife," said the Major; "na wife, of course, by the look of you."

Lorraine had no sense what he was about; for the grape-shot whistled through the air like hornets, and cut off one of his loose fair locks, as he crossed the open with Major Napier, to head their hot men at the crest of the glacis.

Now how things happened after that, or even what things happened at all, that headlong young officer never could tell. As he said in his letter to Gregory Lovejoy—for he was not allowed to write to Mabel, and would not describe such a scene to Alice—"The chief thing I remember is a lot of rushing and stumbling, and swearing and cheering, and staggering and tumbling backward. And I got a tremendous crack on the head from a cannon laid across the top of the breach, but luckily not a loaded one; and I believe there were none of our fellows in front of me, but I cannot be certain because of the smoke, and the row, and the rush, and confusion; and I saw a Crapaud with a dead level at Colonel C—. I suppose I was too small game for him,—and I was just in time to slash his trigger-hand off (which I felt justified in doing), and his musket went up in the air and went off, and I just jumped aside from a fine bearded fellow who rushed at me with a bayonet; and before he could have at me again, he fell dead, shot by his own friends from behind, who were shooting at me—more shame to them—when our men charged with empty muskets. And when the breach was our own, we were formed on the top of the rampart, and went off at double-quick, to help at the main breach, and so we did; and that is about all I know of it."

But the more experienced warriors knew a great deal more of Hilary's doings, especially Colonel C—of his regiment, and Major Napier, and Colonel M'Leod. All of these said that "they never saw any young fellow behave so well, for the first time of being under deadly fire; that he might have been 'off his head' for the moment, but that would very soon wear off—or if it did not, all the better, so long as he always did the right thing thus; and (unless he got shot) he would be an honour to the country, the army, and the regiment!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

HAVING no love of bloodshed, and having the luck to know nothing about it, some of us might be glad to turn into the white gate across the lane leading into Old Applewood farm — if only the franklin would unlock it for anybody in this war-time. But now he has been getting sharper and sharper month after month; and hearing so much about sieges and battles, he never can be certain when the county of Kent will be invaded. For the last ten years he has expected something of the sort at least, and being of a prudent mind keeps a duck-gun heavily loaded.

Moreover, Mabel is back again from exile with Uncle Clitherow; and though the Grower only says that "she is well enough, for aught he knows," when compliments are paid him about her good looks by the neighbourhood, he knows well enough that she is more than that; and he believes all the county to be after her. It is utterly useless to deny — though hot indignation would expand his horticultural breast at the thought — that he may have been just a little set up, by that trifling affair about Hilary. "It never were the cherries," he says to himself, as the author of a great discovery; "aha, I seed it all along! Wife never guessed of it, but I did" — shame upon thee, Grower, for telling thyself such a dreadful "caulker!" — "and now we can see, as plain as a pikestaff, the very thing I seed, when it was that big!" Upon this he shows himself his thumb-nail, and feels that he has earned a glass of his ale.

Mabel, on the other hand, is dreadfully worried by foreign affairs. She wants to know why they must be always fighting; and as nobody can give any other reason, except that they "suppose it is nateral," she only can shake her head very sadly, and ask, "How would you like to have to do it?"

They turn up the udders of the cows, to think out this great question, and the spurting into the pail stops short, and the cow looks round with great bountiful eyes, and a flat broad nose, and a spotted tongue, desiring to know what they are at with her. Is her milk not worth the milking, pray?

This leads to no satisfaction whatever, upon behalf of any one; and Mabel, after a shiver or two, runs back to the broad old fireplace, to sit in the light and the smell of the wood, to spread her pointed

fingers forth, and see how clear they are, and think. For Mabel's hands are quite as pretty as if they were of true Norman blood, instead of the elder Danish cast; and she is very particular now not to have any line visible under her nails.

And now in the month of February 1812, before the witching festival of St. Valentine was prepared for, with cudgelling of brains, and violent rhymes, and criminal assaults upon grammar, this "flower of Kent" — as the gallant hop-growers in toasting moments entitled her — was sitting, or standing, or drooping her head, or whatever suits best to their metaphor, at or near the fireplace in the warm old simple hall. Love, however warm and faithful, is all the better for a good clear fire, ere ever the snowdrops begin to spring. Also it loves to watch the dancing of the flames, and the flickering light, and even in the smoke discovers something to itself akin. Mabel was full of these beautiful dreams, because she was left altogether to herself; and because she remembered so well what had happened along every inch of the dining-table; and, above all, because she was sleepy. Long anxiety, and great worry, and the sense of having no one fit to understand a girl — but everybody taking low, and mercenary, and fickle views, and even the most trusty people giving base advice to one, in those odious proverbial forms, — "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," "Fast find fast bind," "There is better fish in the sea," &c.; Mabel thought there never had been such a selfish world to deal with.

Has not every kind of fame, however pure it may be and exalted, its own special disadvantage, lest poor mortals grow too proud? At any rate Mabel now reflected, rather with sorrow than with triumph, upon her fame for pancakes — because it was Shrove-Tuesday now, and all her tender thrills and deep anxieties must be discarded for, or at any rate distracted by, the composition of batter. Her father's sense of propriety was so strong, and that of excellence so keen, that pancakes he would have on Shrove-Tuesday, and pancakes only from Mabel's hand. She had pleaded, however, for leave to make them here in the dining-hall, instead of frying them at the kitchen fireplace, because she knew what Sally the cook and Susan the maid would be at with her. Those two girls would never leave her the smallest chance of retiring into her deeper nature, and meditating. Although they could understand nothing

at all, they would take advantage of her good temper, to enjoy themselves with the most worn-out jokes. Such trumpery was below Mabel now; and some day or other she would let them know it.

Without thinking twice of such low matters, the maiden was now in great trouble of the heart, by reason of sundry rumours. Paddy from Cork had brought home word from Maidstone only yesterday, that a desperate fight had been fought in Spain, and almost everybody had been blown up. Both armies had made up their minds to die so, that with the drums beating and the colours flying, they marched into a powder magazine, and tossed up a pin which should be the one to fire it, and blow up the others. And the English had lost the toss, and no one survived to tell the story.

Mabel doubted most of this, though Paddy vowed that he had known the like, "when wars was wars, and the boys had spirit;" still she felt sure that there had been something, and she longed most sadly to know all about it. Her brother Gregory was in London, keeping his Hilary term, and slaving at his wretched law-books; and she had begged him, if he loved her, to send down all the latest news by John Shorne every market-day—for the post would not carry newspapers. And now, having mixed her batter, she waited, sleepy after sleepless nights, unable to leave her post and go to meet the van, as she longed to do, the while the fire was clearing.

Pensively sitting thus, and longing for somebody to look at her, she glanced at the face of the clock, which was the only face regarding her. And she won from it but the stern frown of time—she must set to at her pancakes. Batter is all the better for standing ready-made for an hour or so, the weaker particles expire, while the good stuff grows the more fit to be fried, and to turn over in the pan properly. With a gentle sigh, the "flower of Kent" put her frying-pan on, just to warm the bottom. No lard for her, but the best fresh butter—at any rate for the first half-dozen, to be set aside for her father and mother; after that she would be more frugal perhaps.

But just as the butter began to ooze on the bottom of the pan she heard, or thought that she heard, a sweet distant tinkle coming through the frosty air, and running to the window she caught beyond doubt the sound of the bells at the corner of the lane, the bells that the horses always wore when the nights were dark

and long; and a throb of eager hope and fear went to her heart at every tinkle.

"I cannot wait; how can I wait?" she cried, with flushing cheeks and eyes twice-laden between smiles and tears; "father's pancakes can wait much better. There, go back," she spoke to the frying-pan, as with the prudent care of a fine young housewife she lifted it off and laid it on the hob for fear of the butter burning; and then with quick steps out she went, not even stopping to find a hat, in her hurry to meet the van, and know the best or the worst of the news of the war. For "crusty John," who would go through fire and water to please Miss Mabel, had orders not to come home without the very latest tidings. There was nothing to go to market now; but the van had been up with a load of straw to some mews where the Grower had taken a contract; and, of course, it came loaded back with litter.

While Mabel was all impatience and fright, John Shorne, in the most deliberate manner, descended from the driving-box, and purposely shunning her eager glance, began to unfasten the leader's traces, and pass them through his horny hands, and coil them into elegant spirals, like horns of Jupiter Ammon. Mabel's fear grew worse and worse, because he would not look at her.

"Oh John, you never could have the heart to keep me waiting like this, unless——"

"What! you there, Missie? Lor' now, what can have brought 'ee out this weather?"

"As if you did not see me, John! Why, you must have seen me all along."

"This here be such a dreadful horse to smoke," said John, who always shunned downright fibs, "that railly I never knows what I do see when I be longside of un. Ever since us come out of Sennoaks, he have a been confusing of me. Not that I blames un for what a can't help. Now there, now! The watter be frozen in trough. Go to the bucket, jackanapes!"

"Oh John, you never do seem to think—because you have got so many children only fit to go to school, you seem to think——"

"Why, you said as I couldn't think now, Missie, in the last breath of your pretty mouth. Well, what is it as I ought to think? Whoa there! Stand still, wull 'ee?"

"John, you really are too bad. I have been all the morning making pancakes,

and you shan't have one, John Shorne, you shan't, if you keep me waiting one more second."

"Is it consarning they fighting fellows you gets into such a hurry, Miss? Well, they have had a rare fight, sure enough! Fourscore officers gone to glory, besides all the others as was not worth counting!"

"Oh John, you give me such a dreadful pain here! Let me know the worst, I do implore you."

"He aint one of 'em. Now, is that enough?" John Shorne made so little of true love now, and forgot his early situation so, in the bosom of a hungry family, that he looked upon Mabel's "coorting" as an agreeable playground for little jokes. But now he was surprised and frightened at her way of taking them.

"There, don't 'ee cry now, that's a dear," he said, as she leaned on the shaft of the wagon, and sobbed so that the near wheeler began in pure sympathy to sniff at her.

"Lord bless 'ee, there be nothing to cry about. He've a been and dooded wonders, that a hath."

"Of course he has, John; he could not help it. He was sure to do wonders, don't you see, if only — if only they did not stop him."

"He hathn't killed Bonyparty yet," said John, recovering his vein of humour, as Mabel began to smile through her tears; "but I b'lieve he wool, if he gooeth on only half so well as he have begun. For my part, I'd sooner kill drie of un than sell out in a bad market, I know. But here, you can take it, and read all about un. Lor' bless me, wher ever have I put the papper?"

"Now do be quick, John, for once in your life. Dear John, do try to be quick, now."

"Strornary gallantry of a young hoficer! Could have sworn that it were in my breeches-pocket. I always thought 'gallantry' meant something bad. A running after strange women, and that."

"Oh no, John — oh no, John; it never does. How can you think of such dreadful things? But how long are you going to be, John?"

"Well, it did when I wor a boy, that's certain. But now they changes everything so — even the words we was born to. It have come to mean killing of strange men, hath it? Wherever now can I have put that papper? I must have dropped un on the road, after all."

"You never can have done such a stupid thing! — such a wicked, cruel thing, John Shorne! If you have, I will never forgive you. Very likely you put it in the crown of your hat."

"Sure enough, and so I did. You must be a witch, Miss Mabel. And here's the very corner I turned down when I read it to the folk at the 'Pig and Whistle.' 'Glorious British victory — capture of Shoedad Rodleygo — eighty British officers killed, and forty great guns taken!' There, there, bless your bright eyes! now will you be content with it?"

"Oh, give it me, give it me! How can I tell until I have read it ten times over?"

Crusty John blessed all the girls of the period (becoming more and more too many for him) as his master's daughter ran away to devour that greasy journal. And by the time he had pulled his coat off, and shouted for Paddy and another man, and stuck his own pitchfork into the litter, as soon as they had backed the wheelers, Mabel was up in her own little room, and down on her knees to thank the Lord for the abstract herself had made of it. Somehow or other, the natural impulse of all good girls, at that time, was to believe that they had a Creator and Father whom to thank for all mercies. But that idea has been improved since then.

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ESSAYS BY RICHARD CONGREVE.

THERE are few things easier to the philosopher and critic than to attack existing religion. The mere fact that it is existing connects the most divine faith with the human imperfections of its believers, and throws the mist of many a futile interpretation and stupid comment upon the purest and most celestial verity; not to speak of the still more evident practical difficulty of reconciling the blunders, faults, or even crimes of those who profess to follow it, with its teachings — a visible discrepancy which always gives room for the blaspheming of the adversary. This is easy enough; and there has come at periodical intervals, through all the Christian era, a time when it has become a sort of fashion to indulge in railings to this effect; nay, even to go farther, and denounce Christianity itself as a thing ended and over — as a

religion which has had its day—as a spiritual system effete, and falling useless, unadapted to the requirements of the time. The present moment is one of those frequently recurring periods; and we are all tolerably well accustomed to hear words said, which to our fathers would have seemed blasphemy, without wincing. Many a witling is to be heard complacently declaring that the old faith is not “up” to the requirements of the day; and that Christianity has become blear-eyed and paralyzed and old, as John Bunyan, no witling, but deceived as all men so easily are, once described his Giant Pope. Christianity survives the clatter of ill tongues, as Giant Pope survived the inspired dreamer’s ignorant certainty; and so long as the men who thus execute their will upon religion live securely under her shadow, they are safe, and no particular harm is done. So long as no rebuilding is required, the work of destruction is always entertaining to the human spirit. From the baby to the philosopher, we all rejoice in the dust and the clamour of demolition, even when it is but imaginary. But when the iconoclast leaves the facile sphere in which he has it all his own way, and can knock down every man of straw he pleases to set up, and takes in hand a painful attempt to set something new in the place of the old, then difficulties arise and multiply round. Few people venture to undertake so difficult a task; and this makes it all the more wonderful when we suddenly light, amid all the tumults of ordinary existence, upon an individual who has actually ventured to throw himself into the forlorn hope, and become an apostle of a bran-new creed, with new principles, new worship, and new hopes.

We are not, for our own part, deeply interested in M. Comte any more than we are in Joe Smith or the Prophet Mormon; but such a revelation as that which is given to us by M. Comte’s chief disciple* in England is full of interest to the curious spectator. Mr. Congreve’s book contains his opinions on a great many subjects, political, social, and as he chooses to use the word, religious; but these opinions are not nearly so interesting, so strange, so novel, or so amusing as the spectacle of himself which he here sets up before us. Were it not that this odd and startling exhibition of simplicity, devotion, and faith, does all that such fine qualities

can to redeem the foolishness, and vanity, and emptiness of the system of which Mr. Congreve is a priest, we could scarcely venture to insist upon such a portrait of a living man; but the lines are drawn by his own hand and not by ours; an exhibition more pathetic or more humorous has seldom been given to the world. The artist, however, is entirely unconscious at once of the pathos and the humour; and the quaint mixture of philosophical atheism and materialism, with the form and essence of a home missionary report, or Methodist class teacher’s account of his “work” and all its helps and hindrances—is made in the most perfect good faith, and with the profoundest seriousness, with all the self-belief of an apostle. Such qualities are rare in the world; and of all places in which to look for them, it is like enough that the Church of Humanity would have been the last which we should have tried. Neither is it we or any profane spectator who has brought to light the private meetings of the Positivist community, and the discourses of the gentle, narrow, expansive, and excitable enthusiast, who thus mixes up the smallest of parochial details with the widest of doctrinal abstractions, and announces the vast claims of a Priesthood destined to hold in its hands the education of all the world, in the same breath with which he utters a plaintive doubt whether the body to which this Priesthood belongs will ever be able to acquire for itself a room in which to hold its worship! most whimsical blending of the possible and impossible. Mr. Congreve was, we believe, in other times, a man of distinction in the world which he has quitted; but we have nothing to do with his career before he reached the mental cloister in which he worships the Founder of his new faith. No son of Benedict or of Francis ever more entirely separated himself from the world. The hair-shirt and the coarse gown were as nothing in comparison with the new, strange panoply of motive and thought in which this priest of a new religion has clothed himself. The picture of himself and his strange brotherhood which he sets before us is often, as we have already said, as touching as it is odd—and, what is more strange still, as commonplace as it is quaint and out of the way.

It must be allowed that to start a bran-new religion, so low down here in the nineteenth century, is such a task as the strongest might quail before. None of

* Essays, Political, Social, and Religious. By Richard Congreve. Longmans, 1874.

those accessories which were of such infinite service to the old primeval fathers of human belief, so much as exist nowadays. Those stories which the wise call myths, but which the unlearned always take for gospel, can no longer do the philosophical framer of a new creed any service. He cannot, alas ! call to his aid those impersonations upon which all old beliefs are founded — those gods who still hold a lingering poetical sway in the classic soul of here and there a dainty Grecian, in academic Oxford or elsewhere. Neither Apollo nor Brahma can aid him. Neither can he get the help of the strong hand as Mohammed did, and add temporal ascendancy, power, and greatness to celestial rewards as inducements to believe. The last new religion of all (except M. Comte's) has seized perhaps the only weapon remaining of a fleshly kind, and supports its ethical system (if it has one) by such social overturn as brings it within a vulgar level of popular effectiveness ; but even if this instrument had not been appropriated, we doubt whether that vulgar instrumentality which does well enough for the Salt Lake City, would have answered in Paris, where there are less means of actual expansion, and where the houses are not adapted for patriarchal institutions. That which M. Comte and his followers call the Religion of Humanity, is thus deprived of all extraneous aid. M. Auguste Comte himself, and Madame Clotilde de Vaux, are the sole objects of its mythology ; and sufficient time has scarcely elapsed since these great personages left the world, to permit any gentle illusion of the imagination, any softening mist of antiquity to fall upon the sharp outlines of the real. And this creed, which has no personal foundation except the life of a Frenchman of the nineteenth century, no doctrines but abstract ones, no rewards, no punishments, no hopes, no terrors — nothing tangible enough, indeed, to come within the mental range of ordinary mortals — is the religion which Mr. Congreve is personally propagating at 19 Chapel Street, Bedford Row, in rooms which the community has at last procured, and adorned with busts, &c., to make them fit for the lofty purpose of regenerating the world — and of which he sets up the ensign and symbol in this book, so that circles out of the reach of Chapel Street may hear and know and seek that shrine, to be instructed in the religion of the later days. A bolder enterprise was surely

never undertaken by any sane (or for that matter, insane) man.

We have said that Mr. Congreve is much more interesting to us than the founder whom he worships. Of M. Comte we have nothing to say. He had at least all the *élan* and the satisfaction of an inventor launching forth a new thing into the world, and doubtless found in it enough of personal gratification and elevation to make up for any trouble in arranging the canons of his faith. His disciple is infinitely more disinterested. To him, we presume, the Religion of Humanity has brought much loss — it can have brought no gain. Neither honour nor applause, nor even respect, can have come to him from his devotion to a set of principles which affect the general world with wonder or with ridicule only — not even with that vague admiration for something beautiful, that moral approbation of something good, mixed up with error, which every genuine Belief has secured from its candid critics. The tenets which good sense rejects are often lovely to the imagination, and those which are condemned by the heart, lay, in some cases, a bond of logical truth upon the understanding from which it cannot escape even if it would. But we find it impossible to conceive that either the general heart, mind, or imagination, could find anything in the Gospel which Mr. Congreve believes so fervently to justify the childlike devotion which he gives it, or to vindicate the wonderful faith and self-abnegation which are apparent in these essays. We say to vindicate his self-abnegation ; for every sacrifice, to gain respect, must be capable of vindication on some reasonable ground ; and this vindication has scarcely ever been wanting even to fanatics. Putting aside Christianity — which we are not prepared to discuss on the same level with any other belief prevalent among men, but which we believe to be as much nobler and loftier in its earthly point of view as it is diviner in every sanction and authority of heaven — there is no one of what are commonly called the false religions of the world, for which a man's sacrifice of himself might not be justified by the judgment of his fellows, on condition of his personal faith in it. We can understand and respect the Mohammedan, the Hindoo, even the gentleman whom, under the name of a Fetishist, Mr. Congreve admits into his fullest fellowship, and whose adoration of his grim symbol of Godhead, refers, we

do not doubt, dimly to some spiritual being. The old gods of Greece are so vague and far off that it is hard to realize the time when there was any general faith in Jupiter or Apollo. Yet even for Apollo and Jupiter it is possible to understand that a man might have lived and died, feeling in those high-seated shadows of Olympus some glory above himself, some greatness, soiled by fleshly symbol and imperfect revelation, but still more glorious than anything of earth — something which could understand the worshipper, and comprehend his littleness in its greatness, and overshadow him with sublime wings of spiritual reality, according to the vision of the inspired Hebrew. With all these worshippers we have a certain sympathy. Such as their gods were, they were still beyond, above themselves; dedications, if you choose, of their own ideal, but yet proving that divine birthright of human nature, the necessity for an ideal — the yearning of mankind for some stay and refuge above itself. Wherever a man believes that he has found this, however erroneous his conclusions may be, or ill-founded his confidence, he has yet a right to the sympathy of his fellows, and to their respect, for whatever sacrifice he may make.

But what shall we think of the man who sacrifices himself, his reason and learning, and all his advantages, at the shrine of an abstraction which it requires a very great effort to apprehend at all, and which, being apprehended, is nought, and never can be but nought; too unsubstantial even to be called a vision, too vague to be realized? The Positivist Philosophy is one thing, the Religion of Humanity another: and it is one of the most curious revenges of Nature, that the most materialistic of all philosophical systems — that which binds earth and heaven within iron bands of immovable, irresistible, physical law, rejecting all mind, all thought, all soul in the government of the universe — should be thus linked to the most vague, abstract, and fantastic faith that ever entered into the imagination of man. Or perhaps, indeed, it would be better to say that this fanciful foolish faith is but a piteous effort of the mind to compensate itself somehow for a thralldom more than the spirit of man can bear; setting up a dim image of itself — poor soul! — not much knowing what it means, upon the ravaged altar, to get a little cold comfort out of that in the absence of any God or shadow of a God. The fruitless prayers, the faint

hymns that rise before this darkling shrine, what can there be on earth more pathetic? — last effort of humanity, which must cry out in its trouble, and babble in its joy, to something — to the air, to the desert, to the waste sands and seas, if to nothing that can hear, and feel, and respond.

We will, however, permit Mr. Congreve himself to describe the object, or rather objects, of worship to which he has devoted himself. He explains to us, first, how M. Comte became enlightened as to the central point in his creed; how he “stood revealed to himself, and his work also stood in a new light before him.” “The unity of the human race, over whose progress he had pondered, had long been a conviction with him; with the conception, too, of humanity as a higher organism, he had familiarized himself, and by the light of that conception had interpreted its past and meditated on its future.” But when, in the course of events, M. Comte met Madame de Vaux and felt himself stimulated and enlightened by “the genuine human love of a noble woman,” his previous conclusions all at once took force and form. “The conviction became faith; the organism in which he believed claimed and received his veneration and his love — in other words, his worship.” In such a delicate argument it is necessary to be perfectly clear and definite in expression: the conviction which became faith was that of the “unity of the human race;” the organism which received his worship was Humanity. Mr. Congreve adds his own profession of faith.

We who share that faith, that veneration, that love; we who would worship as he worshipped; we who would preach by our lives, and, when possible, by our spoken or written words, that great Being whose existence is now revealed — that Being of whom all the earlier divinities which man has created as the guardians of his childhood and early youth are but anticipations, — we can appreciate the greatness of the change which his labour has effected. We can see, and each in his several measure can proclaim to others, that what was but a dim instinct has become a truth, in the power of which we can meet all difficulties; that where there was inquiry there is now knowledge; where there was anxious searching there is now possession; that uncertainty has now given way to confidence, despondency to courage. We see families forming into tribes, and tribes into cities or states, and states into yet larger unions. . . . We feel that the ascending series is not complete; that as the family in the earliest state is at war with other families — the tribe at war with

other tribes, so the nations and races are at variance with each other; and that as the remedy in each previous case has been the fusion of the smaller into the larger organism, so it must be still the same if the process is to be completed, and that no more than the single family or the isolated tribe can the greatest nation or the most powerful race stand wholesomely alone. All must bend, all must acknowledge a common superior, a higher organism, detached from which they lose themselves and their true nature, become selfish and degraded. Still higher organisms there may be; we know not. If there be, we know that we cannot neglect the one we know, nor refuse to avail ourselves of the aid which it can give us when once acknowledged and accepted.

We accept it then, and believe in it. We see the benefits Humanity has reaped for us by her toilsome and suffering past; we feel that we are her children, that we owe her all; and seeing and feeling this, we love, adore, and serve. For we see in her no mere idea of the intellect, but a living organism within the range of our knowledge. The family has ever been allowed to be real; the state has ever been allowed to be real; St. Paul felt, and since him, in all ages, Christians have felt, that the Church was real. We claim no less for Humanity; we feel no less that Humanity is real, requiring the same love, the same service, the same devotion. . . . In the exercise of her power she proceeds to complete herself by two great creations.

As we contemplate man's action and existence, we are led to think of the sphere in which they take place, and of the invariable laws under which they are developed. We rest not then in any narrow or exclusive spirit in Humanity, but we pass to the Earth, our common mother, as the general language of man, the correct index to the universal feeling, has ever delighted to call her, and from the earth we rise to the system of which she is a part. We look back on the distant ages, when the earth was preparing herself for the habitation of man, and with gratitude and love we acknowledge her past and present services. . . . The invariable laws under which Humanity is placed have received various names at different periods. Destiny, Fate, Necessity, Heaven, Providence, all are many names of one and the same conception—the laws that man feels himself under, and that without the power of escaping from them. We claim no exception from the common lot. We only wish to draw out into consciousness the instinctive acceptance of the race, and to modify the spirit in which we regard them. We accept, so have all men: we obey, so have all men. We venerate, so have some in past ages or in other countries. We add but one other term, we love. We would perfect our submission, and so reap the full benefits of submission in the improvement of our hearts and tempers. We take in conception the sum of the conditions of existence, and we give

them an ideal being and a definite home in Space—the second great creation which completes the central one of Humanity. In the bosom of Space we place the World—and we conceive of the World, and this our mother earth, as gladly welcomed to that bosom with the simplest and purest love, and we give our love in return.

Thou art folded, thou art lying,
In the light that is undying.

Thus we complete the Trinity of our Religion—Humanity, the World, and Space. So completed, we recognize its power to give unity and definiteness to our thoughts, purity and warmth to our affections, scope and vigour to our activity. We recognize its power to regulate our whole being; to give us that which it has so long been the aim of all religion to give—internal union. . . . It harmonizes us within ourselves by the strong power of love, and it binds us to our fellow-men by the same power. It awakens and quickens our sympathy with the past, uniting us with the generations that are gone by firmer ties than have ever been imagined hitherto. It teaches us to live in the interest and for the good of the generations that are to follow in the long succession of years. It teaches us that for our action in our own generation, we must live in dutiful submission to the lessons of the past, to the voice of the dead, and at the same time we must evoke the future by the power of imagination, and endeavour so to shape our action that it may conduce to the advantage of that future.

This full exposition of the Religion of Humanity will, we fear, make many a reader lose himself in sheer confusion and bewilderment; for if his attention has faltered for a moment, it is not so easy to take up the thread or identify the "being" whose existence Mr. Congreve tells us "is now revealed," or those still more shadowy abstractions which complete, as he says, "the Trinity of our religion." For ourselves we are bound to say, though not willing altogether to own ourselves deficient in that attribute, our imagination sinks back appalled at the tremendous strain thus made upon it. The divine Trinity of the Christian Faith has tried many a devout soul into which doubt or unbelief never entered; but the Trinity of the Humanitarian goes a long way beyond the Athanasian Creed. How are we to lift our minds to the supreme regions in which Humanity means not a vast multitude of faulty men and women, "but a great Being"—where the Earth prepares herself for the habitation of man, and Space welcomes the Earth into her bosom "with the simplest and purest love"? The words alone make the brain reel. We can but gasp

and gaze at the speaker who deals familiarly with such unknown quantities, and professes even to "love" the Space which is one of his divinities. How does a man feel, we wonder, when he loves Space? Is the emotion stupendous as its object? In the nature of things it must be, we should suppose, a chilly sort of passion, not making a very great demand upon the feelings.

We are half inclined to laugh, but rather more than half inclined to a very different exercise when we turn from the belief thus propounded to the person who sets it forth, with all that gentle reiteration which belongs to the preacher, and an apparent warmth of pious sentiment such as must be peculiar to the man. Many wonderful phenomena has the conjunction of atheism and faith produced in the world; for indeed an unbelieving head and a credulous heart are often enough conjoined, and the marriage has produced abortions of strange delusion enough to astonish the most experienced observer: but very seldom, we think, has any one ventured to stand up before a world, still in its senses, and propound so extraordinary a faith, so piously, so fervently, so simply, as Mr. Congreve has done. He has the first qualification of a preacher—the art of believing what he himself says, and believing it with earnest force and conviction. These words sound much too real when we think what are the objects of his faith; and yet, so far as he is concerned, they are evidently true. No lukewarm zeal shines through the discourse, but a real warmth, which increases still more the amazement with which we gaze at the man. However woful and wonderful his creed may be, he believes it by some extraordinary witchcraft. He talks to us of Humanity and Space as a man might talk of God and Christ, with moisture in his eyes and a certain expansion and glow of being, as if the words inspired him. Strange fact!—but true. Almost we wish, for Mr. Congreve's sake, that we could respect his belief more, and feel his abnegation of all reasonableness more justifiable. If he were a Mohammedan, or a Buddhist, or a born Brahmin, it is with a kind of reverence that we should contemplate the believer so profoundly certain of his faith and eager to extend its sway. But after we have heard him hold forth for pages together about Humanity and Space, about the Founder and his memory, about the duties of the new-born tiny sect, and their fellowship of the saints with the congrega-

tion in Paris and that in America—when the tension of our wondering gaze relaxes, what utterance is possible to the beholder but that tremulous laugh which is the only alternative of weeping, over the prelections of this gentle enthusiast, this amiable fanatic? A laugh is a sorry performance as commentary in such a matter; but there is only one other alternative which could express the puzzled bewilderment and painful wonder which rise in our minds; and indeed even tears do not render so well the pity and amusement, the sympathy and impatience, the admiration we feel for the loyal disciple, the sense of provoked vexation and annoyance with which we look upon the wasted man.

We cannot venture in our limited space to quote much more largely from the curious book, which, however is but little likely, we should suppose, to meet with many readers. The mixture of home mission details with the grandeur of this philosophical religion, is still more odd here than it generally is when mixed up with genuine feeling and serious thought. Some of these contrasts, indeed, are too comical to be passed without notice. In one of these discourses, for instance, we are taught what is the office of the Priesthood (when formed) in the Religion of Humanity, how wide are their claims, and how lofty is the position they aspire to. Such claims Mr. Congreve tells us—and with truth—no Christian priest would venture to put forth; and wisely—for if he did, no community would ever allow them. But the Priesthood of Humanity will take higher ground than is possible to that of Christendom. Here is the statement of their claims:—

I begin by restating what I have often stated before—my conviction that for the full meeting of the difficulties, for the satisfactory accomplishment of the work of education in all its complexity, there is no other power but religion to which we can profitably appeal; that for the instruction of this and other nations, we must rely on a religious organization,—on the organization, that is, of a body of men animated by the same religious convictions, undertaking the task in the same spirit as a religious duty, and making its performance the ground of their whole existence and action—the justification of their being an organization. In other words, none but a Priesthood can be qualified to instruct—none but a Priesthood can duly guide society to the right conception of education, to the right conception of its more peculiar organ—the family, and of its own action in subordination to that organ.

Then arises the question, Is there such a body? There exist Priesthoods around us of more or less power and cohesion. But there is not which would claim to answer to the description given. . . . The new Priesthood of Humanity now in the slow process of formation enters then on ground not previously occupied, when it claims for itself the province of higher instruction as its peculiar work, its *raison d'être*—the great primary object of its existence and action, that on which all its other functions are seen to rest. It is as yet, as I said, but in the process of formation; it needs long and vigorous efforts from all the servants of Humanity to aid it in its constitution; but whilst recognizing these facts, we who, by the force of circumstances and the exigencies of our position, are, however imperfectly, members of this nascent organization, must not shrink from claiming for it that which is to be its appropriate province. It, and it alone, if worthy of its place, can instruct the children of Humanity with the complete instruction which they need for the purposes of their being. It is enough that others serve another power, and cannot therefore be consequent servants of Humanity. They might, and they will, to a great extent, and most usefully, give the same knowledge, but they cannot give it with the same logical consistency as we do. They may help us, but we finally supersede them.

The reader will perceive that no pope, no mediæval priest, ever made a vaster claim, or set up a more infallible right. When what is technically called an "Appeal" is made for the Home Mission, for the favourite parochial scheme of evangelization, or for the missionary to the heathen, conventionally so called, it is of ordinary usage to give a wide and vague description of the blessings to be secured by the special "work" for which the sympathies of a Christian people are appealed to; but few, even of the most fervent, venture to say "this agency, and this alone, can instruct" the ignorant. We, and we alone, are the men who can save our race. This, however, Mr. Congreve says without hesitation; to him it is *tout simple*. Of all the complicated subjects in the world, this one of education is the most difficult; but he is provided with the machinery which can solve all difficulties, the organization which has the final power in its hands. What is the appeal he makes after this grand introduction? Has he a Priesthood ready to enter upon its work; has he a band of eager disciples ready, if only the means are furnished, to set the new world in the right way at once; has he an Apostolate at least, wanting only that "penny siller" which is nowadays the indispensable con-

dition of all benevolent enterprises? We turn the page, and we find stated in all simplicity the modest boundary of the new Religion's hopes.

Those who recognize the insufficiency of other educational schemes, the incompetence of other clergies, . . . to all such I appeal for aid in forwarding the formation of the new Priesthood. I cannot say how urgent I think this question, how important is a steady uninterrupted effort to base on a solid foundation the fund for the Priesthood of the human faith. . . . Immediately this only concerns one, but that one is of the highest importance. To form a fund sufficient, both in amount and certainty, to dispense with the great pressure upon our director's energies, that is the most immediate object we can set before us. I may do what he would not do, urge this on all Positivists, and, indeed, on all who sympathize with us from outside.

Alas for the world and its chance of renovation! alas for the children of Humanity whom only the Priesthood of Humanity can fully instruct! There is but one priest in question, one man whom all Positivists are entreated to unite in making a provision for, so that he may devote all his energies to the new-born Church. From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step. Surely the members of the young community, were they half as much in earnest as Mr. Congreve, would soon find means of liberating M. Lafitte, the spiritual director of their sect, the head of their religion, so to speak, from the temporal work which divides his thoughts with the care of his flock. If it is true, according to the vulgar idea, that liberality in offerings is the best sign of warm partisanship and strong conviction, then we fear Positivism, after all, must have a weaker claim upon its votaries than is to be desired. In the same discourse, a page further on, the preacher makes another most modest suggestion, too gentle to be called an appeal, which still further exposes the unfortunate contrast between the splendid pretensions of the new sect, and the means it possesses of carrying them out.

Secondly, I think we should keep before us the question of acquiring some room or rooms where lectures might be given, where even more elementary teaching might be given if wanted—a Positive school or institute, as it might be called. This is a point which already has struck some of our body. I can only beg of them not to lose sight of it, but to see how far and where it is realizable. . . . It remains essential for us in any case to see whether we can provide ourselves with a local habitation—a seat of Positivism.

Was there ever a more modest, more touching suggestion of a want? What! one room only, one poor room! to make a home for a great philosophy, a universal religion? We do not know how the reader may feel, but we confess that our first impulse was to reply promptly—Yes, certainly, you amiable soul! you shall have a room, and that at once. Poor though we are, (and where is the critic who is not poor?) we can yet manage to make this little sacrifice, nay, even to buy a plaster bust or two to adorn the same and make you happy. We put on record the instinctive response of our heart, in which we have no doubt the reader will sympathize, for our own satisfaction, and because perhaps it may please Mr. Congreve to hear of it. But we have great pleasure in informing the public that the sacrifice which we were so genially disposed to make has not been necessary, but that the Positivist body itself has proved equal to the task imposed upon it, and that the Room has been attained. Here is our mild Apostle's own account of so gratifying a fact:—

In England, during the past year, we have made a great advance. When, on the last anniversary of this festival, I mentioned certain objects as desirable, I had little expectation that we should, by the next anniversary, have got so far towards their attainment. We have been now for nine months in possession of this room, and the gain to our cause has been, and will be, undoubtedly great. It gives us a centre of action, a place to which those who wish to hear more of our teaching may come, as well as a rallying-point for ourselves; and it gives us, moreover, what is on all grounds so valuable to us, a sense of permanence. It gives us the unity of place in exchange for the unpleasant but necessary changes to which we were previously driven. It enables our associations to fix themselves, and to gain the strength which fixity gives. It is in the highest degree calculated to promote our sense of order. There is good reason, I think, to hope that it will give a very strong impulse to our progress. Nor is it the mere room we have, but in the collection of the busts of the calendar which ornament our walls, together with the pictures which, as the room becomes drier, may be added in increasing numbers, we see not merely with gratitude the liberality of our members, but the evidence of that worship of the dead which is characteristic of Positivism, and the beginnings of that artistic develop-

ment which it sets before it as one of its great ends. None can enter the room and give the most passing attention to that series of busts without being struck with the historical character which attaches to our religion. They should be, and will be, a valuable impression* for all, and the Positivist cause is much indebted to those who have placed them there.

We cannot conclude more fitly than with this gratifying announcement. The Room (it is surely worth a capital) is situated in Chapel Street, Bedford Row, No. 19. There Mr. Congreve preaches on Sunday mornings, taking "the practical and religious side of the subjects," and Mr. Beesly on Sunday evenings taking "the historical side." There all men who will may be informed by the collection of busts and the pictures, which no doubt has been added to by this time; there we may learn how to say a litany to Humanity, and pray to that great Being, and contemplate, in and through Humanity, the august figure of M. Comte. There, too, we may be taught how to love Space, and to understand the responsive passion of that highly comprehensible entity. Furthermore, if you wish it, dear reader, you may there be initiated into the dates and names of the new religion, and date your letter Moses 19th, instead of January 19th, Aristotle instead of March, Dante instead of July, Gutemberg instead of September; and so forth. The first day of Moses in the 86th year of the blessed French Revolution, for instance, would be the date in the Calendar at No. 19 Chapel Street, Bedford Row, for what we called the 1st of January 1874 in profane parlance. Think of that, all who aspire to superiority and singularity! To be sure, in the present rudimentary state of the community, this system of dates is troublesome, since the old-world, effete Christian date must still be added to insure comprehension; but in the natural course of events the old must displace the new, and this unsatisfactory state of affairs will no doubt come to an end.

* We feel too much attached to Mr. Congreve to criticise his grammar or his mode of expressing himself; but it troubles our limited intelligence to know how a series of busts can be "a valuable impression." We admit, however, that after our effort to comprehend the love of Space and the worship of Humanity, we may have got a little confused as to what words mean.

A GOOD deal of attention has lately been paid to the daughters of Louis XV. Attempts have been made by some to prove that one of the six was a saint, by others to prove that three at least were stained with abominable crimes. Both are alike unsuccessful. Mdme. Louise appears, from an article by M. Jules Soury in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to have been diseased in mind and body, a mixture of wounded vanity, ambition, casuistry, and intrigue. The others had, in greater or less degree, the merits and defects of the house of Bourbon. Voluptuous and full-blooded, devoted to the pleasures of the table and the chase, with constitutions prone to hereditary disease, and good natural abilities debased by the wretched education of the convent and the Court, and soured by the disappointments of a useless life, they were but ill-fitted to bolster up a falling dynasty, to foster the feeling of loyalty in an exasperated people, to recommend the precepts of Ultramontaniam to a nation of sceptics and Encyclopedists. Their influence over their unhappy niece, Marie Antoinette, was for evil, as she herself at last recognized. Their language was too free for the by no means fastidious courtiers of the eighteenth century. The affection which they bore their father, one of the redeeming traits in their character, deep and self-sacrificing as it was, was too effusive to escape scandal. The little traits which distinguished the sisters, except the scheming devotee Louise, and perhaps the timid Sophie, are well brought out by M. Soury, who is a careful student and able exponent of character. Their dispositions were mainly Bourbon, intermingled with some Polish traits inherited from their mother, Maria Leczinska, whose joyless destiny irresistibly reminds us of Catharine of Braganza, as the records of the Louis Quinze period so often recall the vivid pages of Pepys and the England of his day. The record of their lives is in itself no great contribution to history. The eldest, Elizabeth, became the wife of the third son of Philip V. of Spain, afterwards Duke of Parma, a dissolute, weak-minded prince, who was always out at elbows. She was known as the poor Duchess, and was saved from utter misery by her love for her children, a feature which she shared in common with her father, Louis XV. The others were never married. Mdme. Louise, the youngest, retired in 1770 to the Carmelite monastery of St. Denis, her "angel" being Julienne de MacMahon, and became the mainspring of Jesuit intrigues and Ultramontane intolerance, and a passionate collector of all sorts of relics, especially the entire bodies of saints. Only two, Adelaide and Victoire, were living when the Revolution—which their father had but too surely foreseen, and had done his best to render inevitable—burst upon France. They fled to Rome, and, on the approach of the revolutionary armies, to Trieste, where Victoire died in May, 1799. Her sister, the impetuous and masculine Adelaide, did not long

survive her, and died in great obscurity on February 18, 1800. All who are interested in the domestic history of the period which preceded the great Revolution should turn to this article. M. Soury has consulted the chief works recently published and a number of inedited documents, and he has invested with wonderful life and reality the biography of these last daughters of the House of France.

Academy.

It is stated that in 1849 a brother of King Coffee, named Aquasi Boachi, and then of about twenty years of age, lived at Vienna for several months. He was taken from Coomasie by some Dutchmen at the age of nine, brought up at Amsterdam, and afterwards sent to the School of Mines at Freiberg. He spoke three or four European languages, and showed much intelligence and love of study. Not wishing to return to his country, he entered the service of the Dutch colony at Batavia, where he was found by the *Novara* expedition, holding the office of director of mines, and enjoying the respect of all with whom he was brought in contact.

Academy.

WITH the object of improving the means of communication between Russia and Turkey, an agreement was entered into last year between the two governments to grant to a Dane of the name of Tityen a concession to lay down and work a submarine cable between Odessa and Constantinople. By virtue of this concession, Tityen formed a company, and on May 11 last the task of laying the cable was successfully accomplished. The line has since been thoroughly tried, and is now in working order, the charge being fixed at 14 francs for an ordinary message from any inland town of Russia to one in Turkey, and 12 francs from Odessa to Constantinople.

Academy.

ACCORDING to the most recent and careful calculations, the population of Japan amounts to 33,000,000. The country is divided into 717 districts, 12,000 towns, and 76,000 villages, containing an aggregate of about 7,000,000 houses, and no less than 98,000 Buddhist temples. Among the population are included 29 princes and princesses, 1,300 nobles, 1,000,000 peasants (about half of whom are hired labourers), and about 800,000 merchants and shopkeepers. The number of cripples is estimated at about 100,000, and there are 6,464 prisoners in confinement throughout the country.

Academy.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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A MESSAGE—AN ANSWER.

I.

I HEARD that life was failing thee ; and sent
A rose, the Chalice of Love's Sacrament,
Thinking that the sweet heart of her should
show

How one remembers thee, that long ago
Had steeped the rose in tears, long dried, long
spent.

Not that my messenger should stir thy breast,
Or passion move thee, that for only guest
Should have the Lord of Life, thy soul to
guide

Through the Death-valley to the other
side—

Thy only love be now the First and Best—

But that before the awful shadows creep
Across thee, and thou fall indeed asleep,
Thy whitening fingers once might wander in
The petal's depths ; and thou, remembering,
Mightst send some token to a friend to keep.

A friend, — O sacred word of depth divine !
Passion may fade as fadeth pale moonshine,
And glories fail from off the earth and sea,
But what shall hinder us, if unto me
Thou say, — "I am thy friend, and thou art
mine?"

Love halteth trembling at the Gates of Life,
Afraid to enter, since her heat is strife,
And she transfused is with earth's unrest ;
But for us, friend, it hath long since been
best, —
Love past a long while since, when Love was
rife.

O friend ! — they say that thou art drifting
past —

Let but a whisper from thy lips be cast,
And I will thither come with eager feet,
And search about thee, dead, for that one
sweet, —

And know that it is mine, and hold it fast !

Trouble thee would I not, that know, dear
friend ;

Only before the silence of the end
Speak ! since forevermore mine ear must be
Racked with the silence of Eternity !
And I, — I have but this pale rose to send !

II.

At night, as I lay still upon my bed,
Weary of thinking of a friend long dead,
And of a message that I sent to him, —
Of the no-answer that he, passing, sent
Of the all-darkness of the way he went,
Tears, spent for friendship, made mine eyes
grow dim. —

When on my window-sill I heard the moan
Of a meek dove, that in sad undertone
Complained most piteously. "O dove !" I
said,

"Torment me not, for friends have been un-
true,

And Love in dying slayeth friendship too,
And faith of mine is buried with my dead."

But then it seemed God touched my stubborn
ear,

And all my soul awoke, and I could hear
Divinest answer coming in the moan.

"O friend !" the answer said, "thou falsely
true !

Thou stirrest ever my repose anew."
(And then there came a thrilling in the tone,) —

"What tidings wouldst thou have ? From me
to thee

Never can message come o'er land or sea.
Living I found no speech to frame my soul,
And all my soul is thine ! And entered
here,

I find it even so. In this pure sphere
Love rangeth ever, knowing no control,

"But that which thou didst know of old on
earth

Is born again ; and from the second birth
Stands measureless of stature, grown divine !

If on the earth and in my dying hour
Words none had I, nor yet could find a
flower

To take a message to one friend of mine,

"How shall it be that this unfathomed Love
Should find its token in the heaven above,
Or in the earth beneath me, or the sea ?

We lived long years of silence there below, —
O be content ! and for thy healing know
Silence alone hath voice to answer thee !"

Spectator.

C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.

SONNET.

I FELT a spirit of love begin to stir
Within my heart, long time unfelt till then ;
And saw Love coming towards me, fair and
fain

(That I scarce knew him for his joyful cheer),
Saying, "Be now indeed my worshipper !"
And in his speech he laugh'd and laugh'd
again.

Then, while it was his pleasure to remain,
I chanced to look the way he had drawn near,
And saw the Ladies Joan and Beatrice

Approach me, this the other following,
One and a second marvel instantly.

And even as now my memory speaketh this,
Love spake it then : "The first is christened
Spring ;

The second Love, she is so like to me."

Dante, Translated by Rossetti.

From The Quarterly Review.
ENGLISH VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.*

THE writer of *vers de société* (for which we have no corresponding term in the English language) stands in the same relation to the audience of the *salon* and the club as the ballad-writer to that of the alehouse and the street. The one circle is more cultivated than the other, but the poet must equally reflect its tone, think its thoughts, and speak its language. Not a few of the brightest specimens of this poetry are of anonymous authorship. Many of its best writers whose names have been recorded were not professed poets, but courtiers, statesmen, divines, soldiers, wits, or "men about town," who combined with their intimate knowledge and quick observation of the world a sufficient facility in the production of easy sparkling verse to win the ear of their circle. Whenever, as has often been the case in our literary history, a poet of high genius or graceful accomplishment has cultivated this branch of the art, he has not failed to enrich it with his own peculiar charm. But, as Isaac D'Israeli has pointed out in his essay on the subject, the possession of genius is "not always sufficient to impart that grace of amenity" which is essentially characteristic of verse "consecrated to the amusement of society. Compositions of this kind, effusions of the heart and pictures of the imagination, produced in the convivial, the amatory, and the pensive hour," demand, as he goes on to show, rather the skill of a man of the world than a man of letters. "The poet must be alike polished by an intercourse with the world as with the studies of taste, one to whom labour is negligence, refinement a science, and art a nature." †

Mr. Locker, in his admirable preface to

the volume that heads our list, has expanded a similar view with copious illustration. He is careful to remark that while in this species of verse "a boudoir decorum is or ought always to be preserved, where sentiment never surges into passion, and where humour never overflows into boisterous merriment," it "need by no means be confined to topics of artificial life, but subjects of the most exalted and of the most trivial character may be treated with equal success," provided the conditions of the art be duly observed. What those conditions are he proceeds to show. His definition of them is straiter than Isaac D'Israeli's, and somewhat too exacting, for it would be easy to prove that many of the poems admitted into his collection do not unreservedly comply with them. A certain "conversational" tone, as he notes, generally pertains to the best *vers de société*. The qualities essential to the successful conduct of conversation will accordingly be observed in them, — *savoir-faire*, sprightliness, brevity, or neatness of expression. Humour, the salt of well-bred conversation, is one of their commonest characteristics; and egotism, a *soupeçon* of which is never grudged to an agreeable talker, frequently lends them flavour and piquancy. But these are not indispensable ingredients. Such verse is as often purely sentimental, and may at times be tinged, although not too strongly, with the emotion of which sentiment is but the mental *simulacrum*. No precise definition, indeed, is possible of a poetry so volatile, a wind-sown seed of fancy, for which circumstance serves as soil and opportunity as sun, and that varies with the nature of its subject, the disposition of its writer, and still more the temper of its age.

This brings us to what we deem the special feature that distinguishes it from other branches of the art, its representative value as a reflection of history. To this aspect of the subject, upon which we doubt if sufficient stress has yet been laid, the following observations must mainly be devoted. The remark already made respecting the living interest of the poetry of society applies with equal force

* 1. *Lyra Elegantiarum; a Collection of some of the best Specimens of Vers de Société, &c.* Edited by Frederick Locker. London, 1867.

2. *Ballads.* By W. M. Thackeray. London, 1856.

3. *London Lyrics.* By Frederick Locker. Sixth Edition. London, 1873.

4. *Verses and Translations.* By C. S. C. Second Edition. Cambridge, 1862.

5. *Fly-leaves.* By C. S. C. Cambridge, 1872.

6. *Vignettes in Rhyme and Vers de Société.* By Austin Dobson. London, 1873.

† "Literary Miscellanies" (Edition of 1863), p. 308.

to its historical interest. Since the days of Horace and Martial it has owed this less to the genius and culture of its authors, great as they have often been, than to the abstract merit of its faithfulness as a contemporary mirror and chronograph of manners. We use the word manners here in its largest sense, as the external index of the moral and intellectual, religious and political standards accepted at a given epoch. How strongly imprinted upon the face of a literature are the characteristics of the national life whence it has sprung; how closely interwoven with its fabric are the beliefs and habits, the aspirations and tendencies, which have acquired for the people that produced it their particular place in history, has been demonstrated by such critics as M. Taine from abundant resources upon an extensive scale. The same thesis, however, may admit of illustration within the limits of a province so restricted as that of *vers de société*; and in the volume which we have selected as a text-book, the materials have been so skilfully brought together, that the task of assortment for this purpose is comparatively easy. The development of our national character during the last three centuries, the changes which the canons of literary taste, the standards of social morality, the relations of the sexes, and the equilibrium of political forces, have severally undergone in the interval, may here be traced with the least possible fatigue by the light of the most fascinating of studies.

If the lines of Skelton ("Merry Margaret"), with which the "Lyra Elegantiarum" fitly opens, quaint with insular mannerism and racy of Chaucer's English, mark the stagnant condition of our literature since the impulse imparted to that master's genius by the dawning of the Renaissance in Italy, the accompanying lines of Surrey ("The means to attain happy Life") and of Wyatt ("The one he would love") owe their thoughtful calm and grave sweetness to the influence of that revival at its noontide, and a closer study of those Italian models which were still the criterion of literary art in Europe. The luxuriant verdure

into which our poetry burgeoned under its radiance, in an atmosphere purified by the Reformation of religion, is favourably illustrated in the specimen-lyrics here given of the Elizabethan era. Of the manifold elements which then contributed to the abounding wealth of national life, not a few are thus represented. The courtesy and constancy of which Sidney was the foremost type are as manifest in his love-songs ("The Serenade" and "A Ditty") as in the career which closed so gallantly at Zutphen. Raleigh's philosophical "Description of Love," and "Nymph's reply to the passionate Shepherd," reminds us that the brilliant courtier and adventurous voyager was at the same time the historian of the world. The verses attributed to Shakespeare, to which the latter poem is a reply, "My flocks feed not," and Breton's charming madrigal, "In the merry month of May," introduce us into the fictitious Arcadia created by Spenser and Sidney, which however graceful in its origin as an idyllic reflection of the chivalric revival, subsequently degenerated into so poor a sham. There is a truer ring, an unaffected smack of the soil, in such poems as Robert Greene's "Happy as a Shepherd" and "Content," wherein the healthy idea of a country life, for which Englishmen have ever cherished an avowed or a secret yearning, is depicted in admired contrast with the delights of a palace. There is scarcely a period in our literature when the lips of courtiers and statesmen, wit and worldlings, have not, in some form or other, echoed the sentiment of these lines:—

The homely house that harbours quiet rest,

The cottage that affords no pride nor care
The mean that 'grees with country music bare

The sweet consort of mirth and music's far
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss.

A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

The rough strength and unspoilt grace which were so kindly tempered in Ben Jonson by the addition of classical culture, make themselves felt in such lyrics as "To Celia" and "Charis," more the one counterpart to which the Editor might have extracted from "The Forest" and "Underwoods." The conceits

Carew, on the other hand ("Ask me no more," &c.), seem to betray his infection with the false taste which the "Euphues" of Lyly has the discredit of introducing into Elizabethan English. The contemporary poems of Sir Robert Ayton are admirable examples of that purer style which had arisen with Surrey and was to culminate with Milton. Their burden of woman's inconstancy and man's self-respecting dignity ("I loved thee once," and "I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair") is a favourite theme with the poets of this period, and marks a reaction against the exaggerated ideal of womanhood, which, among other incidents of the Neo-chivalry, Spenser, Sidney, and their fellows had loyally striven to restore. George Wither's "Shall I, wasting in despair," which breathes of the writer's ante-Puritan days, is the best-known embodiment of this reactionary spirit. It is but a mild prelude to the tone of jovial recklessness and *de haut en bas* gallantry running through the lyrics of Sir John Suckling. No more characteristic *vers de société* than his "Careless Lover," "Why so pale?" "Out upon it, I have loved," "The Siege," and "Love and Debt," are to be found in the language. The opening verse of the latter, with its pious aspiration —

That I were fairly out of debt
As I am out of love,

echoes the living voice of the roistering cavalier, as light-hearted in the day of prosperity as he was free-handed. The loyal devotion of which that type was capable in the crisis of adversity imparts the glow of inspiration to the exquisite poems of Lovelace. His "Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind," and "To Althæa from prison," familiar as a household word in every line, are instinct with that charm of emotional nobleness of which the thousandth repetition never makes us weary.

More completely representative of the Cavalier poets is Herrick, of whose delicious lyrics this volume affords many examples. Alike in his chivalrous loyalty avowed the most openly when Fortune was the least favourable to his cause, his outbursts of devotional feeling, his lapses

into the grossest sensualism, his robust English instincts, his refined classic culture, his absorption in the pursuit of individual pleasure and blindness to the signs of national distress, he aptly exemplifies a party whose aspect of moral and intellectual paradox is its distinguishing note in history. Of the disastrous defeat which, owing to this instability, his party suffered at the hands of the earnest, strait-laced Puritans, "men of one idea," Herrick bore his full share. Had his political sympathies been less pronounced than they were, such an amorous bacchanalian priest would never have been allowed to hold the cure of souls at Dean Prior while a "painful preacher of the Word" could be found to take his place. To the pressure of poverty consequent upon his supersession and exile in London, we owe the publication of his "Noble Numbers," a collection exclusively sacred, in 1647, and his "Hesperides," a collection miscellaneously profane, in 1648. It is significant of the writer's character that the former opens with his prayer for the Divine forgiveness of the very

unbaptized rhymes

Writ in my wild unhallowed times,

which in the following year he permitted himself to include within the latter. "Unbaptized," in the strictest sense of the word, many of these verses assuredly are. The poet in his distress seems to have raked together every scrap that he had written, and mingled the freshest tokens of his inspiration with the sickliest and the foulest records of his bad taste, without any attempt at assortment. Whatever drawback be allowed for the inconsistency of the poet and the inequality of his verse, the "Hesperides" will still be cherished among our most precious lyrical treasures. Herrick is eminent among those poets of society whose art has a special charm irrespective of its representative or historical interest. That quality which is universally recognized as grace, undefinable but unmistakable as an aroma, seldom deserts him even when his theme is the coarsest. In choice simplicity of language and orderly freedom of versification few of our

highest poets have equalled him. These merits are most observable in the poems that approach nearest to classic models; as, for example, the idyll of "Corinna's going a-maying," and the elegiac verses "To Perilla;"* but his least studied effusions bear marks of the same training. Take, for instance, these lines "To Dianeme":—

Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes
Which, star-like, sparkle in their skies;
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives, — yours yet free:
Be you not proud of that rich hair,
Which wantons with the love-sick air;
Whenas that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty's gone.

In his erotics, which form nine-tenths of the "Hesperides," tender feeling and delicate fancy are too often tainted with an impurity that it is difficult to eliminate, but there are a few like the following, which contain not a word that could be wished away:—

THE BRACELET.

Why I tie about thy wrist,
Julia, this my silken twist,
For what other reason is't,
But to show thee how, in part,
Thou my pretty captive art?—
But thy bond-slave is my heart.
'Tis but silk that bindeth thee, —
Snap the thread, and thou art free;
But 'tis otherwise with me:
I am bound, and fast bound, so
That from thee I cannot go:
If I could, I would not so!

Although as a painter of manners Herick has left no single sketch so complete as Suckling's famous "Ballad on a Wedding," his profuse allusions to contemporary customs, games, articles of dress, furniture, and viands, afford ample materials from which a picture of his times may be constructed. The lewdness that had been fatal to him under the Commonwealth was no doubt the ground of his popularity under the Restoration; a popularity to which no consideration of the obligations involved in his calling can be supposed to have offered any hindrance. His poetry thus acquires an

* The description of morning-dew in the former,

"Take no care

For jewels for your gown or hair . . .

The childhood of the day hath kept

Against you come some orient pearls unwept; "

and the phrase applied to death in the latter,

"The cool and silent shades of sleep,"

may serve as illustrations of his exquisite diction.

historical significance greater than would otherwise belong to it.

The excess of the carnal over the spiritual element in the prevalent conception of love, may explain the degeneration of feeling into sentiment, and of fancy into ornament, that characterizes the erotic poetry of the Restoration. Sedley, Rochester, and Etherege scarcely pretend to passion, and are content to display their skill in concealing its absence under the glitter of verbal smartness. One unique example, Waller's charming poem on a girdle, redeems the cycle of contemporary love-verse from a wholesale charge of insincerity:—

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely dear.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

Lord Dorset's "Phillis, for shame!" has also an echo of truth in its tone of grave remonstrance with a half-hearted mistress, while his spirited lyric, "To all you Ladies now on Land," written on the eve of a naval engagement with the Dutch, affords a rare glimpse of the healthy English temper which not all the corruption of Court-life and the decadence of statesmanly honour under the later Stuarts had been able to vitiate. Of the greatest poets of the age we find but scanty record in the "Lyra." Milton is wholly absent. Dryden is only represented by two frigid pieces of sentiment and one fine fragment, "Fortune," which scarcely belongs to the category of *vers de société*. Cowley, however, appears to better advantage in his graceful poem, "A Wish," wherein the ideal of rural contentment, so dear to the national imagination, reappears under conditions as little favourable as possible to its birth and culture.

The influence that has left most trace upon the social poetry of the next generation is that of the sovereignty which France imposed upon our morals and taste at the very time when we had dethroned her from the empire of land and sea. The prevalence of a cynical, selfish view of life, of a practical contemp-

veiled under a theoretical reverence for virtue, the superiority of wit to truth, of manner to matter, are salient features in the lighter literature of the time. The frivolity and caprice of fashion which Addison and Steele unweariedly commemorated in easy and graceful prose, as if the scope of human activity contained no other theme of equal interest, were immortalized by Prior and Pope in airy and sparkling verse. Foreign words and phrases, appropriate to their subject, then openly intruded into the language of Chaucer and Shakespeare, and have left an impression of affectation and sickliness upon a literature otherwise manly and sound. We shall be understood as referring only to its intellectual characteristics; sound, in a moral sense, being the last epithet that could justly be applied to such a writer as Prior. He represents but too faithfully the standard of contemporary society. The duplicity of eminent statesmen and officials, the tolerance extended in the highest circles to the grosser vices, and the lewdness accepted as indispensable to the attractions of fiction and the drama, form a dark background to the glories which science and philosophy, strategy and policy, have shed upon our "Augustan" age. The shadow falls upon the career and is reflected in the verse of Prior. Shifty and brilliant in public, licentious and urbane in private life, he wrote as he lived. Wit and worldly wisdom, the Epicurean's creed and the sensualist's experience, are embodied in lyrics worthy of Horace, and epigrams only excelled by Pope. "Dear Chloe," "The Merchant to secure his treasure," and "The Secretary," are of course included in the "Lyra;" but we wonder at the omission of a poem so characteristic of the writer's elegant insincerity as the lines addressed to a lady who broke off an argument which she had commenced with him. The following are amongst its best verses:—

In the dispute whate'er I said,
My heart was by my tongue belied;
And in my looks you might have read
How much I argued on your side.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have sustain'd an open fight:
For seldom your opinions err;
Your eyes are always in the right.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the fight aspir'd;
To keep the beauteous foe in view
Was all the glory I desir'd.

Deeper to wound, she shuns the fight:
She drops her arms, to gain the field:
Secures her conquest by her flight:
And triumphs, when she seems to yield.

The admirable burlesque of Boileau's "Ode on the taking of Namur" might well have been added to the political poems in Mr. Locker's collection, and the select epigrams which illustrate the philosophy of "Carpe diem" include none happier than this paraphrase of the kindred axiom, "Quid sit futurum cras fuge quærere:"—

For what to-morrow shall disclose
May spoil what you to-night propose;
England may change or Chloe stray:
Love and life are for to-day.

Prior's miscellaneous poems, the outcome of a rapid and shrewd observation incessantly at work during a vicissitous career as man of letters, diplomatist, placeman, and pensioner, contain many a life-like sketch of the phenomena and characters of his time; of the vices in which passion ran riot, and the follies in which *ennui* sought distraction; of the empty braggarts who set up for wits, and the painted hags who posed as beauties. If his satires upon the aristocratic world portray its worst side and excite our disgust, his familiar epistles incidentally disclose another side which deserves our admiration. The relation between men of rank and men of genius, heretofore one of ostentatious protection on the part of the patron and obsequious dependence on that of the client, could scarcely have been in a healthier condition than when Prior, Pope, and Swift associated with Oxford and Bolingbroke, Addison and Steele with Halifax and Somers; when mental equality effaced social inequality, and an honourable interchange was effected between intelligent sympathy and well-judging generosity on the one side, and self-respectful friendship and uncovetous gratitude on the other.

The miscellaneous poems of Pope are so familiarly known that there is no need to dwell upon their abundant illustrations of contemporary manners. Though properly excluded from the "Lyra" by their length and elaboration, the "Rape of the Lock" and some of the satires are *vers de société* of the highest order. The impression which they leave differs little from that conveyed by the poems of Prior as to the moral unsoundness underlying the intellectual brilliance of the age: a condition to which the idiosyncrasy of

the poet, after the light recently thrown upon it by Mr. Elwin, must be admitted to afford a parallel. In the verse of Pope, however, as in that of Prior and the less polished but not less vigorous verse of Swift, there are distinct signs of healthier influences being at work. The standard of mental and moral culture which men demanded of women, and women were willing to attain, must have risen considerably above that of the previous generation,* before a writer so conversant with the world as Pope would have expected a female audience for his second "Essay," or a wit like Swift have dreamed of addressing his mistress in the strain of the birthday-lines "To Stella." Gross on the one hand and fulsome on the other as the tone of "Augustan" literature often is when its theme is womanhood, the height to which some of its best writers show themselves capable of rising marks a sensible approach towards that ideal of sexual relations —

Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities —

which it has been the proud 'boast of our own day to recognize more approximately.

Indications of the effect produced by the great constitutional crisis through which the nation had recently passed, of a diffusion of sympathy due to the unanimity with which liberty had been welcomed, and the need of maintaining it against a common foe, of the relaxation of the barriers between social grades, are perceptible in such poems as Swift's "Hamilton's Bawn" and "Mrs. Harris's Petition." His representation of the footing upon which masters stood with their servants, Prior's portraiture in "Down Hall" of the good fellowship subsisting between townsmen and rustics, and Addison's sketch in "Sir Roger de Coverley" of the squire's relations with his tenants, point, each in a different direction, to the prevalence of a national good-humour. How "slow to move," on the other hand, the English temperament has always been in obliterating class-distinctions and removing admitted anomalies, the two poems just named illustrate with equal clearness. The social status of the clergy, as Macaulay from ample materials describes it to have been in the reign of Charles II.,† cannot have sensibly improved at a time when Swift represents a chaplain in a noble family as des-

tinued for marriage with the housemaid, a captain of cavalry as taking precedence of a Dean at dinner and setting the table in a roar by ridicule of his cloth.

As the eighteenth century advances the fervour of political feeling became prominent in its *vers de société*. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's defence of Sir Robert Walpole ("Such were the lively Eyes"), and Garrick's "Advice to the Marquis of Rockingham," may pair with Sir C. Hanbury Williams' bitter diatribes upon Pulteney, as average specimens of their class, the fault of both the praise and the blame being that they are too obviously personal to be historically trustworthy. The blind violence of party-spirit in this age, and the difficulty that a statesman had to meet in obtaining a fair trial or a candid estimate of his policy, are excellently portrayed in the following stanzas from the pen of a neutral bystander whose name has not been handed down to us : —

Know, minister ! whate'er you plan, —
What'er your politics, great man,
You must expect detraction ;
Though of clean hand and honest heart,
Your greatness must expect to smart
Beneath the rod of faction.

Like blockheads eager in dispute,
The mob, that many-headed brute,
All bark and bawl together ;
For continental measures some,
And some cry, keep your troops at home,
And some are pleased with neither.

Lo, a militia guards the land !
Thousands applaud your saving hand,
And hail you their protector ;
While thousands censure and defame,
And brand you with the hideous name
Of state-quack and projector. . . .

Corruption's influence you despise ; —
These lift your glory to the skies,
Those pluck your glory down :
So strangely different is the note
Of scoundrels that have right to vote,
And scoundrels that have none.

The prevalence of drinking-songs among Georgian lyrics has an obviously political connection. With a Pretender Charles Stuart over the water, and a Patriot Jack Wilkes at home, no sturdy Constitutionalist wanted an excuse or lost an opportunity of celebrating "Church and King" in toast and chorus. There is an echo of their hearty English voices in such a rough carol as the following : —

Then him let's commend
That is true to his friend
And the Church and the Senate would settle ;

* Compare Macaulay's "History of England" (New Edition), i. pp. 192-3.

† "Hist. Eng." (New Edition), i. p. 160.

Who delights not in blood,
But draws when he should,
And bravely stands brunt to the battle.

Who rails not at Kings,
Nor at politick things,
Nor treason will speak when he's mellow,
But takes a full glass
To his country's success, —
This, this is an honest brave fellow.

The national prejudice against the Scotch, which was inflamed by the Jacobite rebellions and envenomed by the administration of Lord Bute, lends a spice of malice to Goldsmith's kindly satire in "The Retaliation" and "The Haunch of Venison," and even ruffles the urbane temper of Lord Chesterfield in "Lord Islay's Garden." Its manifestation among less restrained writers, such as the author of the lines on the construction of the Adelphi Terrace, is all but malignant : —

Four Scotchmen, by the name of Adams,
Who kept their coaches for their madams,
Quoth John, in sulky mood, to Thomas,
Have stole the very river from us.

O Scotland ! long it has been said
Thy teeth are sharp for English bread ;
What ! seize our bread and water too,
And use us worse than jailers do !
'Tis true 'tis hard ! 'tis hard 'tis true !

Ye friends of George and friends of James,
Envy us not our river Thames :
The Princess, fond of raw-boned faces,
May give you all our posts and places ;
Take all — to gratify your pride,
But dip your oatmeal in the Clyde.

That heartiness in love as well as hate, the frank, homely simplicity which are among the pleasantest traits of the eighteenth-century John Bull, as we recognize him in the novels of Fielding and Smollett, find genial expression in the verse of — Collins. It is strange enough that the author of such capital verse as "The Golden Farmer," "Good old Things," and "To-morrow," should, after the lapse of a century, be so little known that one can only distinguish him from his greater contemporary by leaving a blank for his Christian name.* Here again the rural ideal shows itself, and in the most natural form, affording the strongest contrast to the unreality of artifice and sentiment to which Shenstone and his fellows had reduced "Arcadian" poetry. In skilful hands, however, this verse, insipid as it is when its theme is

love, and maudlin when devoted to elegiacs upon furred and feathered pets, does not want certain compensating graces of style and rhythm. An example offers in Gray's lines "On the Death of a favourite Cat," the elegant humour of which Horace Walpole closely approaches in his "Entail," a fable of a butterfly. Sentiment passes into the region of feeling with Cowper, upon whose tender heart, and keen though clouded intelligence, the contemporary revival of religion was efficacious alike for good and evil.

If the atmospheric clearance effected by the great revolutionary storm wherein the eighteenth century closed had less marked an influence upon *vers de société* than any other province of poetry, it was doubtless because the class which comprehended their principal writers was the first to resist the political and social changes thus inaugurated. But the process of resistance itself evoked an outburst of energy which has left its precipitate in the most spirited satire perhaps ever written in English. The drollery of invention, the deftness of wit, which Frere and Canning infused into "The Anti-Jacobin," must have gone far, one would think, to assuage the smart of the wounds inflicted by their shafts. "The needy Knife-grinder," "The Student of Göttingen," and "The Loves of the Triangles," have, for three-quarters of a century at all events, been the common property of lovers of laughter to whatever party belonging. The two first-named and other specimens of Canning's vein of comedy find a worthy place in Mr. Locker's miscellany, but are too well known to justify extraction. Though wit and humour were the literary weapons which the Tory champions found fittest for political warfare, the conflict both to them and their opponents was none the less one of grim earnest. The inevitable effect of this earnestness on both parties was a relinquishment of conventionality and affectation, a return to nature and simplicity. The poets who drew their original inspiration from Liberal ideas — Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Southey, and Landor — were the first to indicate the healthy change ; but once manifested, its spread was contagious, nor in those who experienced it did any reactionary current ever induce a relapse. The Tory Scott is as clearly under its influence as the Republican Shelley, and its sway over a poet so unspiritual as Moore is potent enough to colour his sentiment with an

* A contemporary namesake, Mr. Mortimer Collins, has identified him with John Collins, a Birmingham bookseller, journalist, and actor.

emotional tinge. The sham Arcadia has vanished, and men and women, no longer masking as nymphs and swains, are clothed and in their right mind. The literary properties which had endured so long a tenure of favour are utterly discredited, and, except in the province of burlesque, it might be difficult to find a poem of the present century that contains an invocation to the Muse or a reference to Cupid's dart. The languid, frigid tones of the eighteenth-century lover are exchanged for accents so suffused with tender feeling as Landor's or so charged with fervid passion as those of Byron. Compare any love-poem of the three preceding generations with the following of Landor's, and the difference in kind is at once apparent : —

Ianthe ! you are called to cross the sea !
 A path forbidden *me* !
 Remember, while the Sun his blessing sheds
 Upon the mountain-heads,
 How often we have watcht him laying down
 His brow, and dropt our own
 Against each other's, and how faint and short
 And sliding the support !
 What will succeed it now ? Mine is unblest,
 Ianthe ! nor will rest
 But in the very thought that swells with pain.
 O bid me hope again !
 O give me back what Earth, what (without
 you)
 Not Heaven itself can do ;
 One of the golden days that we have past ;
 And let it be my last !
 Or else the gift would be, however sweet,
 Fragile and incomplete.

Proud word you' never spake, but you will
 speak
 Four not exempt from pride some future
 day.
 Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek
 Over my open volume, you will say,
 "This man loved me !" — then rise and trip
 away.

Perhaps no poet of the revolutionized *régime* displays its characteristics more clearly than Landor. He brought, indeed, the courtly manners and graceful scholarship of the previous generation to clothe the thoughts and feelings of his own ; but his fine perception enabled him to discard all that was out of keeping, and his thorough saturation with the modern spirit is always apparent, however antique may be the form adopted.

The chief poets of the century were usually occupied with enterprises of greater pith than the composition of *vers de société*, and their names rarely figure in Mr. Locker's catalogue ; but the impulse

that first animated them has extended to their lightest efforts, and Coleridge's "Something childish" and Wordsworth's "Dear Child of Nature" bear the date of their production on their face as manifestly as "The Ancient Mariner" or "Tintern Abbey." The *vers de société* of their minor contemporaries are stamped with the same impression. Charles Lamb's quaint tenderness is well represented by his "Hester," and Leigh Hunt's playful archness by his rondo, "Jenny kissed me." Peacock's "Love and Age," which we regret not having space to extract, is another exquisite example of the modern infusion of feeling into a theme on which a writer of the previous century would have been merely rhapsodical. What traces of the old school of sentiment are still left appear in the smooth grace of Rogers and the faded prettiness of William Spencer, while the unrefined humour which accompanied it finds its last representative in Captain Morris, in whose lyrics the "man about town" of the Regency lounges and swaggers to the life.

In that brighter vein of humour which is little affected by social changes, and sparkles freely under all conditions in impromptu and epigram, few professional jesters have attained more distinction than one of the gravest of functionaries, Lord Chancellor Erskine. Among the best of his recorded verses is that composed while listening to the tedious argument of a counsel which detained him on the woolsack until past the hour when he was engaged to a turtle dinner in the City. Being observed busily writing, he was supposed to be taking a note of the cause, but Lord Holland, who caught sight of his note-book, found that it contained the following : —

Oh that thy cursed balderdash
 Were swiftly changed to callipash !
 Thy bands so stiff and snug toupee
 Corrected were to callipee ;
 That since I can nor dine nor sup,
 I might arise and eat thee up ! *

The energy of the poetic reformation sensibly abated with the growth of the century, and a period of conventionality ensued, which was marked by a copious increase of "boudoir" literature, as flimsy in texture as it was showy in pattern. In the hands of one gifted writer, however, whose capacity for higher effort was perhaps thwarted in its development by a

* Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," vol. vi. p. 659.

premature death, this tawdry literature attained a temporary lustre. The sententiousness of Crabbe, the romanticism of Scott, and the sentiment of Byron, seem to have been Praed's literary nurture; but he brought wit, observation, scholarship, and experience to assimilate and modify them. His early sketches remind us of the first, his legends of the second, his lyrics of the third; but in each there are features which do not belong to the original, and distinguish the artist from the imitator. In the style which he subsequently perfected, antithetical in construction and pointed in phrasing, pungent in satire or playful in raillery, always clear and exquisitely versified, he has probably never had a superior. No observer of the outer side of life has painted more finished pictures than his of a London drawing-room—the manners and customs of well-bred English men and women between 1825 and 1835. Of a society which had outlived its appetite for vice without acquiring a healthy taste, which still maintained the institutions of the duel and the gaming-house, which had worshipped Brummell and was ready to worship D'Orsay, which had originated the exclusiveness and still upheld the tyranny of Almack's, in which such a creation as "Pelham" could be set up as a typical gentleman, in which the mediævalism of Scott was more admired than his characterization, and the introspection of Byron than his passion—of such a society Praed was a fitly representative poet. The licentious tone which had prevailed during the Regency having died out of its own excess, left behind it a prevailing taint of unearnestness which found expression in mere frivolity. Infected with the fashionable taste, yet half-ashamed of it, Praed laughs gently in his sleeve at the follies which he gravely affects to chronicle. His "Good-night to the Season" (which, to our surprise, Mr. Locker does not extract) and "Our Ball" are master-pieces in this mock-serious vein. "A Letter of Advice" from a young lady to her friend on the choice of a husband, is less veiled in its satire. How humorously the sham-romantic ideals of friendship and love, destined to extinction in a *mariage de convenance*, are ridiculed in these verses:—

O think of our favourite cottage,
And think of our dear "Lalla Rookh"!
How we shared with the milkmaids their pot-
tage,
And drank of the stream from the brook;

How fondly our loving lips falter'd
"What further can grandeur bestow?"
My heart is the same;—is yours alter'd?
My own Araminta, say "No!" . . .

We parted! but sympathy's fetters
Reach far over valley and hill;
I muse o'er your exquisite letters,
And feel that your heart is mine still;
And he who would share it with me, love,—
The richest of treasures below,—
If he's not what Orlando should be, love,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he wears a top-boot in his wooing,
If he comes to you riding a cob,
If he talks of his baking or brewing,
If he puts up his feet on the hob,
If he ever drinks port after dinner,
If his brow or his breeding is low,
If he calls himself "Thompson" or "Skinner,"
My dear Araminta, say "No!"

Praed's skill in pasquinade found ample scope for its exercise in the arena of politics. His sympathies, after his twenty-ninth year, were avowedly enlisted on the side of the Tories in their resistance to the march of innovation, and his winged arrows of wit were gallantly, if unavailingly, employed in their service. The only specimen of his political verse given in the "Lyra" is the piece addressed to the Speaker on seeing him asleep in the (Reformed) House of Commons. The two last stanzas are the best:—

Sleep, Mr. Speaker! Harvey will soon
Move to abolish the sun and the moon:
Hume will no doubt be taking the sense
Of the House on a question of sixteenpence.
Statesmen will howl, and patriots bray—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may!

Sleep, Mr. Speaker, and dream of the time
When loyalty was not quite a crime,
When Grant was a pupil in Canning's school,
And Palmerston fancied Wood a fool.
Lord! how principles pass away—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may!

The conflict of parties to which these verses refer inspired the worthiest ambitions and absorbed the best energies that society was then putting forth. Wit and humour know no political monopoly, and Praed was doubtless the first to admire the spirited sallies of satire that issued from the Liberal camp, during the agitations which preceded the enactments of Catholic Emancipation and Reform. Moore's "King Crack and his Idols," Macaulay's "Cambridge Election Ballad," and Peacock's "Fate of a Broom," have an ingenuity in their cari-

cature and an absence of malice about their hearty invective that bespeak the writers' training in the school of the "Anti-Jacobin's" swordsmen.

The *bourgeois* tone inevitably attending the influx of a democratic wave makes its presence felt in the *vers de société* of James Smith, Barham, and Hood, where puns and slang are too often substituted for wit. To Hood's poetic gifts, however, the extracts given in the "Lyra" do scanty justice. He had a true grace and fancy, of which they afford no indication. The extracts given from Barham do him more than justice, since they convey no idea of the coarseness which was a decided drawback to his fun. A trace of this mars one's enjoyment of some of Thackeray's genuinely humorous pieces. Its worst example is "The White Squall," which describes a passage across the Channel in language as unrefined as it is graphic, but the touch of tenderness in the closing verse redeems it: —

And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea,
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking
And smiling and making
A prayer at home for me.

It is noticeable how much less pronounced Thackeray's cynical tone is in his verses than in the province of fiction wherein his chief laurels have been won. The interfusion of pathos and humour above exemplified is often skilfully contrived, especially in the "Ballad of Bouilabaisse" and "The cane-bottomed Chair." Of his purely tender mood, "At the Church-gate," the reverie of a lover who sees his lady enter the minster, is a delicate example. A more familiar chord is struck in "Vanitas Vanitatum": —

O vanity of vanities !
How wayward the decrees of Fate are ;
How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are ! . . .

Though thrice a thousand years are past
Since David's son, the sad and splendid,
The weary King Ecclesiast,
Upon his awful tablets penned it, —

Methinks the text is never stale,
And life is every day renewing
Fresh comments on the old, old tale
Of Folly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin.

The only other representative poet of society belonging to our own time whose name occurs in Mr. Locker's volume is

Arthur Clough, of whom "Spectator ab extra" is a fairly characteristic lyric. It affords a glimpse of that deep-searching scepticism which now threatens to penetrate the most cherished of our social institutions, a tone of that deep-seated earnestness veiled in irony by which more than one contemporary teacher has won the public ear.

Such are a few of the side-lights of history which a rapid run through the pages of the "Lyra Elegantiarum" admits of our discerning. Mr. Locker does not include any living poets in his list, nor could he have done so without heading it with his own name. Though far from being a mere poet of society, he has devoted himself so steadily to the rôle of its lyricist, and as yet maintained his pre-eminence against all subsequent competitors, that no survey of the subject would be complete without some notice of his distinguishing traits. To estimate them fairly involves a consideration of the prevailing tone of contemporary society.

The observation long ago made upon us that we "take our pleasures sadly, after the manner of the nation," may have been intended as a reproach, but we have no reason to be ashamed of it. It is assuredly as true of us now as it ever was. The moods of frivolity in which we occasionally indulge seem to be borrowed from the Continent, and are as transient as other imported fashions. The shadow of the end and "the burden of the mystery" are forever recurring to our minds, not to extinguish our mirth, but to control its manifestations, and suggest the reflections which it is only madness to ignore. That the tendency to dwell upon the serious aspect of life has been for some years past upon the increase, we think there can be no doubt. The growing appetite for scientific, metaphysical, and theological speculation, no longer confined to the learned, but shared by all the educated classes; the interest now taken in political, educational, and sanitary questions by the sex hitherto indifferent to study, and satisfied with supremacy in accomplishments; the grave, even sombre cast of the poetry in the first or second rank which has been most widely read, "The Idylls of the King," "The Ring and the Book," "Aurora Leigh," "The Spanish Gipsy," "The Earthly Paradise," "Atlanta in Calydon;" the perpetual contrasts of tragedy with comedy offered in the pages of our most popular novelists — George Eliot, Thackeray, Dickens,

Mr. Trollope, Mr. W. Collins — and the tendency which the greatest of them display to the manufacture of “novels with a purpose;” the successful cultivation of high art by such painters as Mr. Watts, Mr. Leighton, Mr. Holman Hunt, and Mr. Poynter; the long popularity of the “domestic drama,” and the reaction which the degradation of farce into burlesque has created in favour of classical comedy: all these are signs in the same direction. Not, indeed, that the moralist, *pur et simple*, has a better chance of obtaining an audience in this than in a less serious age. We want our pills, and are even anxious to take them, but it is indispensable that they should be silvered.

A writer who, like Mr. Locker, comes forward in a jester's motley, but continually betrays the preacher's cassock beneath it, and is gifted with a vein of pathos that dominates without depressing his sense of humour, may fitly appeal to the sympathy of a society thus predisposed. The six editions of his “London Lyrics,” a number reached by no other volume of *vers de société* in our time, attest that he has thus appealed with success. Of such of his poems as are purely pathetic, we do not propose to speak. “Implora pace,” “Her quiet Resting-place,” and some others are expressions of personal feeling that no one would think of classing in the category to which the majority of his lyrics belong. The characteristic aroma of the latter cannot better be described than in the writer's own words: —

The wisely gay, as years advance,
Are gaily wise. Whate'er befall!
We'll laugh at folly, whether seen
Beneath a chimney or a steeple, —
At yours, at mine; our own, I mean,
As well as that of other people.

I'm fond of fun, the mental dew
Where wit and truth and ruth are blent. . . .

I've laughed to hide the tear I shed;
As when the Jester's bosom swells,
And mournfully he shakes his head,
We hear the jingle of his bells.

A cheerful philosopher, persuaded that the destiny of the world is in better hands than his own, yet interested in all that concerns it, he devotes to its advantage, by way either of sympathy or satire, the resources of a genuine poetic faculty. The gifts which make up his credentials have been singly possessed by one or other of his predecessors, some of whom have added qualifications that he lacks,

but none, we think, have equalled him in combining so much of what is excellent with so little an admixture of what is inferior. The writers of whom he most frequently reminds us are Herrick, Prior, Praed, and Thackeray. By the first he is surpassed in delicacy of fancy and lyrical skill, but he has equal tenderness and simplicity, and excels in humour and refinement. The humour both of Prior and Thackeray is more genial, but it is less refined than Mr. Locker's: Praed's wit is unapproached by him, but he adds the pathos which both Prior and Praed want, and the music and finish of which Thackeray has little. In irony, whether playful or earnest, we do not know his superior, the satirists who usually employ it being too apt to be either cynical or ponderous. The best-known example of his peculiar manner is the poem on a Skull, but the same blending of a sardonic with an emotional vein characterizes “The Skeleton in the Cupboard,” from which we extract one or two verses: —

We all have secrets: you have one
Which mayn't be quite your charming
spouse's;

We all lock up a skeleton
In some grim chamber of our houses. . . .

Your neighbour Gay, that jovial wight,
As Dives rich and brave as Hector, —
Poor Gay steals twenty times a night,
On shaking knees, to see his spectre.

Old Dives fears a pauper fate,
So hoarding is his ruling passion; —
Some gloomy souls anticipate
A waistcoat, straiter than the fashion!

Childless she pines, that lonely wife,
And secret tears are bitter shedding; —
Hector may tremble all his life,
And die, — but not of that he's dreading.

Ah me, the world! How fast it spins!
The beldams dance, the caldron bubbles;
They shriek, and stir it for our sins,
And we must drain it for our troubles.

We toil, we groan: — the cry for love
Mounts upward from the seething city,
And yet I know we have above
A *Father*, infinite in pity.

His dexterity in making the jester's privilege a cloak for the moralist is shown in the poem of “Beggars,” which analyzes in a parable the selfishness that lurks under the shelter of science; a similar service being rendered to the irrationalists in the piece called “An old Buffer.” Of his playful-pathetic mood,

"To my Grandmother" is one of the most charming examples :—

This relative of mine,
Was she seventy and nine
When she died ?
By the canvas may be seen
How she look'd at seventeen,
As a bride.

Beneath a summer tree
Her maiden reverie
Has a charm ;
Her ringlets are in taste ;
What an arm ! and what a waist
For an arm !

With her bridal-wreath, bouquet,
Lace, farthingale, and gay
Falbala, —
Were Romney's limning true,
What a lucky dog were you,
Grandpapa !

Her lips are sweet as love ;
They are parting ! Do they move ?
Are they dumb ?
Her eyes are blue, and beam
Beseechingly, and seem
To say "Come." . . .

That good-for-nothing Time
Has a confidence sublime !
When I first
Saw this lady, in my youth,
Her winters had, forsooth,
Done their worst. . . .

Ah, perishable clay !
Her charms had dropt away
One by one :
But if she heaved a sigh
With a burthen, it was, "Thy
Will be done."

In travail, as in tears,
With the fardel of her years
Overprest, —
In mercy she was borne
Where the weary and the worn
Are at rest.

"Gerty's Glove" and "Geraldine and I" are favourable specimens of the dainty grace which he can throw into a love-lyric ; "The Bear-pit" and "My First-born," of the genuine fun which he can extract from the ordinary incidents of life. Clearness and simplicity of language, polish and fluency of versification, are qualities that belong to his poems generally. He usually adopts a tone of kindly banter that diffuses itself in *nuances* of expression, and avoids epigram as too harsh a medium, but now and then knots his lash and leaves a mark not easily to be effaced. For such a quatrain

and couplet as the following it is scarcely hazardous to predict proverbiality :—

They eat and drink and scheme and plod
And go to church on Sunday ;
And many are afraid of God
And more of Mrs. Grundy.

The Cockney met in Middlesex or Surrey
Is often cold and always in a hurry.

Bringing the powers which these poems illustrate to bear upon the themes most likely to interest London society, the scenes and figures most familiar to its denizens, the love-histories transacted in their midst, the pleasures they most eagerly pursue, the sorrows they are too prone to neglect, Mr. Locker has condensed within one little volume what is not only accepted by his contemporaries, but we doubt not will be regarded by future historians, as a vivid and varied picture of Victorian life and manners. This position we think is secured to it by its evident freedom from caricature, a merit so seldom belonging to the observations of an everyday humourist. The sympathy between class and class, which is one of the healthiest symptoms of our time, is legibly reflected in his verse. The purity of tone that marks it may be primarily a personal trait ; but we are convinced that this, also, represents the dominant spirit of English society, notwithstanding the temporary notoriety of that small section which batters upon the literature of diseased or lawless lust.

Among contemporary writers of *vers de société*, although their name is legion, we are acquainted with but two whose claims to compare with Mr. Locker admit of discussion. Priority of appearance, and the respect due to his exquisite scholarship, entitle Mr. C. J. Calverley to the first consideration. If, however, the view we have taken be correct as to the qualifications which modern society demands from its representative poet, he is *ipso facto* disqualified for the office. As a mere humourist, it would be difficult to find his match ; but he has chosen to be no more. We say chosen, because out of two volumes of verse, a single poem, "Dover to Munich," contains a few stanzas that evince the writer's capacity for treating a serious theme with reverence and grace. With this exception, his original poems are confined to a series of burlesques and parodies. Some of the latter are infinitely droll, especially the imitation of Mr. Browning's mannerism in "Cock and Bull," and that which travesties Mr.

Swinburne's sham-antique ballads to the burden of "Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese." A spice of intentional ridicule such as is here infused seems always requisite to make parody piquant. For lack of this, other of Mr. Calverley's clever echoes are comparatively weak, no element inhering in the subject which could avail to render it absurd, even if the writer intended so to make it. The mock-heroic stanzas on "Beer" and "The Schoolmaster abroad" strike us as the best of his burlesques. Beyond incidental illustrations of undergraduate life, and the superficial traits of London humour that meet a passer's eye, these volumes contribute nothing to the poetry of modern manners. Regretting that Mr. Calverley is not animated by a worthier ambition, we must needs take him at his own valuation; and if he is content to do no more than amuse our idle hours, it would be ungrateful to deny that his verses have a *raison d'être*.

Mr. Austin Dobson evidently aspires to a higher place, and his recent volume of collected poems is one of unusual promise. Although his manner has obviously been coloured by the study of Mr. Locker, he is far from being merely an imitator, and in the faculty of pictorial expression he even excels his master. The following extract from a poem illustrating the condition of France under Louis Quinze is in his best style:—

For these were yet the days of halcyon weather,

A marten's summer, when the nation swam,
Aimless and easy as a wayward feather,

Down the full tide of jest and epigram;—
A careless time, when France's bluest blood
Beat to the tune of, "After us the flood."

Occasional phrases, such as describe the engraving

In shadowy sanguine stipple-traced
By Bartolozzi,

and the signs of a coquette's old age in

The coming of the crow's feet
And the backward turn of beaux' feet,

are very happily rendered. Where the writer chiefly fails as an artist is in over-elaboration. His portrait of "A Gentleman and a Gentlewoman of the Old School," for example, would be more lifelike if the strokes were fewer and stronger. Now and then, too, his ornaments are strangely out of keeping, as when he describes the sad gentle face of an aged lady surmounted by

a coif whose crest

Like Hector's horse-plume towered. (!)

His most successful effort in portraiture, we think, is "Avice," where the handling throughout is extremely delicate. Here are two verses:—

When you enter in a room,
It is stirred
With the wayward, flashing flight
Of a bird;
And you speak—and bring with you
Leaf and sun-ray, bud and blue,
And the wind-breath and the dew,
At a word. . . .

You have just their eager, quick
"Airs de tête,"
All their flush and fever-heat
When elate;
Every bird-like nod and beck,
And the bird's own curve of neck
When she gives a little peck
To her mate.

Some power of humorous characterization is shown in "Tu Quoque, a Conservatory Idyll," modelled after the duologue of Horace and Lydia, and "An Autumn Idyll," an adaptation of Theocritus. Both evince skill in preserving antique form while fitting it to modern usages, yet avoiding the vulgarity which is the opprobrium of "classical burlesque."

As a poet of society Mr. Dobson's gifts differ little in kind from Mr. Locker's, but they are not employed with equal judgment. "The Virtuoso," for example, an ironic study of æsthetic heartlessness, is so direct in its application as to verge on caricature, and loses much of the force which a satirist like Mr. Locker would have thrown into the form of suggestion. Playfulness and pathos, again, though Mr. Dobson has both at command, are not so subtly blended in "Pot-pourri" or "A Gage d'Amour" as in his predecessor's "Pilgrims of Pall Mall," and "My Grandmother." In point of technical skill the younger writer has much to learn. The light tripping metres, which both are fond of using, will not bear the weight of such heavy words as Mr. Dobson sometimes thrusts upon them.

The general impression produced by these "Vignettes" is very favourable to the writer's mental attitude. Their keen and sprightly criticism of men and manners is unspoilt by flippancy, their healthy appreciation of life's purest pleasures is tempered by kindly concern for the lot of those who miss them. With a few

exceptions, his observations strike us as made from a distance rather than on the spot, by one who has felt more than he has seen, and read more than he has thought. The aspect of modern life which such a spectator seizes is necessarily limited, but, as far as Mr. Dobson's field of vision extends, the report is trustworthy and encouraging.

The *primâ facie* reflection suggested by an historic retrospect like the foregoing may probably be, how little either the optimist or the pessimist can find in it that makes in favour of his creed. To the lyrists of society, whether one or three centuries ago, human nature seems to have presented the same motley spectacle that it presents to-day. Although from Herrick and Prior to Mr. Locker and Mr. Dobson they have, with rare exceptions, been "*laudatores temporis acti*," they have been at no loss to discern analogies between that past and their own time. The same motives have always been in operation, the same virtues honourable, the same vices detestable. The equilibrium has frequently shifted, and the moral standard which one age has striven to realize another has been content to idealize, but the standard itself has not appreciably altered. While, on the one hand, it is evident that each age chronicles the conquest of some vicious habit, the reclamation of some province from barbarism, and that the tide-mark once scored is ineffaceable, it is evident on the other hand, that evil tendencies are prone to recur after a period of apparent extinction, and that an ebb of puritanism is inevitably succeeded by a flow of libertinism. That the balance of such advance and recession is equal may not unreasonably be the impression first produced. A second consideration however, is sufficient to correct it. However little the types of humanity have changed since Horace and Martial painted them, it is certain that the painters would not recognize the world to which their sitters belonged, a world of refined gentlemen and ladies who no longer delighted in seeing gladiators hack each other to death, and runaway slaves torn by lions. If they discerned some resemblance to the habits with which they were familiar among the fashionable congregation at a Ritualistic service, the crowd at a poll-booth, and the audience at a theatre, they would marvel at the interest which one distinguished assembly took in organizing a famine-fund, another in the composition of a school-

board, a third in canvassing for an orphanage or an almshouse. If Herrick and Prior, in their turn, were transported to the London they had known, they would find its manners materially altered, the sanctity of marriage more respected, the representations of the stage more decorous, the evening meal no longer an orgy. Even Præd would find something to welcome in the abolition of Crockford's, and admit that the decision of a police-magistrate at Bow Street adjusted a quarrel at once more equitably and more economically than a pistol-shot at Wormwood Scrubbs. Whatever else has been lost, these are unquestionable gains. The Hydra, how often soever we behead it, will infallibly put forth new heads, but they will not be the same as the old. The lover of his kind, who is disheartened by the survey of the past and of the present, should find comfort in this outlook for the future, inexorably as the logic of events may convince him that the term of human perfectibility can never be fixed more definitely than "*ad Græcas Kalendas*."

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THREE FEATHERS.

CHAPTER I.

MASTER HARRY.

"You are a wicked boy, Harry," said a delightful old lady of seventy, with pink cheeks, silver hair, and bright eyes, to a tall and handsome lad of twenty, "and you will break your mother's heart. But it's the way of all you Trelyons. Good looks, bad temper, plenty of money, and the maddest fashion of spending it—there you are, the whole of you. Why won't you go into the house?"

"It's a nice house to go into, ain't it?" said the boy, with a rude laugh. "Look at it!"

It was, indeed, a nice house, — a quaint, old-fashioned, strongly-built place, that had withstood the western gales for some three or four centuries. And it was set amid beautiful trees, and it overlooked a picturesque little valley, and from this garden-terrace in front of it you would catch some glimpse of a tiny harbour on the Cornish coast, with its line of blue water passing out through the black rocks to the sea beyond.

"And why shouldn't the blinds be

down?" said the old lady. "It's the anniversary of your father's death."

"It's always the anniversary of somebody's death," her grandson said, impatiently flicking at a standard rose with his riding-switch, "and its nothing but snivel, snivel from morning till night, and the droning of the organ in the chapel, and the burning of incense all about the place, and everybody and everything dressed in black, and the whole house haunted by parsons. The parsons about the neighbourhood ain't enough, — they must come from all parts of the country, and you run against 'em in the hall, and you knock them over when you're riding out at the gate, and just when you expect to get a pheasant or two at the place you know, out jumps a brace of parsons that have been picking brambles.

"Harry, Harry, where do you expect to go to, if you hate the parsons so?" the old lady said; but there was scarcely that earnestness of reproof in her tone that ought to have been there. "And yet it's the way of all you Trelyons. Did I ever tell you how your grandfather hunted poor Mr. Pascoe that winter night? Dear, dear, what a jealous man your grandfather was at that time, to be sure! And when I told him that John Pascoe had been carrying stories to my father, and how that he (your grandfather) was to be forbidden the house, dear me, what a passion he was in! He wouldn't come near the house after that; but one night, as Mr. Pascoe was walking home, your grandfather rode after him, and overtook him, and called out, 'Look here, sir! you have been telling lies about me. I respect your cloth and I won't lay a hand on you; but, by the Lord, I will hunt you till there isn't a rag on your back!' And sure enough he did; and when poor Mr. Pascoe understood what he meant he was nearly out of his wits, and off he went over the fields, and over the walls across the ditches, with your grandfather after him, driving his horse at him when he stopped, and only shouting with laughter in answer to his cries and prayers. Dear, dear, what a to-do there was all over the county side after that! and your grandfather durstn't come near the house, — or he was too proud to come; but we got married for all that — oh, yes! we got married for all that."

The old lady laughed in her quiet way.

"You were too good for a parson, grandmother, I'll be bound," said Master Harry Trelyon. "You are one of the

right sort, you are. If I could find any girl, now, like what you were then, see if I wouldn't try to get her for a wife."

"Oh yes!" said the old lady, vastly pleased, and smiling a little; "there were two or three of your opinion at one time, Harry. Many a time I feared they would be the death of each other. And I never could have made up my mind, I do believe, if your grandfather hadn't come in among them to settle the question. It was all over with me then. It's the way of you Trelyons; you never give a poor girl a chance. It isn't ask and have, — it's come and take; and so a girl becomes a Trelyon before she knows where she is. Dear, dear, what a fine man your grandfather was, to be sure; and such a pleasant, frank, good-natured way as he had with him! Nobody could say No twice to him. The girls were all wild about him; and the story there was about our marriage! Yes, indeed, I was mad about him too, only that he was just as mad about me; and that night of the ball, when my father was angry because I would not dance, and when all the young men could not understand it, for how did they know that your grandfather was out in the garden, and asking nothing less than that I should run away with him there and then to Gretna? Why, the men of that time had some spirit, lad, and the girls, too, I can tell you; and I couldn't say No to him, and away we went just before daylight, and I in my ball-dress, sure enough, and we never stopped till we got to Exeter. And then the fight for fresh horses, and off again; and your grandfather had such a way with him, Harry, that the silliest of girls would have plucked up her spirits! And oh! the money he scattered to get the best of the horses at the posting-houses; for, of course, we knew that my father was close after us, and if he overtook us, then a convent in France for me, and good-bye to George Trelyon —"

"Well, grandmother, don't stop!" cried the lad before her: he had heard the story a hundred times, but he could have heard it another hundred times, merely to see the light that lit up the beautiful old face.

"We didn't stop, you booby!" she said, mistaking his remark; "stopping wasn't for George Trelyon. And oh! that morning as we drove into Carlisle, and we looked back, and there, sure enough, was my father's carriage a long way off. Your grandfather swore, Harry — yes, he did; and well it might make a

man swear. For our horses were dead beat, and before we should have time to change, my father would be up to claim me. But there! it was the luckiest thing that ever happened to me, for who could have expected to find old Lady MacGorman at the door of the hotel, just getting into her carriage, and when she saw me she stared, and I was in such a fright I couldn't speak, and she called out, 'Good heavens, child, why did you run away in your ball-dress? And who's the man?' 'His name, madam,' said I, 'is George Trelyon.' For by this time he was in the yard, raging about horses. 'A nephew of the Admiral, isn't he?' she says, and I told her he was; and then quick as lightning what does she do but whip round into the yard, get hold of your grandfather, my dear, and bundle both of us into her own carriage! Harry, my father's carriage was at the end of the street, as I am a living woman. And just as we drove off, we heard that dear, good, kind old creature call out to the people around, 'Five guineas apiece to you if you keep back the old gentleman's carriage for an hour!' and such a laughing as your grandfather had as we drove down the streets, and over the bridge, and up the hill, and out the level lanes. Dear, dear, I can see the country now. I can remember every hedge, and the two rivers we crossed, and the hills up in the north, and all the time your grandfather kept up the laugh, for he saw I was frightened. And there we were wedded, sure enough, and all in good time, for Lady MacGorman's guineas had saved us, so that we were actually driving back again when we saw my father's carriage coming along the road—at no great speed to be sure, for one of the horses was lame, and the other had cast a shoe—all the result of that good old creature's money. And then I said to your grandfather, 'What shall we do, George?' 'We shall have to stand and deliver, Sue!' says he; and with that he had the horses pulled up, and we got out. And when my father came up he got out, too, and George took me by the hand—there was no more laughing now, I can tell you, for it was but natural I should cry a bit—and he took off his hat, and led me forward to my father. I don't know what he said, I was in such a fright; but I know that my father looked at him for a minute—and George was standing rather abashed, perhaps, but then so handsome he looked, and so good-natured!—and then my father burst

into a roar of laughter, and came forward and shook him by the hand; and all that he would say then, or at any other time to the day of his death, was only this—'By Jupiter, sir, that was a devilish good pair that took you straight on end to Exeter!'"

"I scarcely remember my grandfather," the boy said; "but he couldn't have been a handsomer man than my father, nor a better man either."

"I don't say that," the old lady observed, candidly. "Your father was just such another. 'Like father, like son,' they used to say when he was a boy. But then, you see, your father would go and choose a wife for himself in spite of everybody, just like all you Trelyons, and so —"

But she remembered, and checked herself. She began to tell the lad in how far he resembled his grandfather in appearance, and he accepted these descriptions of his features and figure in a heedless manner, as of one who had grown too familiar with the fact of his being handsome to care about it. Had not every one paid him compliments, more or less indirect, from his cradle upwards? He was, indeed, all that the old lady would have desired to see in a Trelyon—tall, square-shouldered, clean-limbed, with dark grey eyes set under black eyelashes, a somewhat aquiline nose, proud and well-cut lips, a handsome forehead, and a complexion which might have been pale, but for its having been bronzed by constant exposure to sun and weather. There was something very winning about his face, when he chose to be winning; and, when he laughed, the laughter, being quite honest and careless and musical, was delightful to hear. With these personal advantages, joined to a fairly quick intelligence and a ready sympathy, Master Harry Trelyon ought to have been a universal favourite. So far from that being the case, a section of the persons whom he met, and whom he shocked by his rudeness, quickly dismissed him as an irreclaimable cub; another section, with whom he was on better terms, considered him a bad-tempered lad, shook their heads in a humorous fashion over his mother's trials, and were inclined to keep out of his way; while the best of his friends endeavoured to throw the blame of his faults on his bringing up, and maintained that he had many good qualities if only they had been properly developed. The only thing certain about these various criticisms was

that they did not concern very much the subject of them.

"And if I am like my grandfather," he said, good-naturedly, to the old lady, who was seated in a garden-chair, "why don't you get me a wife such as he had?"

"You? A wife?" she repeated, indignantly, remembering that, after all, to praise the good looks and excuse the hot-headedness of the Trelyons was not precisely the teaching this young man needed. "You take a wife? Why, what girl would have you? You are a mere booby. You can scarcely write your name. George Trelyon was a gentleman, sir. He could converse in six languages——"

"And swear considerably in one, I've heard," the lad said, with an impertinent laugh.

"You take a wife? I believe the stable-boys are better educated than you are in manners, as well as in learning. All you are fit for is to become a horse-breaker to a cavalry regiment, or a game-keeper; and I do believe it is that old wretch, Pentecost Luke, who has ruined you. Oh! I heard how Master Harry used to defy his governess, and would say nothing to her for days together, but

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met fifty old wives.

Then, old Luke had to be brought in, and Luke's cure for stubbornness was to give the brat a gun and teach him to shoot starlings. Oh! I know the whole story, my son, though I wasn't in Cornwall at the time. And then Master Harry must be sent to school; but two days afterwards Master Harry is discovered at the edge of a wood, coolly seated with a gun in his hand, waiting for his ferrets to drive out the rabbits. Then Master Harry is furnished with a private tutor; but a parcel of gunpowder is found below the gentleman's chair, with the heads of several lucifer matches lying about. So Master Harry is allowed to have his own way; and his master and preceptor is a lying old gamekeeper, and Master Harry can't read a page out of a book, but he can snare birds, and stuff fish, and catch butterflies, and go cliff-hunting on a horse that is bound to break his neck some day. Why, sir, what do you think a girl would have to say to you if you married her? She would expect you to take her into society; she would expect you to be agreeable in your manners, and be able to talk to people. Do you think she would care about your cunning

ways of catching birds, as if you were a cat or a sparrowhawk?"

He only flicked at the rose, and laughed; lecturing had but little effect on him.

"Do you think a girl would come to a house like this,—one half of it filled with dogs, and birds, and squirrels, and what not, the other furnished like a chapel in a cemetery? A combination of a church and a menagerie, that's what I call it."

"Grandmother," he said, "these parsons have been stuffing your head full of nonsense about me."

"Have they?" said the old lady sharply, and eyeing him keenly. "Are you sure it is all nonsense? You talk of marrying,—and you know that no girl of your own station in life would look at you. What about that public-house in the village, and the two girls there, and your constant visits?"

He turned round with a quick look of anger in his face.

"Who told you such infamous stories? I suppose one of the cringing, sneaking, white-livered——Bah!"

He switched the head off the rose, and strode away, saying as he went—

"Grandmother, you mustn't stay here long. The air of the place affects even you. Another week of it, and you'll be as mean as the rest of them."

But he was in a very bad temper, despite his careless gait. There was a scowl on the handsome and boyish face that was not pleasant to see. He walked round to the stables, kicked about the yard while his horse was being saddled, and then rode out of the grounds, and along the highway, until he went clattering down the steep and stony main street of Eglosilyan.

The children knew well this black horse: they had a superstitious fear of him, and they used to scurry into the cottages when his wild rider, who seldom tightened rein, rode down the precipitous thoroughfare. But just at this moment, when young Trelyon was paying little heed as to where he was going, a small, white-haired bundle of humanity came running out of a doorway, and stumbled and fell right in the way of the horse. The lad was a good rider, but all the pulling up in the world could not prevent the forefeet of the horse, as they were shot out into the stones, from rolling over that round bundle of clothes. Trelyon leapt to the ground, and caught up the child, who stared at him with big, blue, frightened eyes.

"It's you, young Pentecost, is it? And what the dickens do you mean by trying to knock over my horse, eh?"

The small boy was terrified, but quite obviously not hurt a bit; and his captor, leading the horse with one hand and affixing the bridle to the door, carried him into the cottage.

"Well, Mother Luke," said young Trelyon, "I know you've got too many children, but do you expect that I'm going to put them out of the way for you?"

She uttered a little scream, and caught at the boy.

"Oh! there's no harm done; but I suppose I must give him a couple of sovereigns because he nearly frightened me out of my wits. Poor little kid! it's hard on him that you should have given him such a name. I suppose you thought it was Cornish because it begins with *Pen*."

"You know 'twere his vather's name, Maäster Harry," said Mrs. Luke, smiling as she saw that the child's chubby fingers were being closed over two bright gold pieces.

Just at that moment, Master Harry, his eyes having got accustomed to the twilight of the kitchen, perceived that among the little crowd of children, at the fireside end, a young lady was sitting. She was an insignificant little person with dark eyes; she had a slate in her hand; the children were round her in a circle.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Wenna!" the young man said, removing his hat quickly, and blushing all over his handsome face. "I did not see you in the dark. Is your father at the inn? — I was going to see him. I hope I haven't frightened you?"

"Yes, my father has come back from Plymouth," said the young lady, quietly, and without rising. "And I think you might be a little more careful in riding through the village, Mr. Treylon."

"Good-morning," he said. "Take better care of Master Pentecost, Mother Luke." And with that he went out, and got into the saddle again, and set off to ride down to the inn, not quite so recklessly as heretofore.

CHAPTER II.

JIM CROW.

WHEN Miss Wenna, or Morwenna, as her mother in a freak of romanticism had called her, had finished her teaching, and had inspected some fashioning of garments in which Mrs. Luke was engaged,

she put on her light shawl and her hat, and went out into the fresh air. She was now standing in the main street of Eglosilyan; and there were houses right down below her, and houses far above her, but a stranger would have been puzzled to say where this odd little village began and ended. For it was built in a straggling fashion on the sides of two little ravines; and the small stone cottages were so curiously scattered among the trees, and the plots of garden were so curiously banked up with the walls that were smothered in wild-flowers, that you could only decide which was the main thoroughfare by the presence there of two greystone chapels — one the Wesleyans' Ebenezer, the other the Bible Christians'. The churches were far away on the uplands, where they were seen like towers along the bleak cliffs by the passing sailors. But perhaps Eglosilyan proper ought to be considered as lying down in the hollow, where the two ravines converged. For here was the chief inn; and here was the over-shot flour-mill; and here was the strange little harbour, tortuous, narrow, and deep, into which one or two heavy coasters came for slate, bringing with them timber and coal. Eglosilyan is certainly a picturesque place; but one's difficulty is to get anything like a proper view of it. The black and mighty cliffs at the mouth of the harbour, where the Atlantic seethes and boils in the calmest weather, the beautiful blue-green water under the rocks and along the stone quays, the quaint bridge, and the mill, are pleasant to look at; but where is Eglosilyan? Then if you go up one of the ravines, and get among the old houses, with their tree-fuchsias, and hydrangeas, and marigolds, and lumps of white quartz in the quaint little gardens, you find yourself looking down the chimneys of one portion of Eglosilyan, and looking up to the doorsteps of another — everywhere a confusion of hewn rock, and natural terrace, and stone walls, and bushes, and hart's-tongue fern. Some thought that the "Treylon Arms" should be considered the natural centre of Eglosilyan; but you could not see half-a-dozen houses from any of its windows. Others would have given the post of honour to the National School, which had been there since 1843; but it was up in a by-street, and could only be approached by a flight of steps cut in the slate wall that banked up the garden in front of it. Others, for reasons which need not be mentioned, held that

the most important part of Eglosilyan was the Napoleon Hotel—a humble little pot-house, frequented by the workers in the slate-quarries, who came there to discuss the affairs of the nation and hear the news. Anyhow, Eglosilyan was a green, bright, rugged, and picturesque little place, oftentimes wet with the western rains, and at all times fresh and sweet with the moist breezes from the Atlantic.

Miss Wenna went neither down the street nor up the street, but took a rough and narrow little path leading by some of the cottages to the cliffs overlooking the sea. There was a sound of music in the air; and by-and-by she came in sight of an elderly man, who, standing in an odd little donkey-cart, and holding the reins in one hand, held with the other a cornopean, which he played with great skill. No one in Eglosilyan could tell precisely whether Michael Jago had been bugler to some regiment, or had acquired his knowledge of the cornopean in a travelling show; but everybody liked to hear the cheerful sound, and came out by the cottage-door to welcome him, as he went from village to village with his cart, whether they wanted to buy suet or not. And now, as Miss Wenna saw him approach, he was playing "The Girl I left behind me;" and as there was no one about to listen to him, the pathos of certain parts, and the florid and skilful execution of others, showed that Mr. Jago had a true love for music, and did not merely use it to advertise his wares.

"Good-morning to you, Mr. Jago," said Miss Wenna, as he came up.

"Marnin', Miss Rosewarne," he said, taking down his cornopean.

"This is a narrow road for your cart."

"'Tain't a very good way; but, bless you, me and my donkey we're used to any zart of a road. I dü believe we could go down to the bache, down the face of Black Cliff."

"Mr. Jago, I want to say something to you. If you are dealing with old Mother Keam to-day, you'll give her a good extra bit, won't you? And so with Mrs. Geswetherick, for she has had no letter from her son now for three months. And this will pay you, and you'll say nothing about it, you know."

She put the coin in his hand—it was an arrangement of old standing between the two.

"Well, yü be a good young lady; yaas, yü be," he said, as he drove on; and then

she heard him announcing his arrival to the people of Eglosilyan by playing, in a very elaborate manner, "Love's young Dream."

The solitary young person who was taking her morning walk now left this rugged road, and found herself on the bleak and high uplands of the coast. Over there was the sea—a fair summer sea; and down into the south-west stretched a tall line of cliff, black, precipitous, and jagged, around the base of which even this blue sea was churned into seething masses of white. Close by was a church; and the very gravestones were propped up, so that they should withstand the force of the gales that sweep over those windy heights.

She went across the uplands, and passed down to a narrow neck of rock, which connected with the mainland a huge projecting promontory, on the summit of which was a square and strongly-built tower. On both sides of this ledge of rock the sea from below passed into narrow channels, and roared into gigantic caves; but when once you had ascended again to the summit of the tall projecting cliff, the distance softened the sound into a low continuous murmur, and the motion of the waves beneath you was only visible in the presence of that white foam where the black cliffs met the blue sea.

She went out pretty nearly to the verge of the cliff, where the close, short, wind-swept sea-grass gave way to immense and ragged masses of rock, descending sheer into the waves below; and here she sat down, and took out a book, and began to read. But her thoughts were busier than her eyes. Her attention would stray away from the page before her—to the empty blue sea, where scarcely a sail was to be seen, and to the far headlands lying under the white of the summer sky. One of these headlands was Tintagel; and close by were the ruins of the great castle, where Uther Pendragon kept his state, where the mystic Arthur was born, where the brave Sir Tristram went to see his true love, La Belle Isoulde. All that world had vanished, and gone into silence; could anything be more mute and still than those bare uplands out at the end of the world, these voiceless cliffs, and the empty circle of the sea? The sun was hot on the rocks beneath her, where the pink quartz lay encrusted among the slate; but there was scarcely the hum of an insect to break the stillness, and the only sign of

life about was the circling of one or two sea-birds, so far below her that their cries could not be heard.

"Yes, it was a long time ago," the girl was thinking, as the book lay unheeded on her knee. "A sort of mist covers it now, and the knights seem great and tall men as you think of them riding through the fog, almost in silence. But then there were the brighter days, when the tournaments were held, and the sun came out, and the noble ladies wore rich colours, and every one came to see how beautiful they were. And how fine it must have been to have sat there, and have all the knights ready to fight for you, and glad when you gave them a bit of ribbon or a smile! And in these days, too, it must be a fine thing to be a noble lady, and beautiful, and tall, like a princess; and to go among the poor people, putting everything to rights, because you have lots of money, and because the roughest of the men look up to you, and think you a queen, and will do anything you ask. What a happy life a grand and beautiful lady must have, when she is tall, and fair-haired, and sweet in her manner; and every one around her is pleased to serve her, and she can do a kindness by merely saying a word to the poor people! But if you are only Jim Crow? There's Maby, now, she is everybody's favourite, because she is so pretty; and whatever she does, that is always beautiful and graceful, because she is so. Father never calls *her* Jim Crow. And I ought to be jealous of her, for every one praises her, and mere strangers ask for her photograph; and Mr. Roscorla always writes to her, and Mr. Trelyon stuffed those squirrels for her, though he never offered to stuff squirrels for me. But I cannot be jealous of Maby—I cannot even try. She looks at you with her blue, soft eyes, and you fall in love with her; and that is the advantage of being handsome, and beautiful, for you can please every one, and make every one like you, and confer favours on people all day long. But if you are small, and plain, and dark—if your father calls you Jim Crow—what can you do?"

These despondent fancies did not seem to depress her much. The gloom of them was certainly not visible on her face, nor yet in the dark eyes, which had a strange and winning earnestness in them. She pulled a bit of tormentil from among the close warm grass on the rocks, and she hummed a line or two of "Wap-

ping Old Stairs." Then she turned to her book; but by-and-by her eyes wandered away again, and she fell to thinking.

"If you were a man now," she was silently saying to herself, "that would be quite different. It would not matter how ugly you were—for you could try to be brave or clever, or a splendid rider, or something of that kind—and nobody would mind how ugly you were. But it's very hard to be a woman, and to be plain; you feel as if you were good for nothing, and had no business to live. They say that you should cultivate the graces of the mind; but it's only old people who say that; and perhaps you mayn't have any mind to cultivate. How much better it would be to be pretty while you are young, and leave the cultivation of the mind for after years! and that is why I have to prevent mother from scolding Maby for never reading a book. If I were like Maby, I should be so occupied in giving people the pleasure of looking at me and talking to me that I should have no time for books. Maby is like a princess. And if she were a grand lady, instead of being only an innkeeper's daughter, what a lot of things she could do about Eglosilyan! She could go and persuade Mr. Roscorla, by the mere sweetness of her manner, to be less suspicious of people, and less bitter in talking; she could go up to Mrs. Trelyon and bring her out more among her neighbours, and make the house pleasanter for her son; she could go to my father and beg him to be a little more considerate to mother when she is angry: she might get some influence over Mr. Trelyon himself, and make him less of a petulant boy. Perhaps Maby may do some of these things, when she gets a little older. It ought to please her to try at all events; and who can withstand her when she likes to be affectionate and winning? Not Jim Crow, any way."

She heaved a sigh, not a very dismal one, and got up and prepared to go home. She was humming carelessly to herself—

Your Polly has never been false, she declares,
Since last time we parted at Wapping Old
Stairs;

—she had got that length when she was startled into silence by the sound of a horse's feet, and turning quickly round, found Mr. Trelyon galloping up the steep slope that stretches across to the mainland. It was no pleasant place to ride across, for a stumble of the animal's

foot would have sent horse and rider down into the gulfs below, where the blue-green sea was surging in among the black rocks.

"Oh! how could you be so foolish as to do that?" she cried. "I beg of you to come down, Mr. Trelyon. I cannot——"

"Why, Dick is as sure-footed as I am," said the lad, his handsome face flushing with the ride up from Eglosilyan. "I thought I should find you here. There's no end of a row going on at the inn, Miss Wenna, and that's a fact. I fancied I'd better come and tell you; for there's no one can put things straight like you, you know."

A quarrel between her father and her mother—it was of no rare occurrence, and she was not much surprised.

"Thank you, Mr. Trelyon," she said. "It is very kind of you to have taken the trouble. I will go down at once."

But she was looking rather anxiously at him, as he turned round his horse.

"Mr. Trelyon," she said, quickly, "would you oblige me by getting down and leading your horse across until you reach the path?"

He was out of the saddle in a moment.

"I will walk down with you to Eglosilyan, if you like," he said, carelessly. "You often come up here, don't you?"

"Nearly every day. I always take a walk in the forenoon."

"Does Mabyne ever go with you?"

His companion noticed that he always addressed her as Miss Wenna, whereas her sister was simply Mabyne.

"Not often."

"I wonder she doesn't ride—I am sure she would look well on horseback—don't you think so?"

"Mabyne would look well anywhere," said the elder sister, with a smile.

"If she would like to try a lady's saddle on your father's cob, I would send you one down from the Hall," the lad said. "My mother never rides now. But perhaps I'd better speak to your father about it. Oh! by the way, he told me a capital story this morning that he heard in coming from Plymouth to Launceston in the train. Two farmers belonging to Launceston had got into a carriage the day before, and found in it a parson, against whom they had a grudge. He didn't know either of them by sight; and so they pretended to be strangers, and sat down opposite each other. One of them put up the window; the other put it down with a bang. The first drew it up again,

and said, 'I desire you to leave the window alone, sir!' The other said, 'I mean to have that window down, and if you touch it again I will throw you out of it.' Meanwhile, the parson at the other end of the carriage, who was a little fellow and rather timid, had got into an agony of fright; and at last, when the two men seemed about to seize each other by the throat, he called out, 'For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, do not quarrel. Sir, I beg of you, I implore you, as a clergyman I entreat you, to put up that knife!' And then, of course, they both turned upon him like tigers, and slanged him, and declared they would break his back over this same window. Fancy the fright he was in!"

The boy laughed merrily.

"Do you think that was a good joke?" the girl beside him asked, quietly.

He seemed a little embarrassed.

"Do you think it was a very manly and courageous thing for two big farmers to frighten a small and timid clergyman? I think it was rather mean and cowardly. I see no joke in it at all."

His face grew more and more red; and then he frowned with vexation.

"I don't suppose they meant any harm," he said, curtly; "but you know we can't all be squaring every word and look by the Prayer-book. And I suppose the parson himself, if he had known, would not have been so fearfully serious but that he could have taken a joke like any one else. By the way, this is the nearest road to Trevena, isn't it? I have got to ride over there before the afternoon, Miss Rosewarne; so I shall bid you good-day."

He got on horseback again, and took off his cap to her, and rode away.

"Good-day, Mr. Trelyon," she said, meekly.

And so she walked down to the inn by herself, and was inclined to reproach herself for being so very serious, and for being unable to understand a joke like any one else. Yet she was not unhappy about it. It was a pity if Mr. Trelyon were annoyed with her; but then, she had long ago taught herself to believe that she could not easily please people, like her sister Mabyne; and she cheerfully accepted the fact. Sometimes, it is true, she indulged in idle dreams of what she might do if she were beautiful, and rich, and noble; but she soon laughed herself out of these foolish fancies, and they left no sting of regret behind them. At this moment, as she walked down to

Eglosilyan, with the tune of "Wapping Old Stairs" rocking itself to sleep in her head, and with her face brightened by her brisk walk, there was neither disappointment, nor envy, nor ambition in her mind. Not for her, indeed, were any of those furious passions that shake and set afire the lives of men and women; her lot was the calm and placid lot of the unregarded, and with it she was well content.

CHAPTER III.

RES ANGUSTÆ DOMI.

WHEN George Rosewarne, the father of this Miss Wenna, lived in eastern Devonshire, many folks thought him a fortunate man. He was the land-steward of a large estate, the owner of which lived in Paris, so that Rosewarne was practically his own master; he had a young and pretty wife, desperately fond of him; he had a couple of children and a comfortable home. As for himself, he was a tall, reddish-bearded, manly-looking fellow; the country folks called him Handsome George as they saw him riding his rounds of a morning; and they thought it a pity Mrs. Rosewarne was so often poorly, for she and her husband looked well together when they walked to church.

Handsome George did not seem much troubled by his wife's various ailments; he would only give the curtest answer when asked about her health. Yet he was not in any distinct way a bad husband. He was a man vaguely unwilling to act wrongly, but weak in staving off temptation; there was a sort of indolent selfishness about him of which he was scarcely aware; and to indulge this selfishness he was capable of a good deal of petty deceit and even treachery of a sort. It was not these failings, however, that made the relations of husband and wife not very satisfactory. Mrs. Rosewarne was passionately fond of her husband, and proportionately jealous of him. She was a woman of impulsive imagination and of sympathetic nature, clever, bright, and fanciful, well-read and well-taught, and altogether made of finer stuff than Handsome George. But this passion of jealousy altogether over-mastered her reason. When she did try to convince herself that she was in the wrong, the result was merely that she resolved to keep silence; but this forcible repression of her suspicions was worse in its effects than the open avowal of them. When the explosion came, George Rose-

warne was mostly anxious to avoid it. He did not seek to set matters straight. He would get into a peevish temper for a few minutes, and tell her she was a fool; then he would go out for the rest of the day, and come home sulky in the evening. By this time she was generally in a penitent mood; and there is nothing an indolent sulky person likes so much as to be coaxed and caressed, with tears of repentance and affectionate promises, into a good temper again. There were too many such scenes in George Rosewarne's home.

Mrs. Rosewarne may have been wrong, but people began to talk. For there had come to live at the Hall a certain Mrs. Shirley, who had lately returned from India, and was the sister-in-law, or some such relation of George Rosewarne's master. She was a good-looking woman of forty, fresh-coloured and free-spoken, a little too fond of brandy-and-water, folks said, and a good deal too fond of the handsome steward, who now spent most of his time up at the big house. They said she was a grass-widow. They said there were reasons why her relations wished her to be buried down there in the country, where she received no company, and made no efforts to get acquainted with the people who had called on her and left their cards. And amid all this gossip the name of George Rosewarne too frequently turned up; and there were nods and winks when Mrs. Shirley and the steward were seen to be riding about the country from day to day, presumably not always conversing about the property. The blow fell at last, and that in a fashion that needs not be described here. There was a wild scene between two angry women. A few days after, a sallow-complexioned, white-haired old gentleman arrived from Paris, and was confronted by a red-faced fury, who gloried in her infatuation and disgrace, and dared him to interfere. Then there was a sort of conference of relatives held in the house which she still inhabited. The result of all this, so far as the Rosewarne's were concerned, was simply that the relatives of the woman, to hush the matter up and prevent further scandal, offered to purchase for George Rosewarne the "Treylon Arms" at Eglosilyan, on condition that he should immediately, with his family, betake himself to that remote corner of the world, and undertake to hold no further communication of any sort with the woman who still swore that she would follow him to the

end of the earth. George Rosewarne was pleased with the offer, and accepted it. He might have found some difficulty in discovering another stewardship, after the events that had just occurred. On the other hand, the "Trelyon Arms" at Eglosilyan was not a mere public-house. It was an old-fashioned, quaint, and comfortable inn, practically shut up during the winter, and in the summer made the headquarters of a few families who had discovered it, and who went there as regularly as the warm weather came round. A few antiquarian folks, too, and a stray geologist or so generally made up the family party that sat down to dinner every evening in the big dining-room; and who that ever made one of the odd circle meeting in this strange and out-of-the-way place, ever failed to return to it when the winter had finally cleared away and the Atlantic got blue again?

George Rosewarne went down to see about it. He found in the inn an efficient housekeeper, who was thoroughly mistress of her duties and of the servants, so that he should have no great trouble about it, even though his wife were too ill to help. And so the Rosewarne were drafted down to the Cornish coast, and as Mrs. Rosewarne was of Cornish birth, and as she had given both her darlings Cornish names, they gradually ceased to be regarded as strangers. They made many acquaintances and friends. Mrs. Rosewarne was a bright, rapid, playful talker; a woman of considerable reading and intelligence, and a sympathetic listener. Her husband knew all about horses, and dogs, and farming, and what not, so that Master Harry Trelyon, for example, was in the habit of consulting him almost daily.

They had a little parlour abutting on what once had been a bar, and here their friends sometimes dropped in to have a chat. There was a bar no longer. The business of the inn was conducted overhead, and was exclusively of the nature described above. The pot-house of Eglosilyan was the Napoleon Hotel, a dilapidated place, half way up one of the steep streets.

But in leaving Devonshire for Cornwall, the Rosewarne had carried with them a fatal inheritance. They could not leave behind them the memory of the circumstances that had caused their flight; and ever and anon, as something occurred to provoke her suspicions, Mrs. Rosewarne would break out again into a

passion of jealousy, and demand explanations and reassurances, which her husband half-indolently and half-sulkily refused. There was but one hand then — one voice that could still the raging waters. Morwenna Rosewarne knew nothing of that Devonshire story, any more than her sister or the neighbours did; but she saw that her mother had defects of temper, that she was irritable, unreasonable, and suspicious, and she saw that her father was inconsiderately indifferent and harsh. It was a hard task to reconcile these two; but the girl had all the patience of a born peacemaker, and patience is the more necessary to the settlement of such a dispute, in that it is generally impossible for any human being, outside the two who are quarrelling, to discover any ground for the quarrel.

"Why, what's the matter, mother?" she said on this occasion, taking off her hat and shawl as if she had heard nothing about it. "I do think you have been crying."

The pretty, pale woman, with the large black eyes and smoothly-brushed dark hair, threw a book on to the table, and said, with a sort of half-hysterical laugh, "How stupid it is, Wenna, to cry over the misfortunes of people in books, isn't it? Do you remember when old Pentecost Luke got the figure-head of Bernadotte of Sweden and stuck it in his kitchen-garden, how fierce the whole place looked? And then Harry Trelyon got a knife, and altered the scowl into a grin, and painted it a bit, and then you couldn't go into the garden without laughing. And when a man twists the corners of his heroine's mouth downwards, or when it pleases him to twist them upwards, why should one either cry or laugh? Well, well, she was a good sort of girl, and deserved a better fate. I will dry my eyes and think no more about her."

The forced dragging-in of Bernadotte of Sweden, and the incoherent speech that followed, would not have deceived Miss Wenna in any case, but now she was to receive other testimony to the truth of Mr. Trelyon's report. There was seated at the window of the room a tall and strikingly handsome young girl of sixteen, whose almost perfect profile was clearly seen against the light. Just at this moment she rose and stepped across the room to the door, and as she went by she said, with just a trace of contemptu-

ous indifference on the proud and beautiful face, "It is only another quarrel, Wenna."

"Mother," said the girl, when her sister had gone, "tell me what it is about. What have you said to father? Where is he?"

There was an air of quiet decision about her that did not detract from the sympathy visible in her face. Mrs. Rosewarne began to cry again. Then she took her daughter's hand, and made her sit down by her, and told her all her troubles. What was the girl to make of it? It was the old story of suspicion, and challenging, and sulky denial, and then hot words and anger. She could make out, at least, that her mother had first been made anxious about something he had inadvertently said about his visit to Plymouth on the previous two days. In reply to her questions he had grown peevishly vague, and had then spoken in bravado of the pleasant evening he had spent at the theatre. Wenna reasoned with her mother, and pleaded with her, and at last exercised a little authority over her, at the end of which she agreed that, if her husband would tell her with whom he had been to the theatre, she would be satisfied, would speak no more on the subject, and would even formally beg his forgiveness.

"Because, mother, I have something to tell you," the daughter said, "when you are all quite reconciled."

"Was it in the letter you read just now?"

"Yes, mother."

The girl still held the letter in her hand. It was lying on the table when she came in, but she had not opened it and glanced over the contents until she saw that her mother was yielding to her prayers.

"It is from Mr. Roscorla, Wenna," the mother said; and now she saw, as she might have seen before, that her daughter was a little paler than usual, and somewhat agitated.

"Yes, mother."

"What is it, then? You look frightened."

"I must settle this matter first," said the girl, calmly; and then she folded up the letter, and, still holding it in her hand, went off to find her father.

George Rosewarne, seeking calm after the storm, was seated on a large and curiously-carved bench of Spanish oak placed by the door of the inn. He was smoking his pipe, and lazily looking at some pigeons that were flying about the

mill and occasionally alighting on the roof. In the calm of the midsummer's day there was no sound but the incessant throbbing of the big wheel over there and the splash of the water.

"Now, don't bother me, Wenna," he said, the moment he saw her approach. "I know you've come to make a fuss. You mind your own business."

"Mother is very sorry ——" the girl was beginning in a meek way, when he interrupted her rudely.

"I tell you to mind your own business. I must have an end of this. I have stood it long enough. Do you hear?"

But she did not go away. She stood there, with her quiet, patient face, not heeding his angry looks.

"Father, don't be hard on her. She is very sorry. She is willing to beg your pardon if you will only tell her who went to the theatre with you at Plymouth, and relieve her from this anxiety. That is all. Father, who went to the theatre with you?"

"Oh, go away!" he said, relapsing into a sulky condition. "You're growing up to be just such another as your mother."

"I cannot wish for any better," the girl said, mildly. "She is a good woman, and she loves you dearly."

"Why," he said, turning suddenly upon her, and speaking in an injured way, "no one went with me to the theatre at Plymouth! Did I say that anybody did? Surely a man must do something to spend the evening if he is by himself in a strange town."

Wenna put her hand on her father's shoulder, and said, "Da, why didn't you take me to Plymouth?"

"Well, I will next time. You're a good lass," he said, still in the same sulky way.

"Now come in and make it up with mother. She is anxious to make it up."

He looked at his pipe.

"In a few minutes, Wenna. When I finish my pipe."

"She is waiting now," said the girl quietly; and with that her father burst into a loud laugh, and got up and shrugged his shoulders, and then, taking his daughter by the ear, and saying that she was a sly little cat, he walked into the house and into the room where his wife awaited him.

Meanwhile, Wenna Rosewarne had stolen off to her own little room, and there she sat down at the window, and with trembling fingers took out a letter and began to read it. It was certainly a document of some length, consisting, indeed,

of four large pages of blue paper, covered with a small, neat, and precise handwriting. She had not got on very far with it, when the door of the room was opened, and Mrs. Rosewarne appeared, the pale face and large dark eyes being now filled with a radiant pleasure. Her husband had said something friendly to her; and the quick imaginative nature had leapt to the conclusion that all was right again, and that there were to be no more needless quarrels.

"And now, Wenna," she said, sitting down by the girl, "what is it all about? and why did you look so frightened a few minutes ago?"

"Oh, mother!" the girl said, "this is a letter from Mr. Roscorla, and he wants me to marry him."

"Mr. Roscorla!" cried the mother, in blank astonishment. "Who ever dreamed of such a thing? and what do you say, Wenna? What do you think? What answer will you send him? Dear me, to think of Mr. Roscorla taking a wife, and wanting to have our Wenna, too!"

She began to tell her mother something of the letter, reading it carefully to herself, and then repeating aloud some brief suggestion of what she had read, to let her mother know what were the arguments that Mr. Roscorla employed. And it was, on the whole, an argumentative letter, and much more calm, and lucid, and reasonable than most letters are which contain offers of marriage. Mr. Roscorla wrote thus:—

"Basset Cottage, Eglosilyan, July 18, 18—.

"MY DEAR MISS WENNA,—I fear that this letter may surprise you, but I hope you will read it through without alarm or indignation, and deal fairly and kindly with what it has to say. Perhaps you will think, when you have read it, that I ought to have come to you and said the things that it says. But I wish to put these things before you in as simple a manner as I can, which is best done by writing; and a letter will have this advantage that you can recur to it at any moment, if there is some point on which you are in doubt.

"The object, then, of this letter is to ask you to become my wife, and to put before you a few considerations which I hope will have some little influence in determining your answer. You will be surprised, no doubt; for though you must be well aware that I could perceive the graces of your character—the gentleness and charity of heart, and modesty of de-

meanour that have endeared you to the whole of the people among whom you live—you may fairly say that I never betrayed my admiration of you in word or deed, and that is true. I cannot precisely tell you why I should be more distant in manner towards her whom I preferred to all the world than to her immediate friends and associates for whom I cared much less; but such is the fact. I could talk, and joke, and spend a pleasant afternoon in the society of your sister Mabyn, for example; I could ask her to accept a present from me; I could write letters to her when I was in London; but with you all that was different. Perhaps it is because you are so fine and shy, because there is so much sensitiveness in your look, that I have almost been afraid to go near you, lest you should shrink from some rude intimation of that which I now endeavour to break to you gently—my wish and earnest hope that you may become my wife. I trust I have so far explained what perhaps you may have considered coldness on my part.

"I am a good deal older than you are; and I cannot pretend to offer you that fervid passion which, to the imagination of the young, seems the only thing worth living for, and one of the necessary conditions of marriage. On the other hand, I cannot expect the manifestation of any such passion on your side, even if I had any wish for it. But on this point I should like to make a few observations which I hope will convince you that my proposal is not so unreasonable as it may have seemed at first sight. When I look over the list of all my friends who have married, whom do I find to be living the happiest life? Not they who as boy and girl were carried away by a romantic idealism which seldom lasts beyond a few weeks after marriage, but those who had wisely chosen partners fitted to become their constant and affectionate friends. It is this possibility of friendship, indeed, which is the very basis of a happy marriage. The romance and passion of love soon depart; then the man and woman find themselves living in the same house, dependent on each other's character, intelligence, and disposition, and bound by inexorable ties. If, in these circumstances, they can be good friends, it is well with them. If they admire each other's thoughts and feelings, if they are generously considerate towards each other's weaknesses, if they have pleasure in each other's society—if, in

short, they find themselves bound to each other by the ties of a true and disinterested friendship, the world has been good to them. I say nothing against that period of passion which, in some rare and fortunate instances, precedes this infinitely longer period of friendship. You would accuse me of the envy of an elderly man if I denied that it has its romantic aspects. But how very temporary these are! How dangerous they are, too! for during this term of hot-headed idealism, the young people have their eyes bewildered, and too often make the most grievous mistake in choosing a partner for life. The passion of a young man, as I have seen it displayed in a thousand instances, is not a thing to be desired. It is cruel in its jealousy, exacting in its demands, heedless in its impetuosity; and when it has burned itself out — when nothing remains but ashes and an empty fireplace — who is to say that the capacity for a firm and lasting friendship will survive? But perhaps you fancy that this passionate love may last forever. Will you forgive me, dear Miss Wenna, if I say that that is the dream of a girl? In such rare cases as I have seen, this perpetual ardour of love was anything but a happiness to those concerned. The freaks of jealousy on the part of a boy and girl who think of getting married are but occasions for the making of quarrels and the delight of reconciliation; but a life-long jealousy involves a torture to both husband and wife to which death would be preferable."

At this point Morwenna's cheeks burned red; she was silent for a time, and her mother wondered why she skipped so long a passage without saying a word.

"I have used all the opportunities within my reach," the letter continued, "to form a judgment of your character; I know something of my own; and I sincerely believe that we could live a happy and pleasant life together. It is a great sacrifice I ask of you, I own; but you would not find me slow to repay you in gratitude. I am almost alone in the world; the few relatives I have I never see; I have scarcely a friend or acquaintance except those I meet under your father's hospitable roof. I cannot conceal from myself that I should be by far the greater gainer by such a marriage. I should secure for myself a pleasant, intelligent, and amiable companion, who would brighten my home, and in time, I doubt not, soften and sweeten those views of the world that are naturally formed by

a middle-aged man living alone and in privacy. What can I offer you in return? Not much — except the opportunity of adding one more to the many good deeds that seem to be the chief occupation of your life. And I should be glad if you would let me help you in that way, and give you the aid of advice which might, perhaps, temper your generosity and apply it to its best uses. You are aware that I have no occupation — and scarcely a hobby; I should make it my occupation, my constant endeavour and pleasure, to win and secure your affection, to make the ordinary little cares and duties of life, in which you take so great an interest, smooth and pleasant to you. In short, I should try to make you happy; not in any frantic and wild way, but by the exercise of a care, and affection, and guardianship by which I hope we should both profit. May I point out, also, that, as a married woman, you would have much more influence among the poorer families in the village who take up so much of your attention; and you would be removed, too, if I may mention such a thing, from certain unhappy circumstances which I fear trouble you greatly at times. But perhaps I should not have referred to this; I would rather seek to press my claim on the ground of the happiness you would thereby confer on others, which I know to be your chief object in life.

"I have not said half what I intended to say; but I must not fatigue you. Perhaps you will give me an opportunity of telling you personally what I think of yourself, for I cannot bring myself to write it in bald words; and if you should be in doubt, give me the benefit of the doubt, and let me explain. I do not ask you for a hurried answer; but I should be glad if, out of the kindness of all your ways, you would send me one line soon, merely to say that I have not offended you.

"I am, my dear Miss Rosewarne, yours most sincerely,

"RICHARD ROSCORLA."

"Oh! what must I do, mother?" the girl cried. "Is it all true that he says?"

"My dear child, there is a great deal of common sense in the letter," the mother replied, calmly; "but you needn't decide all at once. Take plenty of time. I suppose you don't dislike Mr. Roscorla?"

"Oh, not at all — not at all! But then, to marry him —!"

"If you don't wish to marry him, no harm is done," Mrs. Rosewarne said. "I cannot advise you, Wenna. Your own feelings must settle the question. But you ought to be very proud of the offer, anyway, and you must thank him properly; for Mr. Roscorla is a gentleman, although he is not as rich as his relations, and it is a great honour he has done you. Dear me, but I mustn't advise. Of course, Wenna, if you were in love with any one — if there was any young man about here whom you would like to marry — there would be no need for you to be frightened about what Mr. Roscorla says of young folks being in love. It is a trying time, to be sure. It has many troubles. Perhaps, after all, a quiet and peaceful life is better, especially for you, Wenna, for you were always quiet and peaceful, and if any trouble came over you it would break your heart. I think it would be better for you if you were never tried in that way, Wenna."

The girl rose, with a sigh.

"Not that it is my advice, Wenna," said the mother. "But you are of that nature, you see. If you were in love with a young man, you would be his slave. If he ceased to care for you, or were cruel to you, it would kill you, my dear. Well, you see, here is a man who would be able to take care of you, and of your sister Maby, too, if anything happened to your father or me; and he would make much of you, I have no doubt, and be very kind to you. You are not like other girls, Wenna —"

"I know that, mother," said the girl, with a strange sort of smile that just trembled on the verge of tears. "They can't all be as plain as I am."

"Oh, I don't mean that! You make a great mistake if you think that men only care for doll-faces — as Mr. Roscorla says, that fancy does not last long after marriage, and then men begin to ask whether their wives are clever, and amusing, and well-informed, and so on. What I meant was, that most girls could run the gauntlet of that sort of love that Mr. Roscorla describes, and suffer a little if they made a mistake. But there's no shell about you, Wenna. You are quite undefended, sensitive, and timid. People are deceived by your quick wit, and your cheerfulness, and your singing. I know better. I know that a careless word may cut you deeply. And dear, dear me, what a terrible time that is when all your life seems to hang on the way a word is spoken!"

The girl crossed over to a small side-table, on which there was a writing-desk.

"But mind, Wenna," said her mother, with a return of anxiety, "mind I don't say that to influence your decision. Don't be influenced by me. Consult your own feelings, dear. You know I think sometimes you undervalue yourself, and think that no one cares about you, and that you have no claim to be thought much of. Well, that is a great mistake, Wenna. You must not throw yourself away through that notion. I wish all the girls about were as clever and good-natured as you. But at the same time, you know, there are few girls I know, and certainly none about here, who would consider it throwing themselves away to marry Mr. Roscorla."

"*Marry Mr. Roscorla!*" a third voice exclaimed, and at the same moment Maby Rosewarne entered the room.

She looked at her mother and sister with astonishment. She saw that Wenna was writing, and that she was very pale. She saw a blue-coloured letter lying beside her. Then the proud young beauty understood the situation; and with her to perceive a thing was to act on the suggestion there and then.

"Our Wenna! Marry that old man! Oh, mother! how can you let her do such a thing?"

She walked right over to the small table, with a glow of indignation in her face, and with her lips set firm, and her eyes full of fire; and then she caught up the letter, that had scarcely been begun, and tore it in a thousand pieces, and flung the pieces on to the floor.

"Oh, mother! how could you let her do it? Mr. Roscorla marry our Wenna!"

She took two or three steps up and down the room in a pretty passion of indignation, and yet trying to keep her proud eyes free from tears.

"Mother, if you do I'll go into a convent! I'll go to sea, and never come back again! I won't stop in the house — not one minute — if Wenna goes away!"

"My dear child," said the mother, patiently, "it is not my doing. You must not be so rash. Mr. Roscorla is not an old man — nothing of the sort; and, if he does offer to marry Wenna, it is a great honour done to her, I think. She ought to be very grateful, as I hope you will be, Maby, when any one offers to marry you —"

Miss Mabyn drew herself up ; and her pretty mouth lost none of its scorn.

"And as for Wenna," the mother said, "she must judge for herself —"

"Oh, but she's not fit to judge for herself!" broke in the younger sister, impetuously. "She will do anything that anybody wants. She would make herself the slave of anybody. She is always being imposed on. Just wait a moment, and I will answer Mr. Roscorla's letter!"

She walked over to the table again, twisted round the writing-desk, and quickly pulled in a chair. You would have thought that the pale, dark-eyed little girl on the other side of the table had no will of her own — that she was in the habit of obeying this beautiful young termagant of a sister of hers ; but Miss Mabyn's bursts of impetuosity were no match for the gentle patience and decision that were invariably opposed to them. In this instance Mr. Roscorla was not to be the recipient of a letter which doubtless would have astonished him.

"Mabyn," said her sister Wenna, quietly, "don't be foolish. I must write to Mr. Roscorla — but only to tell him that I have received his letter. Give me the pen. And will you go and ask Mrs. Borlase if she can spare me Jennifer for a quarter of an hour, to go up to Basset Cottage?"

Mabyn rose, silent, disappointed, and obedient, but not subdued. She went off to execute the errand ; but as she went she said to herself, with her head very erect, "Before Mr. Roscorla marries our Wenna, I will have a word to say to him."

Meanwhile Wenna Rosewarne, apparently quite calm, but with her hand trembling so that she could hardly hold the pen, wrote her first love-letter. And it ran thus : —

"Trelyon Arms, Tuesday afternoon.

"DEAR MR. ROSCORLA, — I have received your letter, and you must not think me offended. I will try to send you an answer to-morrow ; or perhaps the day after, or perhaps on Friday, I will try to send you an answer to your letter.

"I am yours sincerely,

"MORWENNA ROSEWARNE."

She took it timidly to her mother, who smiled, and said it was a little incoherent.

"But I cannot write it again, mother," the girl said. "Will you give it to Jennifer when she comes?"

Little did Miss Wenna notice of the beautiful golden afternoon that was shining over Eglosilyan as she left the inn and

stole away out to the rock at the mouth of the little harbour. She spoke to her many acquaintances as she passed, and could not have told a minute thereafter that she had seen them. She said a word or two to the coastguardsman out at the point — an old friend of hers — and then she went round to the seaward side of the rocks, and sat down to think the whole matter over. The sea was as still as a sea in a dream. There was but one ship visible, away down in the south, a brown speck in a flood of golden haze.

When the first startled feeling was over — when she had recovered from the absolute fright that so sudden a proposal had caused her — there was something of pride and pleasure crept into her heart to know that she was not quite the insignificant person she had fancied herself to be. Was it true, then, what he had said about her being of some use to the people around her? Did they really care for her? Had she really won the respect and approval of a man who had hitherto seemed to her suspicious and censorious?

There flashed upon her some faint picture of herself as a matron, and she found herself blushing and smiling at the same time to think of herself going round the cottages as Mrs. Roscorla, and acting the part of a little married woman. If marriage meant no more than that, she was not afraid of it ; on the contrary, the prospect rather pleased her. These were duties she could understand. Marriage, in those idle day-dreams of hers, had seemed to her some vague, and distant, and awful thing ; all the romance, and worship and noble self-surrender of it being far away from a poor little plain person, not capable of inspiring idealism in anybody. But this, on the other hand, seemed easily within her reach. She became rather amused with the picture of herself which she drew as Mrs. Roscorla. Her quick fancy put in little humorous touches here and there, until she found herself pretty nearly laughing at herself as a small married woman. For what did the frank-spoken heroine of that sailor-ballad say to her lover? If he would be faithful and kind,

Nor your Molly forsake,
Still your trousers I'll wash, and your grog,
too, I'll make.

Mr. Roscorla did wear certain white garments occasionally in summer-time, and very smart he looked in them. As for his grog, would she mix the proper

quantities, as they sat together of an evening, by themselves, in that little parlour up at Basset Cottage? And would she have to take his arm as they walked of a Sunday morning to church, up the main street of Eglosilyan, where all her old friends, the children, would be looking at her? And would she some day, with all the airs and counsels of a married woman, have to take Mabyn to her arms and bid the younger sister have confidence, and tell her all the story of her wonder and delight over the new and strange love that had come into her heart? And would she ask Mabyn to describe her lover; and would she act the ordinary part of an experienced adviser, and bid her be cautious, and ask her to wait until the young man had made a position in the world, and had proved himself prudent and sensible, and of steady mind? Or would she not rather fling her arms round her sister's neck, and bid her go down on her knees and thank God for having made her so beautiful, and bid her cherish as the one good thing in all the world the strong and yearning love and admiration and worship of a young and wondering soul?

Wenna Rosewarne had been amusing herself with these pictures of herself as a married woman; but she was crying all the same; and becoming a little impatient with herself, and perhaps a trifle hysterical, she rose from the rocks and thought she would go home again. She had scarcely turned, however, when she met Mr. Roscorla himself, who had seen her at a distance, and followed her.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LAST LOOK BACK.

MR. ROSCORLA may be recommended to ladies generally, and to married men who are haunted by certain vague and vain regrets, as an excellent example of the evils and vanity of club-life. He was now a man approaching fifty, careful in dress and manner, methodical in habit, and grave of aspect, living out a not over-enjoyable life in a solitary little cottage, and content to go for his society to the good folks of the village inn. But five-and-twenty years before he had been a gay young fellow about town, a pretty general favourite, clever in his way, free with his money, and possessed of excellent spirits. He was not very wealthy, to be sure; his father had left him certain shares in some sugar-plantations in Jamaica, but the returns periodically for-

warded to him by his agents were sufficient for his immediate wants. He had few cares, and he seemed on the whole to have a pleasant time of it. On disengaged evenings he lounged about his club, and dined with one or other of the men he knew, and then he played billiards till bed-time. Or he would have nice little dinner-parties at his rooms; and, after the men had changed their coats, would have a few games at whist, perhaps finishing up with a little spurt of unlimited loo. In the season he went to balls, and dinners, and parties of all sorts, singling out a few families with pretty daughters for his special attentions, but careful never to commit himself. When every one went from town he went too, and in the autumn and winter months he had a fair amount of shooting and hunting, guns and horses alike and willingly furnished by his friends.

Once, indeed, he had taken a fancy that he ought to do something, and he went and read law a bit, and ate some dinners, and got called to the Bar. He even went the length of going on Circuit; but either he travelled by coach, or fraternized with a solicitor, or did something objectionable: at all events his Circuit mess fined him: he refused to pay the fine, threw the whole thing up, and returned to his club, and its carefully-ordered dinners, and its friendly game of sixpenny and eighteen-penny pool.

Of course he dressed, and acted, and spoke just as his fellows did, and gradually from the common talk of smoking-rooms imbibed a vast amount of nonsense. He knew that such and such a statesman professed particular opinions only to keep in place and enjoy the loaves and fishes. He could tell you to a penny the bribe given to the editor of the *Times* by a foreign Government for a certain series of articles. As for the stories he heard and repeated of all manner of noble families, they were many of them doubtless true, and they were nearly all unpleasant; but then the tale that would have been regarded with indifference if told about an ordinary person, grew lambent with interest when it was told about a commonplace woman possessed of a shire and a gaby crowned with a coronet. There was no malice in these stories; only the young men were supposed to know everything about the private affairs of a certain number of families no more nearly related to them than their washer-woman.

He was unfortunate, too, in a few per-

sonal experiences. He was a fairly well-intentioned young man, and, going home one night, was moved to pity by the sobbing and exclamations of a little girl of twelve, whose mother was drunk and tumbling about the pavement. The child could not get her mother to go home, and it was now past midnight. Richard Roscorla thought he would interfere, and went over the way and helped the woman to her feet. He had scarcely done so, when the virago turned on him, shouted for help, accused him of assaulting her, and finally hit him straight between the eyes, nearly blinding him, and causing him to keep his chambers for three weeks. After that he gave up the lower classes.

Then a gentleman who had been his bosom friend at Eton, and who had carried away with him so little of the atmosphere of that institution that he by-and-by abandoned himself to trade, renewed his acquaintance with Mr. Roscorla, and besought him to join him in a little business transaction. He only wanted a few thousand pounds to secure the success of a venture that would make both their fortunes. Young Roscorla hesitated. Then his friend sent his wife, an exceedingly pretty woman, and she pleaded with such sweetness and pathos that she actually carried away a cheque for the amount in her beautiful little purse. A couple of days after Mr. Roscorla discovered that his friend had suddenly left the country; that he had induced a good many people to lend him money to start his new enterprise; and that the beautiful lady whom he had sent to plead his cause was a wife certainly, but not his wife. She was, in fact, the wife of one of the swindled creditors, who bore her loss with greater equanimity than he showed in speaking of his departed money. Young Roscorla laughed, and said to himself that a man who wished to have any knowledge of the world must be prepared to pay for it.

The loss of the money, though it pressed him hardly for a few years, and gave a fright to his father's executors, did not trouble him much; for in company with a good many of the young fellows about, he had given himself up to one of the most pleasing delusions which even club-life has fostered. It was the belief of those young men that in England there are a vast number of young ladies of fortune who are so exceedingly anxious to get married, that any decent young fellow of fair appearance and good

manners has only to bide his time in order to be provided for for life. Accordingly Mr. Roscorla and others of his particular set were in no hurry to take a wife. They waited to see who would bid most for them. They were not in want; they could have maintained a wife in a certain fashion; but that was not the fashion in which they hoped to spend the rest of their days, when they consented to relinquish the joys and freedom of bachelorhood. Most of them, indeed, had so thoroughly settled in their own mind the sort of existence to which they were entitled—the house, and horses, and shooting necessary to them—that it was impossible for them to consider any lesser offer; and so they waited from year to year, guarding themselves against temptation, cultivating an excellent taste in various sorts of luxuries, and reserving themselves for the *grand coup* which was to make their fortune. In many cases they looked upon themselves as the victims of the world. They had been deceived by this or the other woman; but now they had done with the fatal passion of love, its dangerous perplexities, and insincere romance; and were resolved to take a sound common-sense view of life. So they waited carelessly, and enjoyed their time, growing in wisdom of a certain sort. They were gentlemanly young fellows enough; they would not have done a dishonourable action for the world; they were well-bred, and would have said no discourteous thing to the woman they married, even though they hated her; they had their cold bath every morning; they lived soberly, if not very righteously; and would not have asked ten points at billiards if they fairly thought they could have played even. The only thing was that they had changed their sex. They were not Perseus, but Andromeda; and while this poor masculine Andromeda remained chained to the rock of an imaginary poverty, the feminine Perseus who was to come in a blaze of jewels and gold to the rescue, still remained afar off, until Andromeda got a little tired.

And so it was with Mr. Richard Roscorla. He lounged about his club, and had nice little dinners; he went to other people's houses, and dined there; with his crush hat under his arm he went to many a dance, and made such acquaintances as he might; but somehow that one supreme chance invariably missed. He did not notice it, any more than his fellows. If you had asked any of them,

they would still have given you those devil-may-care opinions about women, and those shrewd estimates of what was worth living for in the world. They did not seem to be aware that year after year was going by, and that a new race of younger men were coming to the front, eager for all sorts of pastimes, ready to dance till daybreak, and defying with their splendid constitutions the worst champagne a confectioner ever brewed. A man who takes good care of himself is slow to believe that he is growing middle-aged. If the sitting up all night to play loo does him an injury such as he would not have experienced a few years before, he lays the blame of it on the brandy-and-soda. When two or three hours over wet turnips make his knees feel queer, he vows that he is in bad condition, but that a few days' exercise will set him right. It was a long time before Mr. Richard Roscorla would admit to himself that his hair was growing grey. By this time many of his old friends and associates had left the club. Some had died; some had made the best of a bad bargain, and married a plain country cousin; none, to tell the truth, had been rescued by the beautiful heiress for whom they had all been previously waiting. And while these men went away, and while new men came into the club — young fellows with fresh complexions, abundant spirits, a lavish disregard of money, and an amazing enjoyment in drinking any sort of wine — another set of circumstances came into play which rendered it more and more necessary for Mr. Roscorla to change his ways of life.

He was now over forty; his hair was grey; his companions were mostly older men than himself; and he began to be rather pressed for money. The merchants in London who sold for his agents in Jamaica those consignments of sugar and rum sent him every few months statements which showed that either the estates were yielding less, or the markets had fallen, or labour had risen — whatever it might be, his annual income was very seriously impaired. He could no longer afford to play half-crown points at whist: even sixpenny pool was dangerous; and those boxes and stalls which it was once his privilege to take for dowagers gifted with daughters, were altogether out of the question. The rent of his rooms in Jermyn Street was a serious matter; all his little economies at the club were of little avail; at last he resolved to leave London. And then it

was that he bethought him of living permanently at this cottage at Eglosilyan, which had belonged to his grandfather, and which he had visited from time to time during the summer months. He would continue his club-subscription; he would still correspond with certain of his friends; he would occasionally pay a flying visit to London; and down here by the Cornish coast he would live a healthy, economical, contented life.

So he came to Eglosilyan, and took up his abode in the plain white cottage placed amid birch-trees on the side of the hill, and set about providing himself with amusement. He had a good many books, and he read at night over his final pipe; he made friends with the fishermen, and often went out with them; he took a little interest in wild plants; and he rode a sturdy little pony by way of exercise. He was known to the Trelyons, to the clergymen of the neighbourhood, and to one or two families living farther off; but he did not dine out much, for he could not well invite his host to dinner in return. His chief friends, indeed, were the Rosewarne; and scarcely a day passed that he did not call at the inn and have a chat with George Rosewarne, or with his wife and daughters. For the rest, Mr. Roscorla was a small man, sparely built, with somewhat fresh complexion, close-cropped grey hair and iron-grey whiskers. He dressed very neatly and methodically; he was fairly light and active in his walk; and he had a grave, good-natured smile. He was much improved in constitution, indeed, since he came to Eglosilyan; for that was not a place to let any one die of languor, or to encourage complexions of the colour of apple-pudding. Mr. Roscorla, indeed, had the appearance of a pleasant little country lawyer, somewhat finical in dress and grave in manner, and occasionally just a trifle supercilious and cutting in his speech.

He had received Wenna Rosewarne's brief and hurriedly-written note; and if accident had not thrown her in his way, he would doubtless have granted her that time for reflection which she demanded. But happening to be out, he saw her go down towards the rocks beyond the harbour. She had a pretty figure, and she walked gracefully; when he saw her at a distance some little flutter of anxiety disturbed his heart. That glimpse of her — the possibility of securing as his constant companion a girl who walked so daintily and dressed so neatly — added

some little warmth of feeling to the wish he had carefully reasoned out and expressed. For the offer he had sent to Miss Wenna was the result of much calculation. He was half aware that he had let his youth slip by and idled away his opportunities; there was now no chance of his engaging in any profession or pursuit; there was little chance of his bettering his condition by a rich marriage. What could he now offer to a beautiful young creature possessed of fortune such as he had often looked out for, in return for herself and her money? Not his grey hairs, and his asthmatic evenings in winter, and the fixed, and narrow, and oftentimes selfish habits and opinions begotten of a solitary life. Here, on the other hand, was a young lady of pleasing manners and honest nature, and of humble wishes as became her station, whom he might induce to marry him. She had scarcely ever moved out of the small circle around her; and in it were no possible lovers for her. If he did not marry her, she might drift into as hopeless a position as his own. If she consented to marry him, would they not be able to live in a friendly way together, gradually winning each other's sympathy, and making the world a little more sociable and comfortable for both? There was no chance of his going back to the brilliant society in which he had once moved; for there was no one whom he could expect to die and leave him any money. When he went up to town and spent an evening or two at his club, he found himself among strangers; and he could not get that satisfaction out of a solitary dinner that once was his. He returned to his cottage at Eglosilyan with some degree of resignation; and fancied he could live well enough there if Wenna Rosewarne would only come to relieve him from its frightful loneliness.

He blushed when he went forward to her on these rocks, and was exceedingly embarrassed, and could scarcely look her in the face as he begged her pardon for intruding on her, and hoped she would resume her seat. She was a little pale, and would have liked to get away, but was probably so frightened that she did not know how to take the step. Without a word she sat down again, her heart beating as if it would suffocate her. Then there was a terrible pause.

Mr. Roscorla discovered at this moment — and the shock almost bewildered him — that he would have to play the part of a lover. He had left that out of

the question. He had found it easy to dissociate love from marriage in writing a letter; in fact he had written it mainly to get over the necessity of shamming sentiment, but here was a young and sensitive girl, probably with a good deal of romantic nonsense in her head, and he was going to ask her to marry him. And just at this moment, also, a terrible recollection flashed in on his mind of Wenna Rosewarne's liking for humour, and of the merry light he had often seen in her eyes, however demure her manner might be; and then it occurred to him that if he did play the lover, she would know that he knew he was making a fool of himself, and laugh at him in the safe concealment of her own room.

"Of course," he said, making a sudden plunge, followed by a gasp or two — "of course — Miss Wenna — of course you were surprised to get my letter — a letter containing an offer of marriage, and almost nothing about affection in it. Well, there are some things one can neither write nor say — they have so often been the subject of good-natured ridicule that, that —"

"I think one forgets that," Wenna said timidly, "if one is in earnest about anything."

"Oh, I know it is no laughing matter," he said hastily, and conscious that he was becoming more and more commonplace. Oh! for one happy inspiration from some half-remembered drama — a mere line of poetry even! He felt as if he were in court opening a dreary case, uncertain as to the points of his brief, and fearing that the judge was beginning to show impatience.

"Miss Wenna," he said, "you know I find it very difficult to say what I should like to say. That letter did not tell you half — probably you thought it too dry and business-like. But at all events you were not offended?"

"Oh, no," she said, wondering how she could get away, and whether a precipitate plunge into the sea below her would not be the simplest plan. Her head, she felt, was growing giddy, and she began to hear snatches of "Wapping Old Stairs" in the roar of the waves around her.

"And of course you will think me unfair and precipitate in not giving you more time — if I ask you just now whether I may hope that your answer will be favourable. You must put it down to my anxiety; and although you may be inclined to laugh at that —"

"Oh, no, Mr. Roscorla," she said, with her eyes still looking down.

"Well, at all events, you won't think that I was saying anything I didn't believe, merely to back up my own case in that letter. I do believe it—I wish I could convince you as I certainly know time would convince you. I have seen a great deal of that wild passion which romance-writers talk about as a fine thing—I have seen a great deal of it in circles where it got full play, because the people were not restrained by the hard exigencies of life, and had little else to think about than falling in love and getting out of it again. I would not sadden you by telling you what I have seen as the general and principal results. The tragedies I have witnessed of the young fellows whose lives have been ruined—the women who have been disgraced and turned out into the world broken-hearted—why I dare not sully your imagination with such stories; but any one who has had experience of men and women, and known intimately the histories of a few families, would corroborate me."

He spoke earnestly; he really believed what he said. But he did not explain to her that his knowledge of life was chiefly derived from the confidences of a few young men of indifferent morals, small brains, and abundant money. He had himself, by the way, been hit. For one brief year of madness he had given himself up to an infatuation for somebody or other, until his eyes were opened to his folly, and he awoke to find himself a sufferer in health and purse, and the object of the laughter of his friends. But all that was an addition to his stock of knowledge of the world. He grew more and more wise; and was content to have paid for his wisdom.

"My knowledge of these things may have made me suspicious," he continued, "and very often I have seen that you considered me unjust to people whom you knew. Well, you like missionary work, Miss Wenna, and I am anxious to be converted. No—no—don't imagine I press you for an answer just now, I am merely adding a little to my letter."

"But you know, Mr. Roscorla," the girl said, with a meekness that seemed to have no sarcasm in it—"you know you have often remonstrated with me about my missionary work. You have tried to make me believe that I was doing wrongly in giving away little charities that I could afford. Also, that I had a superstition

about self-sacrifice—although I am sure I don't consider myself sacrificed."

He was a little embarrassed, but he said in an off-hand way:—

"Well, speaking generally, that is what I think. I think you should consider yourself a little bit. Your health and comfort are of as great importance as anybody's in Eglosilyan; and all that teaching and nursing—why don't the people do it for themselves? But then, don't you see, Miss Wenna, I am willing to be converted on all these points?"

It occurred to Wenna Rosewarne at this moment that a harsh person might think that Mr. Roscorla only wanted her to give up sacrificing herself to the people of Eglosilyan, that she might sacrifice herself to him. And somehow there floated into her mind a suggestion of Molly's duties—of the washing of clothes and the mixing of grog—and for the life of her she could not repress a smile. And then she grew mightily embarrassed; for Mr. Roscorla had perceived that smile, and she fancied he might be hurt, and with that she proceeded to assure him with much earnestness that doing good to others, in as far as she could, was in her case really and truly the blackest form of selfishness, that she did it only to please herself, and that the praises in his letter to her, and his notions as to what the people thought of her, were altogether uncalled-for and wrong.

But here Mr. Roscorla got an opening, and made use of it dexterously. For Miss Wenna's weak side was a great distrust of herself, and a longing to be assured that she was cared for by anybody, and of some little account in the world. To tell her that the people of Eglosilyan were without exception fond of her, and ready at all moments to say kind things of her, was the sweetest flattery to her ears. Mr. Roscorla easily perceived this, and made excellent use of his discovery. If she did not quite believe all that she heard, she was secretly delighted to hear it. It hinted at the possible realization of all her dreams, even though she could never be beautiful, rich, and of noble presence. Wenna's heart rather inclined to her companion just then. He seemed to her to be a connecting link between her and her manifold friends in Eglosilyan; for how had he heard those things, which she had not heard, if he were not in general communication with them? He seemed to her, too, a friendly coun-

sellor on whom she could rely ; he was the very first, indeed, who had ever offered to help her in her work.

Mr. Roscorla, glad to see that he was getting on so well, grew reckless somewhat and fell into a grievous blunder. He fancied that a subtle sort of flattery to her would be conveyed by some hinted depreciation of her sister Mabyn. Alas ! at the first suggestion of it, all the pleased friendliness of her face instantly vanished, and she looked at him only with a stare of surprise. He saw his error. He retreated from that dangerous ground precipitately ; but it needed a good deal of assiduous labour before he had talked her into a good humour again.

He did not urge his suit in direct terms. But surely, he said to himself, it means much if a girl allows you to talk in the most roundabout way of a proposal of marriage which you have made to her, without sending you off point-blank. Surely she was at least willing to be convinced or persuaded. Certainly, Miss Wenna could not very well get away without appearing to be rude ; but at the same time she showed no wish to get away. On the contrary, she talked with him in a desultory and timid fashion, her eyes cast down, and her fingers twisting bits of sea-pink, and she listened with much attention to all his descriptions of the happy life led by people who knew how to be good friends.

"It is far more a matter of intention than of temper," he said. "When once two people find out the good qualities in each other, they should fix their faith on those, and let the others be overlooked as much as possible. With a little consideration, the worst of tempers can be managed ; but to meet temper with temper — ! And then each of them should remember, supposing that the other is manifestly wrong at this particular moment, that he or she is likely to be wrong at some other time. But I don't think there is much to be feared from your temper, Miss Wenna ; and as for mine — I suppose I get vexed sometimes, like other people, but I don't think I am bad-tempered, and I am sure I should never be bad-tempered to you. I don't think I should readily forget what I owe you for taking pity on a solitary old fellow like myself, if I can only persuade you to do that, and for being content to live a humdrum life up in that small cottage. By the way, do you like riding, Wenna ? Has your father got a lady's saddle ?"

The question startled her so that the

blood rushed to her face in a moment, and she could not answer. Was it not that very morning that she had been asked almost the same question by Mr. Trelyon ? And while she was dreamily looking at an imaginative picture of her future life, calm and placid and commonplace, the sudden introduction into it of Harry Trelyon almost frightened her. The mere recalling of his name, indeed, shattered that magic-lantern slide, and took her back to their parting of the forenoon, when he left her in something of an angry fashion ; or rather it took her still further back — to one bright summer morning on which she had met young Trelyon riding over the downs to St. Gennis. We all of us know how apt the mind is to retain one particular impression of a friend's appearance, sometimes even in the matter of dress and occupation. When we recall such and such a person, we think of a particular smile, a particular look ; perhaps one particular incident of his or her life. Whenever Wenna Rosewarne thought of Mr. Trelyon, she thought of him as she saw him on that one morning. She was coming along the rough path that crosses the bare uplands by the sea ; he was riding by another path some little distance off, and did not notice her. The boy was riding hard ; the sunlight was on his face. He was singing aloud some song about the Cavaliers and King Charles. Two or three years had come and gone since then. She had seen Master Harry in many a mood, and not unfrequently ill-tempered and sulky ; but whenever she thought of him suddenly, her memory presented her with that picture ; and it was a picture of a handsome English lad riding by on a summer morning, singing a brave song, and with all the light of youth, and hope, and courage shining on his face.

She rose quickly, and with a sigh, as if she had been dreaming for a time, and forgetting for a moment the sadness of the world.

"Oh, you asked about a saddle," she said in a matter-of-fact-way. "Yes, I think my father has one. I think I must be going home now, Mr. Roscorla."

"No, not yet," he said in a pleading way. "Give me a few more minutes. I mayn't have another chance before you make up your mind ; and then, when that is done, I suppose it is all over, so far as persuasion goes. What I am most anxious about is that you should believe there is more affection in my offer than I

have actually conveyed in words. Don't imagine it is merely a commonplace bargain I want you to enter into. I hope, indeed, that in time I shall win from you something warmer than affection, if only you give me a chance. Now, Wenna, won't you give me some word of assurance—some hint that it may come all right?"

She stood before him, with her eyes cast down, and remained silent for what seemed to him a strangely long time. Was she bidding good-by to all the romantic dreams of her youth—to that craving in a girl's heart for some firm and sure ideal of manly love, and courage, and devotion to which she can cling through good report and bad report? Was she reconciling herself to the plain and common ways of the married life placed before her? She said at length, in a low voice:

"You won't ask me to leave Eglosilyan?"

"Certainly not," he said, eagerly. "And you will see how I will try to join you in all your work there, and how much easier and pleasanter it will be for you, and how much more satisfactory for all the people round you."

She put out her hand timidly, her eyes still cast down.

"You will be my wife, Wenna?"

"Yes," she said.

Mr. Roscorla was conscious that he ought at this supreme moment in a man's life to experience a strange thrill of happiness. He almost waited for it; he felt instead a very distinct sense of embarrassment in not knowing what to do or say next. He supposed that he ought to kiss her, but he dared not. As he himself had said, Wenna Rosewarne was so fine and shy that he shrank from wounding her extreme sensitiveness, and to step forward and kiss this small and gentle creature, who stood there with her pale face faintly flushed and her eyes averted—why, it was impossible. He had heard of girls, in wild moments of pleasure and persuasion, suddenly raising their tear-filled eyes to their lovers' face, and signing away their whole existence with one full, passionate and yearning kiss. But to steal a kiss from this calm little girl! He felt he should be acting the part of a jocular ploughboy.

"Wenna," he said at length, "you have made me very happy. I am sure you will never repent your decision; at least I shall do my best to make you think you have done right. And, Wenna,

I have to dine with the Trelyons on Friday evening; would you allow me to tell them something of what has happened?"

"The Trelyons!" she repeated, looking up in a startled way.

It was of evil omen for this man's happiness that the mere mention of that word turned this girl, who had just been yielding up her life to him, into a woman as obdurate and unimpressible as a piece of marble.

"Mr. Roscorla," she said, with a certain hard decision of voice, "I must ask you to give me back that promise I made. I forgot—it was too hurried; why would you not wait?"

He was fairly stupefied.

"Mr. Roscorla," she said, with almost something of petulant impatience in her voice, "you must let me go now; I am quite tired out. I will write to you tomorrow or next day, as I promised."

She passed him and went on, leaving him unable to utter a word of protest. But she had only gone a few steps when she returned, and held out her hand, and said:

"I hope I have not offended you? It seems that I must offend everybody now; but I am a little tired, Mr. Roscorla."

There was just the least quiver about her lips; and as all this was a profound mystery to him, he fancied he must have tired her out, and he inwardly called himself a brute.

"My dear Wenna," he said, "you have not offended me—you have not really. It is I who must apologize to you. I am so sorry I should have worried you; it was very inconsiderate. Pray take your own time about that letter."

So she went away, and passed round to the other side of the rocks, and came in view of the small winding harbour, and the mill, and the inn. Far away up there, over the cliffs, were the downs on which she had met Harry Trelyon that summer morning, as he rode by, singing in the mere joyousness of youth, and happy and pleased with all the world. She could hear the song he was singing then; she could see the sunlight that was shining on his face. It appeared to her to be long ago. This girl was but eighteen years of age, and yet, as she walked down towards Eglosilyan, there was a weight on her heart that seemed to tell her she was growing old.

And now the western sky was red with the sunset, and the rich light burned

along the crests of the hills, on the golden furze, the purple heather, and the deep-coloured rocks. The world seemed all ablaze up there; but down here, as she went by the harbour and crossed over the bridge by the mill, Eglosilyan lay pale and grey in the hollow; and even the great black wheel was silent.

From The Contemporary Review.
HOMER'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

BY HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

PART I.*

IN an endeavour to fix the place of Homer in History and in the Egyptian Chronology, now in some degree established, I may perhaps be allowed, for the sake of clearness, to begin by stating my point of departure.

I am among those who have contended —

1. That the poems of Homer were in the highest sense historical, as a record of "manners and characters, feelings and tastes, races and countries, principles and institutions."†

2. That there was a solid nucleus of fact in his account of the Trojan War.

3. That there were no adequate *data* for assigning to him, or to the *Troica*, a place in Chronology.‡

4. That his Chronology was to be found in his Genealogies, which were usually careful and consistent, and which therefore served to establish a relative series of persons and events, within his proper sphere, but did not supply links of definite connection with the general course of human affairs outside of that sphere in time or place.§

5. That there was no extravagance in supposing he might have lived within a half century after the War, though he was certainly not an eye-witness of it. ||

6. That there was very strong reason to believe that he lived before the Dorian conquest of the Peloponnesos.¶

And in 1868** I pointed out that the

* The second part of this article was accidentally substituted for the first in LIVING AGE, No. 1574.

† "Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age," vol. i. pp. 35-6; *Juventus Mundi*, p. 7.

‡ *Studies*, vol. i., p. 37; *Juv. Mundi*, p. 6.

§ *Juv. Mundi*, p. 3.

|| *Studies*, vol. i., p. 37.

¶ *Studies*, vol. i., p. 37, and *Juv. Mundi*, p. 6.

** In 1867, Professor Lauch, of Munich, published his valuable tract called "Homer und Ägypten," in which he traces philologically numerous notes of connection between the Poems and Egypt, of which the text itself would for the most part convey no idea to the

time might be at hand, when from further investigations it would be possible to define with greater precision those periods of the Egyptian Chronology, to which the Homeric Poems, and their subject, appeared to be related. It appears to me that the time has now come to expand and add to the suggestions which even at that time I ventured to submit.*

In the argument I am about to introduce, it is not necessary to beg any of the questions which relate to the existence of one or several Homers, or to the reference of the two Poems to the same authorship, or to deal with the subject of subsequent textual manipulation. By the word Homer, which probably means no more than Composer, it is not necessary at this stage to understand more than "the Poet or Poets from whom proceeded the substance of the Iliad and the Odyssey."

Without at all impairing the force of these admissions, I wish now to carry the propositions themselves greatly farther, and to offer various presumptions, which combinedly carry us some way on the road to proof, of a distinct relation of time between the Homeric Poems, and other incidents of human history, which are extraneous to them, but are already in the main reduced into chronological order and succession — namely, part of the series of Egyptian Dynasties. If this relation shall be established, it indirectly embraces a further relation to the Chronology of the Hebrew Records. The whole taken together may soon come to supply the rudiments of a *corpus* of regular history, likely, as I trust, to be much enlarged, and advanced towards perfect order and perspicuity, from Assyrian and other sources, some of them Eastern, others lying on the cincture of the Mediterranean Sea.

We have seen that, until lately, the Poems, even if offering within their own area a wide space of solid and coherent ground, yet seemed to float like Delos on the sea of time.

The present century, and the present generation, have been enriched by a supply of new materials. When the great Egyptian Empire came to be the subject of real knowledge, another waif of history

ordinary reader. I received this treatise, through his great courtesy, from himself in 1873. He describes this essay towards a connection of the two as the first (p. 40), and as, therefore, requiring indulgence. His line of movement is however distinct from, though parallel to mine. To a certain extent Sir G. Wilkinson had touched on the same matter as Professor Lauch.

* *Juv. Mundi*, chap. v. p. 143.

was firmly set upon the shore ; and the deciphering of the inscriptions of the Egyptian monuments and *papyri* has opened new lights, of some of which I hope to show the value.

Those who attach weight to the speculations of the ancients individually on the date of Homer or of the Poems, may find them set out and discussed in Dr. H. Düntzer's *Homerische Fragen*, chap. iv.* The different opinions seem to agree only in this, that they have no distinctly historical or evidential basis. They are opinions, and nothing more. But they range over the whole period between the time of the Capture, and the date of the Olympiad of Coræbus, 776 B.C. The Capture itself was placed by some in the twelfth century, but more commonly in the thirteenth, till Eratosthenes computed it to have taken place in the year 1183 B.C. Collateral knowledge, and the growth of critical arts, have opened to us paths, which were closed at earlier dates to better men. Before proceeding, however, to extend generally the ground of the propositions, I shall submit some remarks in confirmation on the Second and Sixth of them, and thus I hope to prepare the way for the more strictly historical argument.

The doctrine of the nucleus of fact appears to have derived, and that very recently, most powerful confirmations from the progress of Archæology. The researches of General Cesnola in Cyprus resulted in obtaining a collection of sculptured objects, which considerably enlarged the range of pre-historic Art ; and of implements and utensils, exhibiting so extensive an use of uncombined copper, and so clear and wide an application of that metal to cutting purposes, as at once to suggest a modification of the theories of those who, in arranging what may be termed their metallic periods, assume that the age of bronze invariably came in immediate succession to the age of stone. These objects were partially opened to view in London during the autumn of 1872, on their way to their new home in America.

Still more, and much more, important have been the excavations of Dr. Schliemann. His large collections have been inspected at Athens by Professor Burnouf of Athens, and by Mr. Newton of the British Museum. In this country we have had the opportunity of such examination as Dr. Schliemann's collection of

photographs, in some instances rather imperfectly executed, would allow. Reviews of high authority have, within a few weeks of the publication of the "Ausgrabungen," recognized their importance in elaborate essays. The careful and able article of the *Quarterly Review* in particular, accepts as completely proved, the existence of a pre-historic city (I use the epithet in reference to Greek History as commonly received) on the small hill of Hissarlik in the Troad, sacked by enemies, and consumed by fire ; one which exhibits signs of wealth and considerable civilization, and which lies under the several beds of *débris* belonging to three subsequent locations on the same spot. And, of these three, the most modern is the *Ilium Novum*, which has for the approximate date of its foundation about 700 B.C.* The two sets of intermediate possessors of the ground appear to have been composed of less civilized tribes, probably from Thrace, and to have erected slighter habitations with the incidents of ruder life.† A real objective Troy is thus, for the first time, with some marked notes of probability, presented to our view.

Of the two very distinct senses which I have specified above, and in either of which the Poems may, or may not, be historical, one is but a little illustrated either way in detail by these remarkable discoveries. There may have been a real Troy, and a real sack and conflagration of Troy, and yet not one of the characters or of the other incidents of the tale, may ever have existed. But in the other and higher sense in which, taught always by the text itself, I have ever contended that the Poems are historical, these researches have apparently provided us with some, and perhaps with sufficient means of carrying the question to a final issue. I shall not here attempt to examine this matter in detail. It would not suit the present design, which is to effect something towards linking the Homeric Poems with the general history of the world. But I will briefly furnish in the form of Theses, a comparison in a number of leading points of usages and manners, between the testimony of the Poems and what we have thus far every reason to believe to be the testimony rendered by the excavations of this intelligent, enterprising, and indefatigable explorer.

I admit, indeed, that in no view of the

* Leipzig, 1874.

* *Quarterly Review*, No. 272, p. 530.

† *Ibid.* p. 558.

case do the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann avail or assist towards the design of fixing for the Trojan War a place in Chronology. Any opinion whatever may be held with reference to these excavations, without either strengthening or enfeebling the arguments which have been, or may be, offered for the purpose of fixing a date for Homer. M. François Lenormant* considers that we have reached a point at which we may hope to find a chronological basis for the Trojan War and the Pelopid dynasty; but entirely declines to allow that the Schliemann excavations have given us the Homeric Troy. He conceives that the objects recovered belong to an older period and city. I confine myself altogether to a rapid notice of the relation between these excavations and the Homeric text. It appears to me to be, as far as it goes, one of undeniable and even somewhat close correspondence. But neither will the correspondence determine the chronological question, nor the failure to establish it impede that determination.

1. The Excavations present to us the handiwork, in the City disclosed, amidst other remains of dwellings not durable or solid, of great primitive Builders.† Even so the Poems, which represent the walls of Troy as the work of Poseidon, thus place the City in immediate relation to the great Building race of prehistoric times, which has left traces of its works at so many points on the shores of the Mediterranean.

2. The Excavations, according to our present information, present to us copper as the staple material of the implements, utensils, and of the weapons, so far as they were metallic, of the inhabitants of Troy. So do the Poems.

3. The Excavations appear to show, together with the general prevalence of copper, an occasional use of Bronze.‡ So, if I am right in holding that *Kuanos* probably signifies Bronze,§ do the Poems. I may add a remark. The two Battle-axes, which have been determined by chemical analysis to be of bronze, were found in immediate, or close juxtaposition with the mass of the more precious objects. The presumption is thus raised that they belonged to the Royal House, or to the wealthy. Now, as tin is in Ho-

mer a metal of high value and rarity,* bronze axes would evidently be costly, and their use confined to the highest classes.

4. The Excavations have supplied two head-dresses or ornaments of pure gold.† These appear to supply a perfect explanation of the *πλεκτὴ ἀναδέομη*, the twined or plaited fillet (of gold), which formed part of the head-dress of Andromachè,‡ torn off in the agony of her grief on Hector's death. These ornaments form part of Dr. Schliemann's "Treasure," which he, not without reasonable presumption, conceives to have been lost, or put away, in an endeavour to save it on account of its great importance. And the passage in the Iliad testifies to the great significance of this head-dress; of which a portion, the *κρήδεμνον* or turban, was presented, so runs the legend, to the princess by Aphroditè on her marriage day.§

5. Among his other treasures Dr. Schliemann has found six oblong plates, said to be of silver,|| which he takes to be the *talanta* of Homer, and which range in weight from 171 up to 190 grammes; they may be taken roughly at five ounces each, more or less, and at the present value of twenty-five shillings in our money. Such plates evidently belong to an epoch when the use of the precious metals was unknown in minor transactions of exchange, but when they might be employed (1) as stored wealth; (2) in manufacture of rare and valuable objects for great and royal households; (3) in simple and at the same time considerable payments or presents. Now this is the very light in which the use of these metals is represented to us by the Poem throughout. In the last named use of them, we have the two examples of the fee to the successful Judge,¶ and of the fourth prize in the Chariot race,** each of which consists of two talents of gold. We have no mention of talents of silver in the Poems: but the same state of things which would lead to the handling of the one metal in this way would probably have the same result with the other: indeed it is plain from the Poems that silver and gold were much more nearly on a par as to value than they now are.

* Ibid.

† *Quarterly Review*, pp. 552-3

‡ Il. xxii. 468-72.

§ Ibid.

|| Photographische Abbildungen, Tafel 200 and p. 52 of description.

¶ Il. xviii., 507.

** Il. xxiii. 269.

* *The Academy*, No. 99, p. 344. Date March 28, 1874.

† Schliemann, Photographische Abbildungen, Tafel 218. *The Edinburgh Review*, April 1874, p. 529.

‡ Schliemann, Trojanische Alterthümer, p. 323.

§ *Juv. Mundi*, p. 537.

6. There is no trace in the Excavations of any image which could be employed for purposes of popular worship. Indeed there is no representation, apparently, of the human face or form proper, but only scratchings, and perhaps some partial moulding, not rude only but generally repulsive, and executed on the face of some jug or like vessel. It has been much contested whether the Poems bear any testimony to the use of statues in Divine worship. Col. Mure argues strongly the affirmative, from the deposition of the votive robe "on the knees" of Athenè.* But when Homer's intense feeling for Art is considered, it would seem that if there had been anything like well-wrought statues, or any frequent use of images as objects of veneration, the reference must have been more specific, and must almost certainly, in one form or other, and probably in several, have recurred. The most probable supposition seems to be that there was in the temple of Athenè, and possibly in other temples, some rude figure of wood, one of the ξόανα mentioned by Pausanias as the archaic description of statue for purposes of religion. Such an object could not fail to be consumed in the conflagration of the city. In the absence of statues of the gods, as we understand them, both from the Poems and from the Excavations, we seem to find another remarkable correspondence.

7. The remark may be extended to Art generally. Objects of fine Art in the Poems, it may be said as a rule, are imported into Greece or Troas, and stand in immediate relation to the East, to Hephaistos, and to the Phoinikes as the carriers of them by sea. Even so, I think, we may conclude that the higher ornamental objects disclosed by the Excavations were not the productions of the same people who scratched hideous indications of eyes, noses, and the like, on their earthenware; but were imported from abroad.

8. Again, with respect to writing. I do not presume to give any opinion as to the so-called Inscriptions on the objects excavated from the Troic level. They are the subjects of much debate among the learned.† Taking them at the most, and under any of the interpretations which have been suggested, they seem to show a state of things in which writing was practically unknown for ordinary

purposes, was struggling into the very first stages of alphabetic use, was still in a foreign character, and was the rare and recondite possession of a very few. But this affords a close parallel to the position of writing in the Homeric Poems, where anything approaching to it is but twice, or more probably but once, mentioned, or even implied.

9. In the Poems, iron is very rare. In the Excavations, it has not yet even appeared. I need hardly observe that it is a metal extremely perishable.

10. The Electron,* a mixture of gold and silver, or, as some think, gold with its native silver unextracted, has been discovered by Dr. Schliemann in a notable case of a cup. It is named, though only thrice by Homer, once in the abstract for brilliancy, twice in works of female ornament.†

11. There is no trace, we are given to understand, of painted pottery at Hissarlik. Neither is there in the Poems.

12. The larger works of Art in the Poems are never of gold, always of silver; although silver appears to have been the rarer (not the more precious) of the two metals. Dr. Schliemann has found a vase of silver, with a cup of Electron near it; but no such vessel of gold. (The numbers are 3585, 3586, Photogr. 197.)

This is a considerable body of evidence; and the Excavations and the Poems thus far greatly fortify one another. It may hereafter be enlarged. I do not at any rate expect a contrary movement, though I admit it to be possible, and do not absolutely rely on all the particulars I have quoted. I observe a want of substance in the only case of discrepancy which as yet appears to have been raised. Dr. Schliemann himself considers that according to the Iliad Troy should have had at least 50,000 inhabitants; and he is disappointed at its smallness. He thinks it limited to a space about equal to a square of 260 yards. The *Edinburgh Review*‡ justly observes, following a hint of Mr. Clark in his "Peloponnesus," that the walled city was commonly a place of strength and refuge, with a population in huts and cabins around it. But the *Review* falls into the error of representing that the Poem describes Troy as a noble city with spacious streets. This is not so. Ilios in

* It is, however, much debated whether the Electron of Homer means a metal thus mixed, or amber.

† Od. iv. 73, and Od. xv. 459, xviii. 295.

‡ *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1874, p. 530.

* Mure's "Literature of Greece;" Il. vi. 393.

† See *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1874, p. 530.

Homer is lofty, is beetling, is wind-swept, is sacred, is I know not what, except large, or well-built, or broad, or broad-shouldered. True, he represents the Trojan watchfires* as a thousand (a number which I think he never uses except vaguely—it is beyond his arithmetical faculty or habit); and fifty men, but not fifty Trojans, by each. The explanation is, that the great numerical bulk of the Trojan force is understood to have been composed of the Allies,† who inhabited a range of country twenty times as large as Troas. In a passage more exact and trustworthy,‡ for it avoids the use of large numbers, we are informed that the Trojans proper were much less than one-tenth of the Achaian force.

So much for the gift Dr. Schliemann has made us, and for the nucleus of fact in the Poems. A few words now on the Sixth Proposition.

I must confess it to be a common assumption, repeated in a multitude of quarters, that Homer was an Asiatic Greek, living after the great eastward migration. I could almost as easily believe him an Englishman, or Shakespeare a Frenchman, or Dante an American.

In support of this proposition, I have seen but little serious argument. The elegant but very slight treatise of Wood adopted it, and occupied the field in this country, at a period when the systematic study of the text had not yet begun. The passage in Il. IV. 51 § requires, I think, no such conclusion. But if it did (though this remedy is not one to be lightly adopted) it ought itself to be rejected without hesitation or mercy. I will only here mention a few of the arguments against the opinion which denies to Homer a home in Achaian Greece; only premising that he lived under the voluntary system, and sang for his bread.

1. It is the Achaian name and race, to which the Poems give paramount glory. But, after the invasion of the Heraclids, the Achaians had sunk to be one of the most insignificant, and indeed discredited, portions of the Greek people.

2. Conversely, if Homer had sung at such a period, the Dorians, supreme in the Greek Peninsula, the Ionians, rising in Attica, or distinguished and flourishing in Asia Minor, could not have failed to hold a prominent and favourable position in the Poems. Whereas, while the

older names of *Argeioi* and *Danaoi* are constantly put forward, the Dorian name, but twice mentioned, is altogether insignificant; and the Ionian name, besides being obscure, is coupled with the epithet *ἐλκεχίτωνες*, tunic-trailing, in the one place where the Ionian soldiery are introduced; * surely a disparaging designation for troops.

3. The Athenians, who had been the hosts of the non-Dorian Refugees, must have been in very high estimation with a Bard sprung from them. But their general position in the Poems is one of inferiority; their chief is undistinguished; he is even capable of terror, which never happens with the great or genuine Achaian chieftain; and the passage of the Catalogue, in which he and they are praised, is wholly isolated, stands in contrast with the general strain of the Catalogue itself, and is on the whole the most justly as well as perhaps the most generally suspected passage in the Poems.

4. In the Greek Catalogue, there are about seventy points of what may be called distinct local colour or association. It consists of 265 lines; out of which from twenty to thirty give the numbers in ships, and a larger number detail historic legends. The Trojan Catalogue, embracing the whole west coast of Asia Minor, is in 62 verses; but instead of having a note of local colour in each three lines or thereabouts, has one in each ten. How is this compatible with the doctrine that Homer was an Asiatic Greek, pursuing his vocation as a minstrel, chiefly on the east side of the Archipelago (the richer and more peaceful), but was a comparative stranger in the Greek Peninsula?

5. As the Hymn to Apollo cannot, in its present form, be the work of the Poet of the Iliad and Odyssey, the authority of the passage quoted by Thucydides is not great; but the assertion contained in the passage itself is not that Homer was an Asiatic Greek. It is only that he being blind, and from the tone of it apparently in advanced life, was a dweller in Chios.

6. It is true that the Poet's knowledge of the South of Greece, and especially of the Islands on the West, does not appear to have been extensive and exact; but of Asia Minor, except at the extreme North-Western corner, the scene of the War, he has shown hardly any knowledge at all.

7. Is it conceivable that, after a revo-

* Il. viii. 562-3.

† Il. ii. 130.

‡ Il. ii. 123-8.

§ Studies, &c., vol. i. p. 39.

* Il. xiii. 68g.

lution involving such extensive change, and such translocation of races, as the Return of the Heraclids, not one word betraying any reference to it should be found in 27,600 lines, except an indication of the destruction of Sparta, Argos, and Mycenæ by this revolution, which after all it did not destroy? although the transfer of power to Sparta and Argos threw Mycenæ into the shade.

8. But this strong negative argument is less strong than the positive argument. *What* is it, what men, what manners, what age is it that Homer sings of? I aver that they are Achaian men, Achaian manners, an Achaian age. How could the Colonies in Asia Minor have supplied him with his ideas of free yet kingly government? What do we know of any practice of oratory there such as could have inspired his great speeches and debates? The Achaian character in the heroic form, with its astonishing union of force and even violence, with gentleness and refinement, how did he learn of this but by observation of those among whom and whose representatives he lived? There is an entireness and an originality in that Achaian life, an atmosphere in which all its figures move, which was afterwards vaguely and faintly embodied by poets in the idea of an heroic age, which hardly could have been, and which we have not the smallest reason to suppose was, reproduced on a new soil, and in immensely modified circumstances after the migration.

9. In truth, the traditions about the birthplace of Homer are covered with marks truly mythical. That is, they are just such as men, in the actual course of things, were likely to forge. If he lived and sung amidst an Achaian civilization, yet that civilization was soon and violently swept away. The most masculine, but the hardest and rudest offspring of the Hellenic stock were brought to the front, and became supreme for centuries; a race apparently incapable, throughout all time, of assimilating the finer elements of Greek civilization. Together with the more genial and appreciative portion of the nation, the recitation of the Poems could not but migrate too. Hence without doubt the tradition that Lucourgos brought them into Greece; that is, he probably brought them back, to melt, or smelt, if he could, his men of iron. But, during all the time of their banishment from the Peninsula, these Poems may well have had an enduring continuous currency among the children of those

whose sires in recent generations had so loved to hear them, and whose remoter heroes had, or were thought to have, received from them the gift of immortality.

Thus, by a natural progression, as the Poems were for the time Asiatic, all relating to them; and most of all the Singer, came to be claimed as Asiatic too. In the verse *Smyrna, Rhodos, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athenæ*, we have set forth as candidates for the honour of having given him birth, cities of which only one (Argos) has a considerable interest in the action of the "Iliad," but most of which, as the seats of an after civilization and power, had harboured and enjoyed his works. Such, it appears to me, is no unnatural explanation of the growth and progress of an opinion which, when tried upon its merits only, must, I think, seem a strange one to those who have at all tried to measure truly the extraordinary nearness of feeling and sympathy between Homer and the men and deeds he celebrates.

I have touched on these two collateral subjects for different, but I think sufficient reasons. The excavations of Dr. Schliemann demanded at least a slight notice from any one, who happened to be engaged upon the Homeric question in its historical aspect at the moment when they have just been made known: and their tendency is to give him possession of a point in space, as I seek for him the possession of a point in time. It was more directly needful to enter my protest against the notion that the Poems were or could have had their birthplace in Asia, and after the Dorian invasion. Over the period preceding that invasion, Egypt, even in the decline of its power, still cast a majestic shadow; from out of the bosom of that empire it was that immigration, navigation, and perhaps the direct exercise of political power, had carried forth the seeds of knowledge and the arts, and had deposited them in the happiest soil in which they were ever to germinate. And with the indirect signs and effects of this remarkable process, the Poems are charged throughout. I am now about to draw attention, not to these numerous and sometimes obscure indications, but to notes which, though few in number, are generally of a very direct character. But I feel that they could hardly appear other than an idle dream to minds tenaciously prepossessed with the belief that Homer was an Asiatic Greek of the period after the Migration. Egypt then was for Greece no

more than a name: its greatness was forgotten, it was neither friend nor foe, so far as we know; the relations, which had once subsisted, were buried in darkness, the old migrations from the East had assumed the form almost of old wives' fables. A poet of that day and place would scarcely have had occasion to give so much as a note of the existence of Egypt. And if the notes on which I shall now dwell, or the many and varied notes which others have observed, have substance in them, they certainly supply a new argument against placing the composition of the Poems, in their substance, after the Dorian Conquest.

What I have to do is to investigate the relation of certain names, which appear upon the Egyptian records in connection with specified events, to those same names as they stand in the Homeric Poems; and the consequences which arise from the establishment of such relation. The heads of evidence may be arranged as follows:—

- I. THE DARDANIAN LINK.
- II. THE ACHAIAN LINK.
- III. THE LINK OF EGYPTIAN THEBES.
- IV. THE SIDONIAN LINK.
- V. THE LEGEND OF MEMNON, AND THE KETEIANS OR KHITIANS OF THE ELEVENTH ODYSSEY.
- VI. THE LEGEND OF THE PSEUDODYSSEUS; AND THE VOYAGE OF THE SHIP ARGO.
- VII. HOMER AND SESOSTRIS, OR RAMESSES II.

We may now, therefore, pass to the proper subject of this inquiry: but let it be borne in mind that I take the Poems simply as facts, and that I ask nothing *in limine* from such as follow Bentley, or Wolf, or Lachmann, or Nitzsch, or Grote, or Paley; though I believe that the results of all investigation truly historical will have their bearings, in various degrees and forms, on the respective theories of those learned men.

I.—THE DARDANIAN LINK.

The Dardanian name in the Iliad is the oldest of all those names found in the Poems, which are linked by a distinct genealogy with the epoch of the action. I enter into no question concerning such names as Iaon* or Iapetos.† Nor do I attempt to examine the case of the name Havanu, found in the Inscriptions of the

Eleventh Egyptian Dynasty, on account of the great uncertainty still attaching to the Chronology of and before the time of the Shepherd Kings.

Hector, Paris, and Aineias are in the seventh generation from Dardanos.* They each individually may be taken as men of mature age. Dardanos at a corresponding age may thus be taken roughly to belong to a point in time about 180 years before the War of Troy.

He founded the city of Dardania, situated upon the lowest slopes of Ida. And he was the son of Zeus; that is, in legendary language, as I apprehend, there being no mother or incident of the legendary phrase, he was the first recorded king and first regular settler of the country. The Poem expressly states that he gave his name to the city. He also gave his name to the inhabitants; who in the seventh generation are still called *Dardanioi*. And this adjective is used in the feminine plural with respect to the Dardanian Gates,† those which faced the hills and the South, while the Skaian Gates faced the sea and the North. As it extended also to the people, everything seems to show that this Eponymos, or Name-founder, left a deep mark. The Dardanians appear in the Catalogue as a separate contingent.‡ Under the supremacy of Troy and Priam, Anchises, their king, was a sub-sovereign, and the famous prophecy of Poseidon, in Il. XX. 307, imports not the rebuilding of Ilios, but the continuance of the Dardanian sovereigns, and the resumption of their authority over Troas. This is stated in so many words; *Τρῶεσσιν ἀνύξει*. And it is generally admitted and alleged that Homer must himself have witnessed the fulfilment of the prophecy.

The word *Dardanides* stands for Dardanian women, expressly distinct from the Trojan women.§ So does *Dardaniones* || for the men. Though the Trojan name covers the whole force in the general descriptions, the Dardans or Dardanians are always separate in the vocative addresses of the Chieftains, which are directed either to "Trojans, Dardans, and allies," ¶ or to "Trojans, Lukians, and Dardans fighting hand to hand." ** We have also two cases of Dardan warriors

* Il. xx. 215-40.

† Il. ii. 819; Il. v. 789; xxii. 194 & 413.

‡ Il. ii. 819.

§ Il. xviii. 122, 339.

|| Il. vii. 414; viii. 154.

¶ Il. iii. 456, *et al.*

** Il. viii. 173, *et al.*; Il. ii. 701; xvi. 807.

* Il. xiii. 685.

† Il. viii. 479.

mentioned in the singular. Again, though it is rare in Homer to give a patronymic from a remote ancestor, yet Priam, and he only of contemporary personages, is many times called Dardanides.* And, lastly, we learn from the mouth of Poseidon that Dardanos was more loved by Zeus than any other of his mortal children.†

It appears probable from the genealogical narration that there were inhabitants in Troas before Dardanos. The Poet does not say the country was desert, but that Dardanos founded Dardania when or because there was no *city* constituted in the plain, *i.e.*, combined and inclosed, having a regular character and a government;

ἐπεὶ οὐπω Ἴλιος ἰρή
ἐν πεδίῳ πεπόλιστο, πόλις μερόπων ἀνθρώπων.‡

Nor can there, I think, be a doubt, from the tenacious vitality, as we have seen it, of the name, that under Dardanos, and after his date the whole of the inhabitants of the Troad which Homer usually calls Troiè, were known as Dardanians. Perhaps a conjecture might be hazarded that the name politically revived after the destruction of Troy, and subsisted at least until the site had been reoccupied from Thrace: but this is little material, as Egyptology appears to afford no evidence which can be brought down so low in point of date.

The succession of the family was as follows:—

1. Dardanos.
2. Erichthonios.
3. Tros; who is called Τρώεσσω ἀναξ.
4. Ilos, Assarakos, and Ganumedes.
5. Laomedon, son of Ilos: Kapus, son of Assarakos.
6. Priam and others, sons of Laomedon. Anchises, son of Kapus.
6. Hector, son of Priam. Aineias, son of Anchises.
8. Astuanax, son of Hector. (Children of Aineias).§

With his usual care for historic details of real weight the Poet has here marked for us the period when the Trojan name emerged; namely, under Tros. The building of the City in the plain was without doubt due to his son Ilos. But the name derived from him to the capital did

not displace the name of Trōos, which, doubtless with that of Troiè for the country, either had already become, or was becoming, the proper designation of the inhabitants. And we may perhaps consider that the existence of his tomb as a landmark on the plain, the σῆμα Ἴλου,* contributes another piece of testimony to the great importance of this sovereign in the annals of the country.

Thus, then, it appears that the inhabitants of the north-west angle of Asia Minor, between Ida and the sea, were, for not less than two generations, that is to say for a period of about sixty years, known as Dardanians; and were afterwards known as Trojans.

Turning now to the Egyptian records, we find that, as they have been interpreted by French inquirers, they place the commencement of the Nineteenth Dynasty about 1462 B.C.; and the accession of Rameses the Second, the Sesostris of the Greeks (Sestesou-Raor Sesou-Ra in certain of his Egyptian names), somewhere near the year 1410 B.C. In the fourth year of his reign, or about 1406 B.C., the formidable people called Khita, of the Valley of the Orontes, the same in race with the Hittites of the Old Testament, organized a powerful confederacy against him, encouraged by the troubles which he had to meet, on his accession to the throne, from the southward. This combination, besides the Asiatic nations of Armenia and the Assyrian plain, embraced the peoples of Asia Minor: of whom are enumerated the Mysians, the Lycians, the Pisidians, and the Dardanians. It is not necessary to pursue the history of the prolonged struggle, which ended some fifteen years afterwards in an accommodation recognizing the independence of the Khita, and appearing to deal with them on terms of reciprocity. But we have now a clear chronological datum for Dardania, subject only to whatever questions may be raised on the chronology of the middle Egyptian dynasties. The year 1406,† approximately fixed, seems, then, to have been within the sixty years or thereabouts when the inhabitants of Troas were known only as Dardanians. That is to say, the settlement of Dardania was probably founded between 1466 and 1406 B.C. And the overthrow of Troy, on the

* Il. iii. 303, and in six other places.

† Il. xx. 304.

‡ Il. xx. 216.

§ Il. xx. 215-40.

* Il. x. 415; xi. 166, 372.

† F. Lenormant, Hist. Anc. de l'Orient, B. iii. ch. iii. sect. v. Chabas, Etuds sur l'Antiquité Historique, ch. iv. p. 185. De Rougé, Mémoire sur les attaques dirigées contre l'Egypte, p. 4.

same basis of computation, would probably fall between 1286 and 1226 B.C.

If, however, we are to read the Inscription as meaning that these Dardanians were Dardanians of Ilios, as appears to be held, by high authority,* a new and rather important element is introduced, and we at once reach the time of King Ilos. We must then suppose that the rivalry of the Dardan and Trojan names for territorial supremacy had lasted for one generation longer; and the combination against Rameses II. thus operates in a different manner on the date of the foundation of Dardania. For as Ilios was not founded until some ninety years after Dardanos, if the name of that city was known in 1406 B.C., the epoch of Dardanos is thrown back to 1496 B.C., at the lowest; and farther, according to the number of years for which we suppose Ilios to have been founded before 1406 B.C. Thus the epoch of the *Troica* is thrown back at least to about 1316 B.C. As the Dardanian name must, when Ilios was once founded, have been an expiring one, we need not make any considerable addition to this high number of years.

According, then, to this piece of evidence, the overthrow of Troy may have been as late as 1226 B.C., or as early as about 1316 B.C.

II. — THE ACHAIAN LINK.

Early in the present century, Damm observed in his "Lexicon Homericum," that the Achaian name, while it was a name of the Greeks in general, had a special sense also, denoting the *nobiles et principes Græcorum*.† Thucydides,‡ in his Prefatory Chapters, refers to the three great Homeric Appellatives — the Danaan, Argeian, and Achaian,—and perhaps intends, by the order in which he thus places them, to indicate the order of time in which their several origins ought to stand.

Endeavouring to ascertain the scope and significance of this name from the text of the Poems, I found abundant evidence to sustain the opinion of Damm that the Achaian name frequently leans towards designating the chiefs, and likewise the opinion, which Thucydides may have meant to indicate, that it is the youngest of the three designations. But I was also led on to two further proposi-

tions, which appear to me hardly derivable:—

1. That the Achaian name was the proper national name, for that epoch, of the people who captured Troy, and who were afterwards called by the Romans, and by the moderns, Greeks.

2. That the date, at which this name thus became the proper designation of the nation, is approximately shown by the Poems.

For the first of these I would appeal, not without confidence, to the simple and homely test of commonness of use. The Achaian name is used more than three times as often as the Argeian name, more than four times as often as the Danaan, almost exactly twice as often as both put together. In an age when prose and poetry exist as distinct kinds of composition, it would be unsafe to draw an inference from the predominant use in a poem of a name which might be peculiarly a poetical name; but it appears to me that* at a period when Poem and Chronicle were one, such a prevalence of use, as I have shown, of itself establishes the proposition. And it is confirmed by that leaning of the phrase to the ruling class — the kings, chiefs, and nobles — which might if needful be shown from a score and more of passages. Three of these, lying within a very short compass indeed, may be found in Il. IX. 370, 391, 395.

Nor is it difficult to allow that, as the name does not point to a particular individual, or a particular mode of life or other speciality, political predominance was probably the cause which gave it this general currency. But then arises the question — can we show, from the Poems, that there had been a time when the Greeks had not yet come to be called Achaians?

Now this can be shown, both by negative and by positive evidence, from the text of the Poems; and it is necessary, in order to establish a connection with any given point of Egyptian chronology. For if the Achaian name had prevailed in the Greek Peninsula from an immemorial antiquity, the fact of its being used in the Egyptian records would furnish no bond of chronological relation with the War of Troy.† It is needful to establish the limit on both sides.

First, then, the Achaians, although

* See M. F. Lenormant, *Academy*, No. 98, p. 315; March 21, 1874.

† Damm in voc. 'Αχαιοί.

‡ Thuc. i. 3.

* This question is copiously, and I think in the main soundly argued in *Studies on Homer*, vol. i. pp. 402, seq.; also *Juventus Mundi*, pp. 60, seq.

† Od. xix. 175-7.

standing for the nation generally, were also still, at the time of the war, a special race in Greece. They are distinguished, among the inhabitants of Crete, from the Dorians, and from the Pelasgians. In the Catalogue, the Achaian name is especially given (1) to the inhabitants of Aigina and of Mases; (2) to the contingent of Achilles.* Again, in the Eleventh Book, Nestor relates a local war which took place in his youth, and in it he once calls the Pulians Achaians, but the men of Elis always Eleians and Epeians.† The use of the word Panachaioi in like manner proves that originally the Achaians were but a part of the whole which it had come to embrace, and that the local and special sense was not yet entirely absorbed.

Now, none of the above-named indications carry the Achaian name back beyond fifty or sixty years. The Legend of Nestor cannot date more than half a century back. The family of Achilles, whose subjects are connected with the special references in the Catalogue to the Achaian name, goes back only for two generations to Aiakos, his grandfather. When in the Nineteenth Iliad Heré is introduced, speaking of the time just before the birth of Eurustheus, she calls the inhabitants over whom he was to rule not Achaians, but Argeians.‡ This may be considered as about eighty years before the war. The legend of Bellerophon would give to Proitos a date slightly more remote. But it is said that Proitos had the power to banish Bellerophon, because he was paramount among the Argeians.§ When, however, we come down to the time of Tudeus, whose dominion was in Argolis and part of the country over which Proitos had reigned, then we find the force which Tudeus led against Thebes described (Iliad IV. 384 and V. 803) as Achaian, and thus distinguished from the inhabitants of Thebes, who are in both narratives called Kadmeioi and Kadmeiones.

I submit, therefore, that, according to the testimony, afforded by the text of Homer with a perfect self-consistency, the Achaian name had come to be the prevailing or national designation of the Greeks at the period of the War, but that it could not have been used to designate the inhabitants of Greece at any period more than fifty or sixty years

before the War. Indeed the evidence warrants the belief that it had still more recently come into vogue as the national name, and perhaps that it was the War itself that fully established and confirmed it in that sense.

But now arises another question, which the Poems cannot answer for us — How long after their date did the Achaian name continue to hold the same position? The blankness and vagueness of Greek tradition in general, between the time of the Poet and the historic epoch, preclude any exact reply. But we know enough to warrant the assertion that Greece was greatly disorganized by the incidents of its victorious war with Troy; that the Pelopid dynasty was wounded in the person and family of its head; that a great Dorian invasion, within no long period after the war, altered the face of the country, and limited the range of the Achaian name to a narrow strip of coast. And it may also be said that the Achaian name, as a national name, has no place in the literature of Greece subsequent to Homer. It is used once only by Hesiod,* and that in a retrospective passage which refers to the Troic expedition assembled at Aulis. The Hellenic name in fact takes the place of the Achaian. It revives, indeed, with the tragedians to some extent, but of course only as contemporary with certain persons and events of their dramas.

If then I have succeeded in fixing, with reasonable though not absolute certainty, the rise of the Achaian name as an event which happened within about half a century before the War of Troy, it may upon grounds more general but perhaps not less trustworthy, be alleged that its decline rapidly followed upon the War: that it could not have been known as the national name of the Greeks after the Dorian invasion, which is affirmed by Thucydides,† and is generally taken to have occurred at a period of 80 years after the fall of Troy; and that it is quite possible that even before that event it may have been superseded by the name of Hellenes, which was evidently coming into use at the Epoch of the Poems, and which appears to have obtained such currency before the great revolution effected by the Heraclids, that the Dorian appellation never supplanted or made head against it.

In other words, the Achaian name ap-

* Il. ii. 562; 684.

† Il. xi. 759.

‡ Il. xix. 122.

§ Il. vi. 152.

* Hesiod, *ἔργα*, 269.

† Thucyd. i. 12. Clinton, *Fasti Hellenici*, i. 106, seqq.

pears to have had a currency which cannot have exceeded 140 years, and which very possibly fell below 100 years, down to the period when it was driven into an insignificant corner of the Peloponnesos, or at any rate entirely lost its national character.

It must be added that, as far as the evidence goes, it came suddenly or rapidly to its supremacy. We cannot find that it rested as a local name like the Graian or the Dorian names, in particular places, for a length of time before it grew to be national. All the uses of it by Homer for periods anterior to the war are almost certainly local, because Achæians are distinguished from Cadmeians, and again from Epeians. The probable supposition is that the great national effort of the War itself lifted it into clear and full predominance; and that we ought to place the commencement of its reign near that epoch, but its first emerging at a time earlier by two generations.

If now we turn to the records of Egyptology,* we find that at some point of time within the limits of that term, a nation bearing the Achæian name, and coming from the northward, was placed in sharp collision with that Empire, by taking part in an invasion of the country.

Under Thothmes III., whose reign is computed to have extended over the first half of the 16th century B.C. (or 1600-1550), the power of the great Egyptian Empire reached its climax. He first established a maritime supremacy northwards, by means of a fleet in the Mediterranean. In all likelihood this is the change which had come down by report (ἄκοη) to Thucydides† as the act of Minos. But even that report, vague as it was, embodied this essential element, that he constituted also a dominion on land by placing his own sons as governors in the places he conquered, which, if we construe with the Scholiast, embraced most of the population of Greece. These sons were without doubt so-called as being the officers and representatives of the Empire thus established. In my opinion they were probably those, in whole or in part, of whom we hear in the Poems as the Aiolidai or descendants of Aiolos; for Aiolos is a characteristic and probably a typical name closely connected with the East, and with those through whom the East became known to Greece — namely, the actual agents, almost cer-

tainly Phœnician, by whom this maritime supremacy was made effective. From an inscription at Karnak, where Ammon, the supreme god of Thebes, is supposed to speak, I quote a few words: —

"I came, I suffered thee to smite the inhabitants of the isles; those who dwell in the midst of the sea are reached by thy roaring. . . . The isles of Greece are in thy power.* I permitted thee to smite the farthest bounds of the sea."

The inscription then records that the Southern Isles of the Archipelago were subdued, together with a great extent of the Coasts of Greece.

So, then, we learn that the inhabitants of the Greek Peninsula and Isles had once been subject to this great Empire at the zenith of its power, under the Eighteenth Dynasty. We need, therefore, feel no surprise if in the days of its decline we find them like Hittites, Libyans, and others, endeavouring to avenge themselves for the past, or to seek wealth for the present or security for the future, by assailing it.

Under the Nineteenth Dynasty, the maritime supremacy of Egypt had passed away. We hear of Seti, the father of Rameses II., that he reconstituted the Egyptian fleet of the Red Sea, but there is no similar statement as to the northern waters.† Rameses II., as we have seen, had had to encounter a formidable combination in the northern and north-western quarters of Asia. Under his son Merepthah, a new danger arose from a new quarter. Libya appears now to have been possessed, at least in part, by an Aryan or Japhetic population. This people entered with others into a new and powerful coalition against Merepthah. I take the account of it as it is to be found in the works of Viscomte de Rougé, M. F. Lenormant, and M. Chabas;‡ and though I speak in ignorance of the art of Egyptian interpretation, I understand through Dr. Birch, of the British Museum, and from the agreement of these authors, that there is no difference as to the reading of the monumental inscription at Karnak in the more important particulars.

* "Au pouvoir de tes esprits." I translate the French of M. de Rougé. See Lenormant, i. 386.

† Lenormant, Manuel d'Hist. i. 402.

‡ F. Lenormant in *The Academy* of March 28, 1874. Also his *Manuel de l'Histoire*, vol. i. p. 429, and *Premières Civilizations*, vol. i. p. 429; De Rougé, *Extraits d'un mémoire sur les attaques dirigées contre l'Égypte par les peuples de la Méditerranée vers le xivème Siècle avant notre ère*, p. 6 *segg.* P. Smith, *Anc. Hist. of the East*, p. 105. Chabas, *Études sur Antiquité Historique*, pp. 187-98.

* F. Lenormant, *Hist. Ancienne de l'Orient*, B. iii. chap. iii. sec. 2.

† Thuc. i. 4.

Some four years ago, Professor Rawlinson in this *Review** stated his objections to parts of the interpretation of this Inscription, and declined to accept its authority as a whole. He observed justly, that Achaïans and Laconians had no intercourse, even in the time of Homer, with Sikels and Sardinians, and knew nothing of any foreign ships in Greek waters except those of the Phœnicians. It is not necessary for my purpose to determine anything with respect to the races farther west, as to their local seats at the time, or otherwise. There is no improbability or difficulty in the main tenour of the inscription, which shows that the invasion was principally continental, or in that portion of it which points out Achaïans, and perhaps other Greeks, as forming an auxiliary force.

It appears, then, that in the reign of Merephthah, together with the Lebu or Libyans, were in arms the Shardana or Sardones (whether yet planted in Sardinia or not is little material) and some other tribes called Mashuash (the Maxyes,)[†] and Kahuka. There were also the Achaïusha or Achaïans, and with them were the Leku or Laconians (or, less probably, Peloponnesian Lukians or Lycians). There were likewise the Turska, who are interpreted to be Tyrrhenians; and the Shekulsha of Siculi. According to M. de Rougé's reading,[‡] the Tyrrhenians took the initiative: and brought moreover their families, with an evident view to settlement in the country. But this is contested by M. Chabas,[§] apparently with reason. At any rate it appears incontestable, from the comparative smallness of their losses in action, that that they were in small numbers. The invasion was by the North-Western frontier. It produced the utmost alarm in Egypt; according to the monuments, the sufferings inflicted were such as had not been known since the evil times of the Shepherd Kings: "The days and the months pass, and they abide on the ground." They went beyond Memphis, and reached the town of Paari, or Paari-sheps, in middle Egypt. Here they were defeated in a great and decisive battle, which lasted for six hours. Nearly fifteen thousand were slain of the Libyans, Maxyes, and Kahuka; about 1000 Tyrrhenians and Sikels: the losses of the

Sardones, and of the Achaïans and Laconians, are not known, as that portion of the record is destroyed. The hands of the Achaïan dead and those of the other non-African tribes, and another portion of the bodies of the Libyans and Maxyes, were brought back, either as trophies or by way of account.* There were 9376 prisoners. The remainder of the invading army fled the country, and the Libyans treated for peace. But a portion of those who had in a manner planted themselves in the Delta, principally Mashuash or Maxyes, were confirmed in the possession of their lands, and became Egyptian subjects.

This invasion took place near the commencement of the reign of Merephthah.[†] His accession is placed by the French authorities at about A.D. 1350, and we may perhaps roughly assume 1345 B.C. as the date. Therefore the year 1345 B.C. may be taken as falling within the term which, as we have seen, may reasonably be stated at about or under 100 years of the historic life of the Achaïan name for the Greek nation.

That term, then, can hardly have begun earlier than 1345 B.C., and cannot have ended later than 1245 B.C.

But the period of (say) 100 years subdivides itself, as we have seen, into what may be taken as two moieties; the first when it was a gentile or local name, the second when it was national. To which of these significations does the use of the name under Merephthah probably belong? I answer, without hesitation, to the earlier; because the Greeks who take part in it are described as Achaïans and Laconians. If, instead of Laconians, we were to read Lukians, viz., those connected with the Lucaonian tradition of the Peloponnesos, it would not affect the argument, which is that the Achaïan name evidently does not cover the whole Peninsula,[‡] or even the whole Peloponnesos: the Laconians, according to the Karnak monument, being Peloponnesians, were not then Achaïans.

Returning to the figures under this narrower specification, the Invasion we speak of was probably at a date within some fifty or sixty years, before the War of Troy. If so, we should have 1345 B.C. for the higher limit of the war (which could not have coincided with the invasion), and 1285 B.C. for the latest.

* *Contemporary Review*, April, 1870.

† Herodotus, iv. 191.

‡ De Rougé, p. 209.

§ Chabas, *Études sur l'Antiquité Historique*, pp. 198-200.

* De Rougé, p. 6.

† M. de Rougé also states, that according to the Inscription these Achaïans did not include the Inhabitants of the Isles, and thinks they were confined to the Peloponnesos. — De Rougé, *Extraits*, &c., p. 28.

Carried thus far, the statement and argument may rest on their own ground. But it is a notable fact, that the Egyptian records, which supply evidence of the prevalence of the Achaian name under Merepthah, at a later date also supply evidence that it had ceased to prevail. To that evidence we will now proceed.

Rameses III. belongs to the Twentieth Dynasty, and is reckoned as the last among the sovereigns of the ancient Egyptian monarchy who was distinguished by personal greatness. His function was, like that of several preceding monarchs, not to enlarge but to defend the Empire. His accession is fixed, through a date astronomically calculated by M. Biot, to the year 1311 B.C., and from this time onwards we are assured that the Egyptian chronology attains almost to an absolute trustworthiness.*

In his fifth year, or 1306 B.C., the White (or Aryan) Libyans again invaded Egypt. A simultaneous but independent attack was made from the North and East. The Maxyes of the Delta revolted.† From beyond the continent the leading nations of the enemy were "the Pelesta of the Mid Sea" and the Tekkri, interpreted as meaning the Pelasgians of Crete, and the Teucrians; who, again, are assumed to have succeeded the Trojans in Troas. These Pelesta ‡ M. Lenormant understands to be the ancestors of the Philistines, a question beside my purpose. They entered Syria by land. Their ships, with those of the Tekkra and Shekulsha, assailed the coast, while the Daanau, the Tursha, and the Uashasha, supplied land forces only. Rameses III., having defeated the land invasion, also mastered his naval enemies by means of a Phœnician fleet.

It seems difficult to dispute that these Pelesta "of the mid sea" were probably Cretan; or that the Daanau represent the same people who in the war of Merepthah appear as Achaïans. The point material in the present inquiry is that if the Danaau are Greeks of the mainland, that is to say, Danaoi, or Danaans, the Achaian name had now, forty years after the War of Merepthah, so far lost its currency that it no longer represented the nation to the foreign ear.

We may, however, stay for a moment to inquire whether these Daanau were

really Greeks of the mainland. There is an objection to the supposition on more than one ground. First, I have argued, in conformity with Greek tradition, and with what seems to me the clear indication of the Homeric text, that the Daanau name was certainly older, not younger, than the Achaian.* Secondly, the Achaian, and the later Greeks were alike, and increasingly with time, a maritime people. Again the account (from the Harris *papyrus* of the British Museum) represents the Tekkra and Pelesta as supplying the aggressive fleet; but both Trojans and Pelasgians are in Homer wholly without any sign of maritime habits; a remarkable fact in the case of the Trojans, because they inhabited a country with a long line of sea-coast. But when we consider that the Egyptians carried on the maritime war through the Phœnicians, it seems that we can hardly rely upon as much accuracy of detail as in the records of a land warfare conducted by themselves. On the other hand, if the Achaian name had gone out of use, and no other was yet fully established, the Danaan name was a most natural one for Phœnicians to give to Greeks. For, as I have endeavoured to show,† there is every reason to believe that the Danaan immigration into Greece came from Phœnicia, or from Egypt through Phœnicia; and it was an immigration into Peloponnesos. If, as has long been popularly assumed, it was from Egypt, the ascription of the name to the nation by the Egyptians is natural, even if it had gone out of use in the Peloponnesos itself.

The Achaïans, then, of Merepthah's reign probably are the Danaans of the reign of Rameses III. But the Achaian power predominated in the Peloponnesos till the return of the Heraclids. Reasoning from this fact alone, we might be inclined to argue that the Danaan name could not probably have been employed until about eighty years after the fall of Troy, and that event must have occurred as far back as 1387 B.C. But the disorganization of the Peloponnesos caused by the Trojan War probably caused the title of Achaïans to descend from its zenith as rapidly as it had risen. If from this cause the Achaian name had lost its lustre, and if the Danaan designation had also been, as is probable, that by which the Greeks were known in Phœnicia and Egypt before the Achaian period,

* F. Lenormant, *Premières Civilisations*, vol. i. pp. 221-3. *Hist. Ancienne*, vol. i. pp. 443, 4.

† Chabas, p. 227.

‡ F. Lenormant, in *The Academy* of March 22, 1874.

* "Studies on Homer," vol. i. and *Juv. Mundi*, pp.

42-4.

† *Juv. Mundi*, p. 137.

there seems to be no reason why at ten or twenty years after the war the Danaan title might not again become, for those countries, the proper descriptive title. What appears quite inadmissible is the idea that the period of Achaianism, so to call it, could have come after the time of Rameses III., when the Greeks were called Danaans; for in that case there would have been not one but two Achaian periods before the Olympiads. On the whole, the presumptions from this part of the Egyptian evidence would place the capture of Troy some time before 1306 B.C., and possibly even before the middle of the fourteenth century B.C. 1874.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AT Coombe Lorraine these things had been known and entered into some time ago. For Sir Roland had not left his son so wholly uncared for in a foreign land as Hilary in his sore heart believed. In his regiment there was a certain old major, lame, and addicted to violent language, but dry and sensible according to his lights, and truthful, and upright, and quarrelsome. Burning to be first, as he always did in every desperate conflict, Major Clumps saw the young fellows get in front of him, and his temper exploded always. "Come back, come back, you—" condemned offspring of canine lineage, he used to shout; "let an honest man have a fair start with you! Because my feet are—there you go again; no consideration, any of you!"

This Major Clumps was admirably "connected," being the nephew of Lord de Lampnor, the husband of Lady Valeria's friend. So that by this means it was brought round that Hilary's doings should be reported. And Lady Valeria had received a letter in which her grandson's exploits at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo were so recounted that Alice wept, and the ancient lady smiled with pride; and even Sir Roland said, "Well, after all, that boy can do something."

The following afternoon the master of Coombe Lorraine was sent for, to have a long talk with his mother about matters of dry business. Now Sir Roland particularly hated business; his income was

enough for all his wants; his ambition (if ever he had any) was a vague and vaporous element; he left to his lawyers all matters of law; and even the management of his land, but for his mother's strong opposition, he would gladly have left to a steward or agent, although the extent of his property scarcely justified such an appointment. So he entered his mother's room that day with a languid step and reluctant air.

The lady paid very little heed to that. Perhaps she even enjoyed it a little. Holding that every man is bound to attend to his own affairs, she had little patience and no sympathy with such philosophic indifference. On the other hand, Sir Roland could not deny himself a little quiet smile, when he saw his mother's great preparations to bring him both to book and deed.

Lady Valeria Lorraine was sitting as upright as she had sat throughout her life, and would sit, until she lay down forever. On the table before her were several thick and portentously dirty documents, arranged and docketed by her own sagacious hand; and beyond these, and opened at pages for reference, lay certain old law-books of a most deterrent guise and attitude. Sheppard's "Touchstone" (before Preston's time), Littleton's "Tenures," Viner's "Abridgment," Coe's "Digest," Glanville, Plowden, and other great authors, were here prepared to cause delicious confusion in the keenest feminine intellect; and Lady Valeria was quite sure now that they all contradicted one another.

After the formal salutation, which she always insisted upon, the venerable lady began to fuss about a little, and pretend to be at a loss with things. She was always dressed as if she expected a visit from the royal family; and it was as good as a lecture for any slovenly young girls to see how cleverly she avoided soil of dirty book or dirtier parchment, upon her white cuffs or Flemish lace. Even her delicate pointed fingers, shrunken as they were with age, had a knack of flitting over grime, without attracting it.

"I daresay you are surprised," she said, with her usual soft and courteous smile, "at seeing me employed like this, and turning lawyer in my old age."

Sir Roland said something complimentary, knowing that it was expected of him. The ancient lady had always taught him—however erroneous the doctrine—that no man who is at a loss for the proper compliment to a lady deserves to be

thought a gentleman. She always had treated her son as a gentleman, dearer to her than other gentlemen; but still to be regarded in that light mainly. And he, perhaps by inheritance, had been led to behave to his own son thus—a line of behaviour warmly resented by the impetuous Hilary.

“Now I beg you to attend—you must try to attend,” continued Lady Valeria: “rouse yourself up, if you please, dear Roland. This is not a question of astrologers, or any queer thing of that sort, but a common-sense matter, and, I might say, a difficult point of law, perhaps.”

“That being so,” Sir Roland answered, with a smile of bright relief, “our course becomes very simple. We have nothing that we need trouble ourselves to be puzzled with uncomfortably. Messrs. Crookson, Hack, & Clinker—they know how to keep in arrear, and to charge.”

“It is your own fault, my dear Roland, if they overcharge you. Everybody will do so, when they know that you mean to put up with it. Your dear father was under my guidance much more than you have ever been, and he never let people overcharge him—more than he could help, I mean.”

“I quite perceive the distinction, mother. You have put it very clearly. But how does that bear upon the matter you have now to speak of?”

“In a great many ways. This account of Hilary’s desperate behaviour, as I must call it upon sound reflection, leads me to consider the great probability of something happening to him. There are many battles yet to be fought, and some of them may be worse than this. You remember what Mr. Malahide said when your dear father would insist upon that resettlement of the entire property in the year 1799.”

Sir Roland knew quite well that it was not his dear father at all, but his mother, who had insisted upon that very stringent and ill-advised proceeding, in which he himself had joined reluctantly, and only by dint of her persistence. However, he did not remind her of this.

“To be sure,” he replied, “I remember it clearly; and I have his very words somewhere. He declined to draw it in accordance with the instructions of our solicitors, until his own opinion upon it had been laid before the family—a most unusual course, he said, for counsel in chambers to adopt, but having some knowledge of the parties concerned, he

hoped they would pardon his interference. And then his words were to this effect—‘The operation of such a settlement may be most injurious. The parties will be tying their own hands most completely, without—so far as I can perceive—any adequate reason for doing so. Supposing, for instance, there should be occasion for raising money upon these estates during the joint lives of the grandson and granddaughter, and before the granddaughter is of age, there will be no means of doing it. The limitation to her, which is a most unusual one in such cases, will preclude the possibility of representing the fee-simple. The young lady is now just five years old, and if this extraordinary settlement is made, no marketable title can be deduced for the next sixteen years, except, of course, in the case of her decease.’ And many other objections he made, all of which, however, were overruled; and after that protest he prepared the settlement.”

“The matter was hurried through your father’s state of health; for at that very time he was on his death-bed. But no harm whatever has come of it, which shows that we were right, and Mr. Malahide quite wrong. But I have been looking to see what would happen, in case poor Hilary—ah, it was his own fault that all these restrictions were introduced. Although he was scarcely twelve years old, he had shown himself so thoroughly volatile, so very easy to lead away, and, as it used to be called by vulgar people, so ‘happy-go-lucky,’ that your dear father wished, while he had the power, to disable him from lessening any further our lessened estates. And but for that settlement, where might we be?”

“You know, my dear mother, that I never liked that exceedingly complicated and most mistrustful settlement. And if I had not been so sick of all business, after the loss of my dear wife, even your powers of persuasion would have failed to make me execute it. At any rate, it has had one good effect. It has robbed poor Hilary to a great extent of the charms that he must have possessed for the Jews.”

“How can they discover such things? With a firm of trusty and most respectable lawyers—to me it is quite wonderful.”

“How many things are wondrous, and nothing more wondrous than man himself—except, of course, a Jew. They do find out; and they never let us find out how they managed it. But do let me

ask you, my dear mother, what particular turn of thought has compelled you to be so learned?"

"You mean these books? Well, let me think. I quite forget what it was that I wanted. It is useless to flatter me, Roland, now. My memory is not as it was, nor my sight, nor any other gift. However, I ought to be very thankful; and I often try to be so."

"Take a little time to think," Sir Roland said, in his most gentle tone; "and then, if it does not occur to you, we can talk of it some other time."

"Oh, now I remember! They told me something about the poor boy being smitten with some girl of inferior station. Of course, even he would have a little more sense than ever to dream of marrying her. But young men, although they mean nothing, are apt to say things that cost money. And above all others, Hilary may have given some grounds for damages—he is so inconsiderate! now if that should be so, and they give a large verdict, as a low-born jury always does against a well-born gentleman, several delicate points arise. In the first place, has he any legal right to fall in love under this settlement? And if not, how can any judgment take effect on his interest? And again, if he should fall in battle, would that stay proceedings? And if all these points should be settled against us, have we any power to raise the money? For I know that you have no money, Roland, except what you receive from land; as under my advice every farthing of accumulation has been laid out in buying back, field by field, portions of our lost property."

"Yes, my dear mother; and worse than that; every field so purchased has been declared or assured—or whatever they call it—to follow the trusts of this settlement, so that I verily believe if I wanted £5000 for any urgent family purposes, I must raise it—if at all—upon mere personal security. But surely, dear mother, you cannot find fault with the very efficient manner in which your own desires have been carried out."

"Well, my son, I have acted for the best, and according to your dear father's plans. When I married your father," the old lady continued, with a soft quiet pride, which was quite her own, "it was believed, in the very best quarters, that the Duchess Dowager of Chalcorhin, of whom perhaps you may have heard me speak——"

"Truly yes, mother, every other day."

"And, my dear son, I have a right to do so of my own god-mother, and great-aunt. The sneering spirit of the present day cannot rob us of all our advantages. However, your father (as was right and natural on his part) felt a conviction—as those low Methodists are always saying of themselves—that there would be a hundred thousand pounds, to help him in what he was thinking of. But her Grace was vexed at my marriage; and so, as you know, my dear Roland, I brought the Lorraines nothing."

"Yes, my dear mother, you brought yourself, and your clear mind, and clever management."

"Will you always think that of me, Roland, dear? Whatever happens, when I am gone, will you always believe that I did my best?"

Sir Roland was surprised at his mother's very unusual state of mind. And he saw how her delicate face was softened from its calm composure. And the like emotion moved himself; for he was a man of strong feeling, though he deigned so rarely to let it out, and froze it so often with fatalism.

"My dearest mother," he answered, bowing his silver hair over her snowy locks, "surely you know me well enough to make such a question needless. A more active and devoted mind never worked for one especial purpose—the welfare of those for whose sake you have abandoned show and grandeur. Ay, mother, and with as much success as our hereditary faults allowed. Since your labours began, we must have picked up fifty acres."

"Is that all you know of it, Roland?" asked Lady Valeria, with a short sigh; "all my efforts will be thrown away, I greatly fear, when I am gone. One hundred and fifty-six acres and a half have been brought back into the Lorraine rent-roll, without even counting the hedgerows. And now there are two things to be done, to carry on this great work well. That interloper, Sir Remnant Chapman, a man of comparatively modern race, holds more than two thousand acres of the best and oldest Lorraine land. He wishes young Alice to marry his son, and proposes a very handsome settlement. Why, Roland, you told me all about it—though not quite so soon as you should have done."

"I do not perceive that I neglected my duty. If I did so, surprise must have 'knocked me out of time,' as our good Struan expresses it."

"Mr. Hales! Mr. Hales, the clergyman! I cannot imagine what he could mean. But it must have been something low, of course; either badger-baiting, or prize-fighting—though people of really good position have a right to like such things. But now we must let that poor stupid Sir Remnant, who cannot even turn a compliment, have his own way about silly Alice, for the sake of more important things."

"My dear mother, you sometimes try me. What can be more important than Alice? And to what overpowering influence is she to be sacrificed?"

"It is useless to talk like that, Sir Roland. She must do her best, like everybody else who is not of ignoble family. The girl has plenty of pride, and will be the first to perceive the necessity. 'Twill not be so much for the sake of the settlement, for that of course will go with her; but we must make it a stipulation, and have it set down under hand and seal, that Sir Remnant, and after his time his son, shall sell to us, at a valuation, any pieces of our own land which we may be able to repurchase. Now, Roland, you never would have thought of that. It is a most admirable plan, is it not?"

"It is worthy of your ingenuity, mother. But will Sir Remnant agree to it? He is fond of his acres, like all landowners."

"One acre is as good as another to a man of modern lineage. Some of that land passed from us at the time of the great confiscation, and some was sold by that reckless man, the last Sir Hilary but one. The Chapmans have held very little of it for even so much as two centuries; how then can they be attached to it? No, no. You must make that condition, Roland, the first and the most essential point. As for the settlement, that is nothing; though of course you will also insist upon it. For a girl of Alice's birth and appearance, we could easily get a larger settlement and a much higher position, by sending her to London for one season, under Lady de Lampnor. But how would that help us towards getting back the land?"

"You look so learned," said Sir Roland, smiling, "with all those books which you seem to have mastered, that surely we may employ you to draw the deed for signature by Sir Remnant."

"I have little doubt that I could do it," replied the ancient lady, who took everything as in earnest; "but I am not so

strong as I was, and therefore I wish you to push things forward. I have given up, as you know, my proper attention to many little matters (which go on very badly without me) simply that all my small abilities might be devoted to this great purpose. I hope to have still a few years left—but two things I must see accomplished before I can leave this world in peace. Alice must marry Captain Chapman, upon the conditions which I have expressed, and Hilary must marry a fortune, with special clauses enabling him to invest it in land upon proper trusts. The boy is handsome enough for anything; and his fame for courage, and his martial bearing, and above all his regimentals, will make him irresistible. But he must not stay at the wars too long. It is too great a risk to run."

"Well, my dear mother, I must confess that your scheme is a very fine one. Supposing, I mean, that the object is worth it; of which I am by no means sure. I have not made it the purpose of my life to recover the Lorraine estates; I have not toiled and schemed for that end; although," he added with dry irony, which quite escaped his mother's sense, "it is of course a far less exertion to sell one's children, with that view. But there are several hitches in your little plan—for instance, Alice hates Captain Chapman, and Hilary loves a girl without a penny—though the Grower must have had good markets lately, according to the price of vegetables." Clever as Sir Roland was, he made the mistake of the outer world: there are no such things as "good markets."

"Alice is a mere child," replied her grandmother, smiling placidly; "she cannot have the smallest idea yet, as to what she likes, or dislikes. The captain is much better bred than his father; and he can drive four-in-hand. I wonder that she has shown such presumption, as either to like or dislike him. It is your fault, Roland. Perpetual indulgence sets children up to such dreadful things; of which they must be broken painfully, having been encouraged so."

"My dear mother," Sir Roland answered, keeping his own opinions to himself; "you clearly know how to manage young girls, a great deal better than I do. Will you talk to Alice (in your own convincing and most eloquent manner) if I send her up to you?"

"With the greatest pleasure," said Lady Valeria, having long expected this: "you may safely leave her to me, I be-

lieve. Chits of girls must be taught their place. But I mean to be very quiet with her. Let me see her to-morrow, Roland; I am tired now, and could not manage her, without more talking than I am fit for. Therefore I will say 'good-evening.'

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ALICE had "plenty of spirit of her own," which of course she called "sense of dignity;" but in spite of it all, she was most unwilling to encounter her valiant grandmother. And she knew that this encounter was announced, the moment she was sent for.

"Is my hair right? Are my bows right? Has the old dog left any paw-marks on me?" she asked herself; but would rather have died—as in her quick way she said to herself—than have confessed her fright by asking any of the maids to tell her. Betwixt herself and her grandmother, there was little love lost, and still less kept; for each looked down upon the other, from heights of pure affection. "A flighty, romantic, unfledged girl, with no deference towards her superiors"—"A cold-blooded, crafty, plotting old woman, without a bit of faith in any one;"—thus would each have seen the other's image, if she had clearly inspected her own mind, and faced its impressions honestly.

The elder lady, having cares of her own, contrived, for the most part, to do very well without seeing much of her grandchild; who on the other hand was quite resigned to the affliction of this absence. But Alice could never perceive the justice of the reproaches wherewith she was met whenever she came, for not having come more often where she was not wanted.

Now with all her courage ready, and not a sign in eye, face, or bearing, of the disquietude all the while fluttering in the shadow of her heart, the young lady looked at the ancient lady respectfully, and saluted her. Two fairer types of youth and age, of innocence and experience, of maiden grace and matron dignity, scarcely need be sought for; and the resemblance of their features heightened the contrast of age and character. A sculptor might have been pleased to reckon the points of beauty inherited by the maiden from the matron—the slim round neck, the graceful carriage of the well-shaped head, the elliptic arch of brow, the broad yet softly moulded fore-

head, as well as the straight nose, and delicate chin—a strong resemblance of details, but in the expression of the whole an even stronger difference. For Alice, besides the bright play of youth and all its glistening carelessness, was gifted with a kinder and larger nature than her grandmother. And as a kind, large-fruited tree, to all who understand it, shows—even by its bark and foliage and the expression of its growth—the vigour of the virtue in it, and liberality of its juice; so a fine sweet human nature breathes and shines in the outer aspects, brightens the glance, and enriches the smile, and makes the whole creature charming.

But Alice, though blest with this very nice manner of contemplating humanity, was quite unable to bring it to bear upon the countenance of her grandmother. We all know how the very best benevolence perpetually is pulled up short; and even the turn of a word, or a look, or a breath of air with a smell in it, scatters fine ideas into corners out of harmony.

"You may take a chair, my dear, if you please;" said Lady Valeria, graciously; "you seem to be rather pale to-day. I hope you have not taken anything likely to disagree with you. If you have, there is still a little drop left of my famous ginger-cordial. You make a face! That is not becoming. You must get over those childish tricks. You are—let me see, how old are you?"

"Seventeen years and a half, madam; about last Wednesday fortnight."

"It is always good to be accurate, Alice. 'About' is a very loose word indeed. It may have been either that day or another."

"It must have been either that day, or some other," said Alice, gravely curtsying.

"You inherit this catchword style from your father. I pass it over, as you are so young. But the sooner you leave it off, the better. There are many things now that you must leave off. For instance, you must not pretend to be witty. It is not in our family."

"I did not suppose that it was, grandmother."

"There used to be some wit, when I was young; but none of it has descended. There is nothing more fatal to a young girl's prospects than a sad ambition for jesting. And it is concerning your prospects now, that I wish to advise you kindly. I hear from your father a very sad thing—that you receive

with ingratitude the plans which we have formed for you."

"My father has not told me of any plans at all about me."

"He may not have told you; but you know them well. Consulting your own welfare and the interest of the family, we have resolved that you should at once receive the addresses of Captain Chapman."

"You cannot be so cruel, I am sure. Or if you are, my father cannot. I would sooner die than so degrade myself."

"Young girls always talk like that, when their fancy does not happen to be caught. When, however, that is the case, they care not how they degrade themselves. This throws upon their elders the duty of judging and deciding for them, as to what will conduce to their happiness."

"To hear Captain Chapman's name alone conduces to my misery."

"I beg you, Alice, to explain what you mean. Your expressions are strong; and I am not sure that they are altogether respectful."

"I mean them to be quite respectful, grandmother; and I do not mean them to be too strong. Indeed I should despair of making them so."

"You are very provoking. Will you kindly state your objections to Captain Chapman?"

Alice for the first time dropped her eyes under the old lady's steadfast gaze. She felt that her intuition was right, but she could not put it into words.

"Is it his appearance, may I ask? Is he too short for your ideal? Are his eyes too small, and his hair too thin? Does he slouch in walking, and turn his toes in? Is it any trumpery of that sort?" asked Lady Valeria, though in her heart such things were not scored as trumpery.

"Were such things trumpery, when you were young?" her grandchild longed to ask, but duty and good training checked her.

"His appearance is bad enough;" she replied, "but I do not attach much importance to that." "As if I believed it!" thought Lady Valeria.

"Then what is it that proves fatal to him, in your sagacious judgment?"

"I beg you as a favour, not to ask me, madam. I cannot—I cannot explain to you."

"Nonsense, child," said the old lady, smiling; "you would not be so absurd if you had only seen a little good society.

If you are so bashful, you may look away; but at any rate you must tell me."

"Then it is this," the maiden answered, with her grey eyes full on her grandmother's face, and a rich blush adding to their lustre; "Captain Chapman is not what I call a good man."

"In what way? How? What have you heard against him? If he is not perfect, you can make him so."

"Never, never! He is a very bad man. He despises all women; and he—he looks—he stares quite insolently—even at me!"

"Well, this is a little too good, I declare!" exclaimed her grandmother, with as loud a laugh as good breeding ever indulges in—"My dear child, you must go to London; you must be presented at Court; you must learn a little of the ways of the world; and see the first gentleman in Europe. How his Royal Highness will laugh, to be sure! I shall send him the story through Lady de Lampnor, that a young lady hates and abhors her intended, because he even ventures to look at her!"

"You cannot understand me, madam. And I will not pretend to argue with you."

"I should hope not, indeed. If we spread this story at the beginning of the season, and have you presented while it is fresh, we may save you, even yet, from your monster perhaps. There will be such eagerness to behold you, simply because you must not be looked at, that everybody will be at your feet, all closing their eyes for your sake, I should hope."

Alice was a very sweet-tempered girl; but all the contempt, with which in her heart she unconsciously regarded her grandmother, was scarcely enough to keep her from flashing forth at this common raillery. Large tears of pride and injured delicacy formed in her eyes, but she held them in; only asking with a curtsy, "May I go now, if you please?"

"To be sure, you may go. You have done quite enough. You have made me laugh, so that I want my tea. Only remember one serious thing—the interest of the family requires that you should soon learn to be looked at. You must begin to take lessons at once. Within six months you must be engaged, and within twelve months you must be married to Captain Stephen Chapman."

"I trow not," said Alice to herself, as with another curtsy, and a shudder, she retreated.

But she had not long been sitting by

herself, and feeling the bitterness of defeat, before she determined, with womanly wit, to have a triumph somewhere ; so she ran at once to her father's room ; and he of course was at home to her.

"If you please, dear papa, you must shut your books, and you must come into this great chair, and you must not shut even one of your eyes, but listen in the most respectful manner to all I have to say to you."

"Well, my dear," Sir Roland answered ; "what must be must. You are a thorough tyrant. The days are certainly getting longer ; but they scarcely seem to be long enough for you to torment your father."

"No candles, papa, if you please, as yet. What I have to say can be said in the dark, and that will enable you to look at me, papa, which otherwise you could scarcely do. Is it true that you are plotting to marry me to that odious Captain Chapman ?"

Sir Roland began to think what to say ; for his better nature often told him to wash his hands of this loathsome scheme.

"Are you so tired of me already," said the quick girl, with sound of tears in her voice ; "have I behaved so very badly, and shown so little love for you, that you want to kill me so very soon, father ?"

"Alice, come, Alice, you know how I love you ; and that all that I care for is for your own good."

"And are we so utterly different, papa, in our tastes, and perceptions, and principles, that you can ever dream that it is good for me to marry Mr. Chapman ?"

"Well, my dear, he is a very nice man, quiet, and gentle, and kind to every one, and most attentive to his father. He could place you in a very good position, Alice ; and you would still be near me. Also there are other reasons making it desirable."

"What other reasons, papa, may I know ? Something about land, I suppose. Land is at the bottom of every mischief."

"You desperate little radical ! Well, I will confess that land has a good deal to do with it."

"Papa, am I worth twenty acres to you ? Tell the truth now, am I ?"

"My darling, you are so very foolish. How can you ask such a question ?"

"Well, then, am I worth fifty ? Come now, am I worth as much as fifty ? Don't be afraid now, and say that I am, if you really feel that I am not."

"How many fifties — would you like to know ? Come to me, and I will tell you."

"No, not yet, papa. There is no kiss for you, unless you say I am worth a thousand !"

"You little coquette ! You keep all your coquetries for your own old father, I do believe."

"Then tell me that I am worth a thousand, father — a thousand acres of good rich land with trees and hedges, and cows and sheep — surely I never can be worth all that : or at any rate not to you, papa."

"You are worth to me," said Sir Roland Lorraine as she fell into his arms, and sobbed, and kissed him, and stroked his white beard, and then sobbed again ; "not a thousand acres, but ten thousand, land, and hearth, and home, and heart !"

"Then after all you do love me, father. I call nothing love that loves anything else. And how much," she asked, with her arms round his neck, and her red lips curving to a crafty whisper, "how much should I be worth if I married a man I despise and dislike ? Enough for my grave, and no more, papa, just the size of your small book-table."

Here she fell away, lost in her father's arms, and for the moment could only sigh with her lips and eyelids quivering ; and Sir Roland watching her pale loving face, was inclined to hate his own mother. "You shall marry no one, my own child," he whispered through her unbraided hair ; "no one whom you do not love dearly, and who is not thoroughly worthy of you."

"Then I will not marry any one, papa," she answered with a smile reviving ; "for I do not love any one a bit, papa, except my own father, and my own brother ; and Uncle Struan of course, and so on, in an outer and milder manner. And as for being worthy of me, I am not worth very much, I know. Still if I am worth half an acre, I must be too good for that Captain Chapman."

From The Spectator.

MARY LAMB'S LETTERS.*

To say in the same sentence that we are grateful to Mr. Hazlitt for this volume of "gleanings after the gleaners,"

* *Mary and Charles Lamb : Poems, Letters, and Remains.* Now first collected, with Reminiscences and Notes. By W. Carew Hazlitt. London : Chatto and Windus.

and that we dislike its tone and dispute the accuracy of many of its assertions, may seem inconsistent, but it is an inconsistency into which all lovers of Charles Lamb and his writings will be likely to fall. His life was so intimately blended with that of his sister, that letters from Mary Lamb are, for biographical purposes, almost as valuable as his own; indeed, we are not sure that in the light they throw upon the fireside existence of one so wedded to his fireside, that on one of his removals he doubted if some of his flesh would not be found adhering to the door-posts of his late home, they are not superior to any of his own; while in force and clearness of expression, in keenness of insight into character, in strong sense, and in a pleasant, quaint originality of ideas, they are equal to anything we have ever read in the range of feminine correspondence. We are therefore sensible of our indebtedness to Mr. Hazlitt for the publication of the "Lamb-Stoddart" letters,—letters which deal pretty freely with the virgin fancies and matrimonial aspirations of his grandmother, and place in a very attractive light the character of one of the most unselfish, amiable, and spite of her repeated attacks of insanity, most rational of women.

The friendship between Mary Lamb and Sarah Stoddart—sister of the Doctor, afterwards Sir John Stoddart, to whom some of Lamb's letters are addressed—was of earlier date than Barry Cornwall has assigned to it. Talfourd, too, is in error in heading a letter from Charles Lamb in 1806 "To Mrs. Hazlitt." Miss Stoddart did not marry Hazlitt till 1808, and in the intervening years had more "slips 'twixt the cup and the lip" than, we hope, often fall to the lot of any young lady. Miss Lamb's cordial interest in the kaleidoscopic changes of her friend's prospects is made healthy by sound advice, and by so wide a tolerance for the fundamental difference of view between them, as goes far to justify the bold assertion made in one of her earlier letters, that she thinks herself the only woman who could live with a brother's wife and make a real friend of her.

When we are first introduced to Miss Stoddart, she is engaged to a Mr. Turner, of whom Mary Lamb writes:—

The terms you are upon with your lover does (as you say it will) appear wondrous strange to me; however, as I cannot enter into your feelings, I certainly can have nothing to say to it, only that I sincerely wish you

happy in your own way, however odd that way may appear to me to be. I would now advise you to drop all correspondence with William [not W. Hazlitt, we are informed, in a footnote, but an earlier William], but, as I said before, as I cannot enter into your feelings and views of things, your ways not being my ways, why should I tell you what I would do in your situation; so, child, take thy own ways, and God prosper thee in them! . . . What is Mr. Turner, and what is likely to come of him? and how do you like him? and what do you intend to do about it? I almost wish you to remain single till your mother dies, and then come and live with us; and we would either get you a husband, or teach you how to live comfortably without. I think I should like to have you always, to the end of our lives, living with us; and I do not know any reason why that should not be, except for the great fancy you seem to have for marrying, which, after all, is but a hazardous kind of an affair. But, however, do as you like; every one knows what pleases himself best. I have known many single men I should have liked in my life (*if I had suited them*) for a husband, but very few husbands have I ever wished was mine, which is rather against the state in general; but one never is disposed to envy wives their good husbands. So much for marrying; but, however, get married, — if you can.

About two years later, after sundry intermediate love-affairs, Mary Lamb ends a letter to her friend,—

Determine as wisely as you can with regard to Hazlitt; and if your determination is to have him, Heaven send you many happy years together! If I am not mistaken, I have concluded letters on the Corydon Courtship with this same wish. I hope it is not ominous of change, for if I were sure you would not be quite starved to death nor beaten to a mummy, I should like to see Hazlitt and you come together, if (as Charles observes) it were only for the joke's sake. Write instantly to me.

The marriage thus doubtfully welcomed was not a happy one, but of later differences no trace is visible in the brief remainder of the correspondence after Sarah Stoddart became Sarah Hazlitt. The following extract from one of the earlier letters seems to us inexpressibly touching, coming from one who was (and knew that she was), in her brother's words, "always on the verge of insanity:—"

I have no power over Charles. He will do, — what he will do. But I ought to have some little influence over myself. And therefore I am most manfully resolving to turn over a new leaf within my own mind. . . . You shall hear a good account of me, and the progress I make in altering my fretful temper to a calm and quiet one. It is but being once thoroughly convinced one is wrong, to make one resolve

to do so no more ; and I know that my dismal face has been almost as great a drawback upon Charles's comfort as his feverish, teasing ways have been upon mine. Our love for each other has been the torment of our lives hitherto. I am most seriously intending to bend the whole force of my mind to counteract this, and I think I see some prospect of success. Of Charles's ever bringing any work to pass at home I am very doubtful, and of the farce (Mr. H——) succeeding I have little or no hope ; but if I could once get into the way of being cheerful myself, I should see an easy remedy in leaving town and living cheaply almost wholly alone, but till I do find we really are comfortable alone and by ourselves, it seems a dangerous experiment.

We know that in later years this experiment was tried, not from the cause alluded to in this extract (poverty), but from a perception on Charles Lamb's part that the excitement of town life was bad for his sister. The sacrifice was great, for he loved the streets as Johnson loved them, and society was almost a necessity of his existence. The year before he died he crowned the devotion of a life-time by settling with Mary under the roof of a medical man at Edmonton, so that she might not be harassed by the frequent removals from home necessitated by her attacks, and that he might not be separated even by these from one whose "rambling tale is better" to him "than the sense and sanity of others."

It is, we imagine, this joint residence with Mr. Walden at Edmonton that has led to the assertion (credited, without proof, by Mr. Hazlitt) that Lamb was out of his mind at the time of his death. Both his biographers positively assert that he never lost the balance of his mind but once, and that *prior* to the terrible death of his mother by his sister's hand. Mr. S. C. Hall's positive assertion that he was in confinement at Enfield at the close of 1834, is contradicted by the dates of Charles Lamb's latest letters, and we do not look upon what "somebody else" alleges as worthy of disproof. The concealment of the fact that their friend was more than once insane is one of the counts of Mr. Hazlitt's fierce indictment against Barry Cornwall and Talfourd of "literary" and "moral falsification," and of a "desire to present Lamb before a generation which had not known him as they knew him in a light which was not a true one ;" and for this purpose not scrupling "to tamper with the man's correspondence, and to put a figure of wax, of their own fashioning, in the place of the real flesh and blood."

These are heavy charges. Let us look a little closer into them. They resolve themselves into three principal counts. "Lamb used strong expletives, but this was not allowed to appear anywhere." We confess this offence appears to us a venial one. Would Mr. Hazlitt have had the oaths printed at length, or would he prefer the elegant obscurity of a —— ? The fashion of the age was to swear ; it was no peculiar characteristic of the man.

"Lamb partook freely of beer and spirits, but this was to be flatly contradicted." So far from flatly contradicting it, both Lamb's biographers own to this weakness in him, and have made it quite sufficiently prominent. Who does not know that Lamb got drunk ? Mr. Hazlitt rejects with scorn Barry Cornwall's plea that a little spirituous liquid upset Lamb's weak head, yet surely he must have read the letter to Mr. Wilson in which Lamb himself says, in extenuation of an over-night's excess, "You knew me well enough before, that a very little liquor will cause a considerable alteration in me."

"Lamb was deranged once or twice in the course of his life, but this was to be glossed over at any cost." This charge is quite untrue. Both his biographers distinctly state that Lamb was deranged *once*, but not more than once in his life ; and we fail to see that Mr. Hazlitt has brought any proof of the "*twice*." Indeed his treatment of this whole subject shows either great obtuseness of perception, or a wilful determination to find groundless fault.

This is his statement, at page 214 of his *Reminiscences* :—

We know that after his mother's shocking end, in the autumn of 1796, Lamb temporarily lost his reason. His state of mind has been described by some one as nervous disorder, consequently it becomes necessary to give the patient's own account, as it appears in the following passage from a letter to Coleridge.

Then follows, verbatim, an extract from a letter given in full in the *Final Memorials*, and which, we believe, Talfourd is quite justified in placing *before* the fatal outbreak of madness in Mary Lamb. In this letter he speaks of "a person" who was "the more immediate cause of my temporary frenzy," and in a later letter to Coleridge, he says :—

When you left London, I felt a dismal void in my heart ; I found myself cut off, at one and the same time, from two most dear to me. In your conversation you had blended so many

pleasant fancies, that they cheated my grief; but in your absence, the tide of melancholy rushed in again, and did its worst mischief by overwhelming my reason.

He then goes on, in the strain usual at that time between himself and Coleridge, to criticise passages in poetry and give pieces of his own writings. In a letter written directly after the tragedy in his home, the whole tone is different. "With me, 'The former things are passed away,' and I have something more to do than to feel. . . . Mention nothing of poetry. I have destroyed every vestige of past vanities of that kind." The person alluded to as the more immediate cause of his madness was, we believe, the fair-haired maid of his Sonnets, the Alice W—— of his essay. In one of his letters to Coleridge he alludes to the time in which they were both suffering under disappointment; and we think Mr. Hazlitt has made out clearly enough that the passion for Alice W—— was not a mere poetical fancy, but a painful experience in Lamb's early life. As a proof, however, of the extreme recklessness of assertion that takes all value from Mr. Hazlitt's criticism of the works of his predecessors, he turns a passage—in a letter to Coleridge referring to his love-sonnets, and stating that they express a passion of which he retains *nothing*—against Mary Lamb, thus:—

He once opened his mind to Coleridge, however, to the extent of confessing a half-belief that his self-devotion, if it had been in some respects advantageous, was not unattended, on the other hand, by certain drawbacks. "'Twas a weakness" (this is what he says to him), "concerning which I may say, in the words of Petrarch (whose 'life' is now open before me), if it drew me out of some vices, it also prevented the growth of many virtues."

How any one reading the whole of this letter can fail to see that the weakness referred to is his past love for Alice W—— passes our comprehension. Again, besides asserting that Lamb's reason gave way under the weight of the shock of his domestic tragedy, against which all Lamb's letters of the period bear forcible evidence, Mr. Hazlitt, in that patronizing and, to our fancy, depreciating tone he assumes towards the subject of his memoirs, writes:—

It was soon after the catastrophe of September 23rd that the alarming accident to which I have adverted in an earlier chapter occurred

to John Lamb. Charles, it appears from the correspondence, had been complaining to Coleridge just before of his brother's want of sympathy and proper brotherly feeling; but when that brother was laid on his back helpless, and even in peril of his life perhaps, Charles and his sister not only turned nurses, but the former tried to retract what he had let slip in a bitterer mood about John.

Now there are here at least three misrepresentations. John's accident occurred *before* the catastrophe of September 23. In a letter to Coleridge, speaking of the time when his mother lay dead in the next room, and his sister was carried off to the mad-house (an infirm father and aunt formed the rest of the family circle), Charles writes, "I had the whole weight of the family thrown on me; for my brother, little disposed (I speak not without tenderness for him) at any time to take care of old age and infirmities, had now, with his bad leg, an exemption from such duties, and I was now left alone." Mary Lamb did not "turn nurse," for it was the nursing of her disabled brother, together with the care of her infirm aunt and parents, that had broken down her never strong mental constitution, and in the whole course of his letters we find no bitter word in Charles Lamb which ever needed to be repented of. His kindness and consideration for John Lamb were always far above that selfish person's deserts.

Later on, he speaks of Lamb's neglect of Coleridge in particular, and of his old friends in general, and calls the exclamation, often on Lamb's lips, "Coleridge is dead!" a "surely half-remorseful call;" and exclaims, with an amusing air of shocked prudery, after instancing the whimsical aspects of Lamb's writings by a quotation from one of his "Essays," in which he professes his sense of relief in "taking an airing beyond the diocese of strict conscience, and wearing his shackles the more contentedly for having respired the breath of an imaginary freedom," "Let us pass to pleasanter ground." On the whole, if his readers will resolutely avoid what is Mr. Hazlitt's, and read carefully all that is Charles and Mary Lamb's, they will find in this "Book of Remains" much to refresh their memory, and not a little to increase their knowledge, of two of the purest and noblest lives ever lived by man and woman on this "condemned, slandered earth."

From 'The Spectator.'

PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S ADDRESS.

THE "Unknown and the Unknowable" is discovered, and is Matter. That, so far as we understand an argument which is protected, and, as it were, spiritualized at one or two points by the admission of a "mystery," is the dreary conclusion which Professor Tyndall, in his splendid address to the British Association at Belfast, lays before the world as the outcome of his vigorous research. After a long but not tedious historical *résumé* of the perennial conflict between natural science and the theologies of the world, a clear account of the rise of the doctrine of Evolution, a statement of that dogma of "the conservation of energy" which he accepts much as a Catholic accepts Infallibility—because it must be true, though the evidence is imperfect—the Professor proceeds to declare that the ultimate cosmical force is unknown and unknowable:—"We have the conception that all we see around us, and all we feel within us—the phenomena of physical nature as well as those of the human mind—have their unsearchable roots in a cosmical life, if I dare apply the term, an infinitesimal span of which only is offered to the investigation of man. And even this span is only knowable in part. We can trace the development of a nervous system and correlate with it the parallel phenomena of sensation and thought. We see with undoubted certainty that they go hand-in-hand. But we try to soar in a vacuum the moment we seek to comprehend the connection between them. An Archimedean fulcrum is here required which the human mind cannot command, and the effort to solve the problem, to borrow an illustration from an illustrious friend of mine, is "like the effort of a man trying to lift himself by his own waistband." The universe is too vast for man to grasp all its conditions—it is but a span one sees—nor will any advance in his powers enable him to grasp them; and as till they are grasped perfect truth cannot be attained, the ultimate cosmical force must remain unknown and unknowable. Nevertheless, that force is Matter. "Is there not a temptation to close to some extent with Lucretius, when he affirms that 'Nature is seen to do all things spontaneously of herself, without the meddling of the gods?' or with Bruno, when he declares that Matter is not 'that mere empty capacity which philosophers have pictured her to be, but the universal mother who

brings forth all things as the fruit of her own womb?' The questions here raised are inevitable. They are approaching us with accelerated speed, and it is not a matter of indifference whether they are introduced with reverence or with irreverence. Abandoning all disguise, the confession that I feel bound to make before you is that I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that Matter, which we in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." True, Matter needs other and wider definitions than it has yet received, definitions less mechanical, and according it wider range; but still it is Matter, and as we conclude from the tone of the entire lecture, in Professor Tyndall's opinion, self-existent. Any cause for Matter is an inference, a guess, which no scientific man is warranted in making. Life and reason, as well as their instruments, have their origin in Matter, the idea of a separate and immortal reason or soul being, on the whole, inadmissible, though on this point Professor Tyndall—who puts this division of his view into the form of a wonderfully eloquent dialogue between Bishop Butler and a disciple of Lucretius—admits, or seems to admit, a mystery beyond which may lie somewhat of which the human understanding is too feeble to take cognizance. This, however, even if Professor Tyndall really allows so much, is but far-off and unsupported conjecture; and the teaching of his whole lecture is, that so far as science can ascertain, Matter—expanding that word to include Force as one of its attributes—is the Final Cause. Religion is but man's creation, though, as the desire for religion is one of the inherent forces of the mind, the gratification of that desire, so long as such gratification does not interfere with the paramount claim of science to be free, may often be not only not injurious, but highly beneficial. It is good for man to invent a creed. "And if, still unsatisfied, the human mind, with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, will turn to the Mystery from which it has emerged, seeking so to fashion it as to give unity to thought and faith, so long as this is done, not only without intolerance or bigotry of any kind, but with the enlightened recognition that ultimate fixity of conception is here unattainable, and that each succeeding age must be held free to

fashion the mystery in accordance with its own needs — then, in opposition to all the restrictions of materialism, I would affirm this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the knowing faculties, may be called the creative faculties of man. Here, however, I must quit a theme too great for me to handle, but which will be handled by the loftiest minds ages after you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past."

Plainer speaking than this can no man desire, and we need not say we have no quarrel with Mr. Tyndall for the plainness of his speech. We rather honour him for the courage which impels him to tell out his real thought, and face whatever of obloquy now attaches — and though little, it is often bitter — to opinions so extreme. If Materialism, — we use the word without endorsing the opprobrium it is supposed to convey — is true, why waste time and energy and character in teaching what we know, or at least believe, to be so false? That practice can lead only to a restriction of intellectual effort, or to an intellectual hypocrisy even worse in its effects than hypocrisy as to morals. That the result of such a philosophy, if universally accepted, would be evil, or rather, to avoid theological terminology, would be injurious to human progress, we have no doubt; but if it be true, the injury is no argument against its diffusion, for the injury, whatever its amount, is less than that which must proceed from the deliberate lying of the wise, or from the existence of that double creed, an exoteric and an esoteric one, which is the invariable result of their silence, or their limitation of speech to a circle of the initiated. Lucretius denying God and deifying Nature is a safer as well as nobler teacher than the Augur chuckling in silent scorn as he announces to the mob the imaginary will of the Gods whom, for him and for them alike, he believes to be non-existent. The evil the Professor will do arises not from any fault of his — save so far as there may be moral fault in accepting such conclusions, a point upon which his conscience, and no other man's, must judge — but from the cowardly subservience to authority which marks some would-be students of science as strongly as ever it marked any students of Theology. There is a class of men among us who are in matters of Science as amenable to authority as ever were Ultramon- tanes, and who will accept a decision from

Professor Tyndall that the Final Cause is Matter just as readily and with just as complete a surrender of the right of private judgment as Catholics show when a Pope decides that usury is immoral, or as the Peculiar People show when they let their children die because St. James did not believe in the value of medical advice. If Professor Tyndall affirmed that the Final Cause was heat, they would go about extolling the instinctive wisdom of the Guebres, and perhaps subscribe for a temple to maintain a perpetual fire. There will, however, be injury to such men, and if only for their sake, it would have been well if Professor Tyndall had, when announcing a conclusion which, if true, is fatal to all religion — for thought evolved from matter is thought without responsibility, and man is necessarily sinless — at all events stated frankly what his opponents would consider the great objections to his theory, had removed at least the primary difficulty, that the reference of all thought to motors apart from the independent and conceivably immortal mind in man, does not, like any other scientific assumption, explain the visible phenomena.

The hypothesis does not, for instance, explain in any way the consciousness of free-will, which is as strong as that consciousness of existence without which it is impossible to reason; or the independent influence of will, whether free or not, on the brain itself; or above all, the existence of conflicting thoughts going on in the mind at the same indivisible point of time. If a consciousness which is universal and permanent is not to be accepted as existing, why should the evidence of the senses, or the decision of reason, or the conclusions of science be accepted either? If the fact, as we should call it, is mere illusion, why is not the evidence for the conservation of energy mere illusion too? Belief in either can only be the result of experience, and the experience as to the one is at least as great as the experience as to the other. Yet as the outcome of material forces, of any clash of atoms, any active relation between the organism and its environments, must be inevitable, — free-will and thought evolved from machinery could not co-exist. The machine may be as fine as the mind can conceive, but still it can only do its natural work, — cannot change its routine, cannot, above all, decline to act, as the mind unquestionably often consciously does. Lucretius, who killed himself to avoid corrupt

imaginings, could, had his sanity been perfect, have controlled them, — that is, could have declined to let the mind act as it was going to act; and in that control is at least an apparent demonstration that he possessed something above the product of any material energies. Professor Tyndall will say that animals show the same will, the dog, for instance, restraining the inclination to snap at food, though his mind, as you can see in his eyes, wants it as much as his body, but what new difficulty does that involve? Immortality for animals, says Bishop Butler, when he met that dilemma; and Professor Tyndall accepts that conclusion as only logical; but where is the logic that requires it? There is no objection, that we know of, except prejudice, to the immortality of animals high enough in the scale to receive the separate reason, but neither is there any necessity why their separate reason should be deathless or incapable of absorption. The free-will of man does not prove or involve immortality, which must be defended on quite other grounds, though it does prove the existence in man of a force not emanating from material sources. Professor Tyndall says, if there were such a separate reason, it could not be suspended or thrown into a trance, as it were, by an external accident, but he does not prove that it is. His argument from surgical experience — the apparent suspense of all faculties because a bone presses the brain — only shows that the relation between the soul — to employ the theological and best-known term — and its instrument may be suspended for a time, but does not prove that the soul ceases even temporarily to be. The electric fluid exists even when the wire which conveys it ceases to be insulated. His moral illustration is stronger, because it carries us to the edge of the region where thought and experience alike begin to fail, but it is not conclusive: — “The brain may change from health to disease, and through such a change the most exemplary man may be converted into a debauchee or a murderer. My very noble and approved good master

[Lucretius] had, as you know, threatenings of lewdness introduced into his brain by his jealous wife's philter; and sooner than permit himself to run even the risk of yielding to these base promptings, he slew himself. How could the hand of Lucretius have been thus turned against himself, if the real Lucretius remained as before? Can the brain or can it not act in this distempered way without the intervention of the immortal reason? If it can, then it is a prime mover which requires only healthy regulation to render it reasonably self-acting, and there is no apparent need of your immortal reason at all. If it cannot, then the immortal reason, by its mischievous activity in operating upon a broken instrument, must have the credit of committing every imaginable extravagance and crime.” Why should it not have the credit, if the “immortal reason” has full power? What else but that is the essence of the idea of sin? If the immortal reason, indeed, has not full power — if, by reason of the imperfection of the instrument, it cannot, to use ordinary language, transmit its orders intact, then, in the degree to which that transmission is imperfect, there is neither extravagance nor crime, but merely action, to that extent morally indifferent. The alternative which the Professor puts down as a *reductio ad absurdum* is the main assumption not only of every Christian creed, but of every creed that ever existed, is, as we should say, one of the intuitions of which every man is as certain as he is of his legs. In the same way, the existence of conflict in the mind seems to us fatal to any idea that mind is a product of material action alone. The result of the physical brain-process, whatever it is, must surely be a result, and not a struggle of two results, in which one not only gives way, but is extinguished by the other. It is possible to deny that the struggle arises from one and the same operation, although it constantly seems to do so; but if it does so arise, there must be something in mind other than mental steam arising from physical friction.

IN a paper in Petermann's *Mittheilungen* (Heft vii. 1874) by Dr. Joseph Chavanne, of Vienna, on “The Arctic Continent and Polar Sea,” the author deduces the following conclusions from the data furnished by recent expeditions, and which he carefully discusses:

— 1. The long axis of the arctic land-mass (which probably consists of an island archipelago separated by narrow arms of the sea, perhaps only fjords) crosses the mathematical pole; it thus bends round Greenland, north of Shannon Island, not towards the north-west,

but runs across to 82° or 83° N. lat. in a northerly direction, proceeding thence towards N.N.E. or N.E. 2. The coast of this arctic continent is consequently to be found between 25° and 170° E. long. in a mean N. lat. of 84° and 85°, the west coast between 90° and 170° W. long. in a latitude from 86° to 80°. 3. Robeson Channel, which widens suddenly north of 82° 16m. N. lat., still widening, bends sharply in 84° N. lat. to the west; Smith Sound, therefore, is freely and continuously connected with Behring Strait. Grinnell Land is an island which probably extends to 95° W. long., south of which the Parry Islands fill up the sea west of Jones's Sound. 4. The sea between the coast of the arctic polar land and the north coast of America is traversed by an arm of the warm drift-current of the Kuro Siwo, which pierces Behring Strait, and thus at certain times and in certain places is free of ice, allowing the warm current to reach Smith Sound. 5. The Gulf Stream gliding between Bear Island and Novaya Zemlya to the north-east washes the north coast of the Asiatic continent, and is united east of the New Siberia Islands with the west arm of the drift current of the Kuro Siwo. On the other hand, the arm of the Gulf Stream, which proceeds from the west coast of Spitzbergen to the North, dips, north of the Seven Islands, under the polar current, comes again to the surface in a higher latitude, and washes the coast of the arctic polar land, the climate of which, therefore, is under the influence of a temporarily open polar sea; hence both the formation of perpetual ice, as well as excessive extreme of cold, is manifestly impossible. 6. The mean elevation of the polar land above the sea diminishes towards the pole. 7. The sea between Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya to Behring Strait is even in winter sometimes free of ice, and may be navigated in summer and autumn. 8. The most likely routes to the pole are: — first, the sea between Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya; and second, the sea north of Behring Strait along the coast of the unknown polar land.

WE have been so alarmed by the denunciation of "the Editors of the European press" in the new number of *Fors Clavigera*, and their habit of living by the sale of their "opinions, instead of knowledges," that we scarcely venture to hold, much less to express, the very harmless "opinion" that the following passage is one of painful interest: —

The Pope's new tobacco manufactory under the Palatine [is] an infinitely more important object now, in all views of Rome from the west, than either the Palatine or the Capitol; while the still more ancient documents of Egyptian religion — the obelisks of the Piazza del Popolo, and of the portico of St. Peter's — are entirely eclipsed by the obelisks of our English religion, lately elevated, in full view from the Pincian and the Montorio, with smoke coming out of the top of them. And farther, the entire eastern district of Rome, between the two Basilicas of the Lateran and St. Lorenzo, is now one mass of volcanic ruin; a desert of dust and ashes, the lust of wealth exploding there, out of a

crater deeper than Etna's, and raging, as far as it can reach, in one frantic desolation of whatever is lovely, or holy, or memorable, in the central city of the world.

Academy.

"A ROSE IN JUNE," the publication of which was recently completed in *The Living Age*, is from the pen of Mrs. Oliphant.

THE FISHER.

SORROW, and strife and pain
Have crushed my spirit with relentless hand,
Long have I toiled, O Lord, and wrought in vain,
But still, at Thy command

Into the wide blue sea,
Clinging to Thine own word, I cast the net;
Thy covenant was made of old with me
And I will trust Thee yet.

Lord, it is hard to stand
Waiting and watching in this silent toil,
While other fishers draw their nets to land,
And shout to see their spoil.

My strength fails unawares,
My hands are weak, — my sight grows dim with tears;
My soul is burdened with unanswered prayers,
And sick of doubts and fears.

I see, across the deep,
The moon cast down her fetters, silver-bright,
As if to bind the ocean in his sleep
With links of living light.

I hear the roll and rush
Of waves that kiss the bosom of the beach; —
That soft sea-voice which ever seems to hush
The tones of human speech.

A breeze comes sweet and chill
Over the waters, and the night wanes fast;
His promise fails; the net is empty still,
And hope's old dreams are past!

Slow fade the moon and stars,
And in the east, the new dawn faintly shines
Through dim grey shadows, flecked with pearly bars,
And level silver lines.

But lo! what form is this
Standing beside me on the desolate shore?
I bow my knees; His garment's hem I kiss;
Master, I doubt no more!

"Draw in thy net, draw in,"
He cries, "behold the straining meshes break!"
Ah, Lord, the spoil I toiled so long to win
Is granted for Thy sake!

The rosy day blooms out
Like a full-blossomed flower; the joyous sea
Lifts up its voice; the winds of morning shout
All glory, God, to Thee!

Sunday Magazine.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume VII. }

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Vol. CXXII. }

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TWO SONNETS.

If we be fools of chance, indeed, and tend
 No whither, then the blinder fools in this :
 That, loving good, we live, in scorn of bliss,
 Its wageless servants to the evil end.

If at the last, man's thirst for higher things
 Be quenched in dust, the giver of his life,
 Why press with growing zeal a hopeless
 strife, —

Why — born for creeping — should he dream
 of wings ?

O Mother Dust ! thou hast one law so mild,
 We call it sacred — all thy creatures own
 it —

The tie which binds the parent and the child, —
 Why has man's loving heart alone outgrown
 it ?

Why hast thou travail'd so to be denied,
 So trampled by a would-be matricide ?

II.

Ripe fruit of science — demonstrated fact —
 We grasp at thee in trembling expectation,
 We humbly wait on thee for explanation :
 Words of the Universe, enshrined in act !

Words, pregnant words, but only parts of
 speech

As yet, curt utterance such as children use,
 With meanings struggling through but to
 confuse,

And hinted signs which soar beyond our reach.

Work on in patience, children of the time
 Who lend your faltering modes to Na-
 ture's voice, —

Fulfil your present task ; some prize sublime
 Ye wot not of your hearts may still rejoice, —

Some strain of music shape the wild turmoil,
 And consecrate the pauses of your toil.

Spectator. EMILY PFEIFFER.

THE HAPPY MAN.

No longer any choice remains ;
 All beauty now I view,
 All bliss that womankind contains,
 Completely summ'd in you.

Your stature marks the proper height ;
 Your hair the finest shade ;
 Complexion — Love himself aright
 Each varying tint hath laid.

No longer &c.

Your voice — the very tone and pitch
 Whereto my heart replies !

Blue eyes, or black, or hazel, — which
 Are best ? *Your-colour'd eyes.*

No longer &c.

Your manners, gestures, being of you,
 Most easily excel.

Have you defects ? I love them too,
 I love yourself so well.

No longer &c.

To me, once careworn, veering, vexed,
 Kind fate my Queen hath sent ;

In full allegiance, unperplexed,
 I live in sweet content.

No longer any choice remains ;

*All beauty now I view,
 All bliss that womankind contains,
 Completely summ'd in you.*

Fraser's Magazine.

THE SPECTRE OF THE ROSE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

The original begins :

"Souleve ta paupière close,
 Qu'effleure un songe virginal !"

I.

THOSE slumbering lids unclose,
 Where pure dreams hover so light !
 A spectre am I — the Rose
 That you wore at the ball last night.
 You took me, watered so late
 My leaves yet glistened with dew ;
 And amid the starry fête
 You bore me the evening through.

II.

O lady, for whom I died,
 You cannot drive me away !
 My spectre at your bed-side
 Shall dance till the dawning of day.
 Yet fear not, nor make lament,
 Nor breathe sad psalms for my rest !
 For my soul is this tender scent,
 And I come from the bowers of the Blest.

III.

How many for deaths so divine
 Would have given their lives away !
 Was never such fate as mine —
 For in death on your neck I lay !
 To my alabaster bier
 A poet came with a kiss :
 And he wrote, "A rose lies here,
 But kings might envy its bliss."

FRANCIS DAVID MORICE.

Macmillan's Magazine.

From The British Quarterly Review.
THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA.*

THE results of the deep-sea explorations recently carried out by Dr. Carpenter, Mr. J. Gwyn Jeffreys, and Professor Wyville Thomson have excited so much interest, not only among men of science, but also among the general public—and this not less in other countries than in our own—that we feel sure of our readers' welcome to an endeavour to place before them a general account of the most important of them; chiefly directing their attention to those new *ideas* which these researches have introduced into science, since without such any mere accumulation of *facts* remains a *rudis indigestaque moles*, not animated and quickened by any vital force. On two of these ideas we shall especially dwell—viz., the doctrine advocated by Dr. Carpenter, of a General Oceanic Circulation sustained by thermal agency alone, characterized by Sir Roderick Murchison* as one, which, "if borne out by experiment," would "rank amongst the discoveries in physical geography, on a par with the discovery of the circulation of the blood in physiology;" and Professor Wyville Thomson's doctrine of the Continuity of the Chalk-formation on the bed of the Atlantic, from the Cretaceous epoch to the present time, of which Mr. Kingsley has

spoken as a "splendid generalization, to have added which to the sum of human knowledge is a glorious distinction."

No stronger testimony could have been given to the opinion entertained by the most competent judges, as to the great value of the work already done, and the probability that a far richer harvest would be gathered by the prosecution of similar researches on a more extended scale, than the fact that our late Government, certainly not unduly liberal in its encouragement of Science, unhesitatingly adopted the proposal for a scientific circumnavigation expedition submitted to the Admiralty by Dr. Carpenter on the part of himself and his colleagues, fitted out the *Challenger* with every appliance asked for by the committee of the Royal Society to which the scientific direction of the expedition was entrusted, and sent her forth fully equipped for her work, under the command of one of the ablest surveying officers in the naval service, together with a complete civilian scientific staff, under the experienced direction of the distinguished naturalist by whom the inquiry was initiated, and who had taken an active share in the earlier prosecution of it.

Professor Wyville Thomson's beautifully illustrated volume, entitled "The Depths of the Sea," which made its appearance on the eve of the departure of the *Challenger* expedition, gives a highly interesting account of the explorations carried on by Dr. Carpenter and himself in the tentative *Lightning* cruise of 1868, and by the same gentlemen, with the co-operation of Mr. J. Gwyn Jeffreys, in the *Porcupine* exploration which extended over the four summer months of 1869. In the work of the following year, which extended into the Mediterranean, Professor Wyville Thomson was prevented by illness from participating, and its results are but slightly noticed in his volume. And of the results of Dr. Carpenter's second visit to the Mediterranean in 1871, no mention whatever is made, as they had not long been published when "The Depths of the Sea" made its appearance. They constitute, however, the subject of two very elabo-

* (1.) *The Depths of the Sea*. An account of the General Results of the Dredging Cruises of H.M.S.S. *Porcupine* and *Lightning* during the Summers of 1868, 1869, and 1870, under the Scientific Direction of Dr. Carpenter, F.R.S., J. Gwyn Jeffreys, F.R.S., and Dr. Wyville Thomson. By C. WYVILLE THOMSON, LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S.S.L. and E., F.L.S., F.G.S., &c., Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, and Director of the Civilian Scientific Staff of the *Challenger* Exploring Expedition. With numerous Illustrations and Maps. London.

(2.) *Reports of Deep-Sea Explorations carried on in H.M.S.S. Lightning, Porcupine, and Shearwater, in the years 1868, 1869, 1870, and 1871*. "Proceedings of the Royal Society," Nos. 107, 121, 125, and 138.

(3.) *H.M.S. Challenger: Reports of Captain G. J. Nares, R.N., with Abstracts of Soundings and Diagrams of Ocean Temperature in the North and South Atlantic Oceans*. Published by the Admiralty: 1873.

(4.) *Lecture on "The Temperature of the Atlantic," delivered at the Royal Institution on March 20th, 1874*. By WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D., LL.D.

* "Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society," January, 1871.

rate reports in the "Proceedings of the Royal Society," in which Dr. Carpenter fully develops his doctrine in regard to Oceanic Circulation, meets the objections which had been raised to it, and discusses the question of the Gulf Stream (necessarily mixed up with it) on the basis of the most recent information. And, as his views have received very striking confirmation from the observations made during the survey of the North and South Atlantic Oceans by the *Challenger*, of which the results have been recently published by the Admiralty as the first fruits of the circumnavigation expedition, we shall treat this portion of the subject in accordance with Dr. Carpenter's doctrine, rather than with that of Professor Wyville Thomson. The latter, while devoting a special chapter of his work to "The Gulf Stream," seems to have proceeded on a foregone conclusion in regard to the extent of its agency, which weakens the value of his argument; and hence, while cordially commending every other portion of Professor Wyville Thomson's book to the attention of our readers, we would ask them in perusing this chapter to suspend their judgment, until they have acquainted themselves with the arguments which may be advanced on the other side.

We propose, in the following sketch of the results of these inquiries, to dwell on the generalizations to which they point, rather than on any of the multitudinous details which they have added to our physical and biological knowledge. A very interesting selection of these has been made by Professor Wyville Thomson; and there is not one of his admirable figures and descriptions, which will not be deeply interesting to every one who is possessed of but an elementary knowledge of Zoology, as showing what manner of creatures they are which dwell in those depths which were previously deemed uninhabitable.

The state of our previous knowledge, or rather of our ignorance, in regard to the condition of the deep sea, is thus graphically described by Professor Wyville Thomson:—

The sea covers nearly three-fourths of the surface of the earth, and until within the last few years very little was known with anything like certainty about its depths, whether in their physical or their biological relations. The popular notion was, that after arriving at a certain depth the conditions became so peculiar, so entirely different from those of any portion of the earth to which we have access, as to preclude any other idea than that of a waste of utter darkness, subjected to such stupendous pressure as to make life of any kind impossible, and to throw insuperable difficulties in the way of any attempt at investigation. Even men of science seemed to share this idea, for they gave little heed to the apparently well-authenticated instances of animals, comparatively high in the scale of life, having been brought up on sounding lines from great depths, and welcomed any suggestion of the animal having got entangled when swimming on the surface, or of carelessness on the part of the observers. And this was strange, for every other question in physical geography had been investigated by scientific men with consummate patience and energy. Every gap in the noble little army of martyrs striving to extend the boundaries of knowledge in the wilds of Australia, on the Zambesi, or towards the North or South Pole, was struggled for by earnest volunteers; and still the great ocean slumbering beneath the moon covered a region apparently as inaccessible to man as the Mare Serenitatis. (p. 2.)

Thanks, however, to the enterprise of the scientific men who commenced the inquiry, to the support which they received from the Royal Society, and to the efficient means placed at their disposal year after year by the Admiralty, it has been shown that with sufficient power and skill, an ocean of three miles' depth may be explored with as much certainty, if not with as much ease, as what may now be considered the shallows around our shores, lying within 100 fathoms of the surface.

The bed of the deep sea, the 140,000,000 of square miles which we have now added to the legitimate field of natural history research, is not a barren waste. It is inhabited by a fauna more rich and varied on account of the enormous extent of the area; and with the organisms in many cases apparently even more elaborately and delicately formed, and more

exquisitely beautiful in their soft shades of colouring and in the rainbow tints of their wonderful phosphorescence, than the fauna of the well-known belt of shallow water teeming with innumerable invertebrate forms, which fringes the land. And the forms of these hitherto unknown living beings, and their mode of life, and their relations to other organisms, whether living or extinct, and the phenomena and laws of their geographical distribution, must be worked out. (p. 4.)

The first point to be determined in the exploration of what are often called the "fathomless abysses" of the ocean, is their actual *depth*. This, it might be supposed, would be very easily ascertained by letting down (as in ordinary "sounding") a heavy weight attached to a line strong enough to draw it up again, until the weight touches the bottom; the length of line carried out giving the measure of the depth. But this method is liable to very great error. Although a mass of lead or iron thrown freely into the sea would continue to descend at an increasing rate (at least until the augmented friction of its passage through the water should neutralize the accelerating force of gravity), the case is quite altered when this mass is attached to the end of a thick rope, of which the immersed length increases as the weight descends. For the friction of such a rope comes to be so great, when a mile or two has run out, as seriously to reduce the rate of descent of the weight, and at last almost to stop it; and since the upper part of the rope will continue to descend by its own gravity (which, when the rope has been wetted throughout, so as to hold no air between its fibres, considerably exceeds that of water), any quantity of it may be drawn down, without the bottom being reached by the weight at its extremity. Further, if there should be a movement, however slow, of any stratum of the water through which it passes, this movement, acting continuously against the extended surface presented by the rope, will carry it out horizontally into a loop or "bight," the length of which will depend upon the rate of the flow and the time during which the line is being acted on by it. Under such circumstances it is impossible that the im-

pact of the weight upon the bottom, even if it really strikes the ground, should be perceptible above; and thus the quantity of rope which runs out, may afford no indication of the actual depth of the seabed. Hence all those older "soundings" which were supposed to justify the statement that the bottom of the ocean lies in some places at not less than six or eight miles depth, — still more, those which represented it as absolutely unfathomable, — are utterly untrustworthy.

Various methods have been devised for obtaining more correct measurements, of several of which illustrated descriptions will be found in Professor Wyville Thomson's pages. One principle may be said to be common to them all; namely, that regard should be had, not so much to the recovery of the plummet or "sinker," as to securing the vertical direction of the line to which it is attached, so that the measurement of the amount run out may give as nearly as possible the actual depth of water through which the sinkers have descended. Now, as it is by the friction of the line through the water that the rate of descent of the plummet is increasingly retarded, it is obvious that the size of the line should be reduced to a minimum; but since, for the purposes of scientific exploration, it is requisite to send down and bring up again thermometers and water-bottles, as well as to obtain samples of the bottom, it is now found desirable to employ, not the fine twine or silk thread of the earlier instruments constructed on this plan, but a line about the thickness of a quill, which, if made of the best hemp, will bear a strain of more than half a ton. The plummet being disengaged by a simple mechanical contrivance, and being left on the seabed, the instruments only are drawn up by the line.

The trustworthiness of the modern method of sounding is shown by the coincidence of the results obtained by different marine surveyors. Thus the *Porcupine* soundings taken about 200 miles to the west of Ushant, which reached to a depth of 2435 fathoms, correspond very closely with the soundings previously taken in the same locality for the French

Atlantic cable ; and the soundings taken by the *Porcupine* and the *Shearwater* in the Strait of Gibraltar, bear an equally exact correspondence with those previously laid down in the Admiralty charts, on the authority partly of our own and partly of French surveyors ; though the deeper and narrower part of this Strait, in which the current runs the strongest, had been formerly pronounced "unfathomable." Hence it may be said that the ocean depths, on areas that have been carefully examined, are known with almost the same exactness as the heights of mountain ranges. Until very recently there was reason to believe that the depth of the North Atlantic nowhere exceeds about 2,800 fathoms (16,800 feet) ; but the *Challenger* has recently met with the extraordinary depth of 3,800 fathoms (more than four miles), a little to the north of St. Thomas's ; and that this result did not proceed from an accidental error, is shown by the fact that two thermometers, protected in the manner to be hereafter described, which had been tested under a hydrostatic pressure of three tons and a half (corresponding to a column of 2,800 fathoms) were crushed by the excess.

Before proceeding to inquire into the relation which the depth of the ocean bears to its temperature, and to the distribution of animal life on the sea-bed, we may stop to point out how important is a knowledge of the exact depth of the sea-bottom to the geologist. It is only by such knowledge that he can judge what departures from the present distribution of land and sea would have been produced by those changes of level, of which he has evidence in the upheaval and submergence of the stratified deposits that formed the ocean-bed of successive geological periods ; or that he can obtain the clue to the distribution of the animal and vegetable forms, by which he finds those periods to have been respectively characterized. For example a knowledge of the comparative shallowness of the Seas that surround the British Islands, enables us readily to understand the former connection of our islands, not merely with each other, but with the Continent of Europe. For they stand upon a sort of platform, of which the depth is nowhere greater than 100 fathoms ; so that an elevation of 600 feet (only half as much again as the height of St. Paul's) would not only unite Ireland to Great Britain, and extend the northern boundary of Scotland so as to include the Ork-

ney and Shetland Islands, but would obliterate a large part of the North Sea, which (with the exception of a narrow channel along the coast of Norway and Sweden) would become a continuous plain, connecting our present eastern coast with Denmark, Holland, and Belgium ; would in like manner wipe out the British Channel, and unite our southern coast with the present northern shores of France ; and would carry the coast-line of Ireland a long distance to the west and south-west, so as to add a large area of what is now sea-bottom to its land-surface. Even an elevation not greater than the height of St. Paul's would establish a free land communication between England and the Continent, as well as between England and Ireland. And thus we see how trifling a change of level, by comparison, would have sufficed to produce those successive interruptions and restorations of continuity, of which we have evidence in the immigrations of the Continental mammalia, on each emergence that followed those successive submergences of which we have evidence in our series of Tertiary deposits.*

Many of our readers, we doubt not, have been in the habit — as we formerly were ourselves — of looking at the Mediterranean as only a sort of British Channel on a larger scale ; whereas it is a basin of quite another character. For whilst the separation between Great Britain and the Continent may be pretty certainly attributed to the removal, by denudation, of portions of stratified deposits that were originally continuous, the extraordinary depth of the Mediterranean basin can scarcely be accounted for on any other hypothesis than that of the subsidence of its bottom ; which was, perhaps, a part of that "crumpling" of the earth's crust, which occasioned the elevation of the high mountain chains in its neighbourhood. This great inland sea may be said to consist of two basins ; the western extending from the Strait of Gibraltar to the "Adventure" and "Skerki" banks, which lie between Sicily and the Tunisian shore ; while the eastern extends from the Adventure bank to the coast of Syria. Now, over a large part of the former area, the depth ranges to between 1,000 and 1,500 fathoms, being often several hundred fathoms within sight of land ; and over a large part of the latter, it ranges from

* See Professor Ramsay's "Physical Geology and Geography of Great Britain," chap. xii.

1,500 to 2,000 fathoms, the descent being so rapid that a depth of upwards of 2,000 fathoms (above 12,000 feet) is met with at not more than fifty miles to the east of Malta. But the ridge between Capes Spartel and Trafalgar, which constitutes the "marine watershed" between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic basins, is nowhere more than 200 fathoms in depth; and as the Adventure and Skerki banks, which lie between Sicily and the Tunisian coast, are within that depth (some of their ridges being not more than fifty fathoms from the surface), it is obvious that an elevation of 1,200 feet, by closing the Strait of Gibraltar, and uniting Sicily with Africa, would convert the Mediterranean into two great salt-water lakes, still of enormous depth, and of but slightly reduced area,—as is shown in regard to the Western basin, in Plate v. of "The Depths of the Sea." That such a partition did at one time exist, is evident from the number and variety of the remains of large African mammalia entombed in the caves of Sicily and in the Tertiary deposits of Malta. Thus in caverns of the hippurite limestone, not far from Palermo, there is a vast collection of bones of the hippopotamus, associated with those not only of *Elephas antiquus*, but of the living African elephant. And in Malta there have been found remains of several species of elephants; amongst them a *pigmy* of about the size of a small ass. It is not a little curious that there is distinct evidence of considerable local changes of level, in various parts of the Mediterranean area, within the human period. Thus Captain Spratt has shown that the Island of Crete has been raised about twenty-five feet at its western extremity, so that ancient ports are now high and dry above the sea; while at its eastern end it has sunk so much, that the ruins of old towns are seen under water. And on the southern coast of Sardinia, near Cagliari, there is an old sea-bed at the height of nearly 300 feet above the present level of the Mediterranean, which contains not merely a great accumulation of marine shells, but numerous fragments of antique pottery—among them a flattened ball with a hole through its axis, which seems to have been used for weighting a fishing-net.

It is doubtful, however, whether the western basin of the Mediterranean was ever cut off from the Atlantic; for though there is pretty clear evidence of former continuity between the two "Pil-

lars of Hercules," the evidence is equally clear of a depression of the south-western portion of France at no remote geological period; so that a wide communication would have existed between the Bay of Biscay and the Gulf of Lyons, along the course of the present canal of Languedoc. And certain very curious conformities between the marine fauna of the Mediterranean and that of the Arctic province, are considered by Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys as indicating that Arctic species which migrated southwards in the cold depths congenial to them, found their way into the Mediterranean through this channel. We shall presently see what very important modifications in the condition of this great Inland Sea, affecting its power of sustaining animal life, would result from any considerable increase in the depth of its channel of communication with the great oceanic basin, from which all but its superficial stratum is now cut off.

Another most interesting example of the importance of the information supplied by exact knowledge of the depth of the sea, is furnished by the inquiries of Mr. A. R. Wallace in regard to the geographical distribution of the fauna of the Eastern Archipelago. For while Java, Sumatra, and Borneo clearly belong to the Indian province, Celebez, the Moluccas, and New Guinea no less clearly belong to the Australian; the boundary-line between them passing through the Strait of Lombok—a channel which, though no more than fifteen miles in width, separates faunæ not less differing from each other than those of the Old and the New Worlds. The explanation of these facts becomes obvious, when we know that an elevation of no more than fifty fathoms would unite Borneo, Sumatra, and Java with each other, and with the peninsula of Malacca and Siam; while an elevation of 100 fathoms (600 feet) would convert nearly the whole of the bed of the Yellow Sea into dry land, and would reunite the Philippine Islands to the south-eastern part of the continent of Asia. But even the latter elevation would not connect the upraised area with the Australian province, the depth of the narrow dividing strait being greater than that of any part of the large Asiatic area now submerged. In some parts of the Australian portion of the Eastern Archipelago, indeed, there are some very extraordinary and sudden depressions, showing the activity of the changes which have taken place in the

crust of this portion of the earth within a very recent geological period. Thus, whilst every geologist knows that the Himalayas are not only the highest, but among the newest of great mountain ranges—even the later Tertiary deposits lying in slopes high up on their flanks—it is not a little curious to find the almost land-locked Celebez Sea going down to the enormous depth of 2,800 fathoms, or three miles. That this remarkable depression is in some way connected with the volcanic activity of the region, may be surmised from the fact that the similar hollow, *nearly a thousand fathoms deeper*, lately found by the *Challenger* a little to the north of St. Thomas's (p. 6), lies at what may be regarded as the northern termination of that "line of fire," which has elevated the chain of islands that separate the Caribbean Sea from the Atlantic Ocean.

In the general uniformity of depth of the present area of the North Atlantic, however, and in the conformation of its boundaries on either side, we have evidence that this vast basin was a deep sea at least as far back as the Cretaceous epoch. From the edge of the 100-fathom platform on which the British Isles are based, and which extends about fifty miles to the westward of the coast of France, between Brest and Bayonne, the bottom rapidly descends to 1,500 fathoms, and generally to more than 2,000; so that, with the exception of the modern volcanic plateau of the Azores, the sea-bed of the North Atlantic undulates gently from the European to the American coast, at an average depth of at least 2,000 fathoms, or 12,000 feet.* Now, as Professor Wyville Thomson remarks, all the principal axes of elevation in the North of Europe and in North America have a date long anterior to the deposition of the Tertiary, or even of the newer Secondary strata; though some of them, such as those of the Alps and Pyrenees, have received great accessions to their height in later times. All these

newer beds have, therefore, been deposited with a distinct relation of position to certain important features of contour, which, dating back to more remote periods, are maintained to the present day:—

Many oscillations have doubtless taken place, and every spot on the European plateau may have probably alternated many times between sea and land; but it is difficult to show that these oscillations have occurred in the North of Europe to a greater extent than from 4,000 to 5,000 feet, the extreme vertical distance between the base of the Tertiaries and the highest point at which Tertiary or Post-tertiary shells are found on the slopes and ridges of mountains. A subsidence of even 1,000 feet would, however, be sufficient to produce over most of the northern land a sea 100 fathoms deep—deeper than the German Ocean; while an elevation of a like amount would connect the British Isles with Denmark, Holland, and France, leaving only a long deep fjord separating a British peninsula from Scandinavia. (p. 473.)

There is abundant evidence that these minor oscillations, with a maximum range of 4,000 or 5,000 feet, have occurred over and over again all over the world within comparatively recent periods, alternately uniting lands, and separating them by shallow seas, *the position of the deep waters remaining the same*. And though mountain-ridges have been elevated from time to time, to heights equaling or exceeding the average depth of the Atlantic, there is no reason whatever to believe that any area at all comparable to that of the North Atlantic has ever changed its level to the extent of 10,000 feet. As Sir Charles Lyell has remarked ("Principles of Geology," 1872, p. 269):—

The effect of vertical movements equally 1,000 feet in both directions, upwards and downwards, is to cause a vast transposition of land and sea in those areas which are now continental, and adjoining to which there is much sea not exceeding 1,000 feet in depth. But movements of equal amount would have no tendency to produce a sensible alteration in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, or to cause the oceanic and continental areas to change places. Depressions of 1,000 feet would submerge large areas of existing land; but *fifteen times as much movement* would be required to convert such land into an ocean of average depth, or to cause an ocean three miles deep to replace any one of the existing continents.

Thus, then, whilst the wide extent of Tertiary strata in Europe and the North of Africa sufficiently proves that much dry land has been gained in Tertiary and Post-tertiary times along the European

* The Bermuda group has been shown by the *Challenger* soundings to rise like a vast column from a small base lying at a depth of more than three miles; and since there is no submarine ridge of which it could be supposed to be an outlier, and the islands are themselves entirely composed of coral, it seems likely that we have here a typical exemplification of Mr. Darwin's remarkable doctrine, that though the reef-building coral animals cannot live and grow at a greater depth than twenty fathoms, yet that by the slow progressive subsidence of the bottom, and the contemporaneous addition of new coral to the summit, a pile of coral limestone may be built up (or rather may grow up) to any height.

border of the Atlantic, while the great mountain-masses of Southern Europe give evidence of much local disturbance, it is extremely improbable that any such contemporaneous depression could have taken place, as would have sufficed to produce the vast basin of the Atlantic. For as Professor Wyville Thomson justly remarks :—

Although the Alps and the Pyrenees are of sufficient magnitude to make a deep impression upon the senses of men, taking them together, these mountains would, if spread out, only cover the surface of the North Atlantic to the depth of six feet ; and it would take at least 2,000 times as much to fill up its bed. It would seem by no means improbable that while the edges of what we call the great Atlantic depression have been gradually raised, the central portion may have acquired an equivalent increase in depth ; but it seems most unlikely that while the main features of the contour of the northern hemisphere remain the same, an area of so vast an extent should have been depressed by more than the height of Mont Blanc. (p. 477.)

We quite agree with him, therefore, in the belief that a considerable portion of this area must have been constantly under water during the whole of the Tertiary period ; and looking to the relation of this area to that of the old Cretaceous sea which formerly occupied the place of a large part of what is now the continent of Europe, we feel justified in concurring with Mr. Prestwich* in the conclusion that this sea extended continuously from Asia to America. It may well have been that when the European portion of that sea-bottom underwent elevation into the chalk cliffs of Dover, a corresponding subsidence took place in the Atlantic area. But this subsidence would have only added a little to the depth of what must have previously been an enormously deep basin, without altering its condition in any essential degree ; and thus on *physical* grounds alone, we seem justified in concluding that an essential continuity must have existed in the deposits progressively formed on this sea-bottom, from the Cretaceous epoch to the present time. How strikingly this conclusion harmonizes with the results obtained by the *biological* exploration of the "Depths of the Sea," will be shown hereafter.

The *pressure* exerted by the waters of the ocean, either upon its bed, or upon

anything resting upon it, may be readily calculated from its depth ; for the weight of a column of one inch square is almost exactly a ton for every 800 fathoms of its height ; and consequently the pressure at 2,400 fathoms depth is *three tons upon every square inch*, while at 3,800 fathoms it is *nearly five tons*. How life can be sustained under this enormous pressure, is a question to be considered hereafter ; at present we shall speak only of its effects on the instruments employed to determine the *temperature* of the deep sea,—a part of the inquiry which is second to none in interest and importance. For while it is from accurate observations of the temperature of the ocean-bottom, that we derive our knowledge of those differences of submarine climate, on which the distribution of animal life mainly depends, it is from observations of the temperature of successive strata that we derive our chief information as to that great system of *oceanic circulation*, which, altogether independent of those superficial currents that have their origin in winds, has a most powerful influence upon terrestrial climate,—modifying alike the extremes of equatorial heat and of polar cold,—and also, by bringing every drop of ocean-water at some time or other to the surface, gives to it the power of sustaining animal life on its return to the sea-bed over which it flows, at depths it may be, of thousands of fathoms.

It was in consequence of the remarkable character of the temperature-observations made in the Channel between the North of Scotland and the Faroe Islands, in the tentative *Lightning* cruise of 1868, that the importance of obtaining thoroughly trustworthy observations of ocean-temperature was first brought prominently into notice. At that time the doctrine of a uniform deep-sea temperature of 39° was generally accepted among physical geographers, chiefly on the basis of the temperature-observations made in Sir John Ross's Antarctic Expedition ; which were considered by Sir John Herschel as justifying the assumption that the temperature of the sea *rises* with increase of depth in the two Polar areas, while it *sinks* with increase of depth in the Equatorial zone,—there being an intermediate line of division between these regions, corresponding with the annual isotherm of 39°, on which the temperature of the sea is uniform from the surface to the bottom. It is true that lower bottom-temperatures than 39° had been occasionally observed, even in

* Presidential Address to the Geological Society, 1871.

the intertropical zone; but these were considered as proceeding from special "Polar currents." Thus the United States coast surveyors had met with a temperature of 35° in the very channel of the Gulf Stream, the surface temperature of which was 80° ; and Captain Maury regarded this as a cold current coming down from the north beneath the Gulf Stream, to replace the warm water which is carried by that great surface-current to moderate the cold of Spitzbergen. And Captain Shortland, of H.M.S. *Hydra*, who had surveyed the line between Aden and Bombay, along which a telegraph cable has since been carried, found a temperature of $36.1-2^{\circ}$, at depths of from 1,800 to 2,000 fathoms in the bed of the Arabian Gulf, at about 12° north of the equator.

Now the *Lightning* temperature-soundings, carried on in different parts of the above-mentioned channel, which has an average depth of between 500 and 600 fathoms, showed a difference of from 13° to 15° , at depths almost identical, between points which were sometimes not many miles apart; the bottom temperature, which, according to Sir John Herschel's doctrine, ought to have been everywhere 39° , being as high as 45° on some spots, and as low as 32° on others. With this marked difference of temperature, there was an equally well-marked difference alike in the mineral characters of the two bottoms, and in the types of animal life they respectively yielded. For whilst the "warm area," as Dr. Carpenter named it, was covered by the whitish globigerina-mud, which may be considered as chalk in process of formation, and supported an abundant and varied fauna, of which the *facies* was that of a more southerly clime, the "cold area" was entirely destitute of globigerina-mud, and was covered with gravel and sand containing volcanic detritus, on which lay a fauna by no means scanty, but of a most characteristically boreal type.

Here, then, whatever might be the error in the determination of the *actual* temperatures, occasioned by the pressure of about three-fourths of a ton per square inch on the bulbs of the thermometers employed, it became obvious that there could be no such error in regard to the striking *differences* which showed themselves between temperature-observations taken at similar depths; and the importance of this phenomenon became so apparent to all who were interested in

the inquiry, that as soon as the further prosecution of these researches had been decided on, arrangements were made for testing the effect of pressure upon the thermometers used for deep-sea observations, which are maximum and minimum self-registering instruments of the ordinary (Six's) construction, made with special care to prevent the displacement of the indices by accidental jerks. These instruments being placed under water-pressure in the interior of a hydrostatic press, the very best of them were found to rise 8° , or even 10° , when the pressure-gauge indicated three and a quarter tons on the square inch; whilst inferior instruments rose 20° , 30° , 40° , or even 50° under the same pressure. Thus it became obvious that no reliance could be placed on most of the older temperature-observations taken at great depths; those only being at all to be trusted, which had been taken with instruments whose probable error could be ascertained. Thus the temperature-soundings taken not long previously, in various parts of the North Atlantic, by Commander Chimmio, R.N., and Lieutenant Johnson, R.N., gave 44° at depths exceeding 2,000 fathoms; but these, when corrected by an allowance of 8° for the known influence of pressure on thermometers of the Admiralty pattern, would give an *actual* temperature of 36° ; and this agrees very closely with the results of the soundings recently taken by the *Challenger* with trustworthy instruments.

The existence of this most important error having been thus determined, the next question was how to get rid of it; and a very simple plan was devised by the late Professor W. A. Miller, which, carried into practice by Mr. Casella, was found to answer perfectly. It is due to Mr. Negretti, however, to state that this plan had been previously devised and adopted by him; and that he had supplied his "protected" thermometers to Captain Shortland, by whom they were used in the observations mentioned in the preceding pages, which, therefore, may be regarded as not far from the truth. The "protection" consists in the enclosure of the ordinary bulb of the thermometer by an outer bulb sealed round its neck; the space left between the two being partly filled with spirit or mercury, for the transmission of heat or cold between the medium surrounding the outer bulb and the liquid occupying the inner, but a vacuity being left, which

serves to take off pressure entirely from the inner bulb. It is obvious that if the whole intermediate space were occupied by liquid, any diminution of the capacity of the outer bulb would equally compress the inner; but that the vacuity acts as a sort of buffer-spring, entirely taking off pressure from the inner bulb,—the only effect of a reduction of the capacity of the outer bulb, by external pressure, being to diminish the unfilled part of the intermediate space.

All the temperature-observations since made under authority of the British Admiralty have been taken with these “protected” thermometers; which were first used in the *Porcupine* expeditions of 1869 and 1870, with the most satisfactory results. Every instrument sent out by the maker is tested to a pressure exceeding three tons, and is rejected if it shows more than the slight elevation of something less than a degree, which is attributable to the increase of the temperature of the water of the interior of the press, occasioned by its rapid compression. And the *Challenger* is furnished with a press of similar power, by which the thermometers in use may be tested from time to time, so as to make sure that they have undergone no deterioration. Two thermometers are used in every observation; and their ordinarily close accordance serves to give to their indications a high degree of trustworthiness; whilst, when they disagree, there is generally but little difficulty in determining, by collateral evidence, which of the two is likely to be wrong. Before proceeding to give a general summary of the temperature-observations carried out in the *Porcupine* expeditions of 1869 and 1870, with those collected in the North and South Atlantic during the first year of the *Challenger's* work—the results of which, so far as regards this subject, are now before us—we shall correct a prevalent misconception as to the temperature at which sea-water attains its maximum density.

Every one knows that fresh water *contracts* (and thus increases in density) as it cools from any higher temperature down to about $39^{\circ}2$ Fahr.; and that it then *expands* again (thereby undergoing a diminution of density) as its temperature is reduced to 32° Fahr.; so that, when just about to freeze, it has the same density that it had at the temperature of about $46\text{ }1.2^{\circ}$. And thus it happens that before a pond or a lake is frozen, the surface-layers, whose temperature has

been reduced by atmospheric cold, successively sink, and are replaced by warmer layers rising up from below, until the temperature of the deeper layers has been reduced to $39^{\circ}2$; but that, when this stage has been reached, the further chilling of the surface-layer makes it lighter instead of heavier, so that it continues to float upon the warmer water beneath, which retains its temperature of $39^{\circ}2$ though covered with a layer of ice or of ice-cold water. This, however, is not the case with sea-water, which, as was long ago ascertained by Despretz, differs from fresh water in continuing to contract (thus *augmenting* in density) down to its freezing point at about 27° Fahr.; and thus, when its surface is exposed to extreme atmospheric cold, each layer as it is chilled will descend, and will be replaced by a warmer layer either from beneath or from around; the coldest water always gravitating to the bottom, unless the effect of temperature be modified by some difference in salinity, or by movement of one stratum independently of another. Of the former condition we have an example in the fact that, in the neighbourhood of melting ice, the water of which is either fresh (as in the case of icebergs, which are land glaciers that have floated out to sea), or of low salinity (as in the case of field-ice), the surface-layer is often colder than the more saline water beneath, on which it floats in virtue of its lower salinity. And the latter case constantly presents itself when some movement of translation slants upwards a deeper and colder stratum; which we shall presently find to be a general fact along the *eastern* coasts of our continents and to be attributable to the earth's rotation on its axis.

Under ordinary circumstances, then, the *minimum* temperature recorded by self-registering thermometers sent down with the sounding apparatus, may be expected to be the *bottom-temperature*; and this expectation has been fully verified by the results of the *serial* temperature-observations made in the *Porcupine* and *Challenger* expeditions; which have shown that the temperature of the Atlantic undergoes a progressive reduction from above downwards, but at a rate by no means uniform; and have clearly proved the fallacy of those older observations in which the temperature seemed to *rise* in the deepest stratum—the elevation of the “unprotected” thermometers having been really due to increase of pressure, not to increment of heat.

In order to render the scientific *ratio-nale* of these observations more intelligible, we shall first state the results of the temperature-soundings taken by Dr. Carpenter in his two visits (1870 and 1871) to the Mediterranean, the peculiar conditions of whose basin have been already adverted to (p. 775).

We have here a great inland sea, of which the depth ranges downwards almost to that of the North Atlantic, and exceeds that of many other large oceanic areas; whilst its channel of communication with the great Atlantic basin is so shallow on the line of the "ridge," or "marine watershed" (as Dr. Carpenter terms it), between Capes Spartel and Trafalgar, that all but the most superficial strata of the two basins are completely cut off from each other. Both the summer and the winter surface-temperatures are very nearly the same in the two seas, with a slight excess on the side of the Mediterranean, which shows that its warmth is not dependent—as some of the extravagant advocates of the heating power of the Gulf Stream have supposed—on an influx of water from that source. And the rapid reduction of temperature which shows itself in the summer from the surface downwards, alike in the Mediterranean and in the Atlantic under the same parallels, clearly proceeds from the *superheating* of the superficial stratum under the influence of direct solar radiation. The surface-temperature of the Mediterranean during the months of August and September ranges between 76° and 80° ; but the thermometer descends rapidly in the first fifty fathoms, the temperature at that depth being about 58° ; and a slight further decrease shows itself between fifty and a hundred fathoms, at which depth the temperature is 54° near the western extremity of the basin, 55° nearer its middle, and 56° in its eastern part. Now from the hundred fathoms' plane to the bottom, even where it lies at a depth of 2,000 fathoms, *the temperature of the Mediterranean is uniform*, the difference never exceeding a degree. In the winter months, on the other hand, a temperature, alike of the surface, and of the superficial 100 fathoms' stratum, is brought down, by the reduction of the temperature of the superjacent atmosphere, to that of the uniform stratum beneath; so that *the entire column* of Mediterranean water has then a like uniform temperature from its surface to its greatest depths.

Now, we hold these observations to be of fundamental importance in two ways.

For, in the first place, they show us the limit of the direct heating power of the solar rays that fall on the surface of the sea. There are few parts of the open ocean of which the surface-temperature is ever much higher than that of the Mediterranean; the most notable excess being seen in the Red Sea, the enclosure of which between two coast lines, nowhere more than 100 miles apart, while a large portion of it lies within the hottest land-area we know, causes its surface-temperature occasionally to rise even above 90° . The direct heating power of the solar rays at Aden, as measured by a thermometer with a blackened bulb, exposed on a blackened board, has been seen (in the experience of Colonel Playfair, our former consul at that station) to be above 212° ; but that heat is mainly used up in converting the surface-film of the sea into vapour. All experiment shows that solar heat directly penetrates to so small a depth, and that the conducting power of water is so very slight, that some other means must exist for the extension of its influence even to the depth of twenty or thirty fathoms. This extension is attributed by Dr. Carpenter (who is supported in this and other physical doctrines by the most eminent authorities in that department of science) to a downward *convection*, taking place in the following mode:—Each surface-film, as it loses part of its water by evaporation, becomes more saline, and, therefore, specifically heavier, notwithstanding the increase of its temperature; and will thus sink, carrying down an excess of heat, until it loses its excess of salt by diffusion. It is, of course, replaced by a fresh film from below; and this will sink in its turn, to be again replaced by a less saline stratum; and the process will go on so long as the superheating action continues. Now, in the Mediterranean the depth of this "superheating" is limited by the periodical alternation of the seasons; but it might be expected that under the Equator, where even the winter temperature of the ocean-surface does not fall much below 80° (save under the local influence of cold currents), it would extend further downwards. The *Challenger* observations, however, have shown that this is not the case, the thickness of the superheated stratum being no greater under the Equator than it is anywhere else—a fact of which the significance will presently become apparent.

These Mediterranean observations, when taken in connection with others

made elsewhere on the constant temperature of deep lakes, show, in the second place, that the temperature of any enclosed body of water which is sufficiently deep to be but little influenced either by direct solar radiation, or by admixture of water flowing into it from without, will be the *isothermal*, or lowest mean winter temperature, of the locality. We notice that in Dr. Carpenter's report of his first Mediterranean cruise, he connected it with the temperature of the solid crust of the earth, which there is reason to fix at between 50° and 54° in Central and Southern Europe; this being the constant temperature shown in deep caves, and at depths in the soil at which seasonal variations cease to show themselves, while there is as yet no such increment of mean temperature as shows itself at greater depths. But the observations taken during his second Mediterranean cruise, having proved that the temperature of the uniform substratum is higher in the eastern basin than in the western, in accordance with the higher isothermal of the former, whilst those subsequently taken by Captain Nares, in the Gulf of Suez, gave a bottom-temperature of 71° at 400 fathoms, even in February, Dr. Carpenter has been led to abandon his first impression, and to regard the constant uniform temperature as determined by the isothermal. And this conclusion, we have reason to believe, will be found to accord well with the results of observations made elsewhere. Thus it has been ascertained by Mr. Buchan, the able Secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society, that in the deeper parts of Loch Lomond there is a permanent temperature of about 41° , and that this is exactly the mean of the temperature of the air during the winter months in that locality.

Hence, if it were possible for a body of ocean-water to remain unaffected by any other thermal agencies than those to which it is itself subjected, it seems clear that all below that superficial stratum of which the temperature varies with the season, would have a constant uniform temperature corresponding to the isothermal of the locality. For whilst *cold* readily extends *downwards*, just as *heat* extends *upwards*, by convection, the extension of *heat* in a *downward* direction is very limited; the power of the sun being mainly expended in surface-evaporation.

As a corollary from the foregoing, it follows that when any stratum of ocean-water has a temperature *below* the iso-

thermal of the locality, it may be presumed to have flowed thither from a *colder* region; whilst, if the temperature of any stratum beneath 100 fathoms be *above* the isothermal, it may be presumed to have flowed thither from a *warmer* region. This is simply to put upon differences of ocean-temperature the interpretation we constantly give to variations in the temperature of the atmosphere; which every one knows to be mainly dependent upon the direction in which the wind is moving. The comparative permanence of the great movements of the ocean is simply due to that of the antagonistic forces constantly operating to produce them.

A sort of epitome of the general oceanic circulation is presented, as Dr. Carpenter has pointed out, in that deep channel between the North of Scotland and the Faroe Islands, which was first explored by Professor Wyville Thomson and himself in the *Lightning* (p. 777), and which was next year examined more particularly by *serial* temperature-soundings taken with "protected" thermometers at every fifty fathoms' depth. In the north-eastern part of this channel, there was found to be a distinct horizontal division of its water into two strata; the *upper* one *warmer* than the normal, and the *deeper* one far *colder* than the normal, with a "stratum of intermixture" between the two. The deeper stratum, whose thickness is nearly *two thousand feet*, has a temperature ranging downwards from 32° to 29° ; and it obviously constitutes a vast body of glacial water moving slowly from the Polar Sea to the south-west, to discharge itself into the North Atlantic basin. Traced onwards in this direction, it was found to be diverted by a bank rising in the middle of the channel, so as to be narrowed and at the same time increased in velocity; as was indicated by the rounding of the pebbles which covered the bottom, and also by the nearer approach of the cold stratum to the surface, consequent upon the shallowing of the bottom off the edge of the Faroe Banks. The other part of the channel was there occupied to its bottom by the warm flow slowly setting from the Mid-Atlantic to the north-east; and thus was formed that division of the bottom at the same depths into "cold" and "warm areas," which was noticed in the *Lightning* cruise (p. 778), and which was found to exert so important an influence on the distribution of animal life; whilst, when difference of

depth also came in as an element, a difference of bottom-temperature amounting to *fifteen degrees* sometimes showed itself within a distance of *three or four miles*.

On applying the same test to the deep temperature-soundings taken in the *Porcupine*, off the western coast of Portugal, in the same parallel as the middle of the western basin of the Mediterranean, we find that they plainly indicate the derivation of a large part of the deeper water of the Atlantic basin from a Polar source. For while the temperature of its superficial stratum varies with the season, being rather below that of the Mediterranean in the summer, and about the same in winter, there is beneath this a stratum of several hundred fathoms, which shows so slow a reduction down to about 700 fathoms, that the thermometer only falls to 49° . But between 700 and 900 fathoms there is a distinct "stratum of intermixture," comparable to that encountered in the "Lightning Channel," in which the thermometer falls *nine or ten degrees*; and beneath this is a vast body of water, ranging downwards from 900 fathoms to 2,000 or more, of which the temperature shows a progressive reduction to 36° or $35^{\circ}5$.

There is here no distinct evidence of the presence of water *warmer* than the normal; but such evidence is very clearly afforded by the *Porcupine* temperature-soundings taken at various points between the latitude of Lisbon and that of the Faroe Islands, extending northwards through a range of twenty-five degrees of latitude. For while these show a considerable progressive reduction of temperature alike at the surface and in the first 100 fathoms, they also show that in the thick stratum between 100 and 700 fathoms, the reduction is so slight as we proceed northwards, that the temperature of the whole of this stratum presents a greater and greater elevation above the isotherm of the locality,—thus clearly indicating its derivation from a southern source.

On these facts Dr. Carpenter has based a doctrine of a general oceanic circulation, sustained by the *opposition of temperature* between the Polar and Equatorial areas; which produces a disturbance of hydrostatic equilibrium sufficient to produce a *creeping flow* of a deep stratum of water from the Polar to the Equatorial area, while the superficial stratum is slowly draughted from the Equatorial towards the Polar areas. This

vertical circulation he considers to be altogether independent of the *horizontal* circulation produced by winds, which shows itself in definite currents, of which the most notable are the Gulf Stream of the North Atlantic, and the Kuro Siwo of the North Pacific—which owe their origin to the action of the trade winds on the Equatorial portions of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans respectively,—and the monsoon currents of the Indian Ocean. Dr. Carpenter's doctrine has thus scarcely any resemblance to that of Captain Maury, who attributed the Gulf Stream to the *elevation of level* in the intertropical area, produced by the elevation of temperature; a notion which was effectually disposed of by Sir John Herschel, who showed that no elevation of level that could be thus occasioned could possibly produce so rapid and powerful a current. And the only feature common to the two, is the existence of an under-flow from the Pole towards the Equator; which Captain Maury advocated without any definite conception of the conditions under which it would be produced; while, according to Dr. Carpenter, a *vera causa* for this under-flow (as also of the complementary upper-flow in the opposite direction) is supplied by the action of Polar cold, of which the following is an experimental illustration:—

Let a long narrow trough, with glass sides, be filled with water having a temperature of 50° , and let cold be applied to the surface of the water at one end, whilst heat is similarly applied at the other. By the introduction of a colouring liquid, mixed with gum of sufficient viscosity to prevent its too rapid diffusion, it will be seen that a *vertical circulation* will be set up in the liquid; for that portion of it which has been acted on by the surface-cold, becoming thereby increased in density, falls to the bottom, and is replaced by a surface-flow, which, when cooled in its turn, descends like the preceding; and the denser water, in virtue of its excess of *lateral* pressure, creeps along the bottom of the trough towards the other end, where it gradually moves upwards to replace that which has been draughted off. As it approaches the surface, it comes under the influence of the heat applied to it; and being warmed by this, it carries along its excess of temperature in a creeping flow towards the cold extremity, where it is again made to descend by the reduction of its temperature; and thus a circulation is kept up, as long as this antagonism of temperature at the two ends of the trough is maintained. The case, in fact, only differs from that of the hot water apparatus used for heating buildings in this,—that whilst the *primum mobile* in the latter is heat applied below, which causes the water

to rise in it by the diminution of its specific gravity, the *primum mobile* of the circulation in the trough is cold applied at the surface, which causes the water to descend through the increase of its specific gravity. The application of surface-heat at the other end of the trough would have scarcely any effect *per se* in giving motion to the water; but it serves to maintain the disturbance of equilibrium, which, if cold alone were in operation, would gradually decrease with the reduction of temperature of the entire body of water in the trough, which would cease to circulate as soon as its temperature should be brought to one uniform degree of depression.

It is maintained by Dr. Carpenter, that between a column of Polar water, of which the average temperature will be below 30° , and a column of Equatorial water of an average temperature of (say) 40° , such a difference of *downward*, and therefore of *lateral*, pressure *must* exist, as will suffice to maintain a slow circulation in the great ocean-basins, corresponding to that in the trough; the heavier Polar water moving along the floor of the basin towards the Equator, and gradually rising there towards the surface, as each new arrival pushes up that which preceded it; whilst an upper stratum of lighter Equatorial water will be continually moving towards each Pole, in virtue of the indraught produced by the downward movement of the Polar column.—In this doctrine he is supported by the authority of Sir John Herschel (who addressed to him on this subject one of his last scientific letters), of Sir William Thomson, and of Sir George Airy, who all concur in sanctioning his proposition as dynamically correct.* But as his colleague, Professor Wyville Thomson, has expressed his dissent—so far, at least, as regards the cause of the amelioration of the climate of North-Western Europe—it is but fair to Dr. Carpenter to point out that his doctrine has received from the results of the *Challenger* investigations in the Atlantic, that strong confirmation which is afforded by the precise verification of a prediction. For in his later reports Dr. Carpenter gave expression to the following conclusion from the data at that time before him:—

* It is further noteworthy that Pouillet, one of the greatest authorities of his time in Thermotics, had long ago (1847) expressed the opinion that a surface-movement from the Equator towards the Poles, and a deep movement from the Poles towards the Equator, would best express the facts of ocean-temperature then known; though that opinion was afterwards pushed aside for a time by the prevalence of the erroneous doctrine of a uniform deep-sea temperature of 39° .

1. That the whole mass of water in the North Atlantic below about 900 fathoms depth, will have a temperature of from 40° to 36° , this reduction depending on an inflow of Arctic water into its basin, which brings down, as in the case already cited (p. 781), a temperature which may be even below 30° ; but that the limitation of the supply of this Arctic water will prevent as great reduction in the bottom-temperature of the Mid-Atlantic, as is seen elsewhere. For, putting aside what may possibly come down from Baffin's Bay, which is not likely to be much, there can be no southward underflow of Arctic water, except through the channel between Greenland and Iceland, which is not a very wide one, and the still narrower channel between the North of Scotland and the Faroe Islands; the bank which extends between the Faroe Islands and Iceland, and the shallowness of the bed of the North Sea, presenting an effectual barrier to the exit of the glacial water of the Arctic basin through those passages.

2. That, on the other hand, the unrestricted communication between the Antarctic basin and that of the South Atlantic, by allowing the free flow of Polar water over the bed of the latter, would reduce its bottom-temperature below that of the North Atlantic; and that the influence of this predominant Antarctic underflow might perhaps extend to the north of the Equator.

3. That in the Equatorial region, from which the upper warm stratum is being continually draughted off towards each pole, whilst the two Polar streams, which meet on the bottom, are as continually rising towards the surface, water below 40° would lie at a less depth beneath the surface than it does in the temperate regions of the North and South Atlantic.

Now the *Challenger* soundings taken in various parts of the Mid-Atlantic show (1) that the general temperature of the North Atlantic sea-bed, between the latitude of Lisbon and the Azores, and the tropic of Cancer, ranges from 40° Fahr. at the depth of about 900 fathoms to $35^{\circ}5$ at a depth of 3,150; so that this sea-bed is overlaid by a stratum of almost ice-cold water, having an average thickness of *ten thousand feet*, which, if it has not *all* come from one or other of the Polar areas, must contain a large admixture of water that has brought with it a glacial temperature. But (2) as the *Challenger* approached the Equator, the bottom-temperature, instead of rising,

was found to sink still lower; $34^{\circ}4$ being reached at 3,025 fathoms in the neighbourhood of St. Thomas's (lat. $18^{\circ}1-2$ N.), and $32^{\circ}4$ at 2,475 fathoms, half-way between St. Paul's Rocks in lat. 1° N., and Fernando Noronha in lat. 5° S. Further, the temperature-section taken by the *Challenger* in crossing from Brazil to the Cape of Good Hope, shows the South Atlantic to be altogether considerably colder than the North Atlantic under the same parallels; not only the surface-temperature being lower, but the bottom being colder by from 2° to 3° . And (3) it was found, as the *Challenger* proceeded southward from the Azores, past Madeira, to the Equator, that the line of 40° progressively approached the surface, from the depth of 900 fathoms at which it lay at the Azores, to only 300 fathoms at the Equator, where the descent of the thermometer from the surface-temperature of 78° was *more rapid than in any other locality*, more than a degree being lost for every ten fathoms. That in the South Atlantic the line of 40° rises much nearer the surface than it does in the North-Atlantic,—lying in the former ocean at an average depth of only about 400 fathoms,—seems attributable in part to the general depression of its temperature, which is due to a variety of causes; the loss of heat from the surface to the 40° line, between lat. 35° S. and lat. 38° S., being only about 15° , or at the rate of one degree for every twenty-six fathoms. But it seems not improbable that the comparative warmth of the upper stratum of the North Atlantic is due to the transport of a large body of Equatorial water as far north as the parallel of 40° ; not so much, however, by the *true* Gulf Stream or Florida current, as through the northward deflection, by the chain of West India Islands and the Peninsula of Florida, of that large portion of the Equatorial current which strikes against them without entering the Caribbean Sea at all.

We are thus led to the question which is very fully discussed both in Dr. Carpenter's last report, and in Chapter VIII. of Professor Wyville Thomson's book, as to the influence of the Gulf Stream upon the climate of North-Western Europe; and this is a subject of such general interest, that, as there is a decided difference of opinion between these two authorities, our readers will naturally desire to know the precise nature of the doctrine advocated by each, and the principal arguments on which it rests.

It is admitted on both sides that the climate of the western shores of the British Islands, still more that of the Shetlands and the Faroes, and yet more again that of the northern part of the Norwegian coast, of the north coast of Russia, at least as far as the entrance of the White Sea, and even of Iceland and Spitzbergen, is ameliorated by a north-east flow of surface-water, bringing with it the warmth of a lower latitude. For although Mr. Findlay in this country, and Dr. Hayes (the Arctic explorer) in the United States, have attributed this amelioration to the prevalence of south-west winds alone, yet the recent correlation of a large body of comparative observations on the winter temperature of the sea and of the air has clearly shown that the former—as we proceed north—has so much higher an average than the latter, as to be clearly independent of it. Now Professor Wyville Thomson accepts the current doctrine that this north-east flow is an extension of the Gulf Stream, using that term, however, to include, with the *true* Gulf Stream or Florida current, the portion of the Equatorial current which never enters the Gulf of Mexico; and he considers that the whole of that vast body of water, extending downwards to at least 600 fathoms, which the temperature-soundings of the *Porcupine* have shown to be slowly creeping northwards (p. 782), is impelled by the *vis a tergo*, or propulsive force imparted to the Equatorial current by the trade-winds. That this propulsive force here extends itself downwards to a depth far greater than that of either the Equatorial or the Gulf Stream current, he attributes to the recollection of its waters in the *cul de sac* formed by the north-eastern corner of the Atlantic, and the gradual narrowing of the channel through which it is impelled. But this is entirely inconsistent with the fact, shown in his own chart of Dr. Petermann's isothermal lines, that the northward movement extends *all across the Atlantic*, from the coast of Ireland to Newfoundland; the isotherms there turning sharply round the corner, and running to the north, and even to the north-west, in a manner that cannot possibly be accounted for by the propulsive force which is carrying the *real* Gulf Stream nearly due east. In fact, Professor Wyville Thomson seems to us to have fallen into the error of his leader Dr. Petermann and other physical geographers, in assuming that the proved excess of temperature in the Arctic area

can be due to nothing else than "the Gulf Stream." If, by this term, they avowedly mean nothing else than a northward movement of warm water from the Mid-Atlantic, we are entirely at one with them, only deprecating the application of the term "Gulf Stream" to that movement, as leading to a misconception. But if they distinctly attribute it, with Professor Wyville Thomson, to the action of the trade-winds, we ask them for some intelligible *rationale* of the manner in which the trade-wind circulation drives northwards into the Polar area a body of water more than 2,000 miles wide and 700 fathoms deep.

Dr. Carpenter, on the other hand, who finds a definite *vera causa* for this movement in the indraught of the whole *upper* stratum of the North Atlantic into the Polar area as complementary to the outflow of its *deeper* stratum, — has been led by a careful investigation of all accessible data as to the volume, temperature, and rate of movement of the *true* Gulf Stream in various parts of its course, to adopt the view previously advocated by Mr. Findlay, and accepted by Sir John Herschel and Admiral Irminger (of the Danish navy), that the Florida current — which gradually spreads itself out like a fan, diminishing in depth as it increases in extent — is practically broken up and dispersed in the Mid-Atlantic, not long after passing the banks of Newfoundland; so that if any of its extensions really reach our shores, they bring with them little or no warmth. Even at its deepest and strongest, this powerful current loses 15° of surface-temperature during its winter passage to the longitude of Nova Scotia, which occupies from forty to fifty days. And when it reaches the banks of Newfoundland it encounters the Labrador current, with its fleet of icebergs, by which its temperature is still further greatly reduced; and as its superficial area increases, its depth diminishes, so that it becomes less and less able to maintain its temperature against the cooling influence of the air above it. As its rate of movement, where it is last recognizable as a current, is so reduced, that at least 100 days must be occupied in its passage from the banks of Newfoundland to the Land's End, it is scarcely to be conceived that a thinned-out surface layer of only fifty fathoms' depth, should do otherwise than *follow* the temperature of the atmosphere above it, as the thin super-heated layer of the Mediterranean most certainly does. The continuance

of its north-east movement as a surface-drift, bearing with it trunks of tropical trees, fruits, floating shells, &c., is fully accounted for by the prevalence of south-west winds over that portion of the Atlantic, which land these products on the shores it washes. Further, of that *outside* reflection of the Equatorial current which is included by Professor Wyville Thomson under the term Gulf Stream, the main body appears to cross the Atlantic near the parallel of the Azores, and to turn southwards when it has passed them, being drawn back as a "supply-current" towards the sources of the Equatorial; and this seems to be the final destination of the greater part of the Florida current itself; only one small branch of it being occasionally recognizable in the Bay of Biscay as Rennel's current, while two other narrow bands can be distinguished by their somewhat higher temperature, one between the Shetland and the Faroe Isles, and the other between the Faroes and Iceland.

The real *heater* of North-Western Europe, according to Dr. Carpenter, is the stratum of 600 to 700 fathoms depth, which, as already mentioned (p. 782), he has traced northwards by continuity of temperature from the coast of Portugal to the Faroe banks, and the movement of which he attributes to a *vis a fronte*, or indraught, resulting from the continual descent, in the Polar area, of the water whose temperature has been brought down by surface-cold, — as in the experimental illustration, of which his account has been already cited (p. 782). The surface-temperature of this stratum, in the summer months, follows that of the air, which is generally warmer than itself; but in the winter, when the temperature of the air falls below that of the sub-surface stratum, each surface-film, as it is cooled and descends, will be replaced by warmer water from below; and thus, as Dr. Carpenter points out, a deep, moderately warm stratum becomes a much more potent heat-carrier than a mere surface-layer of superheated water. Hence it is the 700 fathoms' depth, in the North Atlantic, of the stratum having a temperature above 45° , which gives to this slow-moving mass its special calorific power. In corresponding latitudes of the South Atlantic, on the other hand, the stratum exceeding 45° of temperature is not more than 300 fathoms deep; so that if this stratum be moving towards the South Pole, its power of ameliorating the Antarctic climate will be much infe-

rior. To whatever extent, therefore, the greater depth of the stratum above 45° in the North Atlantic is due to the prolongation into it of the Equatorial current (a matter still open to investigation), to that extent Dr. Carpenter admits our obligation to it; but he argues that a cause for its northward flow must be sought somewhere else than in the original *vis a tergo* of the *horizontal* circulation, which will tend, if not exhausted, to bring it back to its source; and that this cause is to be found in the *vis a fronte* of the *vertical* circulation, of which the *primum mobile* is Polar cold.

The decision of this question will ultimately rest mainly on the temperature-phenomena of high southern latitudes, to which no Gulf Stream brings warm water from the Equatorial source; and as the *Challenger* was ordered (at Dr. Carpenter's special instance) to run due south from Kerguelen's Land, so as to approach the great ice-barrier of the Antarctic as nearly as may be deemed expedient, and as we have already heard from Melbourne that she has done, we shall learn ere long whether the upper stratum of the Southern Ocean is really travelling polewards, as on Dr. Carpenter's theory it ought to do, and as the slow southerly "set" noticed by several Antarctic navigators would seem to indicate that it does. In the mean time, however, we may notice that a remarkable confirmation of Dr. Carpenter's doctrine of a continual upward movement of water in the Equatorial zone, from the bottom towards the surface, is afforded by the *Challenger* observations. For this ascent is indicated, not only by the remarkable approach of the isotherm of 40° to within 300 fathoms at the Equator, but also by the marked reduction of the salinity of the surface-water, which is there encountered. For the *Challenger* observations, confirming others previously made, show that the specific gravity of *surface-water* (allowance for temperature being duly made) falls within the Tropics from an average of 1027.3 to an average of 1026.3; and that this reduced salinity corresponds exactly with that of the low salinity of the Polar water which is traceable over the sea-bed even into the Equatorial area.

It is obvious that such a continual ascent of glacial water towards the surface, must have a moderating effect upon the surface-temperature of the Equatorial zone; and it seems to us that this doctrine of a *vertical* oceanic circu-

lation affords an adequate *rationale* of the fact, that the surface-temperature of the deep ocean seems never to rise much above 80° , even where (as under the Equator) it is constantly exposed to the most powerful insolation. In the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, in which there is, *ex hypothesi*, no such upward movement, the surface-temperature is proportionally much higher; that of the Mediterranean in lat. 35° being nearly equal in September to that of the Equatorial Atlantic in the same month, and that of the Red Sea rising to 92° . So also, along the Guinea coast, where the depth is not great enough to admit the glacial under-flow, the surface-temperature sometimes rises as high as 90° . Thus it appears that this general oceanic circulation exerts as important an influence in *moderating tropical heat*, as in tempering Polar cold.

That the constantly renewed disturbance of equilibrium produced by difference of temperature, is adequate to maintain such a slow *vertical* oceanic circulation as Dr. Carpenter contends for, seems now established by the proved existence of decided *under-currents* in the Gibraltar and Black Sea straits, which are pretty clearly maintained by slight differences of downward and therefore lateral pressure between equal columns at the two extremities of each strait. In the case of the Gibraltar currents, the superficial indraught of Atlantic water into the Mediterranean serves to keep up the level of that great inland sea, which would otherwise be lowered by excessive evaporation.* But this indraught, which replaces by salt water what has passed off as fresh, would produce a progressive accumulation of salt in the Mediterranean basin, if it were not compensated by an under-current in the opposite direction, which carries *out* as much salt as the surface-current brings *in*; and the maintaining power of this under-current, which sometimes runs at the rate of a mile and a half per hour, is the excess of the average specific gravity of Mediterranean water, which may be taken as 1029, over that of Atlantic water, which may be taken as 1027.3. — The case is still more striking, however, in regard to the currents of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, where the conditions are reversed, and the difference in density between the columns is greater. For in consequence of the excess of

* See Dr. Carpenter's Paper "On the Physical Conditions of Inland Seas," in *The Contemporary Review*, vol. xxii., p. 386.

fresh water brought down by the great rivers which discharge themselves into the Black Sea, above the loss by evaporation from its surface, there is generally an *outward* upper-current,—which, however, owes part of its force to wind,—setting first into the sea of Marmora, and thence into the *Ægean*. Now the salinity of Black Sea water is reduced by the excessive influx of fresh water, to less than half that of the Mediterranean; its specific gravity usually varying between 1012 and 1014, according to the season. And it was argued by Dr. Carpenter that, alike on *à priori* and *à posteriori* grounds, there *must* be a powerful inward under-current: since the great excess of lateral pressure at the outer end of each strait would necessarily drive inwards the lower stratum of its water; while the salt, if not thus continually returned, would be gradually altogether washed out of the Black Sea basin. To this it was replied by Captain Spratt, who had surveyed these straits some years ago, and who strongly opposed the whole under-current doctrine, *first*, that he had ascertained their bottom-water to be stationary, and *second*, that the salt which passes *outwards* during a large proportion of the year, is carried *inwards* again during the winter months, when the Black Sea rivers are low, and the wind sets *to* the north-east, instead of *from* it as at other times. Having reason, however, to distrust the accuracy of Captain Spratt's conclusions, as well from an examination of his own record of his experiments, as from local information which was strongly corroborative of the existence of an under-current, Dr. Carpenter requested the Hydrographer to the Admiralty to direct that a re-examination of this question should be made by the surveying staff of the *Shearwater*, which was about to proceed to that station; and the result was that most unequivocal evidence was obtained of the existence of an inward under-current, of which the strength is proportional to that of the outward upper-current; being greatest when the latter is impelled by a north-east wind, which, by lowering the interior and raising the exterior level, will increase the preponderance of the outer column over the inner. When the *outward* surface-current was running at a rate of from three to four knots an hour, the buoy from which the current-drag was suspended in the deeper stratum was carried *inwards* by its movement, at a rate greater than that at which any row-boat could

keep up with it; so that the apparatus would have been lost, if the steam-launch of the *Shearwater* had not been able to follow it.

This very striking confirmation of Dr. Carpenter's prediction will probably increase our readers' confidence in the soundness of the general physical theory he propounds; which is to the effect that wherever two bodies of water are in connection with each other, constantly differing in downward pressure,—whether in consequence of difference of temperature, excess of evaporation, or inflow of fresh water,—there will be an under-flow from the heavier towards the lighter, which, by lowering the level of the former, will produce a return upper-flow from the lighter towards the heavier. This, as Sir John Herschel remarked, seems the common-sense of the matter; and it is only because the Gulf Stream has a body of staunch advocates, like Dr. Petermann, Professor Wyville Thomson, and Mr. Croll, who strenuously uphold the exclusive agency of the trade-winds, that any opposition has been raised to Dr. Carpenter's views. Professor Möhn of Christiania, who wrote a very important Memoir in 1872 to prove the dependence of the peculiar climate of Norway upon the Gulf Stream,—his facts *really* proving its dependence upon the flow of *warm water* to the Norwegian shores,—has since expressed to Dr. Carpenter his conversion to Dr. C.'s doctrine of the cause of that flow. And by Dr. Meyer, who has been for some years engaged in the investigation of the currents of the Baltic (the condition of which, as regards excess of river-supply over evaporation, corresponds with that of the Black Sea), they are unhesitatingly accepted as entirely accounting for the phenomena he has there observed.

In another very important particular do the results of the *Challenger* observations confirm Dr. Carpenter's previously expressed views,—namely, that the *cold band* which intervenes between the Gulf Stream and the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, and which is traceable even along the northern side of the Florida Channel itself, is really produced by the surging-upwards of the Polar-Equatorial flow which underlies the Gulf Stream, and which, as the temperature-soundings of the United States coast surveyors have shown, even enters the Gulf of Mexico as an under-current flowing inwards beneath the warm outflowing stream. This surging-upwards of the

deeper cold strata along the western slope of the Atlantic basin is easily accounted for on dynamical principles, and does, in fact, afford very cogent evidence that the great body of North Atlantic water below (say) 800 fathoms is really moving southwards. It was first pointed out, we believe, by Captain Maury, that the *eastward* tendency of the Gulf Stream, which shows itself more and more as it advances into higher latitudes, is due in great part to the *excess* of easterly momentum which it brings from the intertropical zone, where the earth's rotatory movement is much more rapid than it is half way towards the Pole; and this view of the case was fully accepted by Sir John Herschel. For the same reason, any body of water moving from either Pole towards the Equator will bring from higher to lower latitudes a *deficiency* of easterly momentum, that is to say, it will tend *westwards*; and this tendency will carry it towards the surface, when it meets the slope of the United States seaboard. The correctness of this view has been further confirmed (1) by the fact recently communicated to Dr. Carpenter by Captain St. John, who has lately returned from the survey of the Japan Sea, that a similar cold band intervenes between the Kuro Siwo (p. 782) and the eastern coast of Japan; and (2) by the results of the inquiries prosecuted in the Baltic and North Sea by Dr. Meyer, who has found distinct evidence of the surging-up of the southward-moving deeper and colder layer on the western slopes of those basins; the temperature of the eastern face of the Dogger Bank being from 10° to 15° lower than that of its western, and a difference of 15° sometimes showing itself within five fathoms of depth.

We come lastly to the biological results of these explorations, and the bearings of these on several most important points of bio-geological doctrine,—as, for example, the existing distribution of marine animal life in its relation to depth, temperature, and supply of food and oxygen; its connection with anterior changes in the relations of sea and land, and in the depth and temperature of the seabed; the continuity of life in some localities, whilst interruptions occurred in others; and the question how far a gradual change in external conditions may modify the characters of species, so as to sanction that idea of “descent with modification” which seems increasingly

to find favour among unprejudiced palæontologists. On each of these points we shall briefly touch.

Previously to the commencement of the recent series of researches, our knowledge of the animal life of the deep sea was limited to that which could be derived from the examination of the small samples of bottom brought up by the sounding apparatus; the use of the dredge having been restricted to depths of about 400 fathoms. These samples indicated the very extensive diffusion of low and simple forms of animal life, belonging for the most part to the group of foraminifera. Only a few specimens of any higher type had been obtained, and the opinion was very generally entertained that the existence of such was impossible under the enormous pressure to which they would be subjected at great depths, and that the specimens brought up by the sounding-line (as in the case of the star-fishes which Dr. Wallich found clustering around it) had been entangled by it in its passage through the upper stratum. It seems to have been forgotten, however, that this pressure, being equal in all directions, can have but a very trifling influence on the condition of animals composed entirely of solid and liquid parts; neither altering their shape, interfering with their movements, nor obstructing any of their functions. A drop of water (as Dr. Carpenter pointed out in his first report) enclosed in a globular membranous capsule of extreme tenuity, would undergo no other change beneath a fluid pressure of three tons on the square inch, than a very slight reduction of its bulk; and if an aperture existed in the capsule, its contents would not escape, since, while the external pressure would tend to force them out, an inward pressure of exactly equivalent amount would tend to keep them in.

The dredgings carried on in the *Porcupine*, in the summer of 1869, on the eastern slope of the North Atlantic Basin, between the latitudes of 48° and 60° north, clearly showed that the supposed limitation of higher forms of animal life to a depth not much exceeding 300 fathoms (an inference deduced by Edward Forbes from his dredgings in the *Ægean*) has no real existence—at least so far as relates to the oceanic area; a varied and abundant fauna having been met with in successive explorations, progressively carried down to 600, 800, 1,000, 1,200, 1,500, 1,700 fathoms; and when at last the dredge was sent

down to a depth of 2,435 fathoms, it came up loaded with a hundredweight and a half of "globigerina-mud"—a large part of which was a mass of life, having imbedded in it representatives of nearly all the principal types of marine invertebrata. And we understand that many of the dredge-hauls taken in the *Challenger* expedition, at yet greater depths, have been not less productive. Hence it appears that no *zero* of depth can be specified, at which animal life must cease. The distribution of that life, however, is obviously much influenced by temperature; as was most strikingly proved by the marked difference between the faunæ of the warm and the cold areas, already pointed out (p. 778), and by the fact that boreal forms were traced far southwards, on the deep cold sea-bed, although not found in shallower waters. Not less striking was the *dwarfing* of some of our common British star-fishes that presented themselves in the cold area; and it seems probable, therefore, that the small size of most of the abyssal forms is due as much to reduction of temperature, as to any other condition. Of the extent of the addition to zoological knowledge which it may be expected that the exploration of the deep sea will afford, some idea may be derived from the fact that the four months' dredgings of the *Porcupine*, in what may be accounted British seas, added 117 species of testaceous mollusca (about one-fourth of the previous total) to our fauna; 56 of these being new to science, besides 7 known only as Tertiary fossils.

But to this downward extension of animal life, a most remarkable exception has been found to exist in the case of the Mediterranean. While the *Porcupine* dredgings of 1870, off the coast of Portugal, were attended with remarkable success,—in one instance as many as 180 species of shells, of which 71 were previously undescribed, and 24 known only as fossils, coming up in one haul—those taken soon afterwards in the deep water of the Mediterranean were singularly barren. Dredge after dredge came up loaded with a tenacious mud, the most careful sifting of which gave no organic forms whatever, not even minute foraminiferal shells. Within the depth of 300 fathoms, however, both along the African coast, and on the Adventure and Skerki Banks dividing the eastern from the western basin (p. 774) there was no paucity of animal life. A similar result was ob-

tained about the same time in the Adriatic, by Oscar Schmidt; and the statement of Edward Forbes, in regard to the *zero* he met with in the *Ægean*, was thus unexpectedly confirmed. Thus the nearly *azoic* condition of the deeper part of the Mediterranean and its two extensions, as compared with the abundance of animal life met with at similar depths in the open ocean, obviously points to some peculiarity in the physical condition of the former sea, which differentiates it from the latter.

The question as to the nature of this peculiarity is one of great interest; for the existence of vast thicknesses of sedimentary strata almost or altogether destitute of organic remains, has been one of the standing puzzles of geology, which Edward Forbes's limitation of animal life to 300 fathoms, was supposed to have solved, by relegating these deposits to seas too deep to allow of the existence of animals on their bottom. But this explanation having been found untenable, a new solution had to be sought; and this is offered by Dr. Carpenter as a corollary from his general proposition as to the sustentation of a vertical oceanic circulation by thermal agency alone. For if this proposition be accepted, it follows that every drop of oceanic water is brought to the surface in its turn, and is thus exposed to the vivifying influence of prolonged contact with the atmosphere. But from participating in the oceanic circulation the Mediterranean is excluded, by the shallowness of the ridge which separates it from the Atlantic; and the uniformity of its temperature from 100 fathoms downwards precludes the existence of any thermal circulation of its own, which would have the effect of bringing its abyssal water to the surface. That water being shut in by walls which rise 10,000 feet from its bottom, it is difficult to conceive of any agency that can disturb its stillness; and thus it comes to pass that the very fine sedimentary particles brought down by the Nile and the Rhone, being diffused by superficial currents—before they have time to subside—over the entire area, slowly gravitate to the bottom, giving such a turbidity to the lowest stratum, as must be very unfavourable to the existence of most forms of marine animals. But this is by no means all. This sediment includes a large proportion of organic matter, the slow decomposition of which will use up the oxygen, and replace it by carbonic acid; while the absence of any

vertical circulation will prevent that aërating process, which, in the open ocean, furnishes the corrective. In his second visit to the Mediterranean, Dr. Carpenter tested the correctness of this surmise by an analysis of the gases boiled off from the bottom-water; and he found that, using the method which had been previously employed in the examination of the gases of the bottom-water of the Atlantic, the reduction of oxygen and the excess of carbonic acid were most unmistakable. This result is of peculiar interest, now that Professor Ramsay is advocating the doctrine that the Red Sandstones, alike of the old and of the new series, were deposited in inland seas. Every geologist knows that while there are certain beds of these which are rich in fossils, their general character is barrenness. And it may well be, as Dr. Carpenter points out in regard to the Tertiaries of Malta, that the former were the shallow-water formations, whilst the latter, composed of a finer sediment, were deposited at the bottom of a deep basin.

Furthermore, the doctrine of a vertical oceanic circulation helps us to account for the universal diffusion of food-supply, without which abyssal life could not be supported. Vegetation, which requires light for its power of generating organic compounds, and thereby providing nutriment for animals, cannot exist where light is not; and even the stony pink Nullipores are not found below about 300 fathoms, whilst the foliaceous sea-weeds are for the most part limited to half that depth. Now the cod which our fishermen catch on the Faroe Banks, resort thither to feed upon the star-fish and other marine animals which abound there; and these animals, in their turn, feed upon the globigerinæ which cover the sea-bed; so that *we* may be said really to live indirectly upon globigerinæ. But on what do the globigerinæ themselves live? The question is thus answered — we believe correctly — by Professor Wyville Thomson: —

All sea-water contains a certain quantity of organic matter, in solution and in suspension. Its sources are obvious. All rivers contain a considerable quantity. Every shore is surrounded by a fringe which averages a mile in width, of olive and red sea-weed. In the middle of the Atlantic there is a marine prairie, the "Sargasso Sea," extending over 3,000,000 square miles. The sea is full of animals, which are constantly dying and decaying. The amount of organic matter de-

rived from these and other sources by the water of the ocean is very appreciable. Careful analyses of the water were made during the several cruises of the *Porcupine*, to detect it, and to determine its amount; and the quantity everywhere was capable of being rendered manifest and estimated; and the proportion was found to be very uniform in all localities and at all depths. Nearly all the animals at extreme depths — practically all the animals, for the small number of higher forms feed upon these — belong to one sub-kingdom, the Protozoa; whose distinctive character is that they have no special organs of nutrition, but absorb nourishment through the whole surface of their jelly-like bodies. Most of these animals secrete exquisitely formed skeletons, some of silica, some of carbonate of lime. There is no doubt that they extract both these substances from the seawater; and it seems more than probable that the organic matter which forms their soft parts is derived from the same source. It is thus quite intelligible that a world of animals may live in these dark abysses, but it is a necessary condition that they must chiefly belong to a class capable of being supported by absorption through the surface of their bodies of matter in solution, developing but little heat, and incurring a very small amount of waste by any manifestation of vital activity. According to this view it seems probable that at all periods of the earth's history some form of the Protozoa — rhizopods, sponges, or both — predominated greatly over all other forms of animal life in the depths of the warmer regions of the sea. The rhizopods, like the corals of a shallower zone, form huge accumulations of carbonate of lime; and it is probably to their agency that we must refer most of those great bands of limestone which have resisted time and change, and come in here and there with their rich imbedded lettering to mark like milestones the progress of the passing ages. (p. 48.)

It is obvious, therefore, that, as was long since pointed out by Edward Forbes, who is justly lauded by Professor Wyville Thomson ("Depths of the Sea," p. 6) as the pioneer in this inquiry — "the only means of acquiring a true knowledge of the *rationale* of the distribution of our present fauna is to make ourselves acquainted with its history, to connect the present with the past." Of this our author gives us a most striking illustration in the comparison instituted by Mr. Alexander Agassiz between the *Echinidea* or sea-urchins on the Pacific and Atlantic sides of the Isthmus of Panama. For while the *species* found on these two sides respectively are distinct, they belong almost universally to the same *genera*; and in most cases each genus is represented by species on each side,

which resemble one another so closely in habit and appearance as to be at first sight hardly distinguishable.

Supposing species to be constant, this singular chain of resemblances would indicate simply the special creation on the two sides of the Isthmus of two groups of species closely resembling one another, because the circumstances under which they were placed were so similar; but admitting "descent with modification," while gladly availing ourselves of the convenient term "representation," we at once come to the conclusion that these nearly allied "representative species" must have descended from a common stock, and we look for the cause of their divergence. Now, on examining the Isthmus of Panama, we find that a portion of it consists of Cretaceous beds, containing fossils undistinguishable from fossils from the Cretaceous beds of Europe; the Isthmus must therefore have been raised into dry land in Tertiary or Post-tertiary times. It is difficult to doubt that the rising of this natural barrier isolated two portions of a shallow-water fauna which have since slightly diverged under rather different conditions. I quote Alexander Agassiz: "The question naturally arises, have we not in different faunæ on both sides of the Isthmus a standard by which to measure the changes which these species have undergone since the raising of the Isthmus of Panama and the isolation of the two faunæ?" (p. 14.)

Few zoologists, we apprehend, will now dissent from this conclusion; for it is a principle accepted by all philosophical naturalists, that the more extensive the range of comparison, the wider is found to be the range of variation of specific types; so that forms which might be supposed to have had an originally distinct parentage, if only their most differentiated types be compared, are found, by the gradational character which shows itself when the comparison is instituted among a large number of intermediate types, to be genetically identical. Numerous instances of this kind have presented themselves in the study of the *Porcupine* dredgings. Thus certain sea-urchins of the Northern seas and of the Mediterranean, which have been accounted as belonging to distinct species, were found by Professor Wyville Thomson to be so gradationally connected with each other by the intermediate forms dredged along the West of Ireland, the Bay of Biscay, and the coast of Portugal, that the specific distinction altogether breaks down. And Professor Duncan, who has examined the corals, has found not only reputed *species*, but reputed *genera*, to be specifically identical; the two forms

growing as branches from the same stem. Now, as was long since laid down by Edward Forbes, species which have a wide area of *space*-distribution, have a similarly prolonged distribution in *time*; their capacity of adaptation to change of conditions operating equally in both cases. And it is just where this capacity of adaptation is the greatest, that departures from the primitive type show themselves most strongly; such departures (which often come to be so fixed and constant that they might well be accounted specific characters) being simply the results of the *pliancy* of the organism, which can adapt itself to changes of external conditions, instead of succumbing to them.

Keeping this principle in view, we now proceed to those yet more remarkable cases, in which types of animal life, which were characteristic of former geological periods, and which, from not occurring in shallow waters, were supposed to have altogether died out, have been discovered to be still holding their ground in the deep sea. Mention has been already made of this in the case of certain Tertiary shells; but there are other cases even more striking. The deep-sea explorations of our own countrymen may indeed be said to have originated in the discovery, by M. Sars junior (son of the late eminent Professor of Zoology at Christiania, and himself Inspector of Fisheries to the Swedish Government), at a depth of nearly 400 fathoms, off the Lofoden Islands, of a small crinoid, differing in the most marked manner from any crinoid known to exist at the present time, but clearly belonging to the *Apiocrinite* family, which flourished in the Oolitic period, — the large pear-encrinite of the Bradford Clay being its most characteristic representative, while the *Bourgueticrinus* of the Chalk seemed to be its latest. To Professor Wyville Thomson and Dr. Carpenter, who had been conjointly making a special study of this group, it was clear that the little *Rhizocrinus* of Professor Sars was a dwarfed and deformed representative of the *Apiocrinite* type, which might be fairly regarded as a degenerate descendant of the old pear-encrinite; and this encouraged them in the belief, on which they based their application for Government aid, that a large number of such ancient types might probably be found, by carrying down the exploration of the bottom by the dredge to a depth not previously thus examined. This expectation was fully justi-

fied by the result. For in their first (*Lightning*) cruise they not only found that the layer of globigerina-mud, previously brought up by the sounding-line from the surface of the sea-bed, has a thickness to which no limit can be assigned, and that in every particular the whole mass resembles chalk in the process of formation, as had been previously stated by Bailey (U.S.), Huxley, Wallich, and others, in regard to the small samples they examined; but they further discovered that this bears on its surface a number of types of animals whose *facies* is essentially that of the Cretaceous period. The most remarkable of these was a beautiful siliceous sponge, so closely corresponding in general structure with the *ventriculites* of the Chalk, that no doubt could be entertained of the intimacy of their relationship. The interest excited among zoologists and palæontologists by this discovery, powerfully reinforced that which had been called forth among physicists and physical geographers by the temperature-observations taken during the same cruise; and this was fully sustained by the discoveries of the next year. For the number of Echinidan forms, peculiarly characteristic of the old Chalk, that were met with in the *Porcupine* cruises of 1869—several of which are described and beautifully figured in Professor Wyville Thomson's pages—surpassed all expectation; and some of these, as the singular "chain-mail" urchin *Calveria hystrix*, perpetuate special Cretaceous types, which were supposed to have long since died out. The results of the dredgings simultaneously carried on by Count Pourtales in the Florida Channel, have proved singularly accordant in this particular with those obtained by our British explorers; the general character of the Echinoderm fauna there met with, bearing a singular resemblance to that of the old Chalk, although without any identity of species; and the *Ananchytes*, one of the commonest of the Cretaceous urchins, whose type had been regarded as altogether extinct, being distinctly represented by the newly-discovered form (also included in the *Porcupine* collection) which Mr. Alexander Agassiz has described under the name *Pourtalesia*.

These facts afford a most remarkable confirmation to the doctrine of Professor Wyville Thomson, propounded in Dr. Carpenter's first report,—that the formation now going on upon the North Atlantic sea-bed is not a *repetition*, but an

absolute *continuation*, of the Cretaceous; the deposit of globigerina-mud over that area having never been interrupted during the whole of the Tertiary period. The physical grounds for the belief that there has been no such change in the Atlantic basin during the whole of that period, as would have converted its bottom into dry land, have been already pointed out (p. 776); and if it has remained a deep-ocean basin during that time, it is obvious that while an interrupted succession of Tertiary deposits, imbedding terrestrial, fresh-water, estuarine, and shallow-water marine faunæ, was formed on the borders of that basin, where slight differences of level would alter the whole distribution of land and sea, an unbroken series of layers of a substance resembling the old Chalk in every essential particular, would have been formed by the continued activity of protozoic life over the newest beds of what we are accustomed to call the "Cretaceous formation," entombing a *deep-sea* fauna, which would preserve the general *facies* of the Cretaceous, whilst differing from it in detail, as that of the upper beds of our Chalk formation differs from that of the lower. By Sir Charles Lyell it is maintained that we must regard the Cretaceous period as having come to an end with the elevation of the Chalk of Europe, and with the disappearance of the *higher* types of the Cretaceous fauna, such as its characteristic fishes and chambered Cephalopods. But Mr. Prestwich has supplied an adequate *vera causa* for this extinction, in the establishment at this period of a free communication between the Polar area and the Cretaceous sea, which he regards (on quite independent grounds) as having been previously cut off from it by an intervening continent. The reduction of temperature thus produced would have killed off all the inhabitants of the upper waters which were dependent on a warmth approaching the tropical; whilst those which could adapt themselves to the change would have maintained their ground (with more or less of modification in structure), and would in turn leave their remains to be entombed in the ever-accumulating mass of globigerina-mud. That scarcely any of the molluscs, echinoderms, or corals of the present deposit can be *specifically* identified with those of the old Chalk, is exactly (as is justly remarked by Professor Wyville Thomson) what might be fairly expected, in consideration of the various changes which must have occurred since the commence-

ment of the Tertiary epoch, in the various conditions of their existence. "The utmost which can be expected is the persistence of some of the old generic types, with such a resemblance between the two faunæ as to justify the opinion that, making due allowance for emigration, immigration, and extermination, the later fauna bears to the earlier the relation of descent with extreme modification."

We must content ourselves with indicating another very important bearing which these deep-sea researches must have upon geological theory — the modification they necessitate of the *glacial* doctrine. For it now becomes obvious, as Dr. Carpenter pointed out in his second report, that as the climate of the sea-bottom has no relation whatever to that of the land (a glacial temperature now prevailing over the Equatorial sea-bed), the presence of Arctic types in any marine formation can no longer be accepted as furnishing evidence *per se* of the general extension of glacial action into temperate or tropical regions. If, as Dr. Carpenter maintains, the underflow of Polar water towards the Equator is sustained by the disturbance of equilibrium produced by thermal agency alone, then such an underflow must have taken place in all geological periods, provided that there existed a free and deep communication between the Polar and the Equatorial areas. By Professor Wyville Thomson, on the other hand, it is maintained that the Polar underflow is the result of the deflection of the Equatorial current, by the opposition of land, northwards and southwards, so as to occasion an indraught which this underflow tends to fill; and on this hypothesis, if there were a free passage for the Equatorial current through Central America into the Pacific, as there would be no Gulf Stream, there would be no Polar underflow; so that in any former geological period in which any such conditions may have existed, the temperature of the Equatorial sea-bottom would not have been depressed, however free may have been its communication with the Polar areas. This is tantamount to saying that an enormous disturbance of fluid equilibrium must have been constantly in existence, without producing any movement — a proposition which no mechanical philosopher can accept.

We cannot more appropriately conclude this exposition, than by the following citation from the lecture at the Royal Institution (April 9, 1869), in which Dr.

Carpenter presented to the public the results of the tentative *Lightning* cruise of the previous year: —

The *facts* I have now brought before you still more the *speculations* which I have ventured to connect with them, may seem to unsettle much that has been generally accredited in geological science, and thus to diminish rather than to augment our stock of positive knowledge; but this is the necessary result of the introduction of a *new idea* into any department of scientific inquiry. Like the flood which tests the security of every foundation that stands in the way of its onward rush, overthrowing the house built only on the sand, but leaving unharmed the edifice which rests secure on the solid rock, so does a new method of research, a new series of facts, or a new application of facts, previously known, come to bear with impetuous force on a whole fabric of doctrine, and subject it to an undermining power which nothing can resist, save that which rests on the solid rock of truth. And it is here that the moral value of scientific study, pursued in a spirit worthy of its elevated aims, pre-eminently shows itself. For, as was grandly said by Schiller in his admirable contrast between the "trader in science" and the "true philosopher," — "New discoveries in the field of his activity which depress the one enrapture the other. Perhaps they fill a chasm which the growth of his ideas had rendered more wide and unseemly; or they place the last stone, the only one wanting to the completion of the structure of his ideas. But even should they shiver it into ruins, should a new series of ideas, a new aspect of nature, a newly discovered law in the physical world, overthrow the whole fabric of his knowledge, *he has always loved truth better than his system*, and gladly will he exchange her old and defective form for a new and fairer one."

From Chambers' Journal.

THE MANOR-HOUSE AT MILFORD.

CHAPTER IX.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed.

FREWEN wildly raged when he heard of Tom Rapley's misfortune, and his own involvement as surety, denounced his folly in doing a good turn for any one, and would not hear of any suggestion that, after all, it was possible Tom had been really robbed. He caused Tom to be brought before him in his private office, and spoke to him in a terrible voice. He would listen to no excuse or explanation. "Find that money, sir, by four o'clock to-day, or to prison you go."

And the lawyer was not indulging in a vain threat. There was a meeting of magistrates that day at Biscopham. Mr. Frewen, who attended there in his capacity of clerk to the bench, mentioned to them the apprehended defalcation at Milford. At his request, they signed a warrant of commitment, to be executed if the money were not paid over before the bank closed. With knowledge of this in their minds, the police were not likely to exert themselves strenuously to find out the alleged robber of Tom Rapley's gold. The superintendent, indeed, took down from his lips a statement of the circumstances under which he lost the money. But when Tom came to describe the place where he had hidden the gold, he hesitated, and gave a very vague account of it. For it occurred to him all of a moment: "If this money is really gone, and I go to prison, it will be a bit of comfort to know that Lizzie has a roof over her head, and ten shillings a week to keep her from starvation." Now, if he disclosed the fact, that he had been roaming about in the empty house, and that they had broken an entrance into it, Frewen would assuredly turn them all out without the shortest respite. The practised ear of the police-officer detected the doubt and equivocation in Tom's narrative.

"Just so," he said, looking fixedly at Tom when he had finished his story. "I have no doubt we shall have the man who took the money in custody before dark. I think we know him."

"And will you get the money back?" cried Tom, plucking up a little heart for the moment at this cheering news.

"I should think you know best about that."

Something in the man's manner told Tom what he really meant—that they would have Tom himself in custody ere night. He had been experiencing that hard incredulous manner all the morning, and had accustomed himself to look for suspicion, till at last he almost imagined that he must really be the rogue that everybody persisted in believing him. There was only one person in the whole of Biscopham to whom he could go with any hope of having his story credited, or gaining any sympathy, and that was Emily Collop.

To Collop's shop he went, and into the little low-pitched room over the shop, redolent of corduroys and fustians. Emily hadn't heard the story as yet. Tom told her the whole, and she listened

with knitted brows. "Is there anybody whom you can suspect?" she said.

"Then you believe me?" cried Tom. "You don't think, as other people do, that I've taken the money myself?"

"Of course, I believe you, Tom. Do you mean to say that anybody suspects you?"

"Everybody does."

"Then you must shew everybody he is a slanderer. Who can have taken the money?"

"There was a pedler who slept in the old barn last night, and—yes, there is possibly Skim, who doesn't bear a very good character."

"Skim, yes; I know him," cried Emily; "he often comes to see father. But it couldn't be Skim. Why, he was with father last night."

All on a sudden the thought struck her of her father's lengthened absence the night before, and of his coming home with gold, too, that she had still about her person. She felt all over her a cold shudder. Where did her father go with Skim?

"Could you identify any of that money, Tom?"

"No; how could I? Sovereigns are sovereigns, as like one another as peas."

"And what will happen to you, Tom, if you don't get the money back?"

"I shall go to prison. Frewen has got a warrant against me already."

"Oh! that's dreadful," said Emily shuddering. "To go to prison like a criminal because you've the misfortune to lose some money! Wait! I hear father; he's just come in. I'll call him."

Collop came in, looking pale and distraught. "Do you know what's happened to Tom?" cried his daughter.

"I've heard something about it," said Collop, shaking his head.—"Oh! Thomas, what would your Aunt Betsy have said if she'd seen you in such a predicament?"

"Tell father how it happened," said Emily.

Tom began the story once more. When he came to speak about hiding the money in the kitchen of the deserted house—for he thought he was safe in being candid with Collop and his daughter—the worthy draper trembled all over, drops of perspiration started from his forehead, and concealed the working of the lower part of his face with his hand. Emily watched them both narrowly, casting quick searching glances at each alternately. But when Tom went

on to speak about the pedler who had lodged in the barn the night before, Collop snatched eagerly at the idea of trying to capture him.

"I'll tell you what, Tom," he said, "I'll help you, I'll offer a reward of five-and-twenty pounds to anybody giving such information as will lead to the capture and conviction of this man. I'll go with you myself to the police-office."

When they reached the police-office, and saw the superintendent, Collop found that it would be quite illegal to offer a reward for the capture "and conviction" of any specified individual. It could only be offered in a general way — for information, that is, leading to the conviction of "the real offenders." Collop cooled down very much at this, and said that he couldn't be a party to bringing people who might be innocent under suspicion. "I don't think it would pay you, sir, to do it," said the superintendent knowingly.

In the interval, time was drawing on, and Tom was doing nothing to avoid the imprisonment that awaited him. "What would you advise me to do?" he asked Collop. "I suppose you couldn't lend me a part of it? Perhaps they'd be satisfied with a part. It's the thought of losing so much money that makes Frewen so bitter against me." Tom looked eagerly at Collop, who pursed up his lips, and shook his head.

"I'll tell you what," whispered Collop in his ear, as they left the police-station and walked slowly towards Collop's shop: "if I were you, I'd cut and run. I dare say you're innocent, but it looks ugly; and, upon my word, Tom, I'd run for it."

Tom looked at Collop in wonder. That such a suggestion should come from the immaculate Collop, struck him with a lively wonder.

"Get away, Tom," went on Collop. "Go to London, and get a situation in another name. I'll — yes, I'll give you a reference, Tom. Send for your wife afterwards. Walk quietly out towards Balderstoke; you can go through my back-yard, and strike into the field-path. There's a train you'll catch at five o'clock, and you'll be in London before they've got scent of your being away."

"I've got no money," muttered Tom ruefully. Assuredly, the thought of London, and employment, and escape from the imprisonment that threatened him, came temptingly upon him. Innocence would be no good to him if he were in prison — his occupation gone, his

wife and children starving. They were in a worse plight now than ever, for he had ruined Aunt Booth, who was the only real friend they had. Now, if he got a situation in London, it was a hundred to one if they found him out, and he would be able to keep his own family from the workhouse. And yet to run — to own himself a criminal — to see Tom Rapley wiped out of the book of life, even if destined to reappear under some other designation — no, he couldn't do it, especially as he had no money.

"I'll lend you some," said Collop, replying to Tom's thoughts rather than his words — "a sovereign. Sleep in London to-night, Tom; it's safer."

Tom looked at Collop in amazement. Was this the severe moralist! this the man whom he had regarded as in some uncomfortable way much better than the common run of his fellow-creatures! Was it his advice that coincided so completely with those secret promptings Tom had struggled against as the offspring of his own weakness and cowardice!

Collop didn't trust himself to say anything more to Tom, who started on his homeward walk. As soon as he had gone, he retired into his cave. He passed close by Emily, who was standing in the shop beside a pile of goods, but he did not notice her, and let himself into the little dark counting-house. There sat Skim in the master's chair, quite transformed, in a black velvet shooting-jacket, with a bright crimson silk handkerchief knotted round his neck, and waistcoat of scarlet plush, with yellow glass buttons, new white corduroy trousers, and Wellington boots.

Collop looked grimly at Skim, as if he would like to kick him out of the place. "Skim," he said, "we made a great blunder last night. It was wrong of us. That money we got out of the old house isn't ours — we've no right to it. I've found out to-day to whom it belongs. It was Tom Rapley's money, that he'd collected for the rates. We must give it back to him, or he'll be sent to prison. I was willing enough to join with you, Skim, as long as I thought we were only finding money that had been hidden long ago and didn't rightly belong to anybody; but this is robbery, downright robbery; and you might be transported for it, Skim. Do you hear? — give back the money."

Skim scorned the proposal, and suggested a further encroachment. "There's more behind, I tell you. We didn't go deep enough. Do you think the old wo-

man would have written falsehoods upon her dying bed? We must go there again to-night. There's thousands there, if we're only bold enough to get it."

Collop's eye glistened at the thought. He forgot all about Tom's misfortunes; he could only dwell upon the golden treasure that might reward their exertions. After a long conference, the two accomplices separated, having given each other a rendezvous for the night.

Meantime, Tom Rapley was making his way homewards, full of trouble and despair, filled with a sort of blind desire to get back to his own house, to pour out his sorrows into the sympathizing bosom of his wife. He avoided the high-road, and made his way by sundry field and bridle paths, till he reached the neighbourhood of Milford's. He had just cleared a young fir-plantation, and come out on the brow of a hill that overlooked the valley of Milford's. The river sparkled beneath him under the rays of the wintry sun; the hills were veiled in a soft, sweet vapour; the gray church tower, the white cottages, the red roof of the manor-house, stood out from the network of leafless trees; a thin canopy of pale blue smoke hovered over the village, throwing out a ribbon of almost impalpable haze that followed the winding course of the stream. Sounds were strangely distinct and clear in the rarefied air. The clink of the blacksmith's hammer, the sound of wheels grating lazily along in a far-off lane, the call of the ploughman to his horses, the rattle of the yoke-chains as they struggled across the broad fallow on the hillside, the impatient bark of a dog in the village, the challenge of chanticleer, and the soft caw of the rooks from that distant turnip-field, fell upon the ear with subdued plaintive resonance. The scene was familiar to Tom, and dear to him; dear, as the scenes of boyhood and youthful scrapes and gambols, and early dreams, and soft, youthful loves. He had thought little of it of late years; absorbed in the carking cares of poverty, he had possessed no eyes for the sweet scenes around him; they had seemed weary and barren to him; but now that he was about to lose all this, to pine within the bare walls of a prison, he began to feel how great a loss he had incurred, and to wonder and regret that he had enjoyed life so little; that groping about among the petty mole-hills of poverty and discontent, he had lost sight of all the fair country that lay behind, free to all who

can pluck heart of grace to enjoy it. It was all over now. There was nothing left for him but the thought of what might have been.

Everything seemed so still and tranquil — there was such an atmosphere of content and repose, that Tom found it difficult to realize that this great trouble had really come upon him; that yonder sweet-looking village held for him a budget of unnumbered troubles. But there was one thing that brought him to a lively sense of his present position. On the bridge, where years ago the butcher had carried him in his cart across the flood, stood a policeman, and Tom felt in his heart that the man was looking out for him.

He was cut off from home. Tired, hungry, without a penny in his pocket, he had the option of staying here in this damp plantation, or of giving himself up to the law. He felt so utterly helpless and forsaken, that he had made up his mind to do the latter, and bring the matter to an end, when he heard a footstep approaching, and the cheerful note of a song sung by a thin, cracked voice.

"Tom Rapley, ahoy!" sung out the voice joyously. "I was alooking out for you. But don't you come any furdur. Back you into that 'ere plantation."

Tom went back into the fir-wood again, where Sailor joined him; and then they left the path, and plunged into the wood till they came to a warm secluded hollow, fragrant with the scent of the turpentine of the firs, and carpeted with the dried spikes that had fallen from their branches. Here they sat down, and Sailor produced a satchel from under his coat, which proved to contain a bottle of ale and a meat pasty. "That was her idea," said Sailor pointing a thumb in the direction of Milford's. "When we found that the bobbies were bustling about, says she: 'Sailor, just you run off, and keep Tom out of danger; he'll come over the hill past Brooks's clump,' says she; and then she packs up this here bit of food, in case as you might'nt have had your dinner. No, no, Master Tom; that's all for you. I had a drop afore I started."

After Tom had eaten and drunk, he felt his courage revive, his mind more capable of facing the troubles before him. Sailor, who had complacently watched the gradual disappearance of the viands, now took his seat on the ground beside Tom. They both lit their pipes, and proceeded to discuss the situation seriously. Lizzie thought, so

Sailor reported, that Tom ought to keep out of the way. There was always the chance that the money might be recovered, and nobody in his senses would submit to be put in prison if he could keep out of it. People said, too, in the village — for a great revulsion of feeling had taken place in favour of Tom, when it was discovered that only his sureties would suffer, and not the parish in general — people said, that perhaps Frewen had gone too far, and might be made to smart for it by-and-by. Frewen had driven over from Biscopham in a furious temper, accompanied by two or three policemen. Tom's house had been searched, but nothing discovered. They didn't even detect the opening into the deserted house. Mrs. Rapley had hung up her gowns so as to conceal the door, and had stood before it all the time the police were there, haranguing them with great vehemence. "It were beautiful to hear her," said Sailor, who had been an eyewitness of the scene, and described it with great gusto. "It were sweet to hear her; she 'bused 'em delightful, sir. There was hardly a name bad enough for 'em, sir; she give 'em their desarts, Master Tom. And the boys hooted old Frewen as he drove through the village."

They were still, however, on the look-out for Tom. It wouldn't be safe to go home till dark, and not even then by the bridge; but there was a punt down at the mill, and Sailor promised to have this ready opposite Milford's, and ferry Tom over. He would land close to the bottom of the garden, and could make his way in the shadow of the tall hedge to the very door of his home; and when he was once there, he could be hidden in the deserted house. There was no chance of the police searching that place, for Frewen had expressly forbidden them, when they proposed to do it, after the domiciliary visit they had paid to the house at the back. "He were quite mad with them, Master Tom," said Sailor, "when they wanted to do it. He wouldn't have the place broken open on no account, and there was no other way of getting in — not that they knew of," added Sailor, with a wink. "It seemed as if he'd got some prime reason why they shouldn't get in there. Do you think he had, Master Tom?"

Tom said he didn't know, but he felt a creepy-crawly sensation down the small of his back when he thought of a lengthened sojourn in that weird deserted house. However, it was better than a

prison at all events, and Tom gladly acquiesced in the arrangements that had been made. Sailor left presently, advising Tom to keep in the wood till dusk, and promising to have the punt ready as soon as it was fairly dark.

The night turned out fine, and dark as pitch. Everything went well. Tom was ferried over the river, crept in the shadow of the shrubs to his own door, and was received with open arms by his wife. Sailor came in immediately after. Then the doors were made fast, a curtain pinned securely across the window, the candle lighted, and Lizzie began to prepare supper. Tom was wondering a little what there would be for supper, for there had been nothing in the larder when he left, and he was as much surprised as delighted when the frying-pan began to fizzle on the fire, and a savoury vapour to fill the air with appetizing fragrance.

"We'll have a merry Christmas in spite of everything," said Sailor, "just as I recollect as happened as we was roun'-ing Cape Horn, and —"

"Hush!" cried Mrs. Tom, holding up her hand — "a footstep."

They all kept breathless silence, and listened intently, as somebody advanced along the pathway with measured tread.

CHAPTER X.

If I had a mind to be honest, I see,
Fortune would not suffer me.

EMILY COLLOP, when she heard Tom's account of the robbery of his money, had felt a shock of sudden fear and shame; and this was intensified, and her suspicion deepened, when she saw Skim enter the shop, looking like a gorgeous-plumed jail-bird, and carrying himself with an impudent blustering manner, as if he were the master of everything it contained. Would Skim behave thus in her father's shop if he did not feel that he had some hold upon him? There was no one in the shop, for the boy had gone on an errand, and the shopman had gone home to tea, and Emily glided cautiously to the corner of the shop by the counting-house. There was a crevice between the partition of the counting-house and the wall of the shop, and, by putting an ear to the wall anything that was said within could be distinctly heard. Emily had acquired a knowledge of this when she was a girl, but she had made no use of it for many years, being far too honourably minded a girl to pry into her father's concerns. In this case, however,

she felt justified. She might be the means of saving both her father and Tom from the consequences of some cruel, wicked deed. What she first heard, enlightened and relieved her mind a good deal. Her father had not intended to rob Tom Rapley—that was evident. He had stumbled upon the money in the search for something else. But, at the same time, it was equally clear that they had got Tom's money, and no doubt, now that he had found out the mistake, her father would insist on Skim's disgorging his share of the plunder.

The final result of the interview astounded her. They were not going to do justice to Tom. He was to be left to his fate, whilst the two conspirators enjoyed the fruits of their robbery. And this was her father! The moment was one of supreme and bitter anguish. Then she remembered that she too was a participator in the crime. She carried about on her person a share of the ill-gotten plunder.

On this one point her course was clear enough. She must at once get rid of the guilty burden she carried, and in a way that might lift the suspicion from Tom. At the same time, her father's safety must not be jeopardized. She would do this now at once, before her father had a chance of getting the money from her.

She took the bag of gold, and hastily wrapped it in a piece of brown paper—first putting inside a slip of paper, on which she had written: "Restoration from the man who robbed Tom Rapley."

Then she addressed the parcel to the superintendent of police, and putting on an old waterproof cloak, and a thick Shetland veil, which concealed her features completely, she set out for the police-office. There was no one about when she reached the place, and she made her way to the superintendent's office unchallenged. That was empty too. She left the parcel upon his desk, and hurried away. When she reached home, she found that her father had been searching for her everywhere, and was very angry at her absence.

"Emily," he said, "I want some of that money. Ten pounds or so. Give it me."

"I haven't got it, father," she said: "I have restored it to the rightful owner!"

Collop turned quite livid with rage and fear. "What do you mean, girl? Have you stolen it, you thief?"

"It is not I who am the thief, father!"

cried Emily, confronting him with blazing eyes.

Collop quailed under her glance. He sank into a chair, laid his head upon the table, and groaned. "Then you have betrayed your father, girl?" he muttered.

"No; I haven't betrayed you, father," said Emily; "and I won't! But you must tell me everything; and every penny you have got of Tom's you must refund, and make that villain Skim also."

"I can't, I tell you, Emily. I had paid away a hundred and fifty pounds before I had heard of that fool's ill-luck. I should have had the bailiffs in the house if I hadn't."

Emily burst into tears. "How could you, father!" she sobbed.

"Look here!" cried Collop. "Emmy, if what I have on hand succeeds, I shall have abundance of money to pay Tom back again, and reward him handsomely for what he may have suffered."

"O wild, silly schemes!" cried Emily; "digging for buried treasure that has no existence except in the muddled wits of a tipsy labourer. Father, has it come to this?"

"I tell you, Emmy, it is not a wild or silly scheme. The man is right. The old woman had lots of ready-money! She was constantly coming to me for gold. Why, the very day before she died, she carried home in her chaise five hundred pounds in gold. She always got it through me, and I was glad to oblige her, as it gave me some credit with my bankers to have the handling of so much money. No mention was made of that in her will. Why, I saw the schedule of her effects for probate, and excepting two pounds five in her purse at her death, there wasn't a penny of ready-money. Now, where is it?"

"How is it possible to tell?"

"I tell you, Emily, it's there somewhere! Why, the very last time I saw her—you know how fond she was of picking out a text and expounding upon it. Well, she'd got hold of this: 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth;' and there was a sort of tone about her when she said upon earth, that I felt sure she was thinking how clever she was to have got round a text like that. Now, if she'd buried her money, don't you see it didn't apply—because it was under the earth!"

"O, father, Aunt Betsy was never so silly as all that."

"You didn't know her as I did, child."

When she was about business, she was as keen a hand as ever you met; but get her on spiritual matters, and she was wild enough. She thought that she'd found out that there was to be another deluge; and more than once she's said to me: 'James, don't you think that in the new world it will be better for those who have saved and laid by money?' And I said to her: 'You can't carry your money with you.' — 'No; but, James,' she said, 'one might come back to it.' — Oh! I knew she'd some scheme of the kind working in her mind."

"But, father, granting that you are right — even if there is money there — it doesn't belong to you."

"To me as much, nay, more than any one else. Didn't she always call me her brother? Didn't she promise me continually, that if she were removed first, she would take care that I should be left comfortable? Wasn't it to please her that I began, first to neglect my business a little, and take to mooning after those false prophets? Didn't I work for her and for her schemes for years without ever getting a penny from her — paid with promises, lured on with fair words? And now you tell me I have no claim upon this money, if I find it!"

"I don't think you have, father."

"Don't tell me!" said Collop. "Why, for the last year I have kept that man Skim in my employ, and he has spent night after night in digging and delving; and just as we have got the clue, and see success before us, I am to hand the treasure over to Mr. Frewen, I suppose!"

"I didn't say that, father."

"I am to go to Mr. Frewen," cried Collop, who had been working himself gradually into a passion; "and I am to say to him: 'Good sir, you have been my enemy all my life; you have brought me to the threshold of disgrace and destitution; you have preyed upon my vitals, and drained me of every hard-earned penny; and in return for this, here's untold gold — gold I have found, and kept for you: and now, send me to the workhouse, or the jail, good, kind sir!'"

"Father, you frighten me!" cried Emily.

"I tell you, girl!" he cried, almost foaming at the mouth, "sooner than this, I'd kill him! yes, kill him! and you too, false girl, if you betray me!"

Nothing she had ever known of her father had prepared her for this ebullition of rage and passion.

"Don't threaten me, father," she said,

silently weeping; "don't talk to me like that, and I'll be true to you through everything. I'm in the same ship with you, and I can't help taking your part; only don't rob poor Tom!"

Mr. Frewen and the superintendent of police came back to Biscopham together at about nine o'clock that evening, the former in a very bad temper. They drove up to the police-station, and Frewen accompanied the superintendent into his office, to see if anything had transpired about Tom. There was the package of money. The superintendent opened it, looked at the slip of paper, and handed it to Mr. Frewen.

"Eh! Brown, what does that mean?" cried the latter, looking sharply up from under his shaggy eyebrows. The police-officer, meantime, had been carefully examining the brown paper in which the money had been wrapped.

"It smells of fustian," said the man, laughing.

"What do you mean?"

"It comes from Collop's shop; he was there to-day, for an hour or two."

"But the money, the gold, that's right enough, it seems; why should they send back any of it?"

"You've frightened 'em, sir, by being so determined. And more can be got yet."

"Upon my word, I think you are right," cried Frewen: "we'll drive over to Milford once more, and surprise 'em. But we won't knock up either your horse or mine; we'll send to the *White Lion* for a machine of some sort."

The worthy host of the *White Lion* threw up his hands in amazement, when the order for the carriage came in. "Trap to go to Milford! Why, they're all going to Milford. There's a regular gathering of 'em over there. What's up, I wonder?"

CHAPTER XI.

Who finds her, give her burying.

Beside this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity.

At the sound of the heavy tread coming up the footpath, all the inmates of the little back-kitchen turned pale. Lizzie rose and opened the door that led up to their bedroom, and pointed to Tom to go. "Get into the old house," she whispered as he passed her, "and I'll take care they don't follow you."

Tom went softly up-stairs, and passed

from the bed-room into his little office. Lizzie followed him, and hung up some dresses over the cracks of the door, shutting out every gleam of light. He staid a long time in the dark whilst a conversation was going on down-stairs. Then Lizzie came up with a light and opened the door.

"It *was* a policeman," she said, "wanted to know whether you had come home. 'No,' says I. 'And what was those voices?' says he. And then Sailor steps out—he hadn't seen him before: 'What, ain't it allowed for people to talk to one another in this free country without a bobby listening!' and then he got cross, and said he'd come in and see whether you was here. 'No,' says I, 'you don't; not without a warrant,' says I. 'Oh, well,' he said, 'he'd soon fetch that;' and away he goes. But they'll be here again, sure enough. They're regular down upon you, Tom."

"It's a burning shame," said Tom. "They won't help a poor fellow who's been robbed, and make all sorts of game of him; and they're regular slaves to Frewen, because he's one of the big-wigs. It ain't justice, Lizzie."

"Well, Tom, what we've got to do is to slip our necks out of the noose. They'll be back again directly, Tom; and we must make up this door somehow, so that it shan't look as if it were a door at all. Look here, Tom; take a couple of blankets. You should have the bed, too, only that would be noticed."

"What! ain't I to sleep in my own bed?" said Tom, ruefully regarding the nuptial couch.

"No, indeed, Tom; you can't. We must make up the door, and you must be on the other side of it. Then take the candle. No, goodness, Tom; you mustn't have that. I forgot; it would betray all."

"What! stop here all in the dark?" remonstrated Tom.

"Why, yes, old man. The least shine of a light through a chink outside would ruin everything. Now, go, Tom—do—directly, please."

"Well, if I was in prison," muttered Tom, "I should have a light, and a bed to sleep on too, perhaps. If it wasn't for the name of the thing, I'd be better off there."

Lizzie shut the door upon his remonstrances, and presently hammer and nails were at work on the other side closing up the door.

"It's for all the world as if they were

putting me in my coffin," said Tom, with a shudder.

Another last word, through a slit in the boards: "Tom, you mustn't stop there: they will hear you cough, or sneeze, or walk on the boards. Go down into the kitchen."

With hands stretched out before him blindly groping his way through the thick darkness, Tom, in fear and trembling, felt his way along the passage and down the staircase of the deserted house. He knew the way well, but once or twice he stumbled where a board had sprung, or a lump of plaster had fallen from the ceiling; and, stretching out his hands to save himself, he would shudder at the cold, clammy touch of the wall. How the stairs creaked and groaned as he descended! they seemed to shriek almost, as if they were given warning of his whereabouts to people outside. He reached the kitchen at last, and stood in the middle of the floor, and wondered what he should do next. He shuddered at the thought of lying down here amongst all these crawling loathsome insects; yet he couldn't stand up all night shivering and shaking. The night had turned very cold; there was a hard frost; it seemed he could see a bright star twinkling through a crevice where the new brick-work in the window had settled. It would not do to have a light, certainly. The shine of it would be as discernible to any one outside as the glimmer of the star to him within.

As soon as he became perfectly quiet, and the beating of the pulse in his ear ceased to overpower all other sounds, he heard a noise that made his flesh creep upon his bones. The sound itself, indeed, was not appalling—a comfortable, home-like, domestic sound; it was the circumstances under which he heard it that made it so terrific. Here, in this deserted, abandoned house, given over to solitude and silence for all these years—in this house, so hermetically closed and sealed against the outside world, the clock was ticking loudly!

Clink, clank, with a resonant, cavernous voice, the old clock was agoing; who could have started it? Tom shivered and shuddered, as in the presence of some new indefinite peril. Who could have set that clock agoing? In Aunt Betsy's time, no hand but hers was ever permitted to touch that sacred clock. At nine o'clock every Saturday night, the clock was wound up, just before Aunt Betsy went to bed. This was Sat-

urday night, and just after nine. Had Aunt Betsy arisen this cold winter's night, and come to wind up the clock? Tom fancied that something brushed past him, that his hand touched something cold: he could have shouted with terror; he would have run, regardless of all risks, back to his own room, but he felt chained and rooted to the spot. He felt, with his foot, around him, not daring to stir from the place; and his foot came in contact with something that rattled as he struck it. It was a box of lucifer-matches.

Tom didn't think of how the matches got there, or of the danger of striking a light. He was only conscious of an eager desire to dissipate the terrors that surrounded him. He picked up the match-box and struck a light. As the flame leaped into life, there was a gentle rustle and stir about him: beetles, cockroaches, crickets, made a general stampede. If any other forms had lurked in the darkness, they had softly disappeared. The old clock, whose face was in strong contrast to the general dirt and griminess of the place, was placidly ticking away through it all. At his feet there lay a piece of wax-candle.

"There have been thieves here, the thieves who stole my money," said Tom to himself. "Surely, if the police saw this, they would believe me; but then there's nothing here but what I could have put myself, so I should be no better off."

Then Tom became alive to the danger he incurred of discovery. He blew out his light, and began to ponder as to what he should do next. His meditations were interrupted by a low noise of grating and grinding, that came from the direction of the hall-door, and Tom thought that he heard whispered conversation as well. The sounds grew more and more distinct; clearly some persons were trying to get into the house from outside. The police, no doubt, thought Tom; they have caught sight of the light, and they mean to hem me in on all sides. To retreat by the way he came, Tom saw, would be to put his head into the lion's mouth. They had possession of the house by this time, no doubt, and his capture would only be a question of time. But there was one chance: the cellar that ran under the old part of the house, the entrance to which was from the inner corner of the kitchen, the door being close to the clock. Guided by the ticking of the clock, Tom made his way to

the cellar door, which was unfastened. When Tom got to the bottom of the cellar stairs, he found himself in a warmer and softer atmosphere — an atmosphere strangely perfumed, too, with the fragrance of drugs and spices. There was no damp or chilliness about these cellars, which had been made centuries ago. Warm in winter, and cool in summer, they had been splendid wine-cellars in the olden days. Many a pipe of good old port, many a cask of sherry, and butt of generous Madeira, had been drained dry in that famous cellar in days long gone by.

The sounds from the hall-door had ceased. Tom began to think that he had been deceived, and that the noise he had heard had simply been the wind, that was now beginning to rise, and sough mournfully around. But he had much bettered his position, as he would be far warmer and more comfortable down here than in that dismal kitchen. Everything was quiet above, and he thought he might venture to strike a light, that he might reconnoitre his position, and make himself snug for the night, for he began to feel insupportably weary. The one window in the cellar opened into the garden, and was so overgrown outside with rank vegetation, that there was no danger of his light being seen, even if it had not been properly blocked up.

The candle lighted, Tom looked around him. The cellar seemed altogether clean and bare, just as he remembered it of old. A ledge or table ran all round it, topped with a stone slab, which had formerly held dishes and pans. There was the old cask-stand in one corner; and in the other, there was something new and strange — something that struck Tom with an instinctive terror and dread.

In form and general appearance, this was like a sentry-box, and of the same height and size; but it was shaped at the ends so as also to resemble a boat set on end. Round the edge was a broad border of cork, painted black, so that, if a boat at all, it must be a life-boat. It was inclosed in front with a lid door or deck of polished oak. At the top of this was a narrow grating of brass or gilt metal. A small brass knob, half-way down, indicated that here was the way of opening the lid or deck. Something was tied to this knob by a piece of string, in appearance and reality a letter. Curiosity out-mastered fear. Tom advanced and snatched the letter from the knob. It was in Aunt Betsy's handwriting, sealed

with her great gold seal, and addressed simply to "My Successor."

Tom opened the letter full of strange awe. Yes, it was from Aunt Betsy—a posthumous message from his aunt:

When you, young sir, open this—if you ever do open it, as I hope and sincerely trust you never may—all my hopes will have come to an end, and you may smile at the folly of an old woman who has trusted to lying promises. Laugh yourself, if you will, but do not let any one else laugh. To you, at all events, I have proved a benefactor. Respect my memory and my wishes. My wishes are: that this house be pulled down, and every trace of it destroyed; that my poor body be put in a coffin, with quicklime, and buried quietly in the churchyard of Milford, with a marble monument, and the figure of a shipwreck over it, and that the epitaph upon it shall be: "Here lies poor Betsy Rennel. She was born before her time, lived after her prime, and lies here in lime." To pay these expenses, and to reward you for executing my wishes, I will give you this rhyme:

Underneath the thyme and mint, the marjoram
and the rue,
Dig deep, and you shall find a herb that's safe
to pleasure you.

If you can't understand this, you are a fool, and may lose your thousands.

BETSY RENNEL.

"Well, I *am* a fool, then," cried Tom, "for I don't understand a single word of it all. Then this is waiting for the young squire that is to be. And what's inside here, I wonder? Fancy Aunt Betsy writing that kind of stuff! Why, she ought to have been in Bedlam; an old——"

Here Tom paused, and his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, for the lid of the box had swung slowly open, and there was old Aunt Betsy standing right before him!

He gave a wild cry of horror and despair, and sank helpless and senseless on the floor.

From Nature.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF PROF. JOHN TYNDALL, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., PRESIDENT.

An impulse inherent in primeval man turned his thoughts and questionings be-

times towards the sources of natural phenomena. The same impulse, inherited and intensified, is the spur of scientific action to-day. Determined by it, by a process of abstraction from experience we form physical theories which lie beyond the pale of experience, but which satisfy the desire of the mind to see every natural occurrence resting upon a cause. In forming their notions of the origin of things, our earliest historic (and doubtless, we might add, our prehistoric) ancestors pursued, as far as their intelligence permitted, the same course. They also fell back upon experience, but with this difference—that the particular experiences which furnished the web and woof of their theories were drawn, not from the study of nature, but from what lay much closer to them, the observation of men. Their theories accordingly took an anthropomorphic form. To supersensual beings, which, "however potent and invisible, were nothing but a species of human creatures, perhaps raised from among mankind, and retaining all human passions and appetites,"* were handed over the rule and governance of natural phenomena.

Tested by observation and reflection, these early notions failed in the long run to satisfy the more penetrating intellect of our race. Far in the depths of history we find men of exceptional power differentiating themselves from the crowd, rejecting these anthropomorphic notions, and seeking to connect natural phenomena with their physical principles. But long prior to these purer efforts of the understanding the merchant had been abroad, and rendered the philosopher possible; commerce had been developed, wealth amassed, leisure for travel and for speculation secured, while races educated under different conditions, and therefore differently informed and endowed, had been stimulated and sharpened by mutual contact. In those regions where the commercial aristocracy of ancient Greece mingled with its eastern neighbours, the sciences were born, being nurtured and developed by free-thinking and courageous men. The state of things to be displaced may be gathered from a passage of Euripides quoted by Hume. "There is nothing in the world; no glory, no prosperity. The gods toss all into confusion; mix everything with its reverse, that all of us, from our ignorance and uncertainty, may pay them the more wor-

* Hume, "Natural History of Religion."

ship and reverence." Now, as science demands the radical extirpation of caprice and the absolute reliance upon law in nature, there grew with the growth of scientific notions a desire and determination to sweep from the field of theory this mob of gods and demons, and to place natural phenomena on a basis more congruent with themselves.

The problem which had been previously approached from above was now attacked from below; theoretic effort passed from the super to the sub-sensible. It was felt that to construct the universe in idea it was necessary to have some notion of its constituent parts—of what Lucretius subsequently called the "First Beginnings." Abstracting again from experience, the leaders of scientific speculation reached at length the pregnant doctrine of atoms and molecules, the latest developments of which were set forth with such power and clearness at the last meeting of the British Association. Thought no doubt had long hovered about this doctrine before it attained the precision and completeness which it assumed in the mind of Democritus,* a philosopher who may well for a moment arrest our attention. "Few great men," says Lange, in his excellent "History of Materialism," a work to the spirit and the letter of which I am equally indebted, "have been so despitely used by history as Democritus. In the distorted images sent down to us through unscientific traditions there remains of him almost nothing but the name of the 'laughing philosopher,' while figures of immeasurably smaller significance spread themselves at full length before us." Lange speaks of Bacon's high appreciation of Democritus—for ample illustrations of which I am indebted to my excellent friend Mr. Spedding, the learned editor and biographer of Bacon. It is evident, indeed, that Bacon considered Democritus to be a man of weightier metal than either Plato or Aristotle, though their philosophy "was noised and celebrated in the schools amid the din and pomp of professors." It was not they, but Genseric and Attila and the barbarians, who destroyed the atomic philosophy. "For at a time when all human learning had suffered shipwreck, these planks of Aristotelian and Platonic philosophy, as being of a lighter and more inflated substance, were preserved and came down to us, while things more solid sank and almost passed into oblivion."

* Born 460 B.C.

The principles enunciated by Democritus reveal his uncompromising antagonism to those who deduced the phenomena of nature from the caprices of the gods. They are briefly these:—1. From nothing comes nothing. Nothing that exists can be destroyed. All changes are due to the combination and separation of molecules. 2. Nothing happens by chance. Every occurrence has its cause from which it follows by necessity. 3. The only existing things are the atoms and empty space; all else is mere opinion. 4. The atoms are infinite in number, and infinitely various in form; they strike together, and the lateral motions and whirlings which thus arise are the beginnings of worlds. 5. The varieties of all things depend upon the varieties of their atoms, in number, size, and aggregation. 6. The soul consists of free, smooth, round atoms, like those of fire. These are the most mobile of all. They interpenetrate the whole body, and in their motions the phenomena of life arise. Thus the atoms of Democritus are individually without sensation; they combine in obedience to mechanical laws; and not only organic forms, but the phenomena of sensation and thought are also the result of their combination.

That great enigma, "the exquisite adaptation of one part of an organism to another part, and to the conditions of life," more especially the construction of the human body, Democritus made no attempt to solve. Empedocles, a man of more fiery and poetic nature, introduced the notion of love and hate among the atoms to account for their combination and separation. Noticing this gap in the doctrine of Democritus, he struck in with the penetrating thought, linked, however, with some wild speculation, that it lay in the very nature of those combinations which were suited to their ends (in other words, in harmony with their environment) to maintain themselves, while unfit combinations, having no proper habitat, must rapidly disappear. Thus more than 2,000 years ago, the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest," which in our day, not on the basis of vague conjecture, but of positive knowledge, has been raised to such extraordinary significance, had received at all events partial enunciation.*

Epicurus,† said to be the son of a poor schoolmaster at Samos, is the next dom-

* Lange, 2nd edit., p. 23.

† Born 342 B.C.

inant figure in the history of the atomic philosophy. He mastered the writings of Democritus, heard lectures in Athens, returned to Samos, and subsequently wandered through various countries. He finally returned to Athens, where he bought a garden, and surrounded himself by pupils, in the midst of whom he lived a pure and serene life, and died a peaceful death. His philosophy was almost identical with that of Democritus; but he never quoted either friend or foe. One main object of Epicurus was to free the world from superstition and the fear of death. Death he treated with indifference. It merely robs us of sensation. As long as we are, death is not; and when death is, we are not. Life has no more evil for him who has made up his mind that it is no evil not to live. He adored the gods, but not in the ordinary fashion. The idea of divine power, properly purified, he thought an elevating one. Still he taught, "Not he is godless who rejects the gods of the crowd, but rather he who accepts them." The gods were to him eternal and immortal beings, whose blessedness excluded every thought of care or occupation of any kind. Nature pursues her course in accordance with everlasting laws, the gods never interfering. They haunt

The lucid interspace of world and world
Where never creeps a cloud or moves a wind,
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
Their sacred everlasting calm.*

Lange considers the relation of Epicurus to the gods subjective; the indication probably of an ethical requirement of his own nature. We cannot read history with open eyes, or study human nature to its depths, and fail to discern such a requirement. Man never has been and he never will be satisfied with the operations and products of the understanding alone; hence physical science cannot cover all the demands of his nature. But the history of the efforts made to satisfy these demands might be broadly described as a history of errors — the error consisting in ascribing fixity to that which is fluent, which varies as we vary, being gross when we are gross, and becoming, as our capacities widen, more abstract and sublime. On one great point the mind of Epicurus was at peace. He neither sought nor expected, here or hereafter, any personal profit from his

relation to the gods. And it is assuredly a fact that loftiness and serenity of thought may be promoted by conceptions which involve no idea of profit of this kind. "Did I not believe," said a great man to me once, "that an Intelligence is at the heart of things, my life on earth would be intolerable." The utterer of these words is not, in my opinion, rendered less noble but more noble, by the fact that it was the need of ethical harmony here, and not the thought of personal profit hereafter, that prompted his observation.

A century and a half after the death of Epicurus, Lucretius* wrote his great poem, "On the Nature of Things," in which he, a Roman, developed with extraordinary ardour the philosophy of his Greek predecessor. He wishes to win over his friend Memnius to the school of Epicurus; and although he has no rewards in a future life to offer, although his object appears to be a purely negative one, he addresses his friend with the heat of an apostle. His object, like that of his great forerunner, is the destruction of superstition; and considering that men trembled before every natural event as a direct monition from the gods, and that everlasting torture was also in prospect, the freedom aimed at by Lucretius might perhaps be deemed a positive good. "This terror," he says, "and darkness of mind must be dispelled, not by the rays of the sun and glittering shafts of day, but by the aspect and the law of nature." He refutes the notion that anything can come out of nothing, or that that which is once begotten can be recalled to nothing. The first beginnings, the atoms, are indestructible, and into them all things can be dissolved at last. Bodies are partly atoms and partly combinations of atoms; but the atoms nothing can quench. They are strong in solid singleness, and by their denser combination all things can be closely packed and exhibit enduring strength. He denies that matter is infinitely divisible. We come at length to the atoms, without which, as an imperishable substratum, all order in the generation and development of things would be destroyed.

The mechanical shock of the atoms being in his view the all-sufficient cause of things, he combats the notion that the constitution of nature has been in any way determined by intelligent design. The interaction of the atoms throughout

* Tennyson's "Lucretius."

* Born 99 B.C.

infinite time rendered all manner of combinations possible. Of these the fit ones persisted, while the unfit ones disappeared. Not after sage deliberation did the atoms station themselves in their right places, nor did they bargain what motions they should assume. From all eternity they have been driven together, and after trying motions and unmotions of every kind, they fell at length into the arrangements out of which this system of things has been formed. His grand conception of the atoms falling silently through immeasurable ranges of space and time suggested the nebular hypothesis to Kant, its first propounder. "If you will apprehend and keep in mind these things, Nature, free at once, and rid of her haughty lords, is seen to do all things spontaneously of herself, without the meddling of the gods."*

During the centuries between the first of these three philosophers and the last, the human intellect was active in other fields than theirs. The Sophists had run through their career. At Athens had appeared the three men, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, whose yoke remains to some extent unbroken to the present hour. Within this period also the School of Alexandria was founded, Euclid wrote his "Elements," and he and others made some advance in optics. Archimedes had propounded the theory of the lever and the principles of hydrostatics. Pythagoras had made his experiments on the harmonic intervals, while astronomy was immensely enriched by the discoveries of Hipparchus, who was followed by the historically more celebrated Ptolemy. Anatomy had been made the basis of scientific medicine; and it is said by Draper† that vivisection then began. In fact, the science of ancient Greece had already cleared the world of the fantastic images of divinities operating capriciously through natural phenomena. It had shaken itself free from that fruitless scrutiny "by the internal light of the mind alone," which had vainly sought to transcend experience and reach a knowledge of ultimate causes. Instead of accidental observation, it had introduced observation with a purpose; instruments were employed to aid the senses; and scientific method was rendered in a great

measure complete by the union of induction and experiment.

What, then, stopped its victorious advance? Why was the scientific intellect compelled, like an exhausted soil, to lie fallow for nearly two millenniums before it could regather the elements necessary to its fertility and strength? Bacon has already let us know one cause; Whewell ascribes this stationary period to four causes — obscurity of thought, servility, intolerance of disposition, enthusiasm of temper; and he gives striking examples of each.* But these characteristics must have had their causes, which lay in the circumstances of the time. Rome and the other cities of the empire had fallen into moral putrefaction. Christianity had appeared offering the gospel to the poor, and by moderation if not asceticism of life, practically protesting against the profligacy of the age. The sufferings of the early Christians and the extraordinary exaltation of mind which enabled them to triumph over the diabolical tortures to which they were subjected,† must have left traces not easily effaced. They scorned the earth, in view of that "building of God, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The Scriptures which ministered to their spiritual needs were also the measure of their science. When, for example, the celebrated question of antipodes came to be discussed, the Bible was with many the ultimate court of appeal. Augustine, who flourished A.D. 400, would not deny the rotundity of the earth, but he would deny the possible existence of inhabitants at the other side, "because no such race is recorded in Scripture among the descendants of Adam." Archbishop Boniface was shocked at the assumption of a "world of human beings out of the reach of the means of salvation." Thus reined in, science was not likely to make much progress. Later on, the political and theological strife between the Church and civil governments, so powerfully depicted by Draper, must have done much to stifle investigation.

Whewell makes many wise and brave remarks regarding the spirit of the Middle Ages. It was a menial spirit. The seekers after natural knowledge had forsaken that fountain of living waters, the direct appeal to nature by observation and experiment, and had given themselves up to the remanipulation of the

* Monro's translation. In his criticism of this work (*Contemporary Review*, 1867) Dr. Hayman does not appear to be aware of the really sound and subtle observations on which the reasoning of Lucretius, though erroneous, sometimes rests.

† "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," p. 295.

* "History of the Inductive Sciences," vol. i.

† Depicted with terrible vividness in Rénan's "Antichrist."

notions of their predecessors. It was a time when thought had become abject, and when the acceptance of mere authority led, as it always does in science, to intellectual death. Natural events, instead of being traced to physical, were referred to moral causes, while an exercise of the phantasy, almost as degrading as the spiritualism of the present day, took the place of scientific speculation. Then came the Mysticism of the Middle Ages, magic, alchemy, the Neo-platonic philosophy, with its visionary though sublime attractions, which caused men to look with shame upon their own bodies as hindrances to the absorption of the creature in the blessedness of the Creator. Finally came the scholastic philosophy, a fusion, according to Lange, of the least mature notions of Aristotle with the Christianity of the west. Intellectual immobility was the result. As a traveller without a compass in a fog may wander long, imagining he is making way, and find himself, after hours of toil, at his starting-point, so the schoolmen, having tied and untied the same knots, and formed and dissipated the same clouds, found themselves at the end of centuries in their old position.

With regard to the influence wielded by Aristotle in the Middle Ages, and which, though to a less extent, he still wields, I would ask permission to make one remark. When the human mind has achieved greatness and given evidence of extraordinary power in any domain, there is a tendency to credit it with similar power in all other domains. Thus theologians have found comfort and assurance in the thought that Newton dealt with the question of revelation, forgetful of the fact that the very devotion of his powers, through all the best years of his life, to a totally different class of ideas, not to speak of any natural disqualification, tended to render him less instead of more competent to deal with theological and historic questions. Goethe, starting from his established greatness as a poet, and indeed from his positive discoveries in natural history, produced a profound impression among the painters of Germany when he published his "*Farbenlehre*," in which he endeavoured to overthrow Newton's theory of colours. This theory he deemed so obviously absurd, that he considered its author a charlatan, and attacked him with a corresponding vehemence of language. In the domain of natural history Goethe had made really considerable discoveries; and we have

high authority for assuming that had he devoted himself wholly to that side of science, he might have reached in it an eminence comparable with that which he attained as a poet. In sharpness of observation, in the detection of analogies however apparently remote, in the classification and organization of facts according to the analogies discerned, Goethe possessed extraordinary powers. These elements of scientific inquiry fall in with the discipline of the poet. But, on the other hand, a mind thus richly endowed in the direction of natural history, may be almost shorn of endowment as regards the more strictly called physical and mechanical sciences. Goethe was in this condition. He could not formulate distinct mechanical conceptions; he could not see the force of mechanical reasoning; and in regions where such reasoning reigns supreme he became a mere *ignis fatuus* to those who followed him.

I have sometimes permitted myself to compare Aristotle with Goethe, to credit the Stagirite with an almost superhuman power of amassing and systematizing facts, but to consider him fatally defective on that side of the mind in respect to which incompleteness has been justly ascribed to Goethe. Whewell refers the errors of Aristotle, not to a neglect of facts, but to "a neglect of the idea appropriate to the facts, the idea of mechanical cause, which is force, and the substitution of vague or inapplicable notions, involving only relations of space or emotions of wonder." This is doubtless true; but the word "neglect" implies mere intellectual misdirection, whereas in Aristotle, as in Goethe, it was not, I believe, misdirection, but sheer natural incapacity which lay at the root of his mistakes. As a physicist, Aristotle displayed what we should consider some of the worst attributes of a modern physical investigator — indistinctness of ideas, confusion of mind, and a confident use of language, which led to the delusive notion that he had really mastered his subject, while he as yet had failed to grasp even the elements of it. He put words in the place of things, subject in the place of object. He preached induction without practising it, inverting the true order of inquiry by passing from the general to the particular, instead of from the particular to the general. He made of the universe a closed sphere, in the centre of which he fixed the earth, proving from general principles, to his own satisfaction and that of the world for near

2,000 years, that no other universe was possible. His notions of motion were entirely unphysical. It was natural or unnatural, better or worse, calm or violent — no real mechanical conception regarding it lying at the bottom of his mind. He affirmed that a vacuum could not exist, and proved that if it did exist motion in it would be impossible. He determined *à priori* how many species of animals must exist, and showed on general principles why animals must have such and such parts. When an eminent contemporary philosopher, who is far removed from errors of this kind, remembers these abuses of the *à priori* method, he will be able to make allowance for the jealousy of physicists as to the acceptance of so-called *à priori* truths. Aristotle's errors of detail were grave and numerous. He affirmed that only in man we had the beating of the heart, that the left side of the body was colder than the right, that men have more teeth than women, and that there is an empty space, not at the front, but at the back of every man's head.

There is one essential quality in physical conceptions which was entirely wanting in those of Aristotle and his followers. I wish it could be expressed by a word untainted by its associations; it signifies a capability of being placed as a coherent picture before the mind. The Germans express the act of picturing by the word *vorstellen*, and the picture they call a *vorstellung*. We have no word in English which comes nearer to our requirements than *imagination*, and, taken with its proper limitations, the word answers very well; but, as just intimated, it is tainted by its associations, and therefore objectionable to some minds. Compare, with reference to this capacity of mental presentation, the case of the Aristotelian, who refers the ascent of water in a pump to Nature's abhorrence of a vacuum, with that of Pascal when he proposed to solve the question of atmospheric pressure by the ascent of the Puy de Dome. In the one case the terms of the explanation refuse to fall into place as a physical image; in the other the image is distinct, the fall and rise of the barometer being clearly figured as the balancing of two varying and opposing pressures.

During the drought of the Middle Ages in Christendom, the Arabian intellect, as forcibly shown by Draper, was active. With the intrusion of the Moors into Spain, cleanliness, order, learning, and refinement took the place of their opposites. When smitten with the dis-

ease, the Christian peasant resorted to a shrine; the Moorish one to an instructed physician. The Arabs encouraged translations from the Greek philosophers, but not from the Greek poets. They turned in disgust "from the lewdness of our classical mythology, and denounced as an unpardonable blasphemy all connection between the impure Olympian Jove and the Most High God." Draper traces still further than Whewell the Arab element in our scientific terms, and points out that the under garment of ladies retains to this hour its Arab name. He gives examples of what Arabian men of science accomplished, dwelling particularly on Alhazen, who was the first to correct the Platonic notion that rays of light are emitted by the eye. He discovered atmospheric refraction, and points out that we see the sun and moon after they have set. He explains the enlargement of the sun and moon, and the shortening of the vertical diameters of both these bodies, when near the horizon. He is aware that the atmosphere decreases in density with increase of height, and actually fixes its height at 58 1-2 miles. In the Book of the Balance Wisdom, he sets forth the connection between the weight of the atmosphere and its increasing density. He shows that a body will weigh differently in a rare and a dense atmosphere: he considers the force with which plunged bodies rise through heavier media. He understands the doctrine of the centre of gravity, and applies it to the investigation of balances and steelyards. He recognizes gravity as a force, though he falls into the error of making it diminish as the distance, and of making it purely terrestrial. He knows the relation between the velocities, spaces, and times of falling bodies, and has distinct ideas of capillary attraction. He improves the hydrometer. The determination of the densities of the bodies as given by Alhazen approach very closely to our own. "I join," says Draper, in the pious prayer of Alhazen, "that in the day of judgment the All-Merciful will take pity on the soul of Abur Raihân, because he was the first of the race of men to construct a table of specific gravities." If all this be historic truth (and I have entire confidence in Dr. Draper), well may he "deplore the systematic manner in which the literature of Europe has contrived to put out of sight our scientific obligations to the Mahomedans." *

* "Intellectual Development of Europe," p. 359.

Towards the close of the stationary period a word-weariness, if I may so express it, took more and more possession of men's minds. Christendom had become sick of the school philosophy and its verbal wastes, which led to no issue, but left the intellect in everlasting haze. Here and there was heard the voice of one impatiently crying in the wilderness, "Not unto Aristotle, not unto subtle hypotheses, not unto Church, Bible, or blind tradition, must we turn for a knowledge of the universe, but to the direct investigation of nature by observation and experiment." In 1543 the epoch-making work of Copernicus on the paths of the heavenly bodies appeared. The total crash of Aristotle's closed universe with the earth at its centre followed as a consequence; and "the earth moves" became a kind of watchword among intellectual freemen. Copernicus was the Canon of the Church of Frauenburg, in the diocese of Ermeland. For three-and-thirty years he had withdrawn himself from the world and devoted himself to the consolidation of his great scheme of the solar system. He made its blocks eternal; and even to those who feared it and desired its overthrow it was so obviously strong that they refrained from meddling with it. In the last year of the life of Copernicus his book appeared: it is said that the old man received a copy of it a few days before his death, and then departed in peace.

The Italian philosopher Giordano Bruno was one of the earliest converts to the new astronomy. Taking Lucretius as his exemplar, he revived the notion of the infinity of worlds; and combining with it the doctrine of Copernicus, reached the sublime generalization that the fixed stars are suns, scattered numberless through space and accompanied by satellites, which bear the same relation to them as the earth does to our sun, or our moon to our earth. This was an expansion of transcendent import; but Bruno came closer than this to our present line of thought. Struck with the problem of the generation and maintenance of organisms, and duly pondering it, he came to the conclusion that nature in her productions does not imitate the technic of man. Her process is one of unravelling and unfolding. The infinity of forms under which matter appears were not imposed upon it by an external artificer; by its own intrinsic force and virtue it brings these forms forth. Matter is not the mere naked, empty *capacity*

which philosophers have pictured her to be, but the universal mother, who brings forth all things as the fruit of her own womb.

This outspoken man was originally a Dominican monk. He was accused of heresy and had to fly, seeking refuge in Geneva, Paris, England, and Germany. In 1592 he fell into the hands of the Inquisition at Venice. He was imprisoned for many years, tried, degraded, excommunicated, and handed over to the civil power, with the request that he should be treated gently and "without the shedding of blood." This meant that he was to be burnt; and burnt accordingly he was, on Feb. 16, 1600. To escape a similar fate, Galileo, thirty-three years afterwards, abjured, upon his knees and with his hand on the holy gospels, the heliocentric doctrine. After Galileo came Kepler, who from his German home defied the power beyond the Alps. He traced out from pre-existing observations the laws of planetary motion. The problem was thus prepared for Newton, who bound those empirical laws together by the principle of gravitation.

During the Middle Ages the doctrine of atoms had to all appearance vanished from discussion. In all probability it held its ground among sober-minded and thoughtful men, though neither the Church nor the world was prepared to hear of it with tolerance. Once, in the year 1348, it received distinct expression. But retractation by compulsion immediately followed, and thus discouraged, it slumbered till the 17th century, when it was revived by a contemporary of Hobbes and Descartes, the Père Gassendi.

The analytic and synthetic tendencies of the human mind exhibit themselves throughout history, great writers ranging themselves sometimes on the one side, sometimes on the other. Men of lofty feelings, and minds open to the elevating impressions produced by nature as a whole, whose satisfaction, therefore, is rather ethical than logical, have leaned to the synthetic side; while the analytic harmonizes best with the more precise and more mechanical bias which seeks the satisfaction of the understanding. Some form of pantheism was usually adopted by the one, while a detached Creator, working more or less after the manner of men, was often assumed by the other.* Gassendi is hardly to be

* Boyle's model of the universe was the Strasburg clock with an outside artificer. Goethe, on the other hand, sang

ranked with either. Having formally acknowledged God as the first great cause, he immediately drops the idea, applies the known laws of mechanics to the atoms, and thence deduces all vital phenomena. God who created earth and water, plants and animals, produced in the first place a definite number of atoms, which constituted the seed of all things. Then began that series of combinations and decompositions which goes on at the present day, and which will continue in the future. The principle of every change resides in matter. In artificial productions the moving principle is different from the material worked upon; but in nature the agent works within, being the most active and mobile part of the material itself. Thus this bold ecclesiastic, without incurring the censure of the Church or the world, contrives to outstrip Mr. Darwin. The same cast of mind which caused him to detach the Creator from his universe led him also to detach the soul from the body, though to the body he ascribes an influence so large as to render the soul almost unnecessary. The aberrations of reason were in his view an affair of the material brain. Mental disease is brain-disease; but then the immortal reason sits apart, and cannot be touched by the disease. The errors of madness are errors of the instrument, not of the performer.

It may be more than a mere result of education, connecting itself probably with the deeper mental structure of the two men, that the idea of Gassendi, above enunciated, is substantially the same as that expressed by Prof. Clerk Maxwell at the close of the very noble lecture delivered by him at Bradford last year. According to both philosophers, the atoms, if I understand aright, are the *prepared materials*, the "manufactured articles," which, formed by the skill of the Highest, produce by their subsequent interaction all the phenomena of the material world. There seems to be this difference, however, between Gassendi and Maxwell. The one *postulates*, the other *infers* his first cause. In his manufactured articles, Prof. Maxwell finds the basis of an induction which enables him to scale philosophical heights considered inaccessible by Kant, and to take the logical step from the atoms to their Maker.

The atomic doctrine, in whole or in

"Ihm ziemt's die Welt im Innern zu bewegen,
Natur in sich, sich in Natur zu hegen."

The same repugnance to the clockmaker conception is manifest in Carlyle.

part, was entertained by Bacon, Descartes, Hobbes, Locke, Newton, Boyle, and their successors, until the chemical law of multiple proportions enabled Dalton to confer upon it an entirely new significance. In our day there are secessions from the theory, but it still stands firm. Only a year or two ago Sir William Thomson, with characteristic penetration, sought to determine the sizes of the atoms, or rather to fix the limits between which their sizes lie; while only last year the discourses of Williamson and Maxwell illustrate the present hold of the doctrine upon the foremost scientific minds. What these atoms, self-moved and self-positing, can and cannot accomplish in relation to life, is at the present moment the subject of profound scientific thought. I doubt the legitimacy of Maxwell's logic; but it is impossible not to feel the ethic glow with which his lecture concludes. There is, moreover, a Lucretian grandeur in his description of the steadfastness of the atoms:—"Natural causes, as we know, are at work, which tend to modify, if they do not at length destroy, all the arrangements and dimensions of the earth and the whole solar system. But though in the course of ages catastrophes have occurred and may yet occur in the heavens, though ancient systems may be dissolved and new systems evolved out of their ruins, the molecules out of which these systems are built, the foundation stones of the material universe, remain unbroken and unworn."

Ninety years subsequent to Gassendi the doctrine of bodily instruments, as it may be called, assumed immense importance in the hands of Bishop Butler, who, in his famous "Analogy of Religion," developed, from his own point of view, and with consummate sagacity, a similar idea. The bishop still influences superior minds; and it will repay us to dwell for a moment on his views. He draws the sharpest distinction between our real selves and our bodily instruments. He does not, as far as I remember, use the word soul, possibly because the term was so hackneyed in his day, as it had been for many generations previously. But he speaks of "living powers," "perceiving" or "percipient powers," "moving agents," "ourselves," in the same sense as we should employ the term soul. He dwells upon the fact that limbs may be removed and mortal diseases assail the body, while the mind, almost up to the moment of death, re-

mains clear. He refers to sleep and to swoon, where the "living powers" are suspended but not destroyed. He considers it quite as easy to conceive of an existence out of our bodies as in them; that we may animate a succession of bodies, the dissolution of all of them having no more tendency to dissolve our real selves, or "deprive us of living faculties — the faculties of perception and action — than the dissolution of any foreign matter which we are capable of receiving impressions from, or making use of, for the common occasions of life." This is the key of the bishop's position. "Our organized bodies are no more a part of ourselves than any other matter around us." In proof of this he calls attention to the use of glasses, which "prepare objects" for the "percipient power" exactly as the eye does. The eye itself is no more percipient than the glass, and is quite as much the instrument of the true self, and also as foreign to the true self, as the glass is. "And if we see with our eyes only in the same manner as we do with glasses, the like may justly be concluded from analogy of all our senses."

Lucretius, as you are aware, reached a precisely opposite conclusion; and it certainly would be interesting, if not profitable, to us all, to hear what he would or could urge in opposition to the reasoning of the bishop. As a brief discussion of the point will enable us to see the bearings of an important question, I will here permit a disciple of Lucretius to try the strength of the bishop's position, and then allow the bishop to retaliate, with the view of rolling back, if he can, the difficulty upon Lucretius. Each shall state his case fully and frankly; and you shall be umpire between them. The argument might proceed in this fashion: —

"Subjected to the test of mental presentation (*Vorstellung*) your views, most honoured prelate, would present to many minds a great, if not an insuperable difficulty. You speak of 'living powers,' 'percipient or perceiving powers,' and 'ourselves;' but can you form a mental picture of any one of these apart from the organism through which it is supposed to act? Test yourself honestly, and see whether you possess any faculty that would enable you to form such a conception. The true self has a local habitation in each of us; thus localized, must it not possess a form? If so, what form? Have you ever for a moment realized it? When a leg is amputated

the body is divided into two parts; is the true self in both of them or in one? Thomas Aquinas might say in both; but not you, for you appeal to the consciousness associated with one of the two parts to prove that the other is foreign matter. Is consciousness, then, a necessary element of the true self? If so, what do you say to the case of the whole body being deprived of consciousness? If not, then on what grounds do you deny any portion of the true self to the severed limb? It seems very singular that, from the beginning to the end of your admirable book (and no one admires its sober strength more than I do), you never once mention the brain or nervous system. You begin at one end of the body, and show that its parts may be removed without prejudice to the perceiving power. What if you begin at the other end, and remove, instead of the leg, the brain? The body, as before, is divided into two parts; but both are now in the same predicament, and neither can be appealed to to prove that the other is foreign matter. Or, instead of going so far as to remove the brain itself, let a certain portion of its bony covering be removed, and let a rhythmic series of pressure and relaxations of pressure be applied to the soft substance. At every pressure 'the faculties of perception and of action' vanish; at every relaxation of pressure they are restored. Where, during the intervals of pressure, is the perceiving power? I once had the discharge of a Leyden battery passed unexpectedly through me: I felt nothing, but was simply blotted out of conscious existence for a sensible interval. Where was my true self during that interval? Men who have recovered from lightning-stroke have been much longer in the same state, and indeed in cases of ordinary concussion of the brain, days may elapse during which no experience is registered in consciousness. Where is the man himself during the period of insensibility? You may say that I beg the question when I assume the man to have been unconscious, that he was really conscious all the time, and has simply forgotten what had occurred to him. In reply to this, I can only say that no one need shrink from the worst tortures that superstition ever invented if only so felt and so remembered. I do not think your theory of instruments goes at all to the bottom of the matter. A telegraph operator has his instruments, by means of which he converses with

the world ; our bodies possess a nervous system, which plays a similar part between the perceiving powers and external things. Cut the wires of the operator, break his battery, demagnetize his needle : by this means you certainly sever his connection with the world ; but inasmuch as these are real instruments, their destruction does not touch the man who uses them. The operator survives, *and he knows that he survives*. What is it, I would ask, in the human system that answers to this conscious survival of the operator when the battery of the brain is so disturbed as to produce insensibility, or when it is destroyed altogether ?

“Another consideration, which you may consider slight, presses upon me with some force. The brain may change from health to disease, and through such a change the most exemplary man may be converted into a debauchee or a murderer. My very noble and approved good master had, as you know, threatenings of lewdness introduced into his brain by his jealous wife’s philter ; and sooner than permit himself to run even the risk of yielding to these base promptings he slew himself. How could the hand of Lucretius have been thus turned against himself if the real Lucretius remained as before ? Can the brain or can it not act in this distempered way without the intervention of the immortal reason ? If it can, then it is a prime mover which requires only healthy regulation to render it reasonably self-acting, and there is no apparent need of your immortal reason at all. If it cannot, then the immortal reason, by its mischievous activity in operating upon a broken instrument, must have the credit of committing every imaginable extravagance and crime. I think, if you will allow me to say so, that the gravest consequences are likely to flow from your estimate of the body. To regard the brain as you would a staff or an eyeglass—to shut your eyes to all its mystery, to the perfect correlation that reigns between its condition and our consciousness, to the fact that a slight excess or defect of blood in it produces that very swoon to which you refer, and that in relation to it our meat and drink and air and exercise have a perfectly transcendental value and significance—to forget all this does, I think, open a way to innumerable errors in our habits of life, and may possibly in some cases initiate and foster that very disease, and consequent mental ruin, which a wiser appreciation

of this mysterious organ would have avoided.”

I can imagine the bishop thoughtful after hearing this argument. He was not the man to allow anger to mingle with the consideration of a point of this kind. After due consideration, and having strengthened himself by that honest contemplation of the facts which was habitual with him, and which includes the desire to give even adverse facts their due weight, I can suppose the bishop to proceed thus :—“You will remember that in the ‘Analogy of Religion,’ of which you have so kindly spoken, I did not profess to prove anything absolutely, and that I over and over again acknowledged and insisted on the smallness of our knowledge, or rather the depth of our ignorance, as regards the whole system of the universe. My object was to show my deistical friends who set forth so eloquently the beauty and beneficence of Nature and the Ruler thereof, while they had nothing but scorn for the so-called absurdities of the Christian scheme, that they were in no better condition than we were, and that for every difficulty they found upon our side, quite as great a difficulty was to be found on theirs. I will now with your permission adopt a similar line of argument. You are a Lucretian, and from the combination and separation of atoms deduce all terrestrial things, including organic forms and their phenomena. Let me tell you in the first instance how far I am prepared to go with you. I admit that you can build crystalline forms out of this play of molecular force ; that the diamond, amethyst, and snow-star are truly wonderful structures which are thus produced. I will go further and acknowledge that even a tree or flower might in this way be organized. Nay, if you can show me an animal without sensation, I will concede to you that it also might be put together by the suitable play of molecular force.

“Thus far our way is clear, but now comes my difficulty. Your atoms are individually without sensation, much more are they without intelligence. May I ask you, then, to try your hand upon this problem. Take your dead hydrogen atoms, your dead oxygen atoms, your dead carbon atoms, your dead nitrogen atoms, your dead phosphorus atoms, and all the other atoms, dead as grains of shot, of which the brain is formed. Imagine them separate and sensationless ;

observe them running together and forming all imaginable combinations. This, as a purely mechanical process, is *seeable* by the mind. But can you see, or dream, or in any way imagine, how out of that mechanical act, and from these individually dead atoms, sensation, thought, and emotion are to arise? You speak of the difficulty of mental presentation in my case; is it less in yours? I am not all bereft of this *Vorstellungskraft* of which you speak. I can follow a particle of musk until it reaches the olfactory nerve; I can follow the waves of sound until their tremors reach the water of the labyrinth, and set the otoliths and Corti's fibres in motion; I can also visualize the waves of ether as they cross the eye and hit the retina. Nay, more, I am able to follow up to the central organ the motion thus imparted at the periphery, and to see in idea the very molecules of the brain thrown into tremors. My insight is not baffled by these physical processes. What baffles me, what I find unimaginable, transcending every faculty I possess — transcending, I humbly submit, every faculty *you* possess — is the notion that out of those physical tremors you can extract things so utterly incongruous with them as sensation, thought, and emotion. You may say, or think, that this issue of consciousness from the clash of atoms is not more incongruous than the flash of light from the union of oxygen and hydrogen. But I beg to say that it is. For such incongruity as the flash possesses is that which I now force upon your attention. The flash is an affair of consciousness, the objective counterpart of which is a vibration. It is a flash only by our interpretation. *You* are the cause of the apparent incongruity; and *you* are the thing that puzzles me. I need not remind you that the great Leibnitz felt the difficulty which I feel, and that to get rid of this monstrous deduction of life from death he displaced your atoms by his monads, and which were more or less perfect mirrors of the universe, and out of the summation and integration of which he supposed all the phenomena of life — sentient, intellectual, and emotional — to arise.

"Your difficulty, then, as I see you are ready to admit, is quite as great as mine. You cannot satisfy the human understanding in its demand for logical continuity between molecular processes and the phenomena of consciousness. This is a rock on which materialism must inevitably split whenever it pretends to be

a complete philosophy of life. What is the moral, my Lucretian? You and I are not likely to indulge in ill-temper in the discussion of these great topics, where we see so much room for honest differences of opinion. But there are people of less wit, or more bigotry (I say it with humility) on both sides, who are ever ready to mingle anger and vituperation with such discussions. There are, for example, writers of note and influence at the present day who are not ashamed to assume the 'deep personal sin' of a great logician to be the cause of his unbelief in a theologic dogma. And there are others who hold that we, who cherish our noble Bible, wrought as it has been into the constitution of our forefathers, and by inheritance into us, must necessarily be hypocritical and insincere. Let us disavow and discountenance such people, cherishing the unwavering faith that what is good and true in both our arguments will be preserved for the benefit of humanity, while all that is bad or false will disappear."

It is worth remarking that in one respect the bishop was a product of his age. Long previous to his day the nature of the soul had been so favourite and general a topic of discussion, that when the students of the University of Paris wished to know the leanings of a new professor, they at once requested him to lecture upon the soul. About the time of Bishop Butler the question was not only agitated but extended. It was seen by the clear-witted men who entered this arena that many of their best arguments applied equally to brutes and men. The bishop's arguments were of this character. He saw it, admitted it, accepted the consequences, and boldly embraced the whole animal world in his scheme of immortality.

Bishop Butler accepted with unwavering trust the chronology of the Old Testament, describing it as "confirmed by the natural and civil history of the world, collected from common historians, from the state of the earth, and from the late inventions of arts and sciences." These words mark progress: they must seem somewhat hoary to the bishop's successors of to-day.* It is hardly necessary to inform you that since his time the domain of the naturalist has been immensely extended — the whole science of geol-

* Only to some; for there are dignitaries who even now speak of the earth's rocky crust as so much building material prepared for man at the Creation. Surely it is time that this loose language should cease.

ogy, with its astounding revelations regarding the life of the ancient earth, having been created. The rigidity of old conceptions has been relaxed, the public mind being rendered gradually tolerant of the idea that not for six thousand, nor for sixty thousand, nor for six thousand thousand, but for æons embracing untold millions of years, this earth has been the theatre of life and death. The riddle of the rocks has been read by the geologist and palæontologist, from sub-cambrian depths to the deposits thickening over the sea-bottoms of to-day. And upon the leaves of that stone book are, as you know, stamped the characters, plainer and surer than those formed by the ink of history, which carry the mind back into abysses of past time compared with which the periods which satisfied Bishop Butler cease to have a visual angle. Everybody now knows this; all men admit it; still, when they were first broached these verities of science found loud-tongued denunciators, who proclaimed not only their baselessness considered scientifically, but their immorality considered as questions of ethics and religion: the Book of Genesis had stated the question in a different fashion; and science must necessarily go to pieces when it clashed with this authority. And as the seed of the thistle produces a thistle, and nothing else, so these objectors scatter their germs abroad, and reproduce their kind, ready to play again the part of their intellectual progenitors, to show the same virulence, the same ignorance, to achieve for a time the same success, and finally to suffer the same inexorable defeat. Sure the time must come at last when human nature in its entirety, whose legitimate demands it is admitted science alone cannot satisfy, will find interpreters and expositors of a different stamp from those rash and ill-informed persons who have been hitherto so ready to hurl themselves against every new scientific revelation, lest it should endanger what they are pleased to consider theirs.

The lode of discovery once struck, those petrified forms in which life was at one time active, increased to multitudes and demanded classification. The general fact soon became evident that none but the simplest forms of life lie lowest down, that as we climb higher and higher among the superimposed strata more perfect forms appear. The change, however, from form to form was not continuous — but by steps, some small, some great.

“A section,” says Mr. Huxley, “a hundred feet thick will exhibit at different heights a dozen species of ammonite, none of which passes beyond its particular zone of limestone, or clay, into the zone below it, or into that above it.” In the presence of such facts it was not possible to avoid the question, Have these forms, showing, though in broken stages and with many irregularities, this unmistakable general advance, been subjected to no continuous law of growth or variation? Had our education been purely scientific, or had it been sufficiently detached from influences which, however ennobling in another domain, have always proved hindrances and delusions when introduced as factors into the domain of physics, the scientific mind never could have swerved from the search for a law of growth, or allowed itself to accept the anthropomorphism which regarded each successive stratum as a kind of mechanic’s bench for the manufacture of new species out of all relation to the old.

Biassed, however, by their previous education, the great majority of naturalists invoked a special creative act to account for the appearance of each new group of organisms. Doubtless there were numbers who were clear-headed enough to see that this was no explanation at all, that in point of fact it was an attempt, by the introduction of a greater difficulty, to account for a less. But having nothing to offer in the way of explanation, they for the most part held their peace. Still the thoughts of reflecting men naturally and necessarily simmered round the question. De Maillet, a contemporary of Newton, has been brought into notice by Prof. Huxley as one who “had a notion of the modifiability of living forms.” In my frequent conversations with him, the late Sir Benjamin Brodie, a man of high philosophic mind, often drew my attention to the fact that, as early as 1794, Charles Darwin’s grandfather was the pioneer of Charles Darwin. In 1801, and in subsequent years, the celebrated Lamarck, who produced so profound an impression on the public mind through the vigorous exposition of his views by the author of “*Vestiges of Creation*,” endeavoured to show the development of species out of changes of habit and external condition. In 1813, Dr. Wells, the founder of our present theory of dew, read before the Royal Society a paper in which, to use the words of Mr. Darwin, “he distinctly recognizes the principle of natural selection; and this is the first

recognition that has been indicated." The thoroughness and skill with which Wells pursued his work, and the obvious independence of his character, rendered him long ago a favourite with me ; and it gave me the liveliest pleasure to alight upon this additional testimony to his penetration. Prof. Grant, Mr. Patrick Matthew, Von Buch, the author of the "Vestiges," D'Hallo, and others,* by the enunciation of views more or less clear and correct, showed that the question had been fermenting long prior to the year 1858, when Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace simultaneously but independently placed their closely concurrent views upon the subject before the Linnæan Society.

These papers were followed in 1859 by the publication of the first edition of "The Origin of Species." All great things come slowly to the birth. Copernicus, as I informed you, pondered his great work for thirty-three years. Newton for nearly twenty years kept the idea of Gravitation before his mind ; for twenty years also he dwelt upon his discovery of Fluxions, and doubtless would have continued to make it the object of his private thought had he not found that Leibnitz was upon his track. Darwin for two-and-twenty years pondered the problem of the origin of species, and doubtless he would have continued to do so had he not found Wallace upon his track.† A concentrated but full and powerful epitome of his labours was the consequence. The book was by no means an easy one ; and probably not one in every score of those who then attacked it had read its pages through, or were competent to grasp their significance if they had. I do not say this merely to discredit them ; for there were in those days some really eminent scientific men, entirely raised above the heat of popular prejudice, willing to accept any conclusion that science had to offer, provided it was duly backed by fact and argument, and who entirely mistook Mr. Darwin's views. In fact the work needed an expounder ; and it found one in Mr. Huxley. I know nothing more admirable in the way of scientific exposition than those early articles of his on the origin of species. He swept the curve of discussion through

the really significant points of the subject, enriched his exposition with profound original remarks and reflections, often summing up in a single pithy sentence an argument which a less compact mind would have spread over pages. But there is one impression made by the book itself which no exposition of it, however luminous, can convey ; and that is the impression of the vast amount of labour, both of observation and of thought, implied in its production. Let us glance at its principles.

It is conceded on all hands that what are called varieties are continually produced. The rule is probably without exception. No chick and no child is in all respects and particulars the counterpart of its brother or sister ; and in such differences we have "variety" incipient. No naturalist could tell how far this variation could be carried ; but the great mass of them held that never by any amount of internal or external change, nor by the mixture of both, could the offspring of the same progenitor so far deviate from each other as to constitute different species. The function of the experimental philosopher is to combine the conditions of nature and to produce her results ; and this was the method of Darwin.* He made himself acquainted with what could, without any matter of doubt, be done in the way of producing variation. He associated himself with pigeon-fanciers — bought, begged, kept, and observed every breed that he could obtain. Though derived from a common stock, the diversities of these pigeons were such that "a score of them might be chosen which, if shown to an ornithologist, and he were told that they were wild birds, would certainly be ranked by him as well-defined species." The simple principle which guides the pigeon-fancier, as it does the cattle-breeder, is the selection of some variety that strikes his fancy, and the propagation of this variety by inheritance. With his eye still upon the particular appearance which he wishes to exaggerate, he selects it as it reappears in successive broods, and thus adds increment to increment until an astonishing amount of divergence from the parent type is effected. Man in this case does not produce the *elements* of the variation. He simply ob-

* In 1855 Mr. Herbert Spencer ("Principles of Psychology," 2nd edlt. vol. i. p. 465) expressed "the belief that life under all its forms has arisen by an unbroken evolution, and through the instrumentality of what are called natural causes."

† The behaviour of Mr. Wallace in relation to this subject has been dignified in the highest degree.

* The first step only towards experimental demonstration has been taken. Experiments now begun might, a couple of centuries hence, furnish data of incalculable value, which ought to be supplied to the science of the future

serves them, and by selection adds them together until the required result has been obtained. "No man," says Mr. Darwin, "would ever try to make a fan-tail till he saw a pigeon with a tail developed in some slight degree in an unusual manner, or a pouter until he saw a pigeon with a crop of unusual size." Thus nature gives the hint, man acts upon it, and by the law of inheritance exaggerates the deviation.

Having thus satisfied himself by indubitable facts that the organism of an animal or of a plant (for precisely the same treatment applies to plants) is to some extent plastic, he passes from variation under domestication to variation under nature. Hitherto we have dealt with the adding together of small changes by the conscious selection of man. Can Nature thus select? Mr. Darwin's answer is, "Assuredly she can." The number of living things produced is far in excess of the number that can be supported; hence at some period or other of their lives there must be a struggle for existence; and what is the infallible result? If one organism were a perfect copy of the other in regard to strength, skill, and agility, external conditions would decide. But this is not the case. Here we have the fact of variety offering itself to nature, as in the former instance it offered itself to man; and those varieties which are least competent to cope with surrounding conditions will inally give way to those that are competent. To use a familiar proverb, the weakest comes to the wall. But the triumphant fraction again breeds to over-production, transmitting the qualities which secured its maintenance, but transmitting them in different degrees. The struggle for food again supervenes, and those to whom the favourable quality has been transmitted in excess will assuredly triumph. It is easy to see that we have here the addition of increments favourable to the individual still more rigorously carried out than in the case of domestication; for not only are unfavourable specimens not selected by nature, but they are destroyed. This is what Mr. Darwin calls "natural selection," which "acts by the preservation and accumulation of small inherited modifications, each profitable to the preserved being." With this idea he interpenetrates and leavens the vast store of facts that he and others have collected. We cannot, without shutting our eyes through fear or prejudice, fail to see that Darwin is here dealing, not

with imaginary, but with true causes; nor can we fail to discern what vast modifications may be produced by natural selection in periods sufficiently long. Each individual increment may resemble what mathematicians call a "differential" (a quantity indefinitely small); but definite and great changes may obviously be produced by the integration of these infinitesimal quantities through practically infinite time.

If Darwin, like Bruno, rejects the notion of creative power acting after human fashion, it certainly is not because he is unacquainted with the numberless exquisite adaptations in which this notion of a supernatural artificer has founded. His book is a repository of the most startling facts of this description. Take the marvellous observation which he cites from Dr. Crüger, where a bucket with an aperture, serving as a spout, is formed in an orchid. Bees visit the flower: in eager search of material for their combs, they push each other into the bucket, the drenched ones escaping from their involuntary bath by the spout. Here they rub their backs against the viscid stigma of the flower and obtain glue; then against the pollen-masses, which are thus stuck to the back of the bee and carried away. "When the bee, thus provided, flies to another flower, or to the same flower a second time, and is pushed by its comrades into the bucket, and then crawls out by the passage, the pollen-mass upon its back necessarily comes first into contact with the viscid stigma," which takes up the pollen; and this is how that orchid is fertilized. Or take this other case of the *Catasetum*. "Bees visit these flowers in order to gnaw the labellum; on doing this they inevitably touch a long, tapering, sensitive projection. This, when touched, transmits a sensation or vibration to a certain membrane, which is instantly ruptured, setting free a spring, by which the pollen-mass is shot forth like an arrow in the right direction, and adheres by its viscid extremity to the back of the bee." In this way the fertilizing pollen is spread abroad.

It is the mind thus stored with the choicest materials of the teleologist that rejects teleology, seeking to refer these wonders to natural causes. They illustrate, according to him, the method of nature, not the "technic" of a man-like artificer. The beauty of flowers is due to natural selection. Those that distinguish themselves by vividly contrasting

colours from the surrounding green leaves are most readily seen, most frequently visited by insects, most often fertilized, and hence most favoured by natural selection. Coloured berries also readily attract the attention of birds and beasts, which feed upon them, spread their manured seeds abroad, thus giving trees and shrubs possessing such berries a greater chance in the struggle for existence.

With profound analytic and synthetic skill, Mr. Darwin investigates the cell-making instinct of the hive-bee. His method of dealing with it is representative. He falls back from the more perfectly to the less perfectly developed instinct—from the hive-bee to the humble-bee, which uses its own cocoon as a comb, and to classes of bees of intermediate skill, endeavouring to show how the passage might be gradually made from the lowest to the highest. The saving of wax is the most important point in the economy of bees. Twelve to fifteen pounds of dry sugar are said to be needed for the secretion of a single pound of wax. The quantities of nectar necessary for the wax must therefore be vast; and every improvement of constructive instinct which results in the saving of wax is a direct profit to the insect's life. The time that would otherwise be devoted to the making of wax is now devoted to the gathering and storing of honey for winter food. He passes from the humble-bee with its rude cells, through the *Melipona* with its more artistic cells, to the hive-bee with its astonishing architecture. The bees place themselves at equal distances apart upon the wax, sweep and excavate equal spheres round the selected points. The spheres intersect, and the planes of intersection are built up with thin laminæ. Hexagonal cells are thus formed. This mode of treating such questions is, as I have said, representative. He habitually retires from the more perfect and complex, to the less perfect and simple, and carries you with him through stages of *perfecting*, adds increment to increment of infinitesimal change, and in this way gradually breaks down your reluctance to admit that the exquisite climax of the whole could be a result of natural selection.

Mr. Darwin shirks no difficulty; and, saturated as the subject was with his own thought, he must have known, better than his critics, the weakness as well as the strength of his theory. This of

course would be of little avail were his object a temporary dialectic victory instead of the establishment of a truth which he means to be everlasting. But he takes no pains to disguise the weakness he has discerned; nay, he takes every pains to bring it into the strongest light. His vast resources enable him to cope with objections started by himself and others, so as to leave the final impression upon the reader's mind that if they be not completely answered they certainly are not fatal. Their negative force being thus destroyed, you are free to be influenced by the vast positive mass of evidence he is able to bring before you. This largeness of knowledge and readiness of resource render Mr. Darwin the most terrible of antagonists. Accomplished naturalists have levelled heavy and sustained criticisms against him—not always with the view of fairly weighing his theory, but with the express intention of exposing its weak points only. This does not irritate him. He treats every objection with a soberness and thoroughness which even Bishop Butler might be proud to imitate, surrounding each fact with its appropriate detail, placing it in its proper relations, and usually giving it a significance which, as long as it was kept isolated, failed to appear. This is done without a trace of ill-temper. He moves over the subject with the passionless strength of a glacier; and the grinding of the rocks is not always without a counterpart in the logical pulverization of the objector. But though in handling this mighty theme all passion has been stilled, there is an emotion of the intellect incident to the discernment of new truth which often colours and warms the pages of Mr. Darwin. His success has been great; and this implies not only the solidity of his work, but the preparedness of the public mind for such a revelation. On this head a remark of Agassiz impressed me more than anything else. Sprung from a race of theologians, this celebrated man combated to the last the theory of natural selection. One of the many times I had the pleasure of meeting him in the United States was at Mr. Winthrop's beautiful residence at Brookline, near Boston. Rising from luncheon, we all halted as if by a common impulse in front of a window, and continued there a discussion which had been started at table. The maple was in its autumn glory; and the exquisite beauty of the scene outside seemed, in my case, to interpenetrate

without disturbance the intellectual action. Earnestly, almost sadly, Agassiz turned and said to the gentlemen standing round, "I confess that I was not prepared to see this theory received as it has been by the best intellects of our time. Its success is greater than I could have thought possible."

In our day great generalizations have been reached. The theory of the origin of species is but one of them. Another, of still wider grasp and more radical significance, is the doctrine of the Conservation of Energy, the ultimate philosophical issues of which are as yet but dimly seen — that doctrine which "binds nature fast in fate" to an extent not hitherto recognized, exacting from every antecedent its equivalent consequent, from every consequent its equivalent antecedent, and bringing vital as well as physical phenomena under the dominion of that law of causal connection which, as far as the human understanding has yet pierced, asserts itself everywhere in nature. Long in advance of all definite experiment upon the subject, the constancy and indestructibility of matter had been affirmed; and all subsequent experience justified the affirmation. Later researches extended the attribute of indestructibility to force. This idea, applied in the first instance to inorganic, rapidly embraced organic nature. The vegetable world, though drawing almost all its nutriment from invisible sources, was proved incompetent to generate anew either matter or force. Its matter is for the most part transmuted air; its force transformed solar force. The animal world was proved to be equally uncreative, all its motive energies being referred to the combustion of its food. The activity of each animal as a whole was proved to be the transferred activities of its molecules. The muscles were shown to be stores of mechanical force, potential until unlocked by the nerves, and then resulting in muscular contractions. The speed at which messages fly to and fro along the nerves was determined, and found to be, not as had been previously supposed, equal to that of light or electricity, but less than the speed of a flying eagle.

This was the work of the physicist: then came the conquests of the comparative anatomist and physiologist, revealing the structure of every animal, and the function of every organ in the whole biological series, from the lowest zoophyte up to man. The nervous system had been made the object of profound and contin-

ued study, the wonderful and, at bottom, entirely mysterious controlling power which it exercises over the whole organism, physical and mental, being recognized more and more. Thought could not be kept back from a subject so profoundly suggestive. Besides the physical life dealt with by Mr. Darwin, there is a psychical life presenting similar gradations, and asking equally for a solution. How are the different grades and orders of mind to be accounted for? What is the principle of growth of that mysterious power which on our planet culminates in Reason? These are questions which, though not thrusting themselves so forcibly upon the attention of the general public, had not only occupied many reflecting minds, but had been formally broached by one of them before the "Origin of Species" appeared.

With the mass of materials furnished by the physicist and physiologist in his hands, Mr. Herbert Spencer, twenty years ago, sought to graft upon this basis a system of psychology; and two years ago a second and greatly amplified edition of his work appeared. Those who have occupied themselves with the beautiful experiments of Plateau, will remember that when two spherules of olive-oil suspended in a mixture of alcohol and water of the same density as the oil are brought together, they do not immediately unite. Something like a pellicle appears to be formed around the drops, the rupture of which is immediately followed by the coalescence of the globules into one. There are organisms whose vital actions are almost as purely physical as that of these drops of oil. They come into contact and fuse themselves thus together. From such organisms to others a shade higher, and from these to others a shade higher still, and on through an ever-ascending series, Mr. Spencer conducts his argument. There are two obvious factors to be here taken into account — the creature and the medium in which it lives, or, as it is often expressed, the organism and its environment. Mr. Spencer's fundamental principle is, that between these two factors there is incessant interaction. The organism is played upon by the environment, and is modified to meet the requirements of the environment. Life he defines to be "a continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations."

In the lowest organisms we have a kind of tactual sense diffused over the entire body; then, through impressions.

from without and their corresponding adjustment, special portions of the surface become more responsive to stimuli than others. The senses are nascent, the basis of all of them being that simple tactual sense which the sage Democritus recognized 2,300 years ago as their common progenitor. The action of light, in the first instance, appears to be a mere disturbance of the chemical processes in the animal organism, similar to that which occurs in the leaves of plants. By degrees the action becomes localized in a few pigment-cells, more sensitive to light than the surrounding tissue. The eye is here incipient. At first it is merely capable of revealing differences of light and shade produced by bodies close at hand. Followed as the interception of the light is in almost all cases by the contact of the closely adjacent opaque body, sight in this condition becomes a kind of "anticipatory touch." The adjustment continues; a slight bulging out of the epidermis over the pigment-granules supervenes. A lens is incipient, and, through the operation of infinite adjustments, at length reaches the perfection that it displays in the hawk and the eagle. So of the other senses; they are special differentiations of a tissue which was originally vaguely sensitive all over.

With the development of the senses the adjustments between the organism and its environment gradually extend in *space*, a multiplication of experiences and a corresponding modification of conduct being the result. The adjustments also extend in *time*, covering continually greater intervals. Along with this extension in space and time, the adjustments also increase in speciality and complexity, passing through the various grades of brute life and prolonging themselves into the domain of reason. Very striking are Mr. Spencer's remarks regarding the influence of the sense of touch upon the development of intelligence. This is, so to say, the mother-tongue of all the senses, into which they must be translated to be of service to the organism. Hence its importance. The parrot is the most intelligent of birds, and its tactual power is also greatest. From this sense it gets knowledge unattainable by birds which cannot employ their feet as hands. The elephant is the most sagacious of quadrupeds — its tactual range and skill, and the consequent multiplication of experiences, which it owes to its wonderfully adaptable trunk, being the basis of its sagacity. Feline

animals, for a similar cause, are more sagacious than hoofed animals — atonement being to some extent made, in the case of the horse, by the possession of sensitive prehensile lips. In the *Primates* the evolution of intellect and the evolution of tactual appendages go hand in hand. In the most intelligent anthropoid apes we find the tactual range and delicacy greatly augmented, new avenues of knowledge being thus opened to the animal. Man crowns the edifice here, not only in virtue of his own manipulatory power, but through the enormous extension of his range of experience, by the invention of instruments of precision, which serve as supplemental senses and supplemental limbs. The reciprocal action of these is finely described and illustrated. That chastened intellectual emotion to which I have referred in connection with Mr. Darwin is, I should say, not absent in Mr. Spencer. His illustrations possess at times exceeding vividness and force, and from his style on such occasions it is to be inferred that the ganglia of this apostle of the understanding are sometimes the seat of a nascent poetic thrill.

It is a fact of supreme importance that actions, the performance of which at first requires even painful effort and deliberation, may by habit be rendered automatic. Witness the slow learning of its letters by a child, and the subsequent facility of reading in a man, when each group of letters which forms a word is instantly and without effort fused to a single perception. Instance the billiard-player, whose muscles of hand and eye, when he reaches the perfection of his art, are unconsciously co-ordinated. Instance the musician, who by practice is enabled to fuse a multitude of arrangements, auditory, tactual, and muscular, into a process of automatic manipulation. Combining such facts with the doctrine of hereditary transmission, we reach a theory of instinct. A chick, after coming out of the egg, balances itself correctly, runs about, picks up food, thus showing that it possesses a power of directing its movements to definite ends. How did the chick learn this very complex co-ordination of eye, muscles, and beak? It has not been individually taught; its personal experience is *nil*; but it has the benefit of ancestral experience. In its inherited organization are registered all the powers which it displays at birth. So also as regards the instinct of the hive-bee, already referred to. The distance

at which the insects stand apart when they sweep their hemispheres and build their cells is "organically remembered." Man also carries with him the physical texture of his ancestry, as well as the inherited intellect bound up with it. The defects of intelligence during infancy and youth are probably less due to a lack of individual experience than to the fact that in early life the cerebral organization is still incomplete. The period necessary for completion varies with the race and with the individual. As a round shot outstrips a rifled one on quitting the muzzle of the gun, so the lower race in childhood may outstrip the higher. But the higher eventually overtakes the lower, and surpasses it in range. As regards individuals, we do not always find the precocity of youth prolonged to mental power in maturity, while the dulness of boyhood is sometimes strikingly contrasted with the intellectual energy of after years. Newton, when a boy, was weakly, and he showed no particular aptitude at school; but in his eighteenth year he went to Cambridge, and soon afterwards astonished his teachers by his power of dealing with geometrical problems. During his quiet youth his brain was slowly preparing itself to be the organ of those energies which he subsequently displayed.

By myriad blows (to use a Lucretian phrase) the image and superscription of the external world are stamped as states of consciousness upon the organism, the depth of the impression depending upon the number of the blows. When two or more phenomena occur in the environment invariably together, they are stamped to the same depth or to the same relief, and are indissolubly connected. And here we come to the threshold of a great question. Seeing that he could in no way rid himself of the consciousness of space and time, Kant assumed them to be necessary "forms of thought," the moulds and shapes into which our intuitions are thrown, belonging to ourselves solely and without objective existence. With unexpected power and success Mr. Spencer brings the hereditary experience theory, as he holds it, to bear upon this question. "If there exist certain external relations which are experienced by all organisms at all instants of their waking lives — relations which are absolutely constant and universal — there will be established answering internal relations that are absolutely constant and universal. Such relations we have in those of space and

time. As the substratum of all other relations of the Non-Ego, they must be responded to by conceptions that are the substrata of all other relations in the Ego. Being the constant and infinitely repeated elements of thought, they must become the automatic elements of thought — the elements of thought which it is impossible to get rid of — the 'forms of intuition.'"

Throughout this application and extension of the "law of inseparable association," Mr. Spencer stands on totally different ground from Mr. John Stuart Mill, invoking the registered experiences of the race instead of the experiences of the individual. His overthrow of Mr. Mill's restriction of experience is, I think, complete. That restriction ignores the power of organizing experience furnished at the outset to each individual; it ignores the different degrees of this power possessed by different races and by different individuals of the same race. Were there not in the human brain a potency antecedent to all experience, a dog or cat ought to be as capable of education as a man. These predetermined internal relations are independent of the experiences of the individual. The human brain is the "organized register of infinitely numerous experiences received during the evolution of life, or rather during the evolution of that series of organisms through which the human organism has been reached. The effects of the most uniform and frequent of these experiences have been successively bequeathed, principal and interest, and have slowly mounted to that high intelligence which lies latent in the brain of the infant. Thus it happens that the European inherits from twenty to thirty cubic inches more of brain than the Papuan. Thus it happens that faculties, as of music, which scarcely exist in some inferior races, become congenital in superior ones. Thus it happens that out of savages unable to count up to the number of their fingers, and speaking a language containing only nouns and verbs, arise at length our Newtons and Shakespeares."

At the outset of this address it was stated that physical theories which lie beyond experience are derived by a process of abstraction from experience. It is instructive to note from this point of view the successive introduction of new conceptions. The idea of the attraction of gravitation was preceded by the observation of the attraction of iron by a magnet, and of light bodies by rubbed amber.

The polarity of magnetism and electricity appealed to the senses ; and thus became the substratum of the conception that atoms and molecules are endowed with definite, attractive, and repellent poles, by the play of which definite forms of crystalline architecture are produced. Thus molecular force becomes *structural*. It required no great boldness of thought to extend its play into organic nature, and to recognize in molecular force the agency by which both plants and animals are built up. In this way out of experience arise conceptions which are wholly ultra-experiential.

The *origination* of life is a point lightly touched upon, if at all, by Mr. Darwin and Mr. Spencer. Diminishing gradually the number of progenitors, Mr. Darwin comes at length to one "primordial form ;" but he does not say, as far as I remember, how he supposes this form to have been introduced. He quotes with satisfaction the words of a celebrated author and divine who had "gradually learnt to see that it is just as noble a conception of the Deity to believe He created a few original forms, capable of self-development into other and needful forms, as to believe that He required a fresh act of creation to supply the voids caused by the action of His laws." What Mr. Darwin thinks of this view of the introduction of life I do not know. Whether he does or does not introduce his "primordial form" by a creative act, I do not know. But the question will inevitably be asked, "How came the form there?" With regard to the diminution of the number of created forms, one does not see that much advantage is gained by it. The anthropomorphism, which it seemed the object of Mr. Darwin to set aside, is as firmly associated with the creation of a few forms as with the creation of a multitude. We need clearness and thoroughness here. Two courses, and two only, are possible. Either let us open our doors freely to the conception of creative acts, or, abandoning them, let us radically change our notions of matter. If we look at matter as pictured by Democritus, and as defined for generations in our scientific text-books, the absolute impossibility of any form of life coming out of it would be sufficient to render any other hypothesis preferable ; but the definitions of matter gives in our text-books were intended to cover its purely physical and mechanical properties. And taught as we have been to regard these definitions as complete,

we naturally and rightly reject the monstrous notion that out of *such* matter any form of life could possibly arise. But are the definitions complete? Everything depends on the answer to be given to this question. Trace the line of life backwards, and see it approaching more and more to what we call the purely physical condition. We reach at length those organisms which I have compared to drops of oil suspended in a mixture of alcohol and water. We reach the *protogenes* of Haeckel, in which we have a "type distinguishable from a fragment of albumen only by its finely granular character." Can we pause here? We break a magnet and find two poles in each of its fragments. We continue the process of breaking, but however small the parts, each carries with it, though enfeebled, the polarity of the whole. And when we can break no longer, we prolong the intellectual vision to the polar molecules. Are we not urged to do *something* similar in the case of life? Is there not a temptation to close to some extent with Lucretius, when he affirms that "Nature is seen to do all things spontaneously of herself without the meddling of the gods?" or with Bruno, when he declares that matter is not "that mere empty *capacity* which philosophers have pictured her to be, but the universal mother who brings forth all things as the fruit of her own womb?" The questions here raised are inevitable. They are approaching us with accelerated speed, and it is not a matter of indifference whether they are introduced with reverence or irreverence. Abandoning all disguise, the confession that I feel bound to make before you is that I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter, which we in our ignorance and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life.

The "materialism" here enunciated may be different from what you suppose, and I therefore crave your gracious patience to the end. "The question of an external world," says Mr. J. S. Mill, "is the great battle-ground of metaphysics." * Mr. Mill himself reduces external phenomena to "possibilities of sensation." Kant, as we have seen, made time and space "forms" of our own intuitions. Fichte, having first by the inexorable

* "Examination of Hamilton," p. 154.

logic of his understanding proved himself to be a mere link in that chain of eternal causation which holds so rigidly in nature, violently broke the chain by making nature, and all that it inherits, an apparition of his own mind.* And it is by no means easy to combat such notions. For when I say I see you, and that I have not the least doubt about it, the reply is, that what I am really conscious of is an affection of my own retina. And if I urge that I can check my sight of you by touching you, the retort would be that I am equally transgressing the limits of fact; for what I am really conscious of is, not that you are there, but that the nerves of my hand have undergone a change. All we hear, and see, and touch, and taste, and smell, are, it would be urged, mere variations of our own condition, beyond which, even to the extent of a hair's breadth, we cannot go. That anything answering to our impressions exists outside of ourselves is not a *fact*, but an *inference*, to which all validity would be denied by an idealist like Berkeley, or by a sceptic like Hume. Mr. Spencer takes another line. With him, as with the uneducated man, there is no doubt or question as to the existence of an external world. But he differs from the uneducated, who think that the world really *is* what consciousness represents it to be. Our states of consciousness are mere *symbols* of an outside entity which produces them and determines the order of their succession, but the real nature of which we can never know.† In fact the whole process of evolution is the manifestation of a Power absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man. As little in our day as in the days of Job can man by searching find this Power out. Considered fundamentally, it is by the operation of an insoluble mystery that life is evolved,

* "Bestimmung des Menschen."

† In a paper, at once popular and profound, entitled "Recent Progress in the Theory of Vision," contained in the volume of lectures by Helmholtz, published by Longmans, this symbolism of our states of consciousness is also dwelt upon. The impressions of sense are the mere *signs* of external things. In this paper Helmholtz contends strongly against the view that the consciousness of space is inborn; and he evidently doubts the power of the chick to pick up grains of corn without some preliminary lessons. On this point, he says, further experiments are needed. Such experiments have been since made by Mr. Spalding, aided, I believe, in some of his observations by the accomplished and deeply lamented Lady Amberley; and they seem to prove conclusively that the chick does not need a single moment's tuition to teach it to stand, run, govern the muscles of its eyes, and peck. Helmholtz, however, is contending against the notion of pre-established harmony; and I am not aware of his views as to the organization of experiences of race or breed.

species differentiated, and mind unfolded from their prepotent elements in the immeasurable past. There is, you will observe, no every rank materialism here.

The strength of the doctrine of evolution, consists, not in an experimental demonstration (for the subject is hardly accessible to this mode of proof), but in its general harmony with the method of nature as hitherto known. From contrast, moreover, it derives enormous relative strength. On the one side we have a theory (if it could with any propriety be so called) derived, as were the theories referred to at the beginning of this address, not from the study of nature, but from the observation of men — a theory which converts the Power whose garment is seen in the visible universe into an Artificer, fashioned after the human model, and acting by broken efforts as man is seen to act. On the other side we have the conception that all we see around us, and all we feel within us — the phenomena of physical nature as well as those of the human mind — have their unsearchable roots in a cosmical life, if I dare apply the term, an infinitesimal span of which only is offered to the investigation of man. And even this span is only knowable in part. We can trace the development of a nervous system, and correlate with it the parallel phenomena of sensation and thought. We see with undoubting certainty that they go hand in hand. But we try to soar in a vacuum the moment we seek to comprehend the connection between them. An Archimedean fulcrum is here required which the human mind cannot command; and the effort to solve the problem, to borrow an illustration from an illustrious friend of mine, is like the effort of a man trying to lift himself by his own waistband. All that has been here said is to be taken in connection with this fundamental truth. When "nascent senses" are spoken of, when "the differentiation of a tissue at first vaguely sensitive all over" is spoken of, and when these processes are associated with "the modification of an organism by its environment," the same parallelism, without contact, or even approach to contact, is implied. There is no fusion possible between the two classes of facts — no motor energy in the intellect of man to carry it without logical rupture from the one to the other.

Further, the doctrine of evolution derives man, in his totality, from the interaction of organism and environment

through countless ages past. The human understanding, for example — the faculty which Mr. Spencer has turned so skillfully round upon its own antecedents — is itself a result of the play between organism and environment through cosmic ranges of time. Never surely did prescription plead so irresistible a claim. But then it comes to pass that, over and above his understanding, there are many other things appertaining to man whose prescriptive rights are quite as strong as that of the understanding itself. It is a result, for example, of the play of organism and environment that sugar is sweet and that aloes are bitter, that the smell of henbane differs from the perfume of a rose. Such facts of consciousness (for which, by the way, no adequate reason has ever yet been rendered) are quite as old as the understanding itself; and many other things can boast an equally ancient origin. Mr. Spencer at one place refers to that most powerful of passions — the amatory passion — as one which, when it first occurs, is antecedent to all relative experience whatever; and we may pass its claim as being at least as ancient and as valid as that of the understanding itself. Then there are such things woven into the texture of man as the feeling of awe, reverence, wonder — and not alone the sexual love just referred to, but the love of the beautiful, physical and moral, in nature, poetry, and art. There is also that deep-set feeling which, since the earliest dawn of history, and probably for ages prior to all history, incorporated itself in the religions of the world. You who have escaped from these religions in the high-and-dry light of the understanding may deride them; but in so doing you deride accidents of form merely, and fail to touch the immovable basis of the religious sentiment in the emotional nature of man. To yield this sentiment reasonable satisfaction is the problem of problems at the present hour. And grotesque in relation to scientific culture as many of the religions of the world have been and are — dangerous, nay, destructive, to the dearest privileges of freemen as some of them undoubtedly have been, and would, if they could, be again — it will be wise to recognize them as the forms of force, mischievous, if permitted to intrude on the region of *knowledge*, over which it holds no command, but capable of being guided by liberal thought to noble issues in the region of *emotion*, which is its proper sphere. It is vain to oppose this force with a view to its extir-

pation. What we should oppose, to the death if necessary, is every attempt to found upon this elemental bias of man's nature a system which should exercise despotic sway over his intellect. I do not fear any such consummation. Science has already to some extent leavened the world, and it will leaven it more and more. I should look upon the mild light of science breaking in upon the minds of the youth of Ireland, and strengthening gradually to the perfect day, as a surer check to any intellectual or spiritual tyranny which might threaten this island, than the laws of princes or the swords of emperors. Where is the cause of fear? We fought and won our battle even in the Middle Ages: why should we doubt the issue of a conflict now?

The impregnable position of science may be described in a few words. All religious theories, schemes, and systems, which embrace notions of cosmogony, or which otherwise reach into its domain, must, in so far as they do this, submit to the control of science, and relinquish all thought of controlling it. Acting otherwise proved disastrous in the past, and it is simply fatuous to-day. Every system which would escape the fate of an organism too rigid to adjust itself to its environment, must be plastic to the extent that the growth of knowledge demands. When this truth has been thoroughly taken in, rigidity will be relaxed, exclusiveness diminished, things now deemed essential will be dropped, and elements now rejected will be assimilated. The lifting of the life is the essential point; and as long as dogmatism, fanaticism, and intolerance are kept out, various modes of leverage may be employed to raise life to a higher level. Science itself not unfrequently derives motive power from an ultra-scientific source. Whewell speaks of enthusiasm of temper as a hindrance to science; but he means the enthusiasm of weak heads. There is a strong and resolute enthusiasm in which science finds an ally; and it is to the lowering of this fire, rather than to a diminution of intellectual insight, that the lessening productiveness of men of science in their maturer years is to be ascribed. Mr. Buckle sought to detach intellectual achievement from moral force. He gravely erred; for without moral force to whip it into action, the achievements of the intellect would be poor indeed.

It has been said that science divorces itself from literature. The statement,

like so many others, arises from lack of knowledge. A glance at the less technical writings of its leaders — of its Heilmholtz, its Huxley, and its Du Bois-Reymond — would show what breadth of literary culture they command. Where among modern writers can you find their superiors in clearness and vigour of literary style? Science desires no isolation, but freely combines with every effort towards the bettering of man's estate. Single-handed, and supported not by outward sympathy, but by inward force, it has built at least one great wing of the many-mansioned home which man in his totality demands. And if rough walls and protruding rafter-ends indicate that on one side the edifice is still incomplete, it is only by wise combination of the parts required with those already irrevocably built that we can hope for completeness. There is no necessary incongruity between what has been accomplished and what remains to be done. The moral glow of Socrates, which we all feel by ignition, has in it nothing incompatible with the physics of Anaxagoras which he so much scorned, but which he would hardly scorn to-day. And here I am reminded of one amongst us, hoary, but still strong, whose prophet-voice, some thirty years ago, far more than any other of this age, unlocked whatever of life and nobleness lay latent in its most gifted minds — one fit to stand beside Socrates or the Maccabean Eleazar, and to dare and suffer all that they suffered and dared — fit, as he once said of Fichte, "to have been the teacher of the Stoa, and to have discoursed of beauty and virtue in the groves of Academe." With a capacity to grasp physical principles which his friend Goethe did not possess, and which even total lack of exercise has not been able to reduce to atrophy, it is the world's loss that he, in the vigour of his years, did not open his mind and sympathies to science, and make its conclusions a portion of his message to mankind. Marvellously endowed as he was — equally equipped on this side of the heart and of the understanding — he might have done much towards teaching us how to reconcile the claims of both, and to enable them in coming times to dwell together in unity of spirit and in the bond of peace.

And now the end is come. With more time, or greater strength and knowledge, what has been here said might have been better said, while worthy matters here omitted might have received fit expres-

sion. But there would have been no material deviation from the views set forth. As regards myself, they are not the growth of a day; and as regards you, I thought you ought to know the environment which, with or without your consent, is rapidly surrounding you, and in relation to which some adjustment on your part may be necessary. A hint of Hamlet's, however, teaches us all how the troubles of common life may be ended; and it is perfectly possible for you and me to purchase intellectual peace at the price of intellectual death. The world is not without refuges of this description; nor is it wanting in persons who seek their shelter and try to persuade others to do the same. I would exhort you to refuse such shelter, and to scorn such base repose — to accept, if the choice be forced upon you, commotion before stagnation, the leap of the torrent before the stillness of the swamp. In the one there is at all events life, and therefore hope; in the other, none. I have touched on debatable questions, and led you over dangerous ground — and this partly with the view of telling you, and through you the world, that as regards these questions science claims unrestricted right of search. It is not to the point to say that the views of Lucretius and Bruno, of Darwin and Spencer, may be wrong. Here I should agree with you, deeming it indeed certain that these views will undergo modification. But the point is, that, whether right or wrong, we claim the freedom to discuss them. The ground which they cover is scientific ground; and the right claimed is one made good through tribulation and anguish, inflicted and endured in darker times than ours, but resulting in the immortal victories which science has won for the human race. I would set forth equally the inexorable advance of man's understanding in the path of knowledge, and the unquenchable claims of his emotional nature which the understanding can never satisfy. The world embraces not only a Newton, but a Shakespeare — not only a Boyle, but a Raphael — not only a Kant, but a Beethoven — not only a Darwin, but a Carlyle. Not in each of these, but in all, is human nature whole. They are not opposed, but supplementary — not mutually exclusive, but reconcilable. And if, still unsatisfied, the human mind, with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, will turn to the mystery from which it has emerged, seeking so to fashion it as to give unity to

thought and faith, so long as this is done, not only without intolerance or bigotry of any kind, but with the enlightened recognition that ultimate fixity of conception is here unattainable, and that each succeeding age must be held free to fashion the mystery in accordance with its own needs — then, in opposition to all the restrictions of Materialism, I would affirm this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the *knowing* faculties, may be called the *creative* faculties of man. Here, however, I must quit a theme too great for me to handle, but which will be handled by the loftiest minds ages after you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past.

VOICES OF THE DEAD.

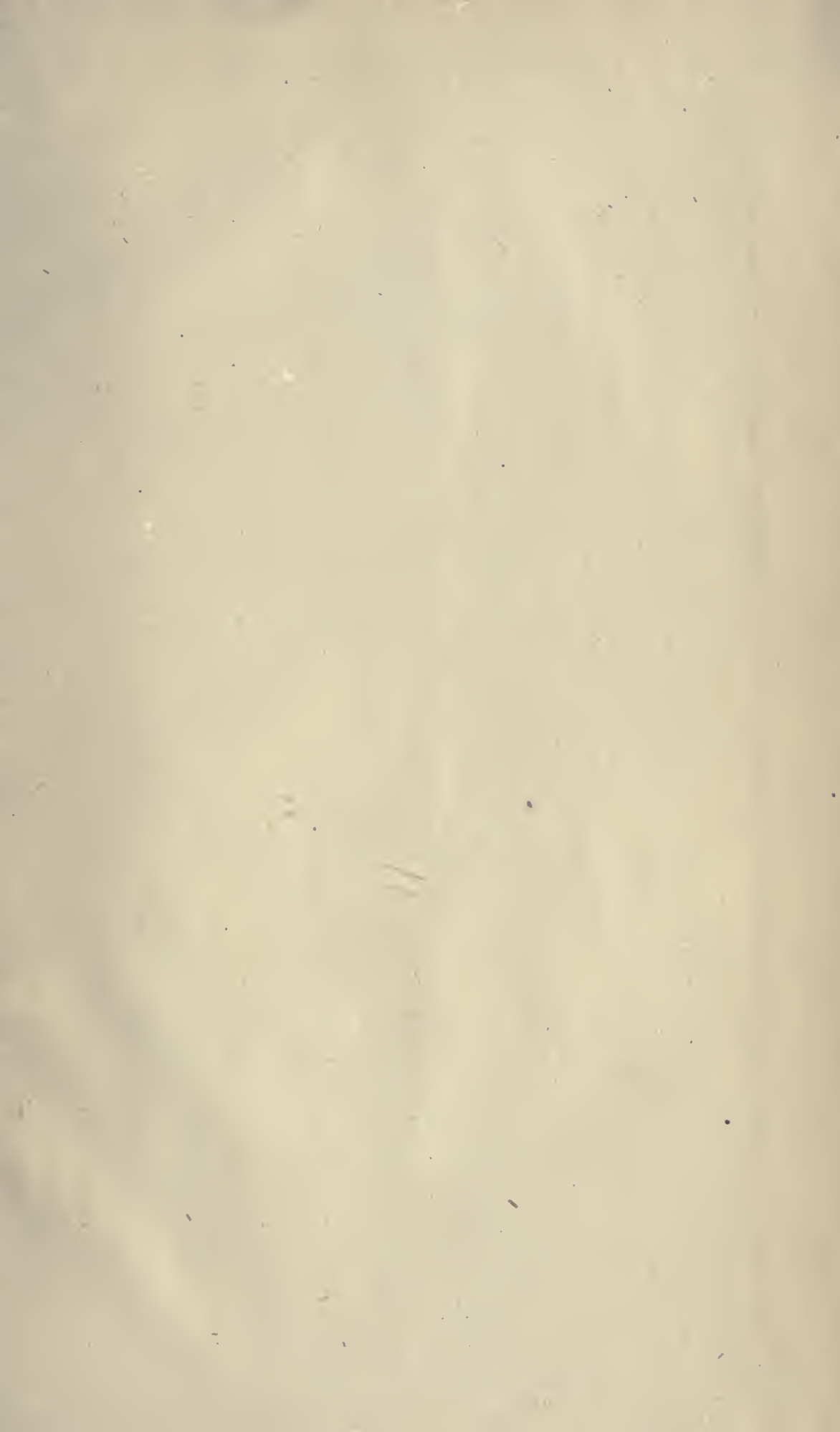
A FEW snow-patches on the mountain-side,
A few white foam-flakes from the ebbing tide,
A few remembered words of malice spent,
The record of some dead man's ill intent, —

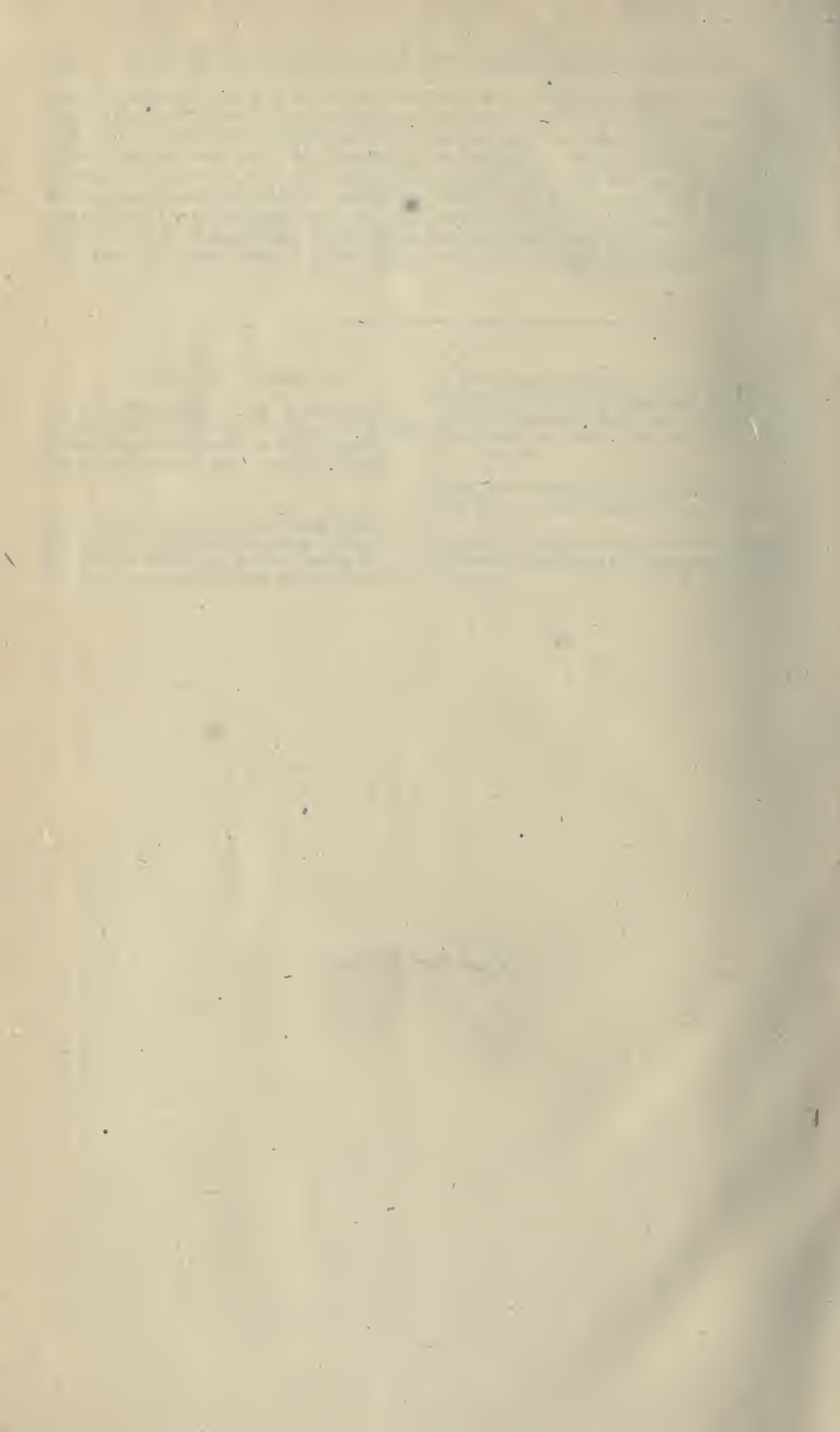
They cannot hurt us, all their sting is gone,
Their hour of cold and bitterness is done;
Yet deepest snows and fiercest lashing seas
Bring not such cold or bitter thoughts as these.

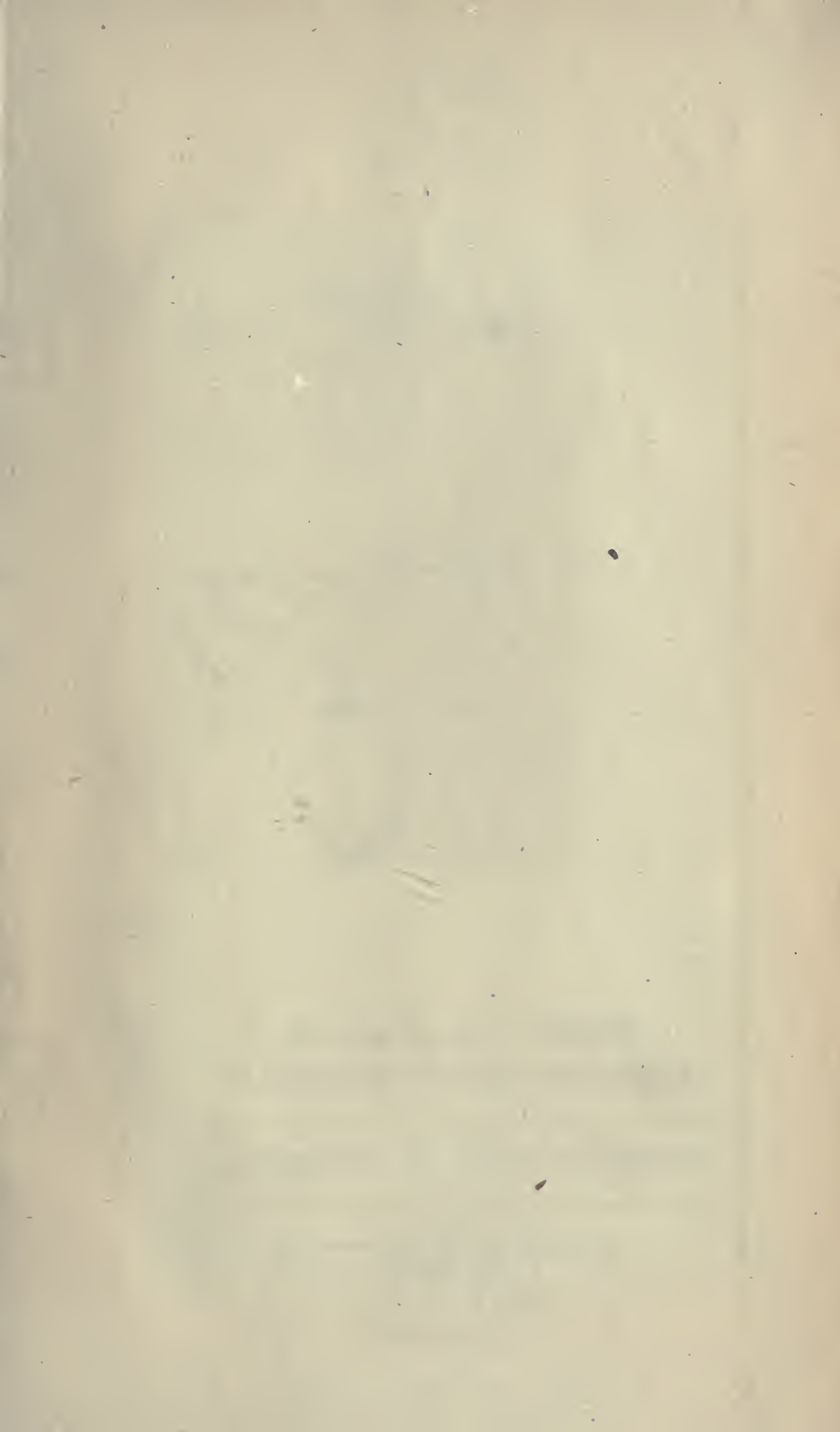
A few soiled lilies dropped by childish hands,
A few dried orange-blooms from distant lands,
A few remembered smiles of some lost friend,
Few words of love some dear dead fingers
penned, —

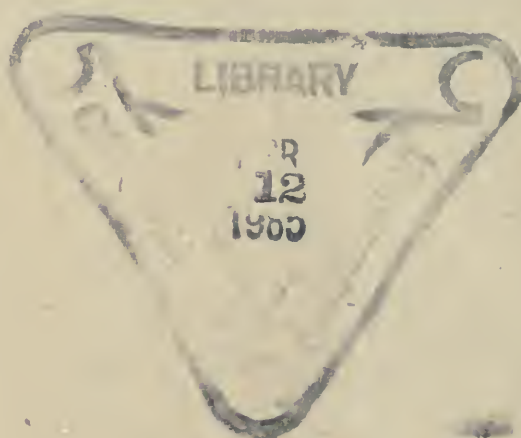
They are not beautiful for love to see,
And death's pale presence seems in them to
be ;

Yet never living blooms, most fresh and gay,
Fill us with thoughts of love so sweet as they.
Spectator. F. W. B.









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